

1949 ? or 1950

NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (Inc.)

BULLETIN

VOL. 6.

NO. 1.

EDITORIAL

The Editorial for this issue is without a doubt the shortest of any Bulletin. It is solely that the Editor wishes to apologise for this Bulletin being some five or six weeks late in appearing. Pressure of work and a transfer are the reasons.

The Editor, not yet having a reasonably settled address would be pleased if contributions were forwarded care of the Club Secretary.

SIMPLE SUMS

or

HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU GO UP PAEKAKARIKI IN A MOTOR CAR?

Archimedes is reputed to have offered to move the world, specifying only that he be provided with a lever long enough and a place to stand.

By comparison both my object and my tools of trade are less ambitious but I hope to show that from any car's time for a standing quarter mile, its time up Paekakariki can be calculated with a reasonable degree of accuracy. As proof of this a table is shown below, which compares times taken at the November 1948 sprint with the February 1949 Paekakariki meeting. As a "control" car and driver I have taken Hugo Hollis and his TC M.G. on the assumption that Hugo extracts the utmost from his car and that his car puts out the utmost of which it is capable. The next step is to reduce all other quarter mile times to a relationship with Hugo's time of 20.11 sec. The next step is to multiply Hugo's Paekak. time of 2 min. 44 sec. by this relationship figure and we have the theoretical time which any car should produce. The actual time is given alongside the theoretical time and I have made some attempt to explain the discrepancies.

Competitor	Car	Std. $\frac{1}{4}$ .	Paekakariki		Relation Fast or Slow.		
			Theo.	Act.			
Hollis	M.G.	20.11	2.44	2.44	1	Control	
Freeman	Thompson	19.49	2.37.44	2.38.7	.96	1.26	slow
E-Smith	Alvis	21.86	2.57	2.52.9	1.08	4.1	fast
Fowke	Riley	23.48	3.11.88	3.11.85	1.17	.05	fast
Cottrell	Austin	24.89	3.23	3.31.35	1.24	8.35	slow
Cowan	Sunbeam	20.84	2.50.56	2.52.95	1.04	2.39	slow
Clapperton							
Kennedy	Austin	22.58	3.03.68	3.07.75	1.12	4.07	slow

Hollis being the guinea pig we can ignore his line. Freeman is 1.26 slow, which is easily explained by the fact that this is the time for his first run and he admits lifting his foot on several occasions. On his second run when a faster time could be expected he unfortunately neglected to keep the Thompson pointing up the Hill. Easterbrook-Smith's actual time is 4.1 sec. faster than it should have been which at first sight points to some desperate work on the corners, but I think that the true explanation lies in a relatively slow quarter mile time due to difficulty in bringing engine and gearbox into harmonious relationship through a cone clutch. Fowke is an immense help to a theoretician. Cottrell is 8.35 seconds slow but Paekak. is a long way for an Austin 7 and maybe it was a little breathless. Cowan is 2.39 sec. slow but the T.T. 'beam is not the easiest of machines to drive and out of respect to aged machinery Roy keeps to a fairly rigid rev limit. It could reach its theoretical time with comparative ease. The last case is somewhat complicated by the fact that Clapperton drove at the quarter and Kennedy at the climb. Kennedy was not really familiar with car at Paekak. and the drop of 4.07 is excusable.

In the standing quarter Hollis probably crossed the line at around 65 m.p.h. and as this speed is near the maximum reached at Paekakariki, the acceleration to that figure is the governing factor to performance on that hill. To show that acceleration to higher figures has little influence I have drawn up another table making the same comparison with standing kilo times which shows how the corners influence the faster cars at Paekakariki.

Competitor	Car	Kilo	Relation Time	Theoret.	Actual	Fast or Slow	
				Time.	Time		
Hollis	M.G.	40	1	2.44	2.44	Control	
Watson	Frazer						
	- Nash	42.5	1.06	2.53.83	3.00.75	6.91	S.
Easterbrook-							
Smith	Alvis	42.2	1.05	2.52.20	2.52.90	.7	S
Faulkner	Special	35.4	.88	2.24.32	2.32.85	8.53	S
Cowan	Sunbeam	40.0	1	2.44	2.52.95	8.95	S
Freeman	Special	38.0	.95	2.35.8	2.38.7	2.9	S
Cottrell	Austin	47	1.17	3.11.88	3.31.35	14.47.	S
Proctor	Riley -	37.6	.94	2.33.16	2.44.5	11.34	S
	Bugatti						

Just to make it easy, multiply any car's Standing Quarter time by 8.15 and that is its theoretical time for Paekakariki.

- "EINSTEIN"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor,  
N.Z.S.C.C. Bulletin.  
Dear Sir,

Prior to the war, Prince Chula of Thailand used to write periodically to the "Autocar", stating that his cousin, B. Bira had won one race out of 2,389 starts and similar accurate foolishness.

May I comment therefore, on the highly misleading report of the night trial in the last issue of the "Bulletin" which stated that I had lost 13 points per mile of trial. Actually I lost 13.48 points per mile and in fairness to the manufacturers of my car I feel this error should be corrected. Dammit sir, my reputation as a trials driver has been deliberately impugned.

I am etc.,

G. Easterbrook-Smith.

KNOCK ? KNOCK?

From a study of 1949 model cars the most apparent advance is in the engine.

Here the trend has been to increase compression ratios in order to effect economies in fuel consumption, both mechanical, i.e. by an increase in the thermal efficiency of the engine, and petrol consumption, this latter being the most apparent to the driver.

In the American field, General Motors has taken the lead in this direction, which is natural, since for many years its director of research, Charles F. Kettering has been investigating the advantages to be gained from high compression engines. Tests with laboratory engines have shown that a V8 engine with a 12:1 compression ratio gives a 40% increase in mileage over a similar engine with the conventional 6.5 : 1 ratio. It is interesting at this stage to pause and compare the figures of an earlier era. In 1923 the Cadillac V.63 model had a compression ratio of 5.1:1, Oldsmobile had two models, the 43A with a ratio of 3.5:1, and the 47 with a ratio of 4.25:1. The Buick 4's and 6's ran with a ratio of 3.48:1.

Of course, the higher the compression ratio the higher the octane number of the fuel required. Until recently the petroleum industry has always been in a position to manufacture fuel with octane numbers higher than those required by engine manufacturers.

The Octane Number is probably the most maligned unit of measurement in the world. It is purely a unit of measurement, like feet, pound or gallon. Instead of measuring weight or volume it measures anti-knock quality. The name Octane is derived from iso-octane an extract of petroleum. This liquid although it is far too expensive for commercial use, knocks very little in petrol engines. Another product "normal-heptane", which is distilled from the sap of the Jeffery pine, knocks very badly. Varying degrees of anti-knock quality can be obtained by mixing the two in different proportions.

The petrol is matched with these various octane-heptane combinations until one is found which gives the identical knock.

The percentage of octane in the mixture gives the octane rating of the petrol. Adding ethyl fluid to petrol raises its octane rating still higher.

Now the American industry has developed engines with compression ratios of 10 and 12; 1, and the petrol industry because of material shortages has a difficult task in facing the problem of manufacturing the 100 Octane fuels used by these engines in the quantities desired. As a result they are engaged in a five billion dollar programme to extend its facilities to meet the demand for the present grades of fuel. Perhaps by 1952 it will be in a position to produce one gallon of 100 octane fuel for every four of ordinary fuel, but the question is will it cope with the growing demand.

The highest compression car engine on the American market today is the 7.5:1 Cadillac. This ratio can be increased to 10; 1 whenever fuel is available by changing the head. This is a V8 engine developing 160 b.h.p. and showing a 15 to 20% fuel saving over the 1948 model.

An entirely new engine based on the Kettering experimental engine is being used by Oldsmobile in its series "88" and "99" Models. This is a V type 8 cylinder engine with overhead valves actuated by hydraulic tappets. Known as the "Rocket" engine it currently has a compression ratio of 7.25:1 but with minor mechanics this can be increased to 12:1 as soon as higher octane fuels are available. The "Rocket" develops 135 b.h.p. and its thermal efficiency is rated at 26%. Oldsmobile claim that special attention has been given to freeing the motor from vibration.

In spite of the austerity conditions prevailing in England, the car manufacturers there are also increasing the compression ratios of the stock model cars. This is probably one of the reasons why the smaller English cars are popular in America, the Americans being able to purchase a higher Octane fuel; are thus able to make fuller use of the potential performance of the Engines.

At Earl's Court in 1948 the following cars were shown with a compression ration of 7:1 or higher.

Armstrong - Siddeley	7:1	Aston Martin	7.25:1
Austin A40	7.2:1	Austin A90	7.50:1
Bristol 2 litre	7.5:1	Daimler Sports	7:1
Frazer Nash High Speed.	9.5:1	Frazer Nash Tourer	8:1
H.R.G. "1100"	7.75:1	H.R.G. "1500"	7:1
Invicta	7.2:1	Jaguar 1½ litre	7.5:1
Jaguar 2½ litre	7.3:1	Jowett Javelin	7.1:1
Lea Francis	7.25:1	Lea Francis Sports	8:1
M.G. TC	7.2:1	Morgan	7.1:1
Rover	7.25:1	Singer SM	7:1
Wolseley	7:1		

Mentioning that Americans can purchase higher Octane fuel, a recent petrol quality survey indicates that the average premium grade petrol in the United States has a research octane rating of 87 compared with the regular grade average of 81.3. Highest rating petrol is sold in the Eastern states where the premium average is 89.1 and the regular 84.4. In the middle west the average is 88 on premium and 80 on regular. - Lowest ratings were found in the Western mountains region where the district premium petrol tested at 85.3 octane and the regular at 78.6.

Engine efficiency may be raised by means other than raising the compression ratio. An interesting step in this direction is the air cooled engine that is making its reappearance in U.S. Army vehicles. Developed by General Motors this engine with a 6.5:1 compression ratio is claimed to be more efficient than the 12:1 Kettering engine. However its cost precludes its general use in cars. However automatic transmissions, overdrives, and supercharging are all being used as means of improving car mileage.

A suggestion which has been put forward is that of using two fuel tanks, fuel lines and carburettors. For high speeds and rapid acceleration the high octane tank would be used and for ordinary work the regular grade petrol would come into use.

For comparison purposes, in this country the landed cost of 100 Octane fuel is approximately 7-10% higher than the regular grade. However the increased mileage and performance that it would give in a modern engine would more than compensate for the difference.

However, do not rush off and plane 1/16" off your cylinder head to increase performance, because before the compression ratios of these engines were increased an army of metallurgists and physicists studied the problem, and your car is not built to run on dual ratios.

- J.M.

#### RUNS TO REMEMBER

The problem was simple in its beginning. In the yard behind the pub at Paekakariki lay the special buried in disgrace. Another eighty miles to the North lay Feilding where it was to be investigated and set upon. The link between the two places lay in Rodger Harding, a steel tow rope and a De Soto of about 1930 vintage.

Complicating factors lay in club members, Jim O'Callaghan, Ian MacDuff and the Editor's wife. A further complication affecting the issue was that persons unknown had left kittens in John McMillan's Delage in Auckland some twelve months before.

The relationship of the first three complications was simple, they were all coming to Feilding - the coupe, let it be said was equipped with what its makers no doubt termed a rumble seat. The main rumble on this model was that of passengers who found that the seat was devoid of covering and that they must sit upon the bare and rather rusty springs. The McMillan cat entered the picture at the Standing quarter mile some three months previously. One of the original kittens had produced progeny, and the McMillans, seizing the Editor's wife in a weak moment at a small celebration afterwards had extracted a promise to care for and cherish one of the progeny. To make doubly certain the kitten was left at Geoff's place so that no possible excuse could be made for backing out.

So at approximately 1330 hours five bodies, large amounts of luggage and the cat were forced into the De Soto and the party bearing a distinct resemblance to something from a comic strip left for Paekakariki. At Paekakariki the special was attached by a steel rope coupled with something that Rodge had

obviously snaffled from the mooring lines of an overseas liner, and the cortege departed amid the ironic cheers of the inevitable small children.

It then started to rain. At the best of times the special does not give an armchair ride and is more remarkable for the stark simplicity of its body than for cosiness of its cockpit. By the time Otaki was reached there was not a dry spot left on the driver, the wettest part undoubtedly being the rear, as the aluminium bucket seat proved that the adjectival adjunct was not just a matter of form - it really held water. Goggles misted up every few minutes with the spray from the De Soto and the special's front wheels. All very uncomfortable. About here the De Soto's occupants played musical chairs and Ian took over the wheel, the driver of the special sticking to his place, for as he pointed out, he was one of the unnamable fools responsible for the unmothered creation so that it wasn't really fair to ask anyone else to suffer soaking purgatory.

Foxton was reached slightly after five and a stop was made to look for food. All that could be found was chocolate and a noisome confection known as popcorn. Some of this was forced between the chattering teeth of the driver and the procession moved on. The stage to Sanson was enlivened by some of the local peasantry attempting to dash between the tower and towee when proceeding at a reasonable rate of speed. The towee was by this time of such morbid and jaundiced outlook that he felt sorry that he had missed them. At Sanson, it being now dark, a stop was made to tie a torch on to the back of the special and the grim battle was re-engaged. Just out of Feilding a patch of road under repair turned out to be very much one way. The special's conductor in attempting to cope with mud in his eyes, rain, blackness and a sudden halt ran over the tow rope. This contretemps sorted out the goal was attained at about quarter to eight.

One hundred and ten miles in six and a quarter hours.  
Runs to remember? No, No, NO, NO!

JOHNSONVILLE HILL CLIMB - September 10th.

The first speed event of the season was held on an entirely new course - and more important still, for the first time in club history on a private road. The marshalls found a pleasant relief in not having to cope with would be road users and gendarm-erie as well as competitors and spectators. The course is about six hundred and fifty yards long. It begins with a hundred yards plunge into a gully followed with a steep slope with a right angle corner about half way up. The starting plunge resulted in astronomical revs in second, in some cars valve bounce setting in in motors who had never even been introduced to the thought of it before.

Fastest time went to Alan Freeman in the Thompson Special. Everyone was vastly pleased at this as Alan's luck has been proverbial in the Club. Only 3/5 sec. behind him was Hugo Hollis airing the M.G. for the first time with its new Nordec blower. Strong objection was registered to pump fuel and he would have been faster if he had been able to obtain higher quality spirit. Bob Gibbons effort in his apparently standard Sunbeam Talbot was really excellent. His time of 32.4 was the result of plain driving ability, and is a remarkable effort for a normal touring type car. Roy Cowan's Rover was hampered by a badly slipping clutch and John MacMillan seemed to find the banks very near to the bulky D8 Delage. Bill Cope had a repetition of the fuel trouble which his V8 Ford has exhibited at three or four other events. The car which everyone looked at however was Bob Bagnall's Ford V8 engined Citroen chassis special. Divided front axle a la Allard is fitted. Bob won the Novices award with this creation.

This caused some eyebrow raising, but for all Bob's long association with motor sport, and in particular with motor cycle racing the fact remains this is the first four wheeled speed event in which he has competed. Austins were represented by Jack Kennedy whose car now has a particularly neat single seater body, and Cottrell senior whose body was not present although the tubular frame on which it is to be hung was. Unfortunately the tubes became slightly pushed around during an argument with the bank on his last run. Errol Ansell as usual was driving a Riley rapidly with the maximum of efficiency and the minimum of fuss.

The six fastest were:-

A. Freeman, Thompson Special	31 sec.
H. Hollis, M.G. TC. (s)	31.6 sec.
R. Gibbons, 2 litre Sunbeam-Talbot	32.4 sec.
R. Bagnall, Citroen-Ford V8,	34.4 sec.
J. McMillan, D.8 Delage	34.6 sec.
E. Ansell Riley,	35.6 sec.

#### General Notes.

The Standing quarter mile sprint at the end of January, and the annual Paekakariki Hill Climb two weekends later are the matters of most interest to N.Z.S.C.C. members in the near future. For comparisons the fastest times in each class for these events in the past are as follows.

#### Standing Quarter Mile.

850 cc. Class.	
D.S. Drewery, J.2.M.G.	21.96 sec. in 1948
1100 cc Class.	
H. Logan, Singer	20.4 sec in 1947.
1500 cc. Class.	
O. Hawkins, Frazer-Nash,	20.0 sec. in 1946.
3000 cc. Class	
H. Green, Wolseley,	19.19 sec in 1948.
Unlimited Class.	
F. Sharman, Railton.	19.17. sec in 1948 (Also fastest time to date in N.Z.S.C.C. Standing quarter.)
Vintage Class.	
W. Easterbrook-Smith, Sunbeam,	20.72 sec in 1948.

#### PAEKAKARIKI HILL CLIMB

850 c.c. class.	
R. Roycroft, Austin 7 (s)	2 min. 44.45 sec in 1949.
1100 cc. Class	
M. Proctor, Riley-Bugatti,	2.44.50 in 1949.
1500 cc Class	
A.S. Farland, M.G. Magnette,	2.42.55 in 1949.
3000 cc Class	
J.R. Cowan, Sunbeam.	2.52.95 in 1949.
Unlimited Class.	
R. Roycroft, Ford B4 Midget,	2.31.2 in 1948.

As far as the quarter mile times are concerned the 1500, 3000, Unlimited and Vintage class times should go by the board this time. Hugo Hollis with the blown M.G. will I imagine be a very disappointed man if he can't better 20 sec. It is not known yet whether Hec. Green will have the Wolseley up from south but he has done over 2 sec better than his last Wellington time. In the unlimited class, Alan Freeman and Ewen Faulkner have both bettered the existing time elsewhere, while Fordy Farland's Buick 8 engined Singer chassised car should also give an account of itself. It is not known whether Roy Cowan's monstrous specialised straight 8 Sunbeam will be appearing or not. Either it or the Easterbrook-Smith Sunbeam should be capable of bettering the existing vintage figure.

The general feeling about Paekakariki is, not will anyone better 2.30 for the hill, but how many will do so. Ron Roycroft's record was made on the old longer course and he is said to be bringing the same car, now fitted with hydraulic brakes. Hugo Hollis is also a possible for under the two and a half while Ewen Faulkner was very close to it last year. The 3 litre class figures should come down too. An interesting entrant here will probably be Clinkard's Ansaldo engined, tubular chassised car. This car which is reported to weigh in the vicinity of 12 cwt. is reported to be near completion, and from photographs appears a most likely looking machine. Perhaps too this year the Easterbrook-Smith Sunbeam will reach the top of the hill. It is not known if the Hemus Bugatti will be appearing, but if it does, it will add interest not only in this class alone.

It is unfortunate that we were not allowed to hold the quarter mile at the usual time, although the most co-operative attitude of the Petone Borough Council has been very pleasant. However the closeness of the two events may bring in more outside cars as drivers will be tempted to leave cars here for the short time between events. The fact that the Canterbury race is only a fortnight after Paekakariki may keep some of the Southern contingent from travelling, although some of them may be tempted to nip up and see just how their motors really are going.

The season's events are really numerous for anyone who wants to compete in most of them. After the Canterbury race there is Ohakea and the N.Z. Grand Prix, the N.Z. sprint

championship in Hastings and then in April the third of the Waikanae 50's. Its amazing how the events come round. This will be the fifth annual Paekakariki, the Fourth annual spring and the third Waikanae. Come to that, the Club is now entering its ninth year of life, and yet it doesn't seem that long ago. Another year and it will be in double figures. Double the time and some of us will be boring newly joined members with natter of the first Club Hill climb at Judgeford way back in '44. What a horrid thought - the boring younger members I mean, not Judgeford, it was just plain frightening, although a lot of fun. In the last eight years membership has risen from the original seven to the present figure of over one hundred and sixty.

The Children's Christmas Party was held at Maori Bank on December 17th. This is a new event for the N.Z.S.C.C. but one which will be retained. About forty were present for a most enjoyable social do. Morrie Proctor arrived with his usual fuel, and played Father Xmas by allowing practically every one present to drive the Riley. The youngsters were filled very full with soft drinks, ice cream, and a respect for sports machinery.

Hugo Hollis, Alan Freeman, and Roy Cowan went down to Nelson from Wellington, Bob Shand, Sybil Lupp, from Christchurch and Dunedin being other Club Members competing at the Nelson Clubs two day New Year Meeting. According to the local Nelson paper a novice driver from Wellington did very well for himself in his supercharged M.G. and a Mr. Cowman was driving a T.T.Sunbeam. Well, well. I wonder how that novice will drive when he has really learn't what it is all about. From all accounts the meeting was a most enjoyable affair with really exciting racing. Sybil Lupp's TC M.G. is running on 9:1 compression ratio plus 10 lbs. boost. That is really packing it into a small motor. Fuel used for racing was an 80/20 mixture of ethanol and 100 octane. Hugo Hollis reports that driving it after his car is like stepping from a standard car into his own. Astro-nomical revs are reported. Hugo incidentally will be in Sybil's pit at Wigram. The two blown M.G.'s were apparently the fastest things on the track. Club Member Ian MacDuffs Riley engine Ford T rear ended, Triumph Seven chassised Special dropped a valve in practice and was not really tried out. Alan Freeman had his usual luck This time a radiator

connection went and the car finished the race with the motor solid and the cylinder heads starting to look very peculiar indeed. Roy Cowan is reported to have cracked the chassis on the 'beam. Apparently all the local garages turned on very willing co-operation over the weekend repairing all the ills of the Saturday's racing, ready for further brutality on the Monday.

Hardly less enjoyable than the racing it seems were the festivities in between and after they were over. Peculiar and varied are the positions and conditions which were arrived at. If as the Nelson Club hope, this becomes an annual event, Nelson for New Year will become quite a slogan for the future.

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The refusal of affiliation to the Competitors Car Club (Auckland) by the A.N.Z.C.C. seems a little hard to understand. This club which has a limited membership, is confined to types who are active - all very keen. Surely it is a domestic matter of the Club if they choose to limit their membership, and nothing to do with the A.N.Z.C.C. That there are already two clubs in Auckland does not affect the issue. Auckland is a big town and there is room for at least three clubs to cater for people of differing types, temperaments, and inclinations. Let us hope that some solution may be found by which twenty of the keenest drivers in Auckland may continue to function as a group without transgressing regulations.

There is an alarming tendency at the moment in certain quarters to build up a mass of machinery and red tape which if not checked could easily seriously interfere with the pleasant running of motor sport in this country. It is a tendency in many young organisations to overorganise and clog the works with machinery. A particular absurdity at the moment is the competition license position. One buys a competition license. This enables one satisfactorily to play snakes and ladders, chess, tossing the pot, and lots of other interesting and no doubt exciting pastimes. It does not however allow the licensee to drive a motor car in open competition. Oh dear no! If you are interested in trials you send in a further subscription and if you are considered a suitable person you may have your license endorsed for this purpose. But along comes a hill climb or sprint. What then? Sorry chum, you can't drive in it. At least not until you have sent in a further subscription and if you are considered a fit and worthy person your license may be

endorsed for that purpose. Breathing freely at last ? Like hell you are ! Circuit racing demands a repetition of the performance. The awkward point is of course who is doing all the deciding about whether a man is a fit person for the endorsement. What standards are they using and what are their qualifications as judges in any case.

The position is unfortunately becoming reflected in the regulations being put out by certain clubs. The most recent regulation for the Wigram do states that a doctor's certificate is required. What a pity Tazio Nuvolari would be a certainty to be debarred from driving in the Canterbury road race. No doubt next year intending competitors will be required to sign a form swearing that they are of pure Aryan decent for seventeen generations. The matter of compulsory white overalls is another matter. Personally I don't like white overalls and nothing will ever persuade me into them. For circus turns such as midget racing they undoubtedly add to the staging being as much a part of the show as a chorus girl's G-string, but when it comes to race organisers trying to tell people what they shall wear I feel it is time someone told them that their job is organising and controlling motor sport, not a fashion parade. In the regs for the Ohakea do, the sports car race has apparently become muddled in the organisers' minds with a gymkhana, at least so it would seem. The cars start with their hoods erected and the drivers dash across, furl their hoods lash them into position, and then take off. Why not make them carry mechanics and make it a three legged race? It has just as much to do with sports car racing. Admittedly about quarter of a century ago they used to do a variation of this stupid thing at a place called Le Mans, but as the organisers grew up and got more experience they learned more sense. By the way can anyone see any point in banning tonneau covers. Have New Zealanders found some hidden viciousness in them that European and English organisers have overlooked all these years ? I wonder if the handicap will make allowance for differing types of hoods ? Incidentally as it is a handicap affair what is the point in banning supercharged sports cars. Have the handicappers lost their slide rules and log tables, or is it that they just don't hold with such new fangled ideas? The regulations of any given event should be confined to defining the

nature of the event, and what standards of safe engineering are demanded, in what way the event will be conducted, and excursions into regulations for the sake of making regulations should be severely discouraged, whether originating from the A.N.Z.C.C., a club organising a major event, or the regs for a local twenty mile Saturday afternoon social trial. The position is rapidly becoming absurd and it behoves all active drivers to pounce on each and every absurdity and worry at it until it is amended.

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About the most interesting car under way in Wellington at the moment is the works special being created under the guidance of John MacMillan at Jackson Engineering. A Ford V8 motor is used with special heads camshaft and other bits, seated in another chassis. Transverse springing at the front and quarter elliptic at the rear are intended to look after road holding. The transmission is geared up to the low ratio rear axle. The figure of nine thousand revs and the rumour I heard for the transmission end of things. It is further suggested that the car may be considered as a prototype, replicas to sell in the vicinity of seven hundred and fifty pounds. New Zealand's first production car ?

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New Zealand's first XK 120 Jaguar is due to arrive in Christchurch in February. Of course it wouldn't be eligible to run in the Road Race unless they stripped it of wings and touring accessories. Being about 20 m.p.h. faster than any of the cars that will be running there seems a certain wry humour somewhere, or have I the wrong word for it .....

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Ken Hemus is reported to have the Bugatti in pieces, the job being under the care of Dick Messenger who it is reported will be in charge of the Hemus pit in the Grand Prix at Ohakea. Fordy Farland's buick engined special now has a very nice professional body. Fordy hasn't got used to the feeling or lack of feeling in the i.f.s.yet. After all one can't drive a Magnette all these years without getting used to



the idea that it is nice to know just where your wheels are and what they are doing. Ewen Faulkner suffered a complete blowup of the Morris - Ford V8 special after the last Saddle Road hill climb (F! T! D! Hugo Hollis by the way). Apparently the speed was in the high eighties when things let go. The two cylinder heads can be used again, but not much else looked any use to me. Roy Cowan's large Sunbeam having had no less than three foot six removed from the wheel-base is about to be launched any day now in its new form. A monstrous fine motor car egad, to go all Regency.

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One final apology to end the Bulletin.

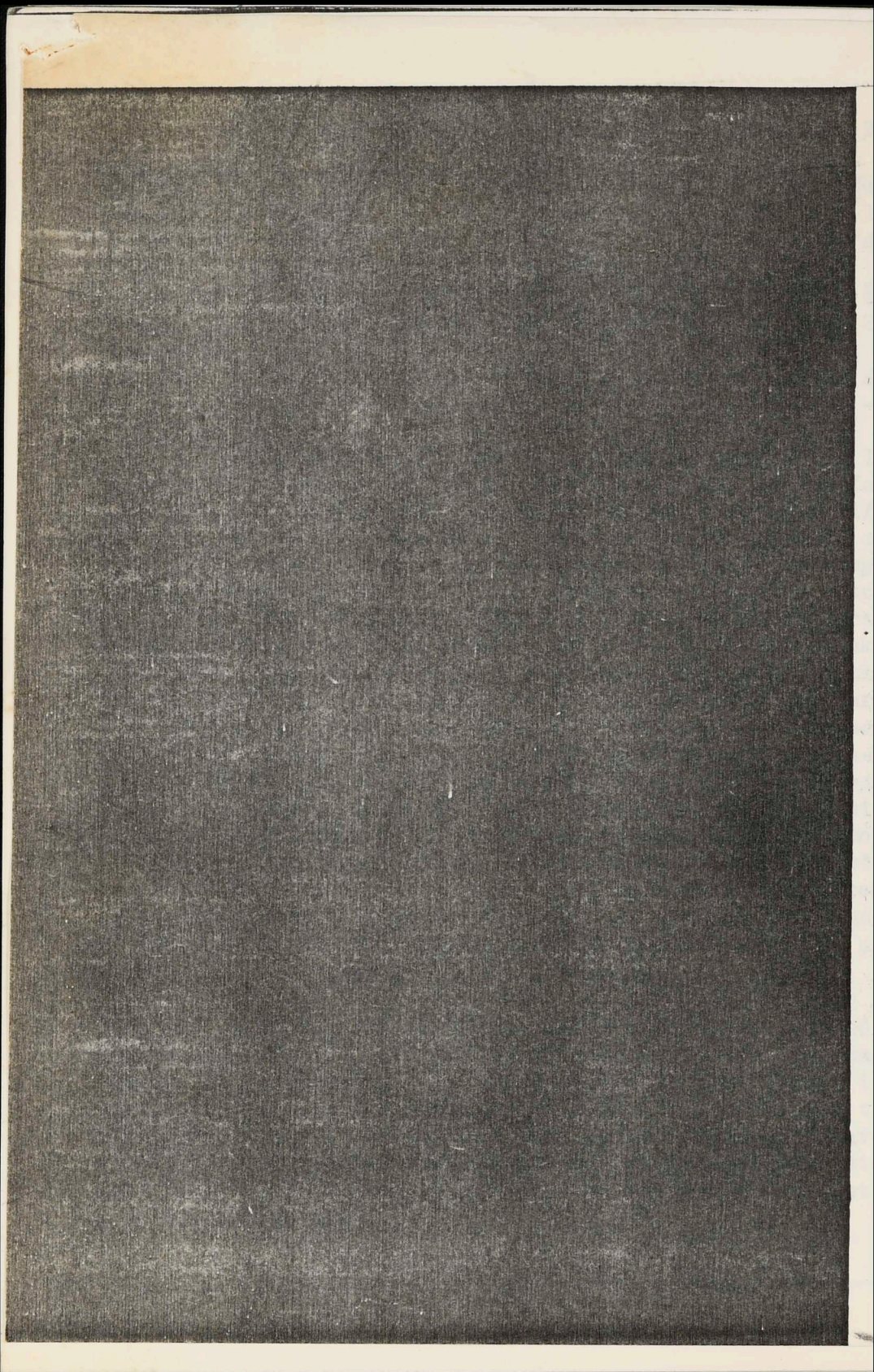
It has been delayed another fortnight by being lost while in transit with the Editors effects. Very, very, sorry. Will anyone please write for the Bulletin. At the moment the stock pile is reduced to one article, and that is only promised, not in the Editors hands.

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STANDING QUARTER MILE - PETONE ESPLANADE - JANUARY 28th.

PAEKAKARIKI HILL CLIMB - PAEKAKARIKI - FEBRUARY 11th!

See you there.



MARCH 1950

NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)

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BULLETIN

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NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)

BULLETIN

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Volume 6

No. 2.

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EDITORIAL.

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The comment in the general notes of our last issue regarding the growth of unnecessary complication and red tape in connection with motor sport seems to have struck a sympathetic note in many quarters. Several letters agreeing with the attitude taken in the notes have been received, but not one expressing a contrary opinion. This is rare as any editor will tell you, for usually opposition becomes rapidly vocal while agreement is usually tacit. In addition to the letters many have expressed their verbal agreement. However it is all very well agreeing that some series of acts are stupid or bad, but that is worthless if no action is taken.

The first obvious action is to make sure that our own club does not perpetrate any of the actions we consider undesirable in others. The second is to bring into the open, those things which we consider inhibit the pleasant running of motor Sport. Above all, as a member club of the Association of N.Z. Car Clubs, we must press for the removal of obstructive red tape, and ensure that as was originally intended, the Association shall be the servant and not the master of the Clubs.

As an ordinary Club Member what should this mean to you. Our Committee is your servant, as the Association should be that of the Clubs, and similarly it is for you to instruct the Committee through meetings of the Club, what remits you feel should be brought before the Association Conference to further the healthy growth of motor sport.

It is no use grousing. In the long run the efficient working of the whole superstructure depends upon the ordinary Clubman playing his part.

## FOURTH ANNUAL STANDING QUARTER MILE

PETONE ESPLANADE, JANUARY 28TH. 1950.

.....

The fourth of our series of Standing Quarter mile acceleration tests was remarkable for the fact that every one of the existing class records was broken. The weather conditions were fine with a gusty wind blowing onto the course at about a sixty degree angle from the rear. While this was probably of some help, it also caused some of the lighter cars to swerve a little as gusts came from gaps in the shelter towards the end of the quarter mile.

Practice runs in the morning showed that records were likely to fall. There was a momentary excitement as the time keepers misread the watch on Hugo Hollis's practice run and announced a time of under seventeen seconds, the correction taking some longertime to pass around than the original error. Faulkner moved up the course in 17.4 sec., a time which he was not to equal in official runs. Earl Fisher was mystified by his Buick, which is running on a compression ratio of over 8:1 and using alcohol injection into the fuel, taking over the 20 second mark until he discovered that it had been running as a six cylinder, two of the plug leads having been mixed up. The Easterbrook-Smith brothers Sunbeam appeared, now graced with a tail pipe instead of stub exhausts, but still noisy enough to make a small child burst into tears as it took off. (The Editor refutes any suggestion that it was the sight and not the sound that mad the child cry). Roy Cowan was having difficulty starting the T.T. Sunbeam, the difficulties eventually being traced to a defective magneto. Jack Cottrell's beautifully bodied Ford 10 Special attracted many admiring glances. Late arrivals were Bert Cresswell in a Chrysler Airflow substituting for his Ford V8 Special which he had been unable to prepare in time. Fordy Farland with his Singer-Buick making its first Wellington appearance, and, need we print it, Morrie Proctor with the Riley-Bugatti Midget.

Lunch gone, the Public address system, and the timing gear both going satisfactorily, the marshalls aided by our excellent friends the Transport Department, and by the Police, herded the spectators into positions where their crowd death wish had little opportunity for fulfilling itself and the serious business of the day began. Jack Kennedy in his neat single seater Austin

was slightly faster than his practice run, returning 22.15 - only .19 outside the club record. Buckletons J2 M.G. buzzed up the course in 23.5 his times remaining very consistent throughout the day, while O.B. Cottrell's Austin now with the tubes straightened from the bumps received at the Johnsonville hill climb, and a body applied moved along the course in 24.9 sec. The 1100 cc Class brought with it Manthell in a Singer 9 tourer which returned a valiant 25.8 and 25.9 and of course the Proctor Riley-Bugatti. Morrie's first run neatly removed 1/10th sec. from Halsey Logan's 1947 record of 20.4, but unfortunately while being trundled around off the course at the end of the run the sump encountered something hard and the oil ran out of its rightful place, so that was that for the day. The 1500 cc. class was as expected a picnic for Hugo Hollis and the Blown T.T.C. the combination eventually reducing Ossie Hawkins long established record by 1.75 sec to 18.25 sec. Of the remainder Jack Cottrel whose Ford 10 engined special only just crawls into the class was fastest with a run of 23.35 - slightly slower than his practice run. Of the two Austin A40's Abernethy, running with an open tail pipe was slightly faster than Frazer Brown. Fleet's M.G. Magna did not seem very happy about things and could not crawl under 26.1 sec. The three litre class resolved itself into a struggle between the owners of the Sub Sunbeam Special each of whom took two runs only. Eventually Geoff was .05 faster than Toby, both drivers breaking the record established by Hec Green last year. Jock McIntosh was amazingly consistent in his Standard Vanguard with only .05 difference in times between his three runs. Roy Cowan's mighty warrior was still a little tired of its magnetoes with resulting slow times.

The Unlimited Class provided an interesting array of eight very varied motor vehicles. As was obvious Ewen Faulkner with his Morris -V8 was an easy winner. In his practice run he returned 17.5 sec. but his first official run was slightly slower 17.7. Earl Fisher's Buick on its first run with the plug wires unknitted did a very quiet 19.3 Alan Freeman with the Thompson returned 19.65 which with all touring equipment in place was not to be sneezed at. Fordy Farland seemed slow off the mark, but explained later that his back axle was not yet quite as it should be and as it was a hundred miles home to Palmerston North it wasn't being asked to do too much, so his runs of 21.45 and 21.1 should be treated as tentative indications of performance only.

Mrs. McMillan driving the



THE FIFTH ANNUAL PAEKAKARIKI HILL CLIMB.  
 .....

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 11TH. 1950.

.....

Conditions at Paekakariki were easily the worst we have had so far for any climb. While it was not raining, it is a moot point whether it might not have been happier if the climb had been held in a pouring storm. Mist was the trouble, and none of your whisps of vapour stuff about it. Rotten, thick, white mist. So thick was it that spectators at the top of the hill saw nothing of the cars until they crashed into the Cutting bend with a roar. For a change they didn't even hear them until then such was the dampening effect of the fog. All the more meritorious therefore are the performances of Ron Roycroft and Hugo Hollis in recording times under two and a half minutes for the hill.

The entry list was a little on the small side, perhaps owing to the nearness of the Wigram race. Of the non-starters among the entrants, Proctor was busy preparing his car for Wigram and Ewen Faulkner had rolled over a Chevrolet truck during the week, suffering minor injuries sufficient to prevent him driving. A violent storm lashed the centre of the island the previous night and there were nearly additional non-starters as it took Ron Roycrofts equipe 22 hours to come from Auckland while so foul was the weather at Palmerston that Fordy Farland presumptuously supposed Wellington would be worse, and nearly didn't come

However despite the poor quality weather the hill record was beaten twice and three class records were established.

First Car up the hill on the official runs was the Roycroft Austin. A good omen thought those at the bottom of the hill when they heard his time of 2.41 - 3.35 sec under the old class record. They said a good deal more a few minutes later when they heard that the time included spinning completely round at the hairpin and after sorting it all out carrying on up the hill. Jack Kennedy then pushed his Austin up in 2.51.75 and had the honour of being the first unblown car to record under three minutes in this class. A very fine performance which could easily be overlooked by comparison with the sheer magnificence of Roycrofts. O.B.Cottrell's Austin seemed to find the two miles up a long long way on its first run although a second run was over 22 seconds faster.

With the defection of Morrie Proctor, Jock Brough had the 1100 cc Class all to himself so he contented himself with a single run through the cloud in 3.48.45.

Interest was keen in the 1500 class as Bill Hanna of Hastings was down as a competitor, and Bill had recently defeated Hugo in a climb at Hastings, however, today it appeared he was running with full touring body, so there appeared little chance of a duel. Hugo was first on the line with a crash helmet on his head and a look of purpose on his face. An excellent start took him howling round the bend, the hairpin was taken steadily and then he vanished into the mist to emerge over the line at the top in 2.31.3 sec - a new hill record. Bill Hanna made a very finished run of 2.50.6, which for a first drive on the hill, and under such foul conditions was not too bad. Cottrell's Ford 10 seemed unhappy in its gearing and couldn't better 3.17.85, while Abernethy's A 40 Austin took on some alarming lean angles as it went up in 3.30.3.

In the 3000 cc Class Toby Easterbrook-Smith took the Sunbeam Special up first. Considerable time was lost at the hairpin through breaking too early and having nearly spilt his bag of lollies at the S below the water trough the sober moments after resulted in a time of 3.1.65 sec for his first complete competitive climb up the hill. Brother Geoff peered through the fog and went up in 2.55.20. Ray Watson was worried by a loose second gear chain on the Frazer Nash (they can't be adjusted) and took 3.6.95. The fog appeared to give that venerable warrior the T.T. Sunbeam something of a cough and Roy conducted the first run in 3.21.1. As a class the three litre brigade seemed more interested in seeing where they were going than trying to go quickly. The Unlimited Class brought to the line Alan Freeman in the Thomson, now looking very pretty in a new coat of iridescent blue. As is usual when Alan's luck is not away on extended leave, it woffled down its exhausts and proceeded up the road quite quickly, not bothering to turn right round as it did last year and making the time 2.41.55. Bert Cresswell's Ford V8 Special did not seem too well, overheating and tending to miss as it went up in 3.1'.25. Fordy Farland was still respecting his rear end (the car's, you cad) and also seemed a little bemused at the idea of blind flying exercises being combined with motor sport and took 3.49.75, while Andrews kept off the clammy damp with his Morris 25 station wagon as he went up in 3.23.4.

Second runs were awaited with interest. An informed interest by that section of the crowd who realised what Roycroft had done and what Hugo might do, and a rather ghoulisn interest by that section who noted that the fog was again becoming thicker.

In the under 850 cc Class Roycroft went off with everything screaming including the nerves of anyone sensitive to high pitched sounds, but, the timing set didn't trip at the top - maybe he was airborne but there it is. Jack Kennedy reflected the state of the mist and was a little slower in 2.55.75 while O.B.Cottrell was a bit quicker than before. Looking very stern about things Hugo Hollis then proceeded to be the driver of the first car officially timed to ascent Paekakariki Hill in under two and a half minutes. 2.29.9 was the time, and although we had expected the time to go in a fine weather climb, everyone had been a little doubtful about it with things as they were. A smile even appeared for a moment on Chief Marshal Eric Honey's face, and Eric really had very little to be happy about. Bill Hanna was most consistent turning in 2.50.75 for his second run, while Cottrell and Abernethy both improved their first run times. With the three litres Toby Easterbrook-Smith arrived at the hairpin at what appeared to be much too fast a speed but went round it to everyone's surprise with very little fuss, at the cutting his hubs were almost making the acquaintance of the inside bank as he went round very rapidly without any trace of slide, however, he had been touring in the fog somewhere and returned 2.55.75. Geoff although not so fast through the cutting had apparently not dillied and dallied in the fog, or maybe he could remember where the hill wnet, for he returned 2.49.9 to lop some 3 sec. from the class record previously held by Roy Cowan. Ray Watson justified his fears by dropping second coming out of the hairpin resulting in a much slower climb, while Roy with the T.T.'Beam still clearing its throat was a little faster than previously. Alan Freeman then either used radar or just didn't care and put in an excellent climb in 2.37.45 while Andrews was the only other man in the unlimited class to care for another run.

Then for the final run of the Day as Ron Roycroft prepared to make up for the run which had been mistimed. As usual a terrific take off, no mistakes at the hairpin this time, then a little blue shape hardly seen by those at the side of the road as it went through the mist, a scream as it arrived at the cutting mounting still higher over the last few yards up to the line. A cluster of people around the watch at the timing set, and then an excited babble. 2 minutes 29.6 seconds. The last run of the day and a new hill record.

The driving of Roycroft and Hollis under these conditions was outstanding. The only comment that is necessary is to say what a shame it was that two such performances had to be heard and not seen.

Detailed results are as follows:-

850 cc Class.

R. Roycroft.	Austin (s)	2 min.41.0 sec.	2.29.6
J.M.Kennedy	Austin	2 " 51.75."	2.53.75
O.B.Cottrell	Austin.	4 4.95	3.42.2

1100 cc Class

J. Brough	Singer	3. 48. 45	
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1500 cc Class

H. Hollis	TC M.G. (s)	2.31.30	2.29.90
W. Hanna	TC M.G.	2.50.60	2.50.75
J.H.Cottrell	Ford Ten	3.17.85.	3.16.9
D. Abernethy	Austin A40.	3.30.30.	3.25.75.

3000 cc Class

G. Easterbrook-Smith	Sunbeam Spl.	2.55.20.	2.49.90
W.Easterbrook-Smith	Sunbeam Spl.	3. 1.65	2.55.75
R.Watson.	Frazer Nash	3. 6.95.	3.20. 2.
J.R.Cowan.	Sunbeam T.T.	3.21.1	3.15. 3

Unlimited Class.

A.T.Freeman	Thomson Spl.	2.41.55	2.37.45
H.V.Cresswell	Ford V8 Spl.	3.18.25	
A.S.Farland	Singer-Buick	3.49.75.	
L.Andrews	Morris 25.	3.23. 4	3.19. 0.



RUNS TO REMEMBER.BY JOHN DALRYMPLE.

It was in the middle of 1943, when petrol was worth about 12/- on the black market, tyres were non-existent and gentlemen in peaked caps were looking for cars that were far from home. I was on the track of two next-to-new 500 x 19's for my T type M.G. A friendly taxi driver let me have the necessary twelve gallons for the trip.

My father and I set off at about 5.30 p.m. so that it would be dark before we were far from home. The M.G. went well and after a halt for a meal we arrived at Johnsonville around 9.30. We were greeted there by a gentleman who had, it seemed, more than his share of worldly belongings in his house which was one room about 12 x 12 x 12. He was a non-tea drinker so we had a glass of milk for supper. We then went to inspect the tyres.

They were in very good condition, and standing on the front wheels of an ancient Ford truck. After much sweat and tears we had the change over completed, one replacing a worn out boot on the car and the other strapped to the spare.

Finally we set off for home about 11.30 with 150 miles to go at a time when the usual run was about 5 miles. We were looking forward to the trip very much. As we reached the sea front road before Paekakariki one cylinder ceased its normal functions. I stopped the car and remembered that I had left the torch at home. A quarter hour of tinkering brought no life so we decided to press on. I thought I had better check the oil. A dry dipstick without even a drip on the end came out - panic! We went the mile and a bit to Paekak in fear and trembling but the bearings remained intact.

Now I don't know if anyone else has been stranded in Paekak at 1.30 a.m. with a dry crankcase - it is not a pleasant state of affairs. The signal box of the railway station was the only place that showed any life. I enquired for oil. Yes they had some in that tin there. On investigating that tin there was found to contain matter used for greasing the points. As a substance it is remarkably similar to that which is removed from a diff after the C & P. have made expensive noises. There being a limit to everything I politely declined at which the signal box type suggested the engine shed.

We trod warily in the dark as we made for the shed. It was just as well, as outside one of the doors was a bottomless pit used for decarbonising locos or something. We did not fall

into it, although we were told that it seemed to fascinate inebriated American Marines.

I walked into the shed with a confidence that soon left me. Locomotives are frightening things in the dark. However, after a courageous search I eventually tracked down a cleaner asleep in the cab of one of the hissing monsters. He was most obliging and the M.G. sump was soon filled.

At about 3 a.m. we took off again - albeit on three only. Even so she was still capable of sixty at which speed I kept her wherever possible. By 3.30 I was so sleepy that I handed the wheel over to my father. Alas I am an extremely nervous passenger, even with the best of drivers, and he is a good one so there was no sleep. I took over again and he prodded me in the ribs to keep me awake. We eventually reached home about 7.30 a.m. The car did not appear to suffer from its abuse and we had the tyres, but what a trip.

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## LIST OF CLUB MEMBERS AS AT 1ST. MARCH

----- 1950. -----

It is customary to publish a list of club members in the last Bulletin of each financial year. Many members have found it a most useful thing to keep in their cars so that they can have it handy for reference and looking up members in other towns while touring. As many members for some obscure reason also like to keep their Bulletins, and don't like tearing pages out, the Club Roll this time appears as a supplement. Those of you who travel around, remember that most of our out of town members are only too happy to meet other members - so use the list.

:: ::

NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST COOPER.

New Zealand now has its first professionally built post war racing machine in the shape of a 1000 cc Cooper, at present with a 500 cc motor in it. This desirable property was brought out by Bill Lee, recently arrived from the U.K. Bill, who has already joined the N.Z.S.C.C., is busily engaged in arranging to get one of the larger motors.

It is understood that this is the same car, a photograph of which appeared in one of the English weeklies in the undignified and unusual position of being on top of the stand instead of passing below. Much interest and speculation is going on as to how this machine will function out here.

: :

DEFINITELY NON-STANDARD No. 1.

(It is intended that this shall be the first of a series of articles, similar to those well known in "The Motor", but dealing solely with New Zealand Specials. The Editor will be asking various club members for their co-operation at various times, and hopes an interesting series will result.)

I admire (and envy) A L'Outrance of "The Motor". I admire his ability to settle down at a moments notice to drive a 4CL, a Cisitalia, or one of the finer Alfas. And I admire his pen. But its largely envy I feel, I'm sorry to say. I envy the apparent ease with which he induces men who are no more than names to simple souls like you and me, (names to raise the hat to I mean) to lend him their most priceless possessions. I've heard it said that one should never lend one's pipe, wife or car. I wonder if A L'Outrance smokes? He certainly has amazing luck with cars.

All this of course, leads up to a little tale of my own. On a recent Sunday afternoon the Geoff Easterbrook-Smith's had a small bun fight - Toby and I were among those present - and from the moment I arrived odd glances seemed to be passing between the brothers. Nods, winks, and wreathed smiles sort of thing. Once Toby nudged Geoff and they both chuckled obscenely. However I was not left long in suspense. Towering over me the brothers chanted in unison "You're going for a ride in the Special." I'm only a small bloke and felt smaller.

Can you imagine my feelings? How would A.L'Outrance behave? He would breeze up to either of the Easterbrook-Smiths slap him on the back, and laughing gaily say, "I'm taking the Special for a week."

Obviously I was far behind such a man, so, taking a deep breath, I threw out my chest and said between clenched teeth, "C'mon!"

I musn't tell of the starting bothers - it could be made into quite a pleasant ride to remember. After I had twice failed to keep the engine running for more than a few revolutions.

Toby tossed me a glance which sounded like a big end going and virtually without comment got in himself. After Geoff and I had towed him round some very beautiful Karori scenery without any result whatsoever except a frayed temper or two and a very frayed tow rope, the brothers suddenly thrust their faces, one against the other and said in low rumbling voices, "Did you turn the petrol on?" Whereupon we all laughed heartily and it is only fair to the car to say that it then started instantaneously and did not falter again throughout a somewhat hectic afternoon.

Now, let me be perfectly frank - even perhaps at the risk of offending two of my very best friends. The Easterbrook-Smith Sunbeam Special, when it first appeared before a startled world, left me pretty cold. It didn't look much, and it didn't even go much. I admired its basic components its Marendaz chassis (I have very happy memories of that chassis when really new), its Sunbeam 20 h.p. OHV engine, and its Alvis back axle - but it just Did Not Go. It was not until this year's Standing Quarter Mile when 20 sec. was cracked very definitely that I, and others, began to sit up and take notice. Then came Paekakariki and again a really good time resulted. Obviously a car worth driving, and definitely "Faster than Standard".

All this time I have been driving along "getting settled". I find the wheel is in the right place (a pity you couldn't get a sprung one, although the vintage Crossley wheel is certainly in keeping), the steering very pleasant, high geared, direct, plenty of road shock, by which I mean the wheels can be felt as well as seen. I feel much better and tentatively put down the right foot only to slow down rapidly. Goon! That's the brake - the accelerator is away to the right yet. The brakes incidentally are quite reassuring, despite considerable pedal travel before anything happens. However, a touch on the throttle and she is away. Even in top from low speeds there is a most distinct poke in the back.

I begin to feel better and better and try a couple of standing starts. I didn't use more than 4,000 in any gear because I hate breaking other people's cars, but this car really does come unstuck. Of course it suffers from Mr. Sunbeam's beautifully made gearbox which is complete with

three bottom gears and only one top, which means I ran out of revs just about instantaneously in 1st. and 2nd., and only just after that in 3rd. Toby tells me that he uses 4600 without undue worry and that 4000 is about 55 in 3rd - not bad really.

I'm still felling better so I give her a touch on Loose metal. I feel worse and stop giving her a touch on loose metal, whereupon she comes straight again, just like that, and I feel better again. I try it again in a more reasonable manner and she likes that and behaves like a perfect lady.

Then I went hill climbing, and what is more, enjoyed myself hugely. It seems just about impossible to make it do the wrong thing, no sudden breaking away of front or back, but if one becomes a little too keen, all four wheels go very gently and remain under perfect control. This rather pleasant motion can be stopped just like that as soon as required. I used third all the way up this particular hill - a long winding one I may say, and acceleration on the short straights was really something. I found myself braking for corners and then thinking how much faster I could have gone round if I'd left well alone, so nicely did she behave.

I sat at the top for a while, being asked by the Bing Boys (sorry) the Easterbrook-Smith brothers why I was grinning so much. Actually I was only smiling and it was an awfully nice day. Then I went down the hill and did it all over again.

The car has had a lot of work done on it and really does go well. There is no doubt that considerably more power could be extracted from the engine and if this is done it will be rather more than a force to be reckoned with - it does pretty well now as a glance at recent results will show.

Thanks Toby and Geoff, and congratulations on an excellent spot of work. And now what other takers for my hand? After all, the only thing you need do is produce a car (preferably full of petrol) and set a rev limit.

- "T"

#### EXHAUST NOTES:

Bryce Clinkard is due to leave in a few weeks for England his tour of duty on the N.Z. Station being completed. It is understood he is leaving his Alvis Speed 20, but is somewhat undecided as to whether to take or leave his Ansaldo engined special. We shall miss Clink very much and hope that the Royal Navy may get around to letting him out here again fairly soon.

John McMillan apparently did not have the mixture in the Jackson as it should be at Wigram, as only two pistons out of eight were in one piece. The Jackson Smelter instead of Jackson Special one type unkindly suggested. But Chakea is yet to come. Its all very difficult writing this ten days before Chakea. Any rash statements made now might be made to seem very very rash indeed especially as this issue should come from the printers within a few days either side of Chakea.

However we'll restrain ourselves to one prophecy. With twice as many corners as at Wigram, there are going to be a lot of cars devoid of brakes, and some with peculiar gearboxes before the 18th. March is over. We haven't had enough long distance stuff here yet for most drivers to have become genned up on brake linings yet. Talking of gearboxes I understand that was Morrie Proctor's trouble at Wigram.

So the "works" Austin is no more. Apparently its blow up on the first lap at Wigram was a considerable one and although the Roycroft-Chatteris combination have plans for a remarkable salvage job, general opinion seems to be that the mess is too big. I suppose it had to happen one day. A story that we should like to have for the Bulletin is the history of this remarkable little car which has written a considerable chapter in N.Z. motoring history.

The modifications to the induction system of Earl Fisher's Buick 8 caused considerable interest at the Standing Quarter. The performance, considering the considerable weight of the car was a remarkable one, and more than one onlooker expressed the wish to see the motor in a lighter chassis.

Fordy Farland's Singer-Buick we believe weighs just under 21 cwt. which should mean a very rapid sports car when the teething troubles are cleaned up.

.....  
Jack Kennedy's Single seater Austin and the Easterbrook-Smith brothers Sunbeam are reported as being for sale. In Auckland, Jim O'Callaghan has for sale a Riley chassis complete with wheels and tyres but less motor and differential. Two specials and the basis of another for those interested.

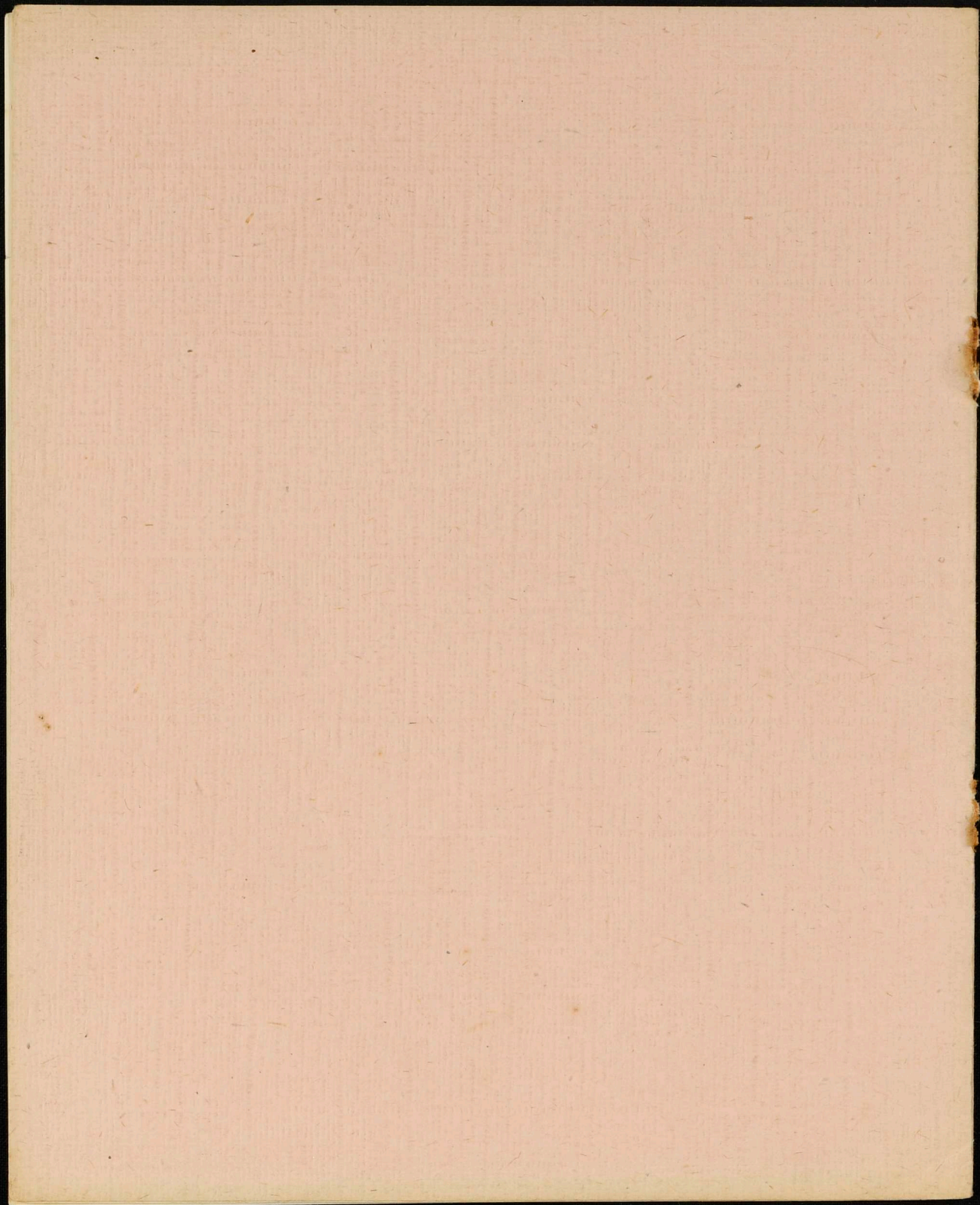
.....  
Roy Cowans 5½ litre Sunbeam has now been roadborne, albeit body-less. With its new 2.9 rear end the feeling is very much akin to that of the 30/98. Thirty mph in top is approximately 790 r.p.m. Handling still seems very much as before, shoulder muscles required at low speed, with the effort disappearing as the speed goes up. Quite a lot more in the way of mods, particularly as regards aspiration are planned. It is reported that the T.T.Sunbeam may be going to a Christchurch home.

.....  
Michael Forlong, ex-Editor of this Bulletin, and in general one of the extremely hard workers for the Club in the past is reported to be leaving England sometime in March to return here. As Michael seems to have been to some of the more interesting English events, met most of the most interesting people, and driven or ridden in some of the more interesting cars, and is an amusing and fluent speaker, I should imagine the committee for next year, would be well advised to pin him down as the main attraction at one of the Monthly Club Nights.

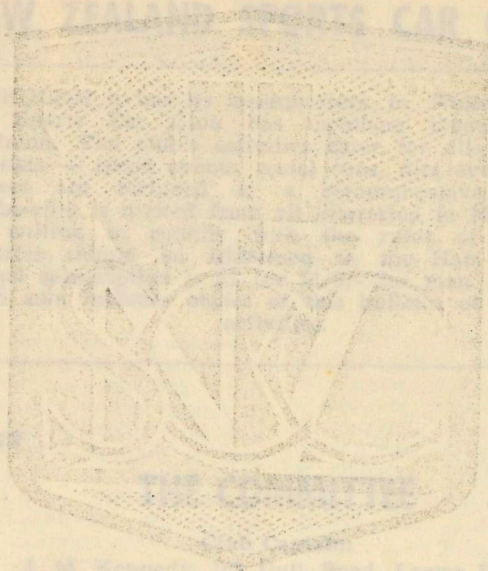
.....  
The programme for the next few weeks is frantic. If we start at Paekakariki, there is in the space of twelve weeks, Paekak, Wigram, N.Z.Hill Championship, Ohakea, N.Z.Sprint Championship, N.Z.S.C.C.Standing Kilo, N.Z.Beach Championship, and the Waikanae 50. Rather cramped and hasty really, perhaps it is one thing the Association might try and organise a little better next year.

.....  
and the usual tail piece, please, please :-

WRITE FOR YOUR BULLETIN.



THE NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)



N.Z. SPORTS CAR CLUB (Inc.)

# BULLETIN

Vol. 7

1

1950

JULY

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## EDITORIAL

IT is not usual to find quotations from books on Child Psychology in the N.Z.S.C.C. Bulletin, but a passage from Professor Burt's "The Problem Child" perhaps has some bearing on the present state of our Club.

The Professor recounts how, when visiting a class engaged in occupational therapy, he asked one child what he was doing and received the reply "Its me 'obby, and I 'ates it." It is possible that it was to avoid reaching this stage that so many of the last Club Committee refused to accept nomination for further office.

As has been the plaint so often in these editorials, so much has been left to so few. Now, with the passing of a ruling by the A.G.M. that the duties coincident with the organising of events shall be shared on a roster system by all members of the Club within a given area of Wellington, the Club approaches a new stage in its development. It is likely that our membership will fall as those with only a casual interest fall away, but this should be compensated for by the fact that it is, far easier to administer a club comprising enthusiasts, prepared to do something tangible to prove their enthusiasm. In addition the greater mixing which will occur will make for a more friendly atmosphere—something which was being lost due to the understandable reticence of newer members making themselves conspicuous. Let us all work and strengthen our position.

## THE NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)

• **THOUGH** it has its headquarters in Wellington, the N.Z. Sports Car Club has members throughout the Dominion. The club's activities cater for all classes of motorists — speed events, social runs, film evenings, and lectures are included in a comprehensive calendar. Membership is invited from all interested in Motor Sport and willing to comply with the rules of the club. Inquiries should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary. Annual subscription is £1 (or £1/5/- for man and wife) which sum includes copies of this bulletin of the club's activities.

### DIRECTORY . . .

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**Co-Editor: E. Honey.**

**Committee:**

R. Arthurs, G. Bray, H. Cooke, J. H. Cottrell, R. Dyson,  
B. Foote, F. G. Porteous, R. Watson.

#### THAT MAN MORRISH

• **HAVE** you met Morrish . . . Dave to you? Morrish has recently acquired the Club's receipt book, a particularly neat signature, and a passion for using it. He's anxious to meet all members with open arms—and an open book, and as subscriptions are now due, can you blame him. For those unable to meet him personally, his address is: 47, Everest Street, Wellington, N.5.

• **THE** production of a printed bulletin for a comparatively small number of people is not a sound economic proposition. With rising costs in the printing trade, it will be necessary for future bulletins to carry a small amount of advertising if we are to keep within our budget. Club members willing to help by advertising their firm or products are asked to contact Dave Morrish for further particulars.

## WAIKANAË-1950

UNDOUBTEDLY the weather was on our side at Waikanae this year. Even Manawatu was heard to sigh and say "if only we'd had this weather for Ohakea." The great pity of the day was the absence of several entrants, notably the irrepressible Proctor, Harrison of Rotorua with the Brown special, and lastly but by no means least, George Smith who, to paraphrase M. Bugatti, must surely have the fastest motor lorry in New Zealand. Actually one can't help feeling that it must be George Smith rather than the car.

The programme was for four races as follows:

- 1.—Four-mile scratch under 1½ litres.
- 2.—Four-mile scratch over 1½ litres.
- 3.—Six-mile open handicap.
- 4.—The Waikanae Fifty.

The short races were uncommonly interesting and popular and one wonders—but that is a matter for the Committee. The first race produced only three entrants but the crowd loved it. The Cottrells, father and son, managed to cope with opposition in the shape of Greaves' Ford Special, though it was left to Cottrell Jnr., whose car was fairly cracking, to win with the greatest of ease.

There was commendable lack of waste time and the second race was on. Here we had the heavy stuff and the result was never really in doubt as Ewen Faulkner's car is undoubtedly faster than Fordy Farland's Singer-Buick. Toby Easterbrook-Smith lost a lot of ground at the start by attempting to take off in neutral but caught Cowan's Rover before the first corner and Shuter's Ford V8 the next lap to tail the two leaders ready for second place if anything should happen to them, but nothing did and so ended a Manawatu benefit.

### GOOD HANDICAPPING

The Six-Mile Handicap was, so many think, the best race of the day. The handicappers did a great job and the result was in doubt right up to the end, which is just as it should be.

Shuter drove his Ford to victory with the hood up in a most touring manner, albeit with a certain amount of sliding both ways and rolling on the corners. Jack Cottrell just staved

off Ewen Faulkner for second place, the first three cars being right on each other's heels. It was particularly pleasant to see Mrs McMillan driving the big Delage, and also one or two of the newer members, including Mouton in his SS, which ran quietly. Wot! No Smoke? Certainly not, boy.

The lunch break was of necessity short and there was little delay when cars and drivers were called for the fifty miles. One of the most sporting gestures was Farland's refusal to accept a slight start on Faulkner.

Limit man was Cottrell Senior who circulated "solitary like" for a while until one by one the other cars joined in the fray. Trouble was not long coming as the beach was very rough and very wet, ignition systems suffering. Faulkner, who drew ahead of Farland, was one of the really unlucky ones, as despite frequent stops and moppings up the wick got wetter and wetter until he was so far behind a lesser man would have given up.

Cottrell Jnr.'s Ford 10 suffered a similar fate, while his father had the misfortune to crack a hub while the Austin was in the lead.

### SPECTACULAR BLOW-UP

Toby Easterbrook-Smith, who had been lapping steadily and worked up to a fairly close second, came into the pits with evidence of water everywhere except the radiator. After replenishment Geoff took off, only to stop a lap later for plugs. At twenty-six miles he then staged the most impressive blow-up ever seen in club events. A piston disintegrated, closely followed by its attendant rod.

When the writer suggested to Toby that all the best Sunbeams have neat patches in their sumps the atmosphere became a little tense in a friendly sort of way. The actual damage it was later discovered was light, neither block, shaft, or crankcase being damaged, while the brothers have practically a N.Z. corner on Sunbeam spares and had intended reboring the special anyway.

During all these alarms and excursions, Farland and Shuter continued steadily building up a lead in that

(Continued on next page).

## FLYING QUARTER AND STANDING KILO

WHETHER it was April Fool's day, petrol and motor car shortage after Ohakea and the N.Z. Sprint Championship the preceding weekend, or what, this event was poorly supported. The course used was level bitumen road with a run in with a bend about a half-mile from the start. By Wellington standards there was a light wind.

Owing to the late arrival of the chief marshal with the gear, it was not possible to have the morning runs planned and activity finally began at about 1 p.m. The Standing Kilo was taken first, all cars running in one direction and then all making the return run. As was expected Ewen Faulkner's Morris-V8 was fastest, but only just. That amazing piece of work which looks so very ordinary, Fisher's Buick, was only .05 seconds slower, which when one considers that it weighs nearly twice the weight of Faulkner's machine and makes no concession to wind with its saloon body, is truly amazing. A lot of people would like to see the motor in a more suitable chassis.

Hugo Hollis's blown M.G. was not at its best but was well in the running. Roy Cowan's 5½ litre Sunbeam was making its first appearance in its new form. Lord Galway wouldn't recognise his stately saloon nowadays. Roy was treating it with discretion in its first outing and was considerably troubled with wheel tramp from unbalanced wheels.

### AERODYNAMIC ADVANTAGE?

Jack Cottrell made two very neat runs with his special, while his father showed that the Austin's body must do something as his time difference

(Continued from previous page).

order. Farland took things fairly easily towards the end and finished comfortably ahead of Shuter, though it was murmured that strange noises were evident in the Singer-Buick towards the end.

So ended a very pleasant day. The spectators were co-operative—amazing though it may sound—and the usual fun was had by all watching the cars come off the beach.—End.

between his runs with and into the wind was least of any. Ray Watson with his Riley Saloon and R. Webster with his Austin 7 amused themselves collecting data. Unfortunately the timing set failed on one or two runs and there was not time to re-run. Times were as follows:

E. Faulkner, Morris-V8, 34.85s, timing failed

E. Fisher, Buick, 34.90 sec, 36.70 sec.  
H. Hollis, M.G. TC (s) 36.85 sec, 35.00s.  
R. Cowan, Sunbeam, 39.85 sec, 48.00s.  
J. Cottrell, Ford 10 spl, 41.40 sec, 44.55s.  
O. Cottrell, Austin 7, 50.60 sec, 51.80s.  
R. Watson, Riley, 51.15 sec, 54.35 sec.  
R. Webster, Austin 7, 55.55 sec, —.

For the flying quarter Ray Watson dropped out as did Jack Cottrell with diff. trouble. Ewen Faulkner was again fastest although not as fast as last year. Row Cowan was obviously holding the big beam in, while Hugo finished up his first run with a blown gasket and cylinders full of water. Earl Fisher's car looked faster than it was, while neither of the Austins really got flying. The wind had increased a bit, too. The times were:

E. Faulkner, Morris-V8, 11.8 sec, 11.5s.  
H. Hollis, M.G. TC (s), 13.4 secs, —.  
E. Fisher, Buick, 13.4 sec, 13.8 sec.  
J. Cowan, Sunbeam, 14.4 sec, 14.8 sec.  
O. Cottrell, Austin 7, 18.4 sec, 19.6 sec.  
R. Webster, Austin 7, 22.0 sec, 27.0 sec.

It is a pity that this event which was planned as a picnic outing at which members could get accurate timing of their car's performance, whatever the type, and without any of the more serious air surrounding our larger speed events, was not better supported. Last year it drew one of the largest entries of the season.—End.

• SYBIL LUPP, it is reported (unofficially) has achieved the elusive hundred with her supercharged M.G. T/C. Her average of two runs in opposite directions was 102.4 m.p.h. In the standing quarter she did 16.6 secs, and Hec. Green was almost a second faster with his Wolseley Special, 15.7 secs. Any higher bids?

Please . . . write for YOUR Bulletin.



## POSSIBILITIES IN TRANSMISSION

This is dedicated to those with Bank Balances in excess of four figures and workshops to suit—the rest of us may merely ponder.

**L**AATEST information from our English contemporary publications (we blush) reveals that the Austin Motor Company is experimenting with turbines for motor vehicles. More important still is the reference to the methods employed in the transmission, which may to our eyes appear new but is in fact a reversion to an idea successfully used in 1907.

The Manly hydraulic transmission of that era employed an engine-driven, five cylinder, variable stroke, pump. This unit became a torque augmentor in that when the stroke is set to a minimum the entire power output of the engine is employed in moving a small volume of oil, and this in turn produces a small radial movement of the driven shaft of the oil motor.

Conversely, when the pump throw is set at maximum, the oil motor gives a larger relative rotary movement to the output shaft for a given number of engine revolutions.

### TRUCK TESTED

It is reported that a truck equipped with this transmission pulled a load of 20 tons up a one-in-ten grade. In case any of you doubt this let me assure you that I am at this moment looking at a very fine plan of this, together with the operating data. Those with a good library consult "The Book of the Motor Car" (Rankin Kennedy, Volume II, page 202) published circa 1919. This transmission is the type that Austin's propose to use for the dual purpose of reduction gear and transmission unit.

For those who contemplate a modern version of this transmission, proprietary variable output pumps are available; a typical one is the "LML" at present being produced in U.K. It must be observed that a pump must have an ability to produce a variable pressure and output in relation to a fixed torque input. This being the case the normal variable spill port type is not successful. It must be able to produce at will, a small volume at high pressure or the reverse through a period of constant torque input. Space prohibits a full description of the

"LML" but those interested may read Machinery Lloyd, No. 26, 1947, page 84.

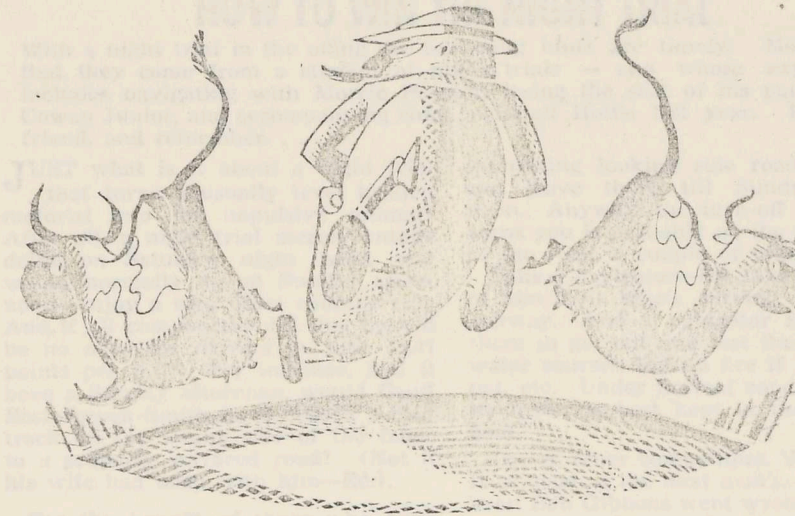
### Interesting Possibilities

The natural form of control of a unit of this type is a manually operated lever to give a variable gear effect. However, some interesting possibilities spring to mind. Consider the simplest form in which we have a piston applying pressure to oil which in turn applies pressure to a simple piston driving the wheels. The latter piston is sensitive to applied pressure and also to load from the driving wheels.

If the wheel load increases then the pressure in the oil circuit rises slightly, and if not rectified by increased torque from the motor or a step down in oil volume and increase in pressure then the engine will begin to labour. However, if the car begins to go down a hill then the wheel load falls off and the oil circuit pressure falls, calling for an increase in volume output.

Now if the variable output mechanism in the pump is made sensitive to pressure changes in the oil circuit so that when the circuit pressure starts to rise the pump stroke is decreased then the point must be reached when the circuit pressure is static and at that point the torque input is doing the best job to equate the load. It is therefore possible to provide a semi-automatic transmission sensitive to load changes and that will pull whatever is the most effective ratio with the available torque input.

Considering the torque input from the motor we can obtain a "hydraulic calculator" of this factor in the following manner. If the engine mountings are so pivoted that the engine torque reaction is concentrated on one point—and that is the top of the relief valve of the oil pump—then the greater the engine torque the greater will have to be the oil pressure to overcome it so that the relief valve will reach its neutral working point. If the oil pressure from the hydraulic calculator is led back to the transmission unit the pressure is now a function of the available torque. So we have both



factors under control and either one or both can be operated as the key to the transmission.

Without wishing to cloud the issue I can suggest to the ingenious that the possibility exists for such a unit to operate the throttle more effectively than the driver, and so keep the engine at the most efficient output for the job in hand.

### AIR INSTEAD OF FLUID

The driver's throttle could be only a speed selector indicating to the unit at what particular speed it is desired to travel and all inclines and loads would be dealt with by the master unit. Yet again (if anyone is still reading) the possibility of using air instead of a fluid is inviting and all the basic principles remain unchanged.

Apart from being a smoother drive it is more or less oblivious to leaks and

not so affected by low temperatures. Furthermore, air can be a store of energy and in a fully developed system employing air an energy accumulator would be an obvious addition.

While you are waiting at traffic lights, your speed selector at zero, then your motor would be delivering free torque which your unit would store for your get-away. This may be used with effect in sprints. At any rate your waiting efforts at traffic lights would be employed in a more economical pastime than warming the surrounding air. Very funny and very economical, yet possibly truer than you may imagine. I feel that the BRM has partially vindicated my proposal for free wheeling centrifugal blowers, so one can't be absolutely certain.

Anyway, there it is. Think it over—it fills in the quiet winter evenings. —End.

• TONY TAYLOR had a Jeep motor in his Lagonda Rapier while the Lagonda motor was undergoing renovations. We understand the Lag motor is now back in place and that Tony has a low opinion of Anglo-American friendship.

• JOHN MacMILLAN is planning another special. This one is to have a weight of about seven hundred-weight, and a Jeep motor from which John is muttering something about extracting 100 b.h.p. American Flatheads seem to fascinate John.

Please . . . . . write for YOUR Bulletin.

## CARS I HAVE OWNED

AS long as I can remember I have been interested in cars, particularly the thoroughbred English and Continental varieties, so it was to be expected that I would get one just as soon as sufficient money was available. In 1942 while in the RNZAF at Rongotai I joined the NZSCC when it was very much in its infancy. Shortly afterwards I was posted to Hobsonville and bought my first car, a J2 M.G. What a proud moment it was and what a grand little car it proved to be. The J2 did yeoman service, not only on the odd leave trip but also between my home in Remuera and Hobby. Fuel consumption of 40-45 was the rate rather than the exception. It was not fast, but completely reliable, and fun to drive.

During 1942, before going overseas, I changed the J2 for a 1936 Morris 12 (3 speed box), the idea being that the family would be able to use it as a second string during the petrol famine. The virtue of good general condition was the only one it had. It was disposed of before I came home, thank God.

In 1945 I bought an SS1 Sportsman's Saloon, the model just prior to the SS Jaguar. A rather disappointing car—it held the road well but the engine was definitely puny and would have required a lot of money to rejuvenate it. Tyres finally proved an insurmountable problem so the car was sold.

## AMERICAN INTERLUDE

My next venture was something of a major disaster. It was my first and only American car—a 1935 Auburn Sedan with a gas producer on it. I can hear the loud laughter, but the performance was better and smoother on gas than one petrol. Trouble started early with a bad shimmy in the steering. I took the car to a leading garage in Hamilton that has one of these infernal testing rigs. After their first effort the shimmy was worse and occurred at 30 m.p.h. instead of the previous 45 m.p.h. Three times they had it and finally they pronounced it incurable—this little joke costing me £25. Shortly afterward the car caught fire. The whole electrical system required replacement. At this stage I cried "enough" and sold it rapidly—and to a dealer what is more.

## CONTINENTAL CONVERT

As soon as my nerves recovered I bought Rod Collie's Silver Eagle Alvis tourer. I liked this immensely. The performance and handling qualities were most pleasing. It was a thoroughbred through and through. Maximum speed was only about 70 m.p.h. but it would cruise indefinitely at 50-55 miles per hour. Before selling it I bought a 37 h.p. Hispano Suiza saloon. This was an enormous affair, having a 12ft 3in wheelbase and weighing over 45 cwt.

The general mechanical excellence and superb finish to every part has to be seen to be believed. Although I would have preferred a four speed box in place of the existing three, it would nevertheless start effortlessly in second and attain 65 m.p.h. without changing into top. There is only one word to describe the mechanical servo brakes for which Hispano Suizas are famous, and that is "superb."

## TT SUNBEAM

The Hispano was replaced by the 1922 TT Sunbeam which I bought from Dick Messenger. It had not been run for six years and consequently needed a lot of work before it was useable once more. Hood and sidescreens were renewed, and the seats were recovered with hide. The twin BTH mags were completely overhauled and new plugs fitted.

This car was thrilling to drive with its speeds in the gears of 75 in second, and 95 in third. The steering and road holding were above reproach, but the brakes were simply terrible below 30 m.p.h. This is the car now owned by Roy Cowan, who has restored it to its original racing trim.

My next car was the Vauxhall 30/98 OE 127—now the property of Brian Wycherley (recently joined the club—Ed). When I bought this car from Bob Boyd, apart from the chassis, it was completely in pieces and stored in a basement. It took a couple of months' work to get the car mobile but the results were very pleasing indeed. I had considerable competition success with this car and it never failed to amaze with its speed and cornering capabilities.

(Continued on next page).

## HOW TO WIN THE NIGHT TRIAL

With a night trial in the offing the following hints are timely. More than that they come from a student of night trials — one whose experience includes navigating with Morrie Proctor, losing the seat of his pants with Cowan Junior, and accompanying chief marshal Hollis last year. Read on friend, and remember. . . .

JUST what is it about a night trial that turns a usually level headed motorist into an impulsive animal? After all, a night trial merely entails doing on Saturday night what one would normally do on Sunday afternoon—enjoy a nice quiet country run. And if all competitors did this there'd be no need for drivers to lose 13.47 points per mile. For instance, had it been a Sunday afternoon, would Geoff Easterbrook-Smith have chosen a clay track on the wrong side of the fence to a properly surfaced road? (Not if his wife had been with him—Ed.)

For the benefit of those who have never taken part in one of these nocturnal navigational games (and for the censure of those who have) the following points are worth considering:

**PREPARATION:** Into one car, preferably a saloon, and someone else's, place the following: One pair reading glasses (much better than feminine intuition which should be left at home); a map (an old war map is as good as any, or failing that cut out a map of Korea from the newspaper); a pin (there is no better guide to navigation than a pin—and many an argument can be solved by making a short stab either at the map or the dissenting party); refreshments, rugs, radio (preferably two-way), gumboots, spade, signalling lamps, and water wings. . . Also your entry fee.

**TECHNIQUE:** On being given your instructions read them carefully. Don't try to guess at the organiser's intentions—he doesn't know them either. If the instructions say proceed for .9 miles, do so. Don't take the decimal to be a fly mark and go nine miles instead. Don't be tempted to explore

(Continued from previous page).

My latest acquisition, a Bugatti Type 35 GP 2 Litre, is more or less the realisation of a long standing ambition. When I took delivery of this car it was outwardly in excellent order, but it was very soon evident that a lot of internal work was necessary. Now that the Bug is in first class mechanical

condition it is most satisfying to drive. The steering is of the order that one expects only in a Bugatti—beautifully light and direct.

My plans for the future are indefinite, but some day I want to own a Type 57 SC. I have been completely conquered by the "Bugatti charm."—End.

interesting looking side roads. You can leave those till Sunday afternoon. Anyway, the turn-off that concerns you is probably on the other side of the road, a couple of miles back. Take a navigator—but take no notice of him/her. Who's driving the car, anyway. And a navigator is merely there to get out and test the depth of water courses, light a fire if you sleep out, etc. Under normal conditions the navigator is best kept in the luggage boot.

Ignore other competitors. Your guess is as good as the next man's. Last year even Bob Gibbons went wrong and the year before, Morrie Laughton got lost in a private drive. Both these competitors won their events, but if you see either this year, take no notice. They belong to the Manawatu club . . . so they're probably going the wrong way anyway.

If you're not interested in the mathematical side of things—m.p.h., final points, m.p.g., etc., but only in the supper at the end, try the Proctor style of navigation. Go like a bat out of hell till you catch the next man and follow him. If anything goes wrong you've someone to blame, and as you are going to get lost anyway, you might as well have company for your overnight camp.

Remember, too, if the worst comes to the worst, it will eventually be daylight, and no competitor has ever been lost completely . . . yet.—End.

**Editor's Note:** This year Geoff Easterbrook-Smith is the brain behind the night trial. He denies that he is out to get even with Hugo for last year's effort but merely states that he is staying out of the trial to give Hugo a chance to win his own cup.

condition it is most satisfying to drive. The steering is of the order that one expects only in a Bugatti—beautifully light and direct.

## MUCH-BINDING-IN-THE-GORSE

**E**LEVEN competitors met at the Johnsonville station and after clinking coins in the Treasurer's palm, departed as directed by Dave Morrish and Roland Clapperton, who informed all starters that in the event of anyone becoming lost they were to go to the Karori end of Makara Gorge and wait for travelling marshall Jim Birkett. The first clue was found at the first righthand gravel bend hidden in some undergrowth, and competitors were seen hastily climbing a pine tree to get a cone for the Chief Marshall—who doubtless sat by a pine cone fire that night and chuckled over the foolishness of man.

Next stop was at a rubbish tip where the clue was also hidden in some foliage, but this time on the topmost twig of a willow tree. Here a little time was spent seeking "a useful article," and by the way, I fancy the Easterbrook-Smith Special may be fitted with a generator at the next outing, the Cowan family have a dust-bin lid, and are there any offers for a rusty jam tin, two pound size?

From this stop onward the afternoon became a riot of climbing under bridges to find instructions written where the water was deepest, peering hopefully into 44-gal. drums to find tickets which one pulled strings to get at, climbing trees and watching fence-posts.

## VINTAGE DEFINITION

Reading the names of cars attached to gates and fence posts, trees and banks was not easy and perhaps upset some competitors, for upon one marshall at the end enquiring about "American Vintage names" he was corrected firmly by one soul who insisted on the deletion of "vintage" in favour of "junk." The Marshall thoughtfully selected a saveloy.

The highlight of the day was at the end of a No Exit road where each competitor had to find his number in a

• IF the number of bits and pieces which are to be seen at Jackson's Engineering works at Miramar are a true indication of the state of affairs, much activity is going on in Wellington garages this winter. As well as this, there are even one or two garages being built as preliminary steps in

willow tree and then proceed .1 mile to a patch of gorse near some macro-capas and find a red flag, under which were the next instructions.

The term "displaced persons" has always fascinated me, but now I have seen them. Some ran up the road, some ran down the road, some rushed to gorse bushes, and some sought inspiration from the skies. Finally all made a dash for a clump of gorse whence came happy clucking noises, and seconds afterwards all streamed to waiting cars bearing sprigs of gorse. . . . One could be excused for thinking momentarily of Palm Sunday on seeing the happy band of Pilgrims.

## DECIMAL DIFFICULTIES

It also seemed that some types took .1 miles as 1 mile and became a little confused. The next clue was at a bridge and could only be read by hanging over the side, while lying on one's stomach. From the bridge to the finish race names were to be found—in very difficult places. I really enjoyed my five mugs of tea at the finish where Dave and Roland crooned over boiling savs.

With hot tea, savs, and bread and butter, the strained appearance of the drivers and passengers left, and some even laughed a little sadly. The Marshalls checked on the gifts brought them and seemed really pleased with the old tins, straws, blackberries, pine cones, etc. The fires were doused and the gang went home very satisfied with an afternoon's fun with no hard wear on vehicles. Thanks are due to Roland and Dave; their endeavours could have been better paid had they seen a number of those who attend the monthly meetings but not events.

Members are notified of events and the committee would like to see more of them as competitors or spectators. It is the member who makes the club—so what about it? —End.

special building and rebuilding—a complicated business motor sport. Per head of population N.Z. is going to have a fantastic number of specials. Already I believe there are enough to compile a book to rival John Bolster's recent effort.

## DEFINITELY NON-STANDARD

Under this heading Trevor this time for some obscure reason has departed completely from Editorial requests and come all over reminiscent. Most of it is standard, too. He will be horse-whipped when next seen and next issue will adhere to the title.—Ed.

**L**OTS of articles have been written about cars I have owned, but not one, to the best of my knowledge, about cars I have driven. Another though, is "Cars I Have Seen." Sounds silly, I know, but I well remember being driven by a friend one extremely dark night in an elderly Essex when headlights appeared astern and fairly swiftly overtook us. As my driver pulled over to make way, I caught a glimpse of the greatest of all radiators (Letters to the Editor please—Ed.) and lazily turning Rudge wheels as a 8½ litre Bentley went by. Definitely a thrill, gentlemen.

To revert to cars I have driven, my first was a bull nosed Morris which lived in a three-car garage in England at a place which was my home for some time. Greatly daring, I one day started it up, reversed it out, and drove it in again. Later in the day in a fit of remorse I confessed and to my great relief was merely laughed at.

The Morris' stable-mate was a 1926 A.C. but I never touched that in the absence of the owner, though I did learn the rudiments of steering in it by reaching across the driver to hold the wheel.

## THE INEVITABLE MODEL T

My next drive was on returning to N.Z. at the age of fourteen or thereabouts. My brother had a Model T Ford and suggested that I go with him some few miles up the Wanganui River, where he would pick up a horse and I would drive the Model T home. As an afterthought he asked if I could drive. Those of you who have been indignant at the age of fourteen can guess my reply. However, as my hour grew near I grew nervous. Every time my eyes left my brother's feet I was mentally muddled about pedals, but the fact remains that I did drive it home and didn't hit reverse once.

## PRINCE HENRY VAUXHALL

I can only assure those many people today who have never driven a Model T that their motoring education is incomplete. I had two long trips in these amazing cars, Wanganui-Rotorua and return, and Rotorua-Auckland, returning by sea. Have you ever travelled in a small coastal vessel down N.Z.'s West Coast? Cool!

One of the finest cars I drove in the bad old days was Michael Forlong's Prince Henry Vauxhall. It was one of three imported by Scott, of Christchurch, round about the time the Kaiser had his hub at conquest, and they were reputed to be the fastest things in the country in their day. One of them found its way to Wanganui, and Michael bought it about 1933 or 1934. It was a magnificent two-seater. The big four-cylinder side valve motor gave its maximum of 55 with a very real acceleration. Alas, it is no more. Cracked valve-seats and a later owner who didn't care effectively finished it off.

Round about the same time I drove a 3 litre Bentley which I later bought. An interesting sidelight on sales methods of those days was that on the demonstration run I had to content myself with sitting alongside Mr Steer (most excellent of men) of Scotts, while he piloted through Christchurch traffic. Perhaps Steer was worried about the two-wheel brakes—certainly they didn't work. When I bought this car I drove it back to Wanganui via Picton, hitting a mob of sheep on the way, fortunately not killing any.

Drives in other Bentleys followed and some of the happiest were in the car crashed by Ian Jones some time ago. The late "Red" Hansen John King and I had many fine drives in that particular Red Label. One or two M.G.'s are remembered well in those happy thirties. Sam Gibbons' J2 and Red's Magna were the most interesting, though being big car minded I found them queer things with their odd gear ratios and screaming engines.

Hansen's 40/50 Rafis was a very different kettle of fish. This 1914 car was a magnificent thing and rather overshadowed the late 20 that I drove.

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However, the 20 was a very nice car and I remember describing it to a friend as just like a Vank only so very much nicer.

Next came my long chassis 3 litre, then 4½ litre, and a couple of 8½ litres (not mine). All Bentleys hold a large portion of my heart so I'll do no more than say that I think a 9' 9" 4½ would satisfy the most biased.

#### BUGATTI v. BENTLEY

A 2 litre straight 8 Bugatti gave Red Hanson and I a great ride one evening, and so impressive was the noise that we believed the owner's somewhat hair-raising tales of performance. However,

shortly afterwards I met it and disposed of it with my 3 litre Bentley, proving that a suitable noise may be most misleading.

It is dawning on me that this could go on for some time, so perhaps I should merely mention 4½ litre Lagonda, Brooklands Riley, Sunbeam, Sunbeam Talbot, amongst others and leave it at that. Impressions of over twenty years' driving, good, bad and indifferent cars? Firstly, impatience with untruthful owners, intolerance of bad and discourteous driving, and gratitude to men who have designed and built the cars which have given me pleasure, and lastly, much joy in enthusiastic friends.--End.

\* JIM WERE is pressing on with his 800. The chassis is almost completed and detail work should begin shortly. Road and steering wheels are being sought, after which generally indicates fair progress in any special.

\* CLUB SECRETARY Bob Bagnall is forging on with his most geometrical of specials. The chassis is to be tubular and consists of triangles running in all directions. One description given to the Editor was "an ambulating pyra-

mid." Bob has made his own De Dion type axle for this car. Errol Ansell is also playing with tube and fabricating a De Dion.

\* IAN MacDUFF is transferring from Nelson to Wellington and is bringing with him his special, which it seems consists in the main of a Jilly 9 motor in a Triumph Super Seven Chassis, plus other modifications. The original lash up is to receive detail work during the winter, we believe.

\* THE PRODUCTION END (printing and paste up) of this Bulletin have been in the hands of Eric Honey (enthusiast in exile). Eric will be pleased to quote for printing jobs of all kinds. His address is: C/o North Auckland Times Co., Ltd., Dargaville.

NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)

(WELLINGTON)

- BULLETIN -

SEPTEMBER

1950.

Bulletin.

We are going to try and bring the Bulletin out monthly from now on. It will of course, be smaller, but reports of events should be more topical, there will be less overlapping with Circulars, and the overall cost should be less than the quarterly printed bulletin. It is intended to produce a binder to take a years issues.

Labour Day Rally.

A circular from the Manawatu Car Club is enclosed. This promises to be a first class event, and it is hoped that Wellington entries will put up a good show. Please note that entries close on the 9th of October. Also, will prospective entrants who have not fixed up teams please contact Hugo Hollis?

October event.

No major event is scheduled for this month, but it is proposed to hold a social run, with a little mud plugging, on Saturday the 14th of October. Bring your families (or anyone else) and meet at the foot of Haywards Hill - Hutt side - at 2 P.M. If the weather is doubtful, ring Jack Kennedy 63-989 before 1.30 and he will tell you if the run is still on.

October Monthly Meeting:

In Victoria League rooms, D.I.C. building, at 7.30. The entertainment will be provided from within the Club, and will be in the nature of a Brains Trust. Members are invited to bring along written questions on any matter at all relating to motoring.

November Monthly Meeting.

Usual time and place, Thursday November 9th.

November Sprint.

It was intended to hold an elaborately organised standing quarter mile at Petone foreshore, but it is clear that we cannot hope to attract, in November, 1950, sufficient 'real racers' to justify closing the road or to provide a reasonable spectacle for the public. We have therefore decided to abandon the Petone proposal, and to hold a closed Sprint event, for our own amusement and without publicity on the week end November 11-12. Details our next. (Competition Licences, endorsed for Sprints, will be necessary).

NELSON RACES - NEW YEAR - SEE PAGE 10.

(By G.E.S.)

"Where is my wandering Boy and/or Girl Tonight?"  
or

The Hundred Mile Night Trial  
(Being a Saga of Unconquerable Determination in the face of  
Insuperable Difficulties)

In the last Bulletin there was an article on Night Trials which made some rather critical remarks about my ability either to drive in or organise a Night Trial, and, in passing, my wife was with me on the clay road on the wrong side of the fence.

My experience in N.Z.S.C.C. Night Trials may be summed up as follows:

- 1946 - Marshall - sat on a hillside in torrential rain with Trevor Wickham.
- 1947 - Competitor - diced my x 12/50 Alvis furiously through a southerly storm while my brother/navigator lost the route sheet, clutched the side of the car, and called frequently on his Maker as we entered corners sideways and backwards.
- 1948 - Marshal - sat on a hillside in torrential rain with a lady member - not my wife, husband far away.
- 1949 - Competitor - Other competitors finished. Marshals folded their tents and silently stole away, and still my Riley, my wife and I forced on through the inevitable torrential rain. Check after check we reached, hours late, with only the shattered countryside to show that Motor Sport (?) had been taking place.

So can you wonder that when Jack Kennedy asked me to do something about the 1950 event, I smacked my lips in anticipation and resolved to have my revenge on Society. The newspapers called it "The Worst July Storm in Living Memory", and all Saturday anxious faces appeared at my front door, whereupon the conversation ran something like this:-

"Is it on?"

"Is what on, old boy?"

"The Night Trial."

"Certainly it is - not scared of a little weather, are you?"

"Oh no - I just wanted to be sure."

Exit anxious face, trying to look grave and carefree.

By 7.45 p.m. nine stalwarts, with assorted passengers, had gathered at the foot of Makara Hill, and were sent on their journey. Excitement started on the first section between Makara and Johnsonville, the general drill being to hit the first section of flooded road at 40 m.p.h. A little later a slip was across the road, but most people avoided hitting it head on. Pine tree branches all over the road constituted a novel hazard, while a dainty path had to be picked through the larger rocks that had fallen down off the hillside. The 28 m.p.h. average through this section kept everyone busy, and Macduff, Berkett, Campbell and Stafford lost points for late arrival, while Freeman and Brackenridge missed the control point altogether.

A driving test at the end of the section resulted in Hollis making fastest time, with Strong second and Macduff third. Conductors Cowan and Porteous, displayed diabolical satisfaction as confused competitors whizzed backwards and forwards and then staggered in in the (have I mentioned it yet?) torrential rain.

From Johnsonville the course proceeded via Pahatanui over Paekakariki, past McKays Crossing and along the back road to Paraparaumu. The Valkyries were getting a bit cheesed off by this time, but the road over to the game farm kept them from falling asleep, particularly negotiating past a slip on the road. Retracing their steps they headed for Paraparaumu, and most seem to have ended up in the Railway Goods Yard, while one competitor travelled by rail as the line was the shortest way of joining the correct route. He feels that if trials driving on the permanent way is to be encouraged, sleepers should be closer together.

Main road driving was a pleasant relief until the course turned right and followed the old road to Karehana Bay and Plimmerton, after which the section between Plimmerton and Pahatanui was tackled. With malice aforethought the organisers had laid on (a) a howling southerly, (b) yes - torrential rain, and (c) a high tide, so part of the road was under water. Good clean sport, as John McMillan said when the bow wave of Hogo's M.G. flowed into the cockpit.

The route back to Wellington, over Haywards and along the Western Hutt Road, was to be covered at 36 m.p.h. average, and as the Hutt side was flooded competitors began to fall behind time,

only Hollis arriving on time with Strong five minutes late and others straggling in at widely spaced intervals, until Macduff finally arrived at 12.15 a.m.

There was some talk of lynching the organisers, but Mrs. McMillans supper soothed jangled nerves and the party dissolved into an orgy of reminiscences, in which each competitor outdid the other in describing the fearful ordeals through which he had been.

Results

1.	H. Hollis	M.G.	103 points
2.	F. Strong	Ford	98
3.	J. Berkett	Singer	75
4.	A. Freeman	Thompson Sp.	59
5.	H. Cooke	Austin	56
6.	J. Brackenridge	Vauxhall	48
7.	M. Campbell	Morris	45
8.	I. McDuff	Ford	21
	Retired - A. Stafford	Ford.	

Picnic Meeting with Manawatu Club at Otaki  
Sunday, 10th September, 1950.

Wellington entrants gathered at the Hutt Station at half past ten, to be sent on their way at half minute intervals. The route was via Haywards and Paekakariki Hill, and the set average speed thirty-five m.p.h. - possibly a bit high for a social event.

The rendezvous was a large sheltered paddock about two miles from Otaki, and the first item was lunch, followed by the usual "muster". By this time almost forty cars had arrived and the tests were set in motion.

Most tests placed a premium on good traction and braking, and the ground was just damp enough for the more powerful cars to have no advantage.

Two tests varied from the usual braking, accelerating, and pylon dodging variety. The first was a fifty yard dash by drivers to their cars, the drivers being handicapped, having the lower half of their anatomies enveloped in sacks. They then had to climb in, drive 50 yards, and climb out. The results were decided on the overall times. One lesson from this - that few

"specials" or sports cars are apparently designed for easy entry in a sack.

In the second novelty test the driver in his car was placed blindfolded in a garage and required to drive out, turn, and drive back into the garage, all by verbal directions from his navigator. Some competitors drove as though gifted with X-ray eyes, others barged hopelessly around the paddock to become bogged or to give up.

For competitors and spectators alike, the event was a huge success, and everyone was greatly pleased to see Mike Page in a family hack showing the sports cars the way, which speaks well for the organiser, Hugo Hollis.

We would like to see this combined - club event repeated - soon. (Well, don't forget Labour Day - Ed.)

Results.

- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. M. Page P.N.     | 6. Williams P.N.      |
| 2. R. Manthel       | 7. M. Laughton P.N.   |
| 3. H. Hollis        | 8. J. Dalrymple P.N.  |
| 4. M. Campbell      | 9. A.J. Freeman       |
| 5. E. Faulkner P.N. | 10. A.S. Farland P.N. |

COMMENT OF NO CONSEQUENCE H.G.M.

The death of Peter Monkhouse in this year's Mille Miglia brings to mind the book George Monkhouse wrote pre-war on the then all-conquering Mercedes GP cars ... "Motor Racing with Mercedes-Benz". Monkhouse draws attention to the acceleration of the 5.6 litre, straight 8, 1937 car (646 bhp at 5,500) with the following statement:

"Their amazing acceleration can best be illustrated by imagining a Mercedes on the starting line with its engine running, when another car passes it at 100 mph, and continues at this speed for a mile. If the Mercedes were to start accelerating just as this car crossed the line, then it would easily pass the other car before the mile had been covered."

This is pretty phenomenal, it implies a standing start mile in well under 36 seconds which in turn pre-supposes a standing kilometre in something like 22.37 secs. When it is remembered that Raymond Mays' 1948 standing kilometre record at Brighton

Patrol 24/9/88

was 23.86 secs. we see that these road racing (as distinct from sprint) cars really shifted. Gives you something to aim at, eh Ollie?

Charlie the Cynic comes up with the observation that the way some people drive they must imagine a train whistles at crossings to keep its courage up.

A new carburettor, called Tripol, invented by Swede Carl Ahlstedt, makes it possible to run engines smoothly on 80% kerosene and 20% water with a 30-40% increase in economy over petrol. (Petrol is used for starting). After 75,000 miles, Ahlstedt's test truck stripped clean without any carbon deposit. Almost shiny, it is claimed.

An announcement made at the recent Melbourne International Motor Exhibition hinted at the possibility of the Rover experimental gas-turbine car being seen in Australia this year. It is being predicted that Australians will be able to purchase a turbine-engined Rover in about three years' time at something like £1,200. However, Charlie the Cynic reassures special builders in this country. They needn't worry about the Rover making their power plants obsolete, he says - they're that now, anyway.

"Sportscar" was a good try. Pity it folded. It's quite something that our own Club Bulletin has survived. (Please ... write for YOUR Bulletin - Ed.)

SECRETARIAL CITROEN

Some older members may remember that in April of 1949 this car first emerged under V8 power with a somewhat experimental steering layout, in that, with a solid front axle and soft coil springs, the rack and pinion steering was mounted some inches above the roll centre (it just wouldn't fit in anywhere else). Tests showed that the theoretically likely results were in fact resulting, and at the next public appearance the front axle had been cut in the centre with a hacksaw (to be honest, one eighth of an inch off centre, with innumerable hacksaw blades) and the



whole layout was on typical swing axle lines, with the ball joints of the steering rack lying very near indeed to line joining the axle and torque arm pivots.

In June 1949, then, the car was taken onto the road with the expressed intention of a weeks trial, and then into dock to be finished off. The week came and went, mudguards and lights were added, but the finishing off just didn't happen. However, after 14 months and 6000 miles it is back in the garage (also awaiting finishing off), to be finished off, and the whole purpose of these few notes is to make a Public Promise that it will not appear on the road again until it IS.

Now here are some points which may interest the theorists. The front tyres, English synthetics, are little worn after 6000 miles, and what wear there is, is quite even. The steering is slightly heavy at low speeds, but otherwise the handling is, by any standards, excellent, and never shows any tendency to wander.

And yet -

The body was distorted before I got it, and I soon gave up any idea of aligning wheels, etc., by measurements. In fact, as far as I am aware, no single measurement on one side is the same as the corresponding measurement on the other side.

The camber of each front wheel is altered at least 5 degrees in negotiating even a small bump.

I just don't know what the caster angle is. All I do know is that it alters over bumps (although not as much as the camber) and that any resemblance between the caster of the left and right kingpins is purely a coincidence.

The toe-in was adjusted to "some" when first put together and hasn't been adjusted (or checked) since.

So why should we worry???

#### A TRIP TO REMEMBER.

Reading an article in the Bulletin about a trip that the Author remembered, and I don't wonder either, reminds me of one I went with my brother who was then a cadet in the Waitotara county office. This happened thirty years ago, and I still remember the day, and night.

My brother had to inspect a slip on a back country road, and also bring in a returned soldier settler who was very anxious to come into Wanganui to see his wife who was expecting to have a baby.

Kim collected me around about 9 a.m. "Should we pack some lunch," I asked. "Gosh no, we should be back before one, and anyway we can always raise a cup of tea at Joe's." Joe was the roadman, a very fine old chap. He kept a squad of pig hounds and spent every spare minute of his time hunting. He also kept ducks near a large pond in which they laid all their eggs. Joe encouraged the habit because otherwise, he said, the dogs would get all the eggs. He fished them out of the pool with a long-handled rake. However, let us get back to motoring.

The car was a four cylinder five seater Dort which had so far given the county two years hard service and very little trouble except that the vacuum tank would sometimes become empty if the main tank was low. It had to be sucked full then, and believe me, the sucking was no fun. I suppose it could have been filled from a bottle, but if they had been systematic enough to carry a bottle and keep it full, they would have carried a tin of petrol and kept the tank full. The road we followed that day was metalled for the first fourteen miles with shell rock. The remainder was papa very nice in dry weather if the roadman had filled in the holes. Well, it was early spring and the weather had not been dry, and we struck trouble on the first unmetalled hill. Up to the hub of one front wheel in a hole full of soup. Out came the shovels, they always carried two short handled ones in the back of the car, and a plank to rest the jack on. We jacked her up, packed manuka and dry clay off the bank in the hole, retrieved the jack and tried to start, whereupon the back wheels whirled, dug in and stuck. However, we got out in reverse with one driving and one pushing, then charged full speed ahead and ploughed through.

Over the next six miles we stuck in every section of road that was shaded from the sun. We would have turned back if we had not arranged to meet the prospective father, and as Kim said we would have three to dig and push. Well we reached the top of the watershed at last and now had three miles of down hill road made up of two wheel ruts full of slush and two papa shoulders. If you were new to this type of road you might be tempted to try

to ride the shoulders in which case you could very easily slide into the gutter on the inside, or down over the cliff on the outside.

The Third time we stuck going down our passenger arrived on the scene, having given us up and started out to walk till he reached the good roads and a telephone. He helped turn the car, quite a business with a ditch and a cliff on one side, and a cliff without a ditch on the other,

However we got her around, and with two pushing and digging and one steering, we worked our way to the top of the hill. The road had dried a little by this time, it was now 5 p.m. and we were getting along quite handsomely when - Splosh! down she went into one of our old holes and off came the front wheel. On investigation she proved to be a cot case, so we left her completely blocking the road, and walked three miles to the roadman's cottage. Joe supplied a much appreciated feed and after ringing town and ordering a taxi, the by then proud Father and I walked the few remaining miles of mud to meet it. We arrived home about one in the morning. My brother stayed with the roadman, and next morning they harnessed a pair of horses to the old Dort and hauled her on to the side of the road to await the county mechanic and spares.

R.M.W.

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For Sale:

Chassis: -Ex Clinkard special single seater: tubular chassis, Fiat 500 I.F.S., Jeep rear end, hydraulic brakes, new tyres and tubes, less engine and gear box. £75 cash - A.T.Freeman, 10 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, or Phone 17-003, Working Hours.

Gearbox: speed gearbox ex Wolseley 12. Constant mesh 3rd, reduction 1.35.1. Splines would fit Ford 10 clutch. £10 or offer. From Secretary.

Temperature Gauges Ex aircraft, for oil or water. Secretary.

NELSON RACES.

The following advice has been received from the Secretary, Nelson Car Club, P.O.Box 6, Port Nelson:

ANNUAL RACE MEETING TAHUNANUI BEACH.

Arrangements have been finalised for the holding of our Annual two-day race meeting at Tahunanui Beach on the 30th December and the 1st January 1951.

This meeting is by closed invitation, and this Club would like you to circularise your members, and let us know at your earliest opportunity, how many cars will be coming, so that accommodation etc., can be arranged.

We are desirous of the following Data,

1. Name of Driver.
2. Make of Vehicle.
3. Cubic Capacity of Motor.
4. Approximate date of arrival.
5. Will entrant desire accommodation and if so of what nature.

As soon as we receive this information, the official entry forms will be posted direct by us to the prospective competitors. Owing to the fact that we have received many enquiries, urgent notification would be appreciated.

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N.Z.S.C.C. Secretary.  
D.R.Bagnall,  
41 Nicholson Road,  
Wellington N.5.  
Phone 37-348.

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NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)

(WELLINGTON)

- B U L L E T I N -

OCTOBER

1950.

Bulletin:

We hope to bring out this and future issues on the first of each month. This, then, is only a week after the September issue, and smaller in consequence. There are no events to record, but there is the first instalment of a new serial entitled "Agatha versus the Gods". A list of currently financial members is included in this issue. Next month we should be back to normal size.

Coming Events - Reminders.

October - Monthly Meeting, Thursday the 12th, 'Brains Trust' questions wanted - most important, the show just won't function without questions.

Social run, mud plugging if desired, hot saveloys, meet Hutt side of Haywards at 2 P.M. Saturday 14th.

November Monthly meeting, Thursday the 9th.

Sprint - Manawatu have asked us to alter our date from the 11th, as this is the only day on which the Traffic Dept. will agree to their Hill Climb. We have agreed, our date will probably be the 25th, will confirm in November issue.

A social event will be held also, probably at Whitemans Valley. Details in our next.

Veteran Car Event - it is possible that the Club will be organising an event in the Hutt Valley on Thursday the 16th or 23rd of November. Anyone with a pre-World War 1 car in running order who might be interested is invited to let the Secretary know.

Questionnaire: In the Circular issued early in September the Club Captain included a request for information on the types of events which appeal to members. It is of interest, and doubtless points to some moral, that exactly four replies were received - one asking for Speed, one for Social and Trials, one facetious, and one from outside Wellington, from a member normally unable to compete.

FUTURE:

There is a move afoot to start a Car Club in the Hutt Valley, closely associated with this Club. The points brought forward in favour of the idea are, briefly, -

1. The dispersal of Members over a wide area makes it more difficult to form a live social basis for Club activities.
2. A Club specifically for the Hutt Valley might tap a new and valuable source of members.
3. Competition and co-operation between the two clubs would benefit both.

A natural corollary would be to agree that this Club had finally served its purpose as a non-territorial Club, and should take its rightful place as, and the name of, the Wellington Car Club.

There would be many detail points to be worked out, and there will probably be a lot more talk before anything definite is done, if at all. In the meantime, would any members care to put their thoughts on the subject on paper and send them to the Secretary with a view to publication in the next Bulletin?

--- STOP PRESS ---

SOMETHING passed our window just now. It seemed to have no bodywork, but space for a B.R.M. radiator, motorcycle wheels, two small magaphones pointing downwards to the cylinder block, and a noise reminiscent of a pipeless Harley 'peashooter'. We didn't notice any makers nameplate, but there was a motor cycle following, with, we thought, a towrope.

COMMENT OF NO CONSEQUENCE

H.G.M.

In a recent issue of that weekly American opus, The Saturday Evening Post, there appeared an article describing a hitch-hiking tour of America by two Oxford undergraduates. On one occasion they were picked up by a sporty type in an American saloon (vehicular not alcoholic variety). The Englishmen were suitably impressed by the speedo registering 95 for most of the trip and were relieved to learn that the American was holding himself in on their account. He always held himself in.

"I usually keep her down around 105 mph," he said, "but she'll do more than that." Some car. Some man, too, for that matter. But boy, what a speedometer.

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The engine of the wizard, record-breaking, bank-chattering Freikaiserwagon will stay at workable coolness for something like 45 seconds continuous running only. A similar design, no doubt, to some of our local V8's.

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A report from Detroit has it that power steering is on the way for motorcars. "More progress," says Charlie the Cynic. "Dammit, all we'll have to do soon to drive a car will be push a couple of buttons. Where's the fun in that?" Quite right, Charlie. But then the Americans haven't been brought up on Bugattis, Alvises, Rileys, Alfa-Romeos and similar cars. Maybe power steering is just what's wanted on the low-g geared, big-tyred Americans. Charlie's only comment was, "Why don't they build a car that steers properly in the first place? Then they wouldn't need these gadgets."

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It is said that one recent winner of the Indianapolis 500 created a sensation by refusing to accept a kiss from the beautiful movie star who presented him with his victory laurels. "I'm happily married," was his terse remark.

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The pre-war Mercedes test shed in Stuttgart was air-conditioned to simulate atmospheric conditions to be encountered in any particular race. An enormous fan blew air at a pre-arranged temperature through the radiator at a rate equivalent to the road speed for particular engine revolutions. Thus the car could be almost perfectly carburetted before leaving the works. This may point to the reason for John McMillan's win at Ohakea - after all the Jackson was tuned in windy Wellington, and you know what the day was like at Ohakea.

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AGATHA VERSUS THE GODS.

By GORDAND D.G.MARKERTON.

During the last few months of 1947 a certain Wellington group of enthusiasts had arrangements well in hand for a grand tour of the North Island, from tip to top as it were. This was to be a supervacation we told ourselves. A holiday extraordinary. The gods overheard and rubbed their hands. "They asked for it!" they said, and forthwith put their heads together.

We, poor mortals, made our own arrangements .....

The day of departure dawned overcast and gusty. We passed it off as typical Wellington weather and it only spurred our determination to be off to the Sunny North. Now, in retrospect, we are not so sure the weather was purely accidental. Maybe the gods were having fun even at that early stage.

The cavalcade presented a motley appearance. Out in front was "Bush" on his Royal Enfield "Bullet", untidy motorcyclists in the true tradition of the brotherhood. In the centre was Agatha, piled high with bods and equipment, pressed down and running over. The bods incidentally were Dave, Jack and Snow. The rearguard was Ron, A.J.S. mounted and appearing faintly unreal with freshly shaved jowl.

Like a plain but efficient typiste, Agatha was well suited to her task but badly handicapped by her looks. Starting life as a modest model A Agatha had finally rebelled against the conventions and stripped down to her underwear. Now, stark and purposeful without mudguards, running boards, hood and side curtains, belligerent with a colossal brass drain-pipe from stem to stern, she was kicking up her fat tyres in sheer exuberance as she snaked and snarled through Glenside, Tawa Flat, Porirua and so on to the open road, to the magic North.

Agatha's coachwork was scarcely Park Wood. In fact it was difficult to decide whether she was a car turning into a truck or a truck metamorphosing into a car. But who cared about looks? Let the populace stare. This was Agatha. Agatha of the willing heart and the broad beam.

The gods relented of their early joke and soon clouds and wind were left behind and the sun beat from a clear sky. Upwards and onwards chortled Agatha, the bit between her teeth and her ears back nicely to reduce the frontal area. Through Taihape we swirled, climbing steadily. This was the life! Let Omar Khayjam have his book, his wine and his "thou". Give us a willing car and the open road with the sun high up and the exhaust snarling. On Agatha on . . . . .

Up in the mountains about this time, one god said to the other, "All set?" The other nodded. "Then let 'er go!" Whee -e-e-e-e- away went the wind like the Freikaiserwagen in a standing kilo. With it went the duet, huge clouds of it advancing over the desert, marching on Waiouru, threatening Agatha and her party. We pulled hurriedly into Waiouru, where after an ingenious fabrication of fictitious hardships, the local garage proprietor was persuaded to part with a few gallons of his precious petrol. Thus fortified we pressed on regardless, feeling rather like tiny St. Georges off to meet an outsize in dragons. Into a world of dust and flying stones

and raging wind we plunged. Into thick choking, stinging dust that rasped over Agatha's buxom body and filled our hair and eyes, and noses and mouths, and every nook and cranny. Bush and Ron on the motorbikes suffered unimaginable tortures. When all hope had been given up, and we were about to dig ourselves in and make a last stand, the skies cleared and the wind dropped. Round two to the gods.

Taupo was reached eventually and all were more than glad to see it. Camp was quickly pitched and a huge assortment of tinned nourishment produced and speedily despatched. Sleep settled on full bellies, and once again all was right with the world.

It was high morning before we crawled out of our pup-tents and tucked the necessary under our belts once more. Agatha was loaded to the gunwales and northward we pressed.

Like any other lady in her underwear Agatha drew many curious glances and ribald guffaws. The traffic inspector was so overcome by her comely appearance that he followed her for fifteen miles, but Agatha ignored his importunities and proceeded at a prim twenty five miles an hour. The law satisfied Agatha then reeled off the remaining one hundred miles to Auckland in an exhilarating two hours. Nice work, Aggie!

An interlude of several days in Auckland did not interest Agatha very much and she was glad to swirl out onto the north road once more.

The picturesque little bay of Leigh looked inviting to Auckland frayed nerves, and we pulled in for a rest cure. Guffaws from the gods! They knew what we were soon to find out - that the holiday citizenary of Leigh subsided solely on liquid lunch. Their continuous and raucous progress to and from the "local" turned this quiet little backwater into a, to us, rather tedious bedlam. Backwards and forwards these bemused souls went, staggering with their loads under their belts and in their arms. Discordant singing rent the air ..... hoarse shoutings .....vain boastings. Gone were our dreams of quiet and solitude and, sad to relate, we had no compunction in watching with grim amusement while these peace-wreckers, met their Waterloo on the steep track to the harbour. Everytime one slipped we raised a metaphorical cheer. Everytime a carton bounced to a tinkling end we positively gloated. The ultimate in satisfaction was reached when a ten gallon keg crashed crazily down the steep hillside, cannoned off the wharf and smashed with tremendous effect through the bottom of a dinghy.

But more was to come. Night brought out the best in these revellers who, like ships in a fog, gave noisey warning of their presence and groped their way around to the accompaniment of full throated roars and bellows. Even Agatha was observed to winch. One distraught person, overcome perhaps by the serenity of the hills beyond the harbour, beat incessantly on an empty kerosene tin. Another fired off tracer ammunition into the quiet sky. Others to our huge satisfaction, stepped off the wharf into dinghies that weren't there.

Agatha carried a crew almost as worn out as the revellers, as early next morning she spat the gravel of Leigh from under her wheels. Round three to the gods.

The previous nights' revelry put a keen edge to our appreciation of the open road, and the run through to Keri-Keri was a soothing as it was satisfying. The snarl and plop of Agatha's exhaust, the crackle of the motorcycles, the swish of wind past our ears, the fascinating patter of Agatha's front wheels on their transverse springing, the sheer exhilaration of movement in the bright clear air ....., these filled us with a vast symphony of contentment.

We stayed several days in Keri-Keri. The heat was intense. Agatha bore up bravely

To be continued in our next issue

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ENGLISH INTERLUDE - R.C.

Notes on Michael Forlong's talk, September Monthly Meeting.

From watching modern and vintage cars competing in speed events Michael concluded that the vintage cars' suspension was hopelessly outclassed by the modern independent suspension. Speeds of racing cars in England were such that they took your breath away on first sight, which perhaps is why, with our cars, we cannot hold the spectators' interest - they are just not fast enough. (After all a 500 Cooper seems able to outperform even our best cars.)

Allard, Healey, Jaguar and Connaught were four of the cars driven by Michael. The Allard was a 2-seater sports and apparently did not greatly impress, being rather like a Ford V8 to drive with its 3-speed gearbox and maximum of 50 in second. An interesting point was that Michael did not think the Ford's roadholding had been greatly improved by using a divided axle IFS.

The Healey was impressive for its acceleration, cornering capabilities and willing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  litre Riley motor, although a small amount of roll was noticeable on corners.

The XK 120 Jaguar left Michael with a feeling of unbelievably deceptive speed. Speeds of 70 per being maintained as 30 would be in the average family saloon. The acceleration was breathtaking and although the cornering was of a high order, a great deal of roll was apparent.

Undoubtedly the car that impressed Michael most was the Connaught. The motor was very willing to rev and 70 or 80 was easily seen in third. The roadholding struck Michael as the best of the four cars, being beyond reproach on all counts. The interesting point is that the Jaguar, Allard and Healey all have IFS of various types and the Connaught conventional rigid axle suspension.

The Allard factory was visited and surprisingly is only a small back-yard affair and rather untidy at that. In direct contrast, the Cooper garage, although small, was scrupulously clean and tidy and altogether most impressive. The driving force and enthusiasm behind Coopers would appear to be John Cooper, son of the proprietor.

The body on both the Silverstone Healey and J2 Allard is very light, almost to the point of being frail. Sydney Allard stated that the J2 was not really meant to be driven as an every-day sports car, but more for rallies and speed events.

OCTOBER ANNOUNCEMENTS from the Secretary.

November Events:

Monthly Meeting - Thursday the 9th, Victoria League Rooms, D.I.C Building, at 7.30 p.m. Programme is in the hands of Peter Porteous and Harvey Cooke.

"Future" - A paragraph under this heading appeared in the October Bulletin, and contained a suggestion that with the formation of a Hutt Club it might be desirable for this Club to become the Wellington Club. Unfortunately the layout of the Bulletin did not make it quite clear that this, like all the Bulletin apart from the monthly announcements, was 'contributed' and does not necessarily represent a Committee opinion. In fact, the question has never been raised at a Committee meeting. It is, however, disappointing that no one has thought the matter of sufficient importance to make any comment for inclusion in this issue.

Sprint - Date and location of Club Standing  $\frac{1}{4}$  not yet finalised. Details at monthly meeting. Entry forms will be forwarded to all holders of appropriate competition licences. Anyone not holding a licence and wishing to compete should make early application through the Secretary.

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REPORT MONTHLY MEETING - THURSDAY October 12th. H.G.M.

25 or so present. Capt. Jack Kennedy rapped members over the knuckles about the poor response to recent circular re types of events we'd like. "How can events be put on to suit you," he said, "if you won't tell us what you want?" Bullseye to Jack. Manawatu disappointed in entries from Wellington for Labour Weekend Rally - - only 3 at time of Meeting. Locale in Hutt Valley being investigated for our Standing Quarter. Some details of proposed Hutt Valley Sports Car Club revealed by Jack Kennedy and meeting impressed by possible commercial support in the Valley of the venture. Approval of such a club seemed general among NZSCC members. Main item of the evening was a BRAINS TRUST. Compere: Trevor Wickam. Panel: Bob Bagnall, Kempy Atkinson, Geof Easterbrook-Smith. Papers were handed to members who wrote a question thereon for the Brains to answer. Questions were varied - technical, catch, general knowledge, facetious. Sample: "Is there any effective way of cooling a V8 motor for competition work?" Panel did not think fault could be entirely overcome but existing exhaust manifolds with

their right-angled outlets from ports should be scrapped and straight-out stubs substituted. Oil sump should be enlarged, oil should be cooled. Hot Rod Manual quoted-plug water outlet and drill 5/16in. hole. Another question: "Does panel agree that one can complete long distances over secondary roads in fresher condition in an American car than in an English car?" Panel favoured English cars. IFS v Solid Beam Axle also took the floor and the general opinion was that IFS offered no great advantage up to around 100mph or so. Question: "Should a car engine use up its oil?" Answer: Desirable to do so. If not using oil top of bore possibly not being lubricated, with excessive wear occurring. These condensed answers may appear dogmatic but panel gave their opinions with many ifs and buts. If you don't agree with them you should have been at the meeting and put in your tuppence worth. You missed a good show.

REPORT  $\frac{1}{2}$ -day TRIAL, October 14th. B.F.

This event was held on a farm in the Judgeford area, and by 2.30 pm seven cars were assembled at a point about two miles from the main road.

The first section consisted of a run over a bridge into a patch of mud, and over a short hill, which unfortunately, was not slippery enough to cause very much excitement, even though quite a few gallons of water was poured over the surface by the marshals. In this first test, Hugo Hollis made fastest time in 9 12/20 secs., followed by J. Cottrell and M. Campbell.

The cars were then led off to the second test which had been laid out with flags for a serpentine test, returning to the garage from the rear, instead of the front. Jack Cottrell showed how this was done by recording a time of 33 16/20, with Cottrell Snr. less than a second behind. This section hampered M. Campbells large V8 and he experienced some difficulty in negotiating the fairly closely spaced flags.

Hugo Hollis knocked over a flag, losing five points, while J. Berkett failed to stop within the limits of the 'garage' also losing five points. Time was lost by most competitors by failing to enter the 'garage' in one lock, only two drivers using good enough judgement to do this.

The third section was a short steep slope approached from a deceptive left hand bend. This also did not prove quite muddy enough. H. Hollis again made fastest time in 7 3/20,

(Continuation of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -day Trial)

followed by O.B. Cottrell in 7 11/20. All cars negotiated this test cleanly, except M. Poynton's Hotchkiss, the front end of which departed from the trodden path, fortunately requiring only a little pushing to bring it back to the road. A second run was held on this section and all competitors improved their times.

Best times went to H. Hollis: J. Cottrell: O.B. Cottrell and J. Berkett. While the final test was being run off, tea was prepared by Jack Kennedy and his willing helpers, the course being vacated about 5 p.m. with a good day's fun had by all.

RESULTS:-

	DRIVER	CAR	TESTS			POINTS LOST
			1.	2.	3.	
1.	J. Cottrell	MG/Ford 10	15	0	1	16
2.	H. Hollis	MG TC	0	15	5	20
3.	O.B. Cottrell	Austin 7 Spcl	16	3	4	23
4.	K. Boyd	Morris Minor	33	26	8	67
5.	M. Campbell	Ford V8	15	60	9	84
6.	M. Poynton	Hotchkiss	19	64	13	96
7.	J. Berkett	Singer 9	62	45	5	117

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Material for this column is invited, nay, implored. Keep your letters reasonably short.

In last month's Bulletin, under the heading "Stop Press", there appeared a description of a "something", observed by yourself from your front window one Sunday afternoon. It may have been called a little something by its builders at various stages in its construction, and any resemblance to a motorcar is not coincidental. You admit to being able to remember pipeless Harley peashooters, and I would beg to comment that if you are of a sufficient age to do so, then the old eyesight may be failing and you may not have been able to recognise a "sports" car having its first road test. I make no apology for having disturbed your Sunday afternoon reverie.

(Methinks you should have been putting your own car in order).

Yours, Indignant.

Sir, I think your serial stinks. Yours, H.M.  
(Commendably terse — Eds.)

Sir, You are to be commended upon your initiative in running a serial. It reminds me strongly of the writings of James Joyce. I can't understand him either. Yours, C.

(C is referred to the preface to this month's instalment of the serial. — Eds.)

Sir, Regarding the "Comment of no Consequence" on Mercedes Benz cars in the September issue of the Bulletin, a small inaccuracy is apparent concerning the suggested time for the standing start kilometre. To get any figures for the kilometre from the information given, namely average speed 100mph for a standing start mile, an assumption of some sort must be made. It is simplest to regard the acceleration as being constant throughout, which is not strictly correct, as the actual acceleration would be greater than this value at the start and less at the end of the run due to increasing wind resistance and other losses. The figure for the kilometre would then be 28.43 seconds, as the distance covered is proportional to the square of the time.

It is interesting to note that the time for the standing start quarter mile is 18 seconds if the above assumption held good, which is exactly half the time for the mile. This is obviously not realised in practice but with 646bhp on tap, the acceleration would still be "noticed" at the end of the mile as the maximum speed of the car concerned is well in excess of 200mph.

I am open to correction here, but have an idea that the 5.6 litre was the one which collected the world's standing start mile record with an average speed of 132mph on a stretch of German autobahn. The Auto Unions competed at the same time for the record with their rear-engined cars but were beaten by the Mercedes.

If anyone is interested in more arithmetic, the time for the standing kilometre for this attempt would be 21.55 seconds, again with constant acceleration. In actual fact, probably two or three seconds would be knocked off, so as HGM says, these cars really shifted.

If anyone possesses a special copy of the Autocar which used to come out once yearly prewar with world's records standing at the time, I am sure publication in the Bulletin of a few of the more outstanding records would be of great interest. Yours, R.E.H.

(HGM finds he calculated the kilometre time of the car doing the steady 100mph from a flying start and is blushing furiously. Thanks for your letter, REH. Can anyone oblige with the Autocars mentioned? — Eds.)

Sir, Here is an old saying about the "plans of mice and men" and it is plain that even in Car Clubs, the "aft gang agley" part can apply.

The proposed Hutt Club seems to have created quite a stir and this has been emphasised or aggravated by a private opinion expressed in the Bulletin last month.

Perhaps future Bulletins should notify readers that 'the expressions of opinion presented in this paper are not necessarily the opinions of the Club Captain and Committee.

Now to our muttuns. The idea of the proposed new Club sprang from a mistaken idea that Car Club enthusiasts were keen on the spreading of Motor Sport and that if thousands of people could be interested in Fatty McGurk swiping a golf-ball, thousands more could be interested in every phase of what is termed The Sport.

In the course of a one man membership drive it was found that there were numbers of people in the Hutt Valley who were interested in Motor Sport and would be interested in Club work, but I also found that the majority of them could not or would not go to Club meetings in "town" as we country people call Wellington.

That they did not wish to join a town club is no reflection on their keenness, some are family men and have to help Mum bath little Gerald and some find it rather a rush getting into town in time for a full programme on Club night. As we have not long been a civilized community and feel much like the pioneers of old, the Hutt Valley citizen will in the main, support a Valley enterprise because it has its centre in his own Community. This however does not mean that he will not welcome others into the fold as members of a Club, or withhold co-operation from outside clubs.

So - having due regard to the difficulty in obtaining Marshals from the N.Z.S.C.C. to run its own events I felt (in common with other felons who shall be nameless) that if a club could be formed in the Hutt Valley we could do a number of things, such as:-

(a) Arrange that N.Z.S.C.C. members would be able to attend more events, by setting up with the Manawatu, Hawkes Bay, and Hutt Valley Club, a programme of well spaced and chosen events.

(b) Hold a Club night per month in the Hutt Valley, to make two nights per month available for members of the two Clubs.

(c) Work in closer harmony with traffic and council Authorities through a local club.

(d) Gain the support and perhaps Sponsorship of a business firm.

(e) Obtain more venues of a suitable type, and have a larger range of enthusiasts who would be willing to co-operate, on as many events as could be run on co-operative lines.

(f) Mutual agreement on the use of amenities provided by each Club.

These are only a few of the benefits to be obtained from the setting up of a new Club in the Wellington District.

Some bright soul has raised the query "What's the idea of our Club Captain starting a rival Club".

The answer to that one is that the new Club is not to be a "rival" one but just another lot of chaps who are interested in cars and who want to take an interest in them where it is most convenient. Their own town, a few minutes from home on Club nights.

The amazing thing too is that a number of them want to take on a job!! One chap is actually willing to be Secretary.

For Committee members the new Club doubtless will have its own source of drawing, encouraged of course by the thought that five of the N.Z.S.C.C. Committee are from the Valley and so the job must be simple.

To answer any probable queries I may say that (1) The N.Z.S.C.C. Club Captain will not have office in the new Club.

(2) The present Hutt Members of the N.Z.S.C.C. Committee will remain in that position until the next Club election, when member battle for the honour of office. (3) There will not be any moves to harm the N.Z.S.C.C. which, on the contrary, should benefit by co-operation with the new body. (4) Contrary to any impressions caused by the paragraph in the last Bulletin, the present Committee does not intend to make any changes in the name or objectives of the N.Z.S.C.C. unless constitutionally and by request of members through ballot.

In other words we keep the "Status quo" in the present Club but a new Club is being formed which will help us on the lines previously set out here.

Of course there will be need for planning but the job can be done and as for difficulties, well - another great man said "Don't

think up difficulties, they will present themselves".

In conclusion I'll just say, "I'm guilty judge. Guilty as hell. Forgive me." Yours, Jack Kennedy.

P.S. Please remember that there is room for more members, and we need more competitors if we are to run events. We had a good muster for the combined P.N. and N.Z.S.C.C. Show at Otaki, but too few at Judgeford.

The Committee is reluctant to spend Club funds on closing roads for speed events unless we see that these will be well attended.

#### NEWS NOTES - STAFF REPORTER

Talbots, long the sole unblown marque in Formula I racing, are likely to have stiff competition from the new 60 degree, V12, 295bhp 4½ litre "Osca" motor hot off the drawing boards of the Maserati Brothers. Alfas and Ferraris are reputed to be scratching their heads, also.

That almost unblowupable engine, the good old Ford ten, looks like being surpassed by the new Ford 1½ litre Consul and 2½ litre Zephyr with their large bore, short stroke engines. Your Bulletin has been told on good authority that a Continental designer was imported to map out these motors. The prototypes shown at Earl's Court were made in Detroit. Does this portend a light car for the American domestic market? Dagenham production, we are told, won't begin for some time - not until the necessary tools can be sent from Detroit via Marshall Aid. N.Z. should see the new models towards the end of next year, but alas, only demonstration models by then.

The rear-engined baby Renault (Diplomatic Corps) which caused such a stir in Wellington when it arrived, is now just part of the landscape. Latest sensation is the 3-wheeler, front drive, 2 stroke, 80mpg, 55mph Bond Minicar. Imported by A.C. Elworthy of Gas Turbines Ltd. who hopes to secure licences for large-scale imports. Possible price £330-£340. Humorous types love to hold onto back to prevent car moving when clutch let in.

Another Diplomatic car of note is a red Pugeot 203 saloon. Also a new Studebaker with the "aero" front that, fortunately, does not look quite so hideous in reality as in photographs.

Bob Gibbons has a Jaguar XK120 to replace the Sunbeam-Talbot. Question: Will Bob now forsake his knitted headwear for a racing helmet?

A TD MG was rumoured aboard the Rangitiki. Anyone know anything about it?

The little Dyna-Panhards are evidently potent motors. 70mph from a 750cc saloon is quite something. Their four Coupes des Alpes in the recent Alpine Trial were a measure of their performance.

Ken Wharton, famous English Ford-Austin trials expert, seems to be taking seriously to other branches of the sport. His latest FTD, record-breaking run at Bouley Bay Hill Climb in the 1000cc Cooper spotlighted his capabilities. Watch him!

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

With considerable regret my A.C. is offered for sale. Enquiries from enthusiasts will be welcome. Exchange or trade-in considered. - Trevor Wickham, 30 Steyne Ave., Plimmerton.

Wanted, crankshaft for 1933 Riley Nine - R.R. Burke, 65 Kurahaupo St., Orakei, Auckland, S.E.2.

#### FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

On arrival at the social which concluded the Manawatu Club's Rally, I found the assembled enthusiasts spread around in small groups. A moment's eavesdropping revealed the main topic of chatter to be one "special" from Wellington. Such hackneyed remarks as "Not of this world" and "Prehistoric monster" were being bandied about. Then clearly above the confused babble was heard a remark which seemed to satisfy both critic and enquirer alike. "It looks like a grader!" - Contributed.

#### 1950 NORTH ISLAND RALLY - R.C.

This year's main touring event, the North Island Rally, was run Friday and Saturday, 20th and 21st October. Owing to the difficulty of giving a full report of all cars competing over five different 380 mile routes, we shall tour the Wellington starters' course with Hugo Hollis and Roy Cowan and find what fortunes befell these two Wellington warriors.

Hugo, in the supercharged MG, being under 1900cc, had to average 26mph and departed from the Wellington Railway Station at 7.28pm

on Friday. Hugo's able navigator was none less than Geof Easterbrook-Smith, and we are assured by Hugo that they did not once navigate on to the wrong side of the road-side fence! Half an hour after Hugo's departure, Roy Cowan in the giant Sunbeam Special, with Club Captain Jack Kennedy as his intrepid navigator, thundered northward in an attempt to average 28mph.

The run to Palmerston North was reported by both drivers as unexciting, Roy commenting that although they were only travelling at 35mph, they were not once overtaken by other road users. Hugo was followed for a short period by a traffic inspector, apparently interested in the Rally number the MG was displaying. Having checked in at Palmerston North, Hugo and Geof set off for Napier, still a short time ahead of Roy and Jack who were due to overhaul the MG about Napier, if both cars were running to schedule. Shortly after leaving Palmerston, both cars ran into misty rain which slowly thickened till, on reaching Napier, rain was falling steadily. At Napier, competitors were greeted by Allan Luttrell (Carlton Hotel prop.) and Mr. Marriot. A very fine supper was turned on. The hospitality was so warm that one Palmerston competitor stayed much too long and had to work hard to make up lost time.

After Napier, Roy, who had the higher average speed to maintain, was now leading Hugo. Hugo departed from the Napier check with the one idea of overhauling the larger cars before reaching the hills on the road to Taihape, having no wish to be baulked on this very difficult section. The three leading Wellington cars were quickly caught and owing to some small navigational error, quickly detected by Hugo's master map reader, shot off down a wrong turning and thus allowed the MG to slip through and continue at high speed.

The climb now started. The road was in very bad shape after a day's heavy rain and much use by heavy trucks. It was now that many competitors started to lose their rich supper. The MG, now in the lead, pressed on, visibility decreased to about 30ft. with thick mist and heavy rain. What with the greasy road and the mist, great concentration was needed to follow the road and try to maintain the set average. The MG swooped down a hill to be greeted by a flat wooden bridge and a slight right turn. The car skidded and came to rest on an even keel but definitely at the wrong angle to the bridge. Trying to back out of trouble, Hugo put a front wheel over the edge and allowed the MG to sit on its sump. Geof just managed to check his exit from the car when he noticed he was enthusiastically stepping on to 30 or 40ft. of nothing above a cold little stream. In a few minutes, help arrived in the form of Peter Porteous and crew and

(Continuation of 1950 North Island Rally)

within ten minutes the MG was speeding on its way again. But Peter had lost ten minutes that he was unable to make up in spite of a magnificent effort over the abominable roads to Taihape.

Roy now had discovered his mistake in navigation and, in trying to turn, stalled his engine in an inconvenient dished section of the road. By some super-human effort, Jack and Roy pushed the monstrous Sunbeam sufficiently up one side of the hollow to allow a rolling start, and a return to the correct route. The Sunbeam by now was suffering from several small mechanical ailments, the battery was flat through the lights taking more amps than the generator wanted to give. The motor was not pulling as it should have, and the gears had to be used a great deal. Also the radiators were boiling and frequent stops for water had to be made. The road now was deteriorating still more, the surface was muddy and the Sunbeam's wheels made a first class job of transferring the mud to the windscreen, making it necessary for the pilot to look round the side of the screen and expose his features to a mud treatment. Some of the climbing left-hand turns were such that it became impossible to see where the road went, and several times Roy found the Sunbeam being driven where there was no road. Through all this, we are told, Jack uttered not a word and turned not one hair. What a passenger!

A river was forded, several rabbit gates opened and shut, then a greyish tinge in the misty murk heralded the dawn. As daylight broke, so the weather cleared, and a beautiful, crisp morning greeted the MG as it arrived in Taihape dead on time. Hugo and Geof and the MG were the only competitors to complete the Napier-Taihape section without loss of time and marks. Roy lost nearly two hours on this section.

From Taihape to the finish at Palmerston North was plain sailing for the MG, but Roy had two hours to make up and had to go "great guns". It must have been an awe inspiring sight to see and hear the great aluminium Sunbeam being hurled through the twisty, hilly section after Taihape in an attempt to make up time. Unfortunately, the water bogey still harassed the Sunbeam, hampering the gallant dash.

Hugo and Geof checked in at Palmerston North in good time, but Roy and Jack were over an hour late. After all competitors had arrived from the five starting points the eliminating tests were commenced. These were held on a gravel road to the Awapuni Race Course. All competitors were dog tired and made silly mistakes. The dust

(Continuation of 1950 North Island Rally)

was terrific and did not help to improve tempers. The tests dragged on till 4.30pm by which time several competitors had retired from sheer exhaustion. A gallant fight was being staged by two youths from Auckland in a '27 Austin "Chummy" till they bounced off the high curb and bent the front axle and collapsed a wheel.

The eventual winner of the Rally, George Trask of Feilding, driving a '37 Singer 9 Saloon, was driving most unobtrusively but extremely well and consistently, putting up good times in all tests.

The bigger cars were at a distinct disadvantage in most of the tests, and a Fiat 500 appeared to be the ideal vehicle.

After completing two of the eliminating tests, Roy packed up and drove back to Wellington. Hugo, however, remained and collected a well deserved third place.

Of all the 33 competitors only one failed to finish. The mud-diast cars to arrive at the finish were the Wellington group, they undoubtedly having had the most difficult route with which to cope. The first three Rally placings were:- (1) G. TRASK, Singer 9, (2) M. PAGE, Morris 8, (3) H. HOLLIS, MG TC.

On the Sunday following the Rally a bodywork competition was held and judged by Mrs. A.S. Farland and Mr. Selwyn Molesworth. Trevor Tawse collected first place with his Wolsely, Peter Porteous second with the Morris Oxford, and a Humber Ten third. In the Sports Car Class, Bill Hanna took the honours with his MG TC, while Hugo made the grade for second place with his very muddy MG.

#### SPECIALS GEN - STAFF REPORTER.

George Smith of Auckland, who drove a hotrod Ford V8 at Chakea, has built a monoposto V8 Special. Whereas the hotrod swallowed George's bulk without effort, the new model has more difficulty and George fills the high, narrow cockpit more than somewhat. A very potent job this, collecting FTD at its first outing at a NSCC Hill Climb.

G. Postlewaite, also of Auckland, has built himself a rear-engined roadster called Nurod (hope he doesn't need one suddenly). Reported to be the first rear-engined car to be built in New Zealand.

Pat Hoare's RA II Special (Christchurch) is evidently something now. Supercharged Vauxhall 12 engine. A talkative expert was overheard at the Governor's Bay Hill Climb disclosing that the motor ran on a 16 to 1 com ratio and the blower was doing its stuff at 12 lbs. (My word! What holds it together? - Eds.) His acceleration left long black rubber strips out of the corners. Hard luck his

first run, which had all the earmarks of FTD, was untimed. Ran out of road on his second run and bent the tiller.

H. McLean was driving the Cooper 500 at the above and clocked FTD in 1-51.11 secs. Hec Green (Wolseley) second, 1-54.02. Fred Sharman in his new V8 Special managed 1-57.19. Bill Cope won the Vintage Class (750cc) in his Austin 7 in 2-51.40. Bill is reputed to have three cars in his stable now - the Ulster Austin, his V8 coupe (which rumour has it is now supercharged and being specialised) and a Ford 10.

Here in Wellington, Alan Freeman has sold the Thompson to Frank Shuter of Cambridge and Allan is reduced to commandeering his brother's 250 SV BSA for which he is charged 3d per mile. Jack Cottrell has disposed of his beautifully bodied Ford 10 Special and, still Ford 10 minded, has fitted a Ford 10 motor to an MG Magna.

John McMillan has quite a number of odd parts made for his new special, but there is still no chassis to see, yet the car is booked in for the New Year races at Nelson! Roy Cowan has been burning the candle at both ends (and in the middle) to finish his vast Sunbeam Special for the N.I. Rally. Bob Bagnall is very occupied rebuilding the Citroen-Ford V8. Front suspension is still swing-axle but this time with coil springs.

A Ford A Special is well under way in the Hutt area, and it certainly looks as though it should be quite a car, with very much lowered chassis and double  $\frac{1}{4}$  elleptics at the front. Cooling and carburation seem to be current problems. Typical attitude of builder: sitting on box with worried frown.

The Clapperton Zip Heater (boiling water at a touch of the throttle) is having its plumbing altered. Due for body soon. There is a very potent special being built locally, tubular chassis with IFS and possibly IRS, and over 100bhp on tap, all very light but so very hush-hush. Ollie Cottrell is building another special Ford 10 motor and old standard chassis with Ford T diff and Standard hubs and brakes. Roy Cowan has sold the Rover Meteor.

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#### AGATHA versus THE GODS

Our Serial -- by Gordand D.G. Markerton

(Note: The Editors apologise for the remarkable number of compositing, clerical, spelling and plain silly errors which crept into the first instalment of our breathtaking serial. For

instance, "untidy motorcyclists" should have been "untidily motorcyclic" and "duet" should have been "dust" (possibly some thought it was "suet" advancing across the desert road). These and other blues and the fact that the instalment ended in the middle of a sentence made the episode rather more difficult to understand than we believe the authors intended).

We stayed several days in Keri Keri. The heat was intense. Agatha bore up bravely and did all that was asked of her. Some measure of the heat can be gauged from the candle that Dave had left black in a bottle in his tent. It was found in the evening drooping like a dead flower, and saved from complete collapse only by the wick running through it.

In due time Agatha was loaded again until the springs groaned. But this time with extra cans of petrol and two new bods in the form of Eric and Ray. All camping gear was left behind and Agatha was briefed for a quick dash to the utmost tip of New Zealand. We decided to keep to the road instead of the more usual way via the Ninety-mile Beach.

Again it was no doubt those troublesome and interfering gods who prompted the decision. They had let us be for quite some time, had lulled us into believing they had tired of their sport, and the road as far as Te Kao, at least, gave us no cause to change our opinion.

But from there on there was virtually no road. Just a vast expanse of desolate sand dunes, sifting into everything on the breeze and reflecting the sun with eye-aching intensity. Agatha churned on through sand drifts, over rocks, through sand drifts, over tussock, through sand drifts, and so on interminably. The motorcyclists churned and wobbled and dabbed with their feet as slowly but inexorably the cavalcade moved forward. You could see the glint in Agatha's eye. Darned if she was going to be balked by a bit of sand so near to the goal. She snorted and blew steam and shook her transmission as she plunged on. Four hours for the last twenty miles! But Agatha made it. Up to Te Paki Agatha panted, and stood with heaving flanks and exhaust ticking triumphantly. Round four to Agatha.

Te Paki is the northernmost point of habitation and the distinction of being the inhabitant belongs to a large brawny Scotsman complete with kilts and an accent so broad that an interpreter would have been helpful. Ostensibly it was a sheep run, but we had seen



neither sheep nor grass for many miles. However his greatest concern when he saw us was how we had ever negotiated the "road", for he had considered it impassible for many years. (Take a bow, Agatha). He was also adamant that we should not proceed further northwards for there lay a deserted Air Force radar station to which strangers were not allowed.

However we were not to be turned from in any case, because of his brogue, we could quite easily have misunderstood his intention. Maybe he was actually inviting us forward .....

As we couldn't be sure, we headed for the Ninety-Mile Beach and home, then when out of sight of the old Scotsman, changed direction for the north once again. A scurrilous trick that Agatha enjoyed as much as anyone.

The road was now quite good, as it was naturally the Air Force supply road from the beach and we made good time. Suddenly as Agatha breasted a fair sized hill the panorama we had come all these miles to observe spread out before us. Ocean, boundless ocean, blue and sparkling, stretching northwards as far as we could see. Below, Pandora and Spirits Bay. Southwards and top the highest hill was the radar station. Turning off the good road we wound down a track that led to a promontory that proved to be the farthest point north that was possible to a motor vehicle. We struck an attitude. Good old Agatha. Not many women have done the trip from Wellington to the tip of New Zealand in their underwear.

The solitude, the loneliness, the very vastness of nature like some huge, sleeping animal that should not be disturbed took hold of us and it was a thoughtful septet that climbed slowly back up the steep track for the radar station. Its up to you, Agatha old girl. Break down now and we've had it.

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(Will Agatha break down? Will they get as far as the radar station ... or have the gods an ace up their sleeves? Order your next month's Bulletin NOW!)

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Club Secretary: Bob Bagnall, 41 Nicholson Road, Wellington N5,  
Phone 37-348.

Club Captain: Jack Kennedy, 13 William Grove, Lower Hutt.

NEW ZEALAND SPORTS CAR CLUB (INC.)

WELLINGTON.

BULLETIN

DECEMBER 1950.

EDITORIAL - Omission

A Correspondent in this issue draws attention to an unfortunate omission in the list of Editors quoted in last month's Editorial. We refer, of course, to Eric Honey. Eric was elected co-Editor with Toby Easterbrook-Smith at the last General Meeting, and the production end of the excellent July Bulletin was his responsibility. In our opinion this July issue was one of the best (we could perhaps be excused for calling it a "Honey" of an issue) and we feel that it is a pity that the old bugbear of finance prohibits the printing of similar issues each month.

SUBMISSION.

Previous Editors were always stressing the need to "Please Write for YOUR Bulletin". We warn you. We are going to be just as bad. Worse, maybe. It's not that we can't fill up the Bulletin each month. It's just that ... well, it's not our Bulletin. It's yours. Every member's, from the newest recruit to the original foundation members. And we feel that the Bulletin ought to reflect your views, your opinions, and your feelings on all aspects of motor sport. So what about it, fellows? Don't be shy. Don't imagine you can't write well enough (think of the Editors and take heart). If you really don't like writing then just tell us your story and we will write it up for you, with or without your name. The point we want to get across is that every member, yes, we said every member has something interesting for the Bulletin if he only keeps it. Just think how you natter at the monthly meetings... well, quite a bit of what you say would make snappy pars for the Bulletin. Yes, that's right, we want Club gossip as well as technical stuff. We want the gen on what's going on around the place as well as serious discourses on performance formulae, brake mean effective pressures and what have you. Let's make the Bulletin really interesting. Let's keep it alive. We need your help to do that. Suggestion: How about starting off with a letter to the Editors?

This being the last Bulletin before Christmas, the Editors would like to take this opportunity of wishing Club-members all the best for their holiday motoring, and trust that 1951 will prove a record year for "The Sport" in New Zealand.

DATES TO NOTE ON YOUR CALENDAR

Thursday, 14th December -- Club monthly meeting, Victoria League Rooms, 7.30 p.m. Possibly no January meeting but you will be advised by circular.

Saturday, 20th January -- Beach Race, Waikanae.

Saturday, 24th February -- Hill Climb, Paekakariki.

JANUARY 1951 BULLETIN

Owing to the difficulty of having a Bulletin cyclostyled during the Christmas period (not to mention the difficulty of Editorial compilation during the festive season) no Bulletin will be produced for January, but there will be a bumper February issue, (we hope).

NEWS NOTES - Staff Reporter.

Our reference last month to the Bond Minicar inspired "Modern Motoring" to refer in an advertisement to ... 197cc engine, 70-90 mph cruising.

Besides the Peugeot and Renault mentioned last month, the Staff Detective has noticed the following in Wellington: buck-toothed Buick (the dentist's delight), massive bulbous Mercury, Chrysler Windsor (very conventional looking), Corgi folding motorcycle, (ideal for your handbag), and at least two privately owned rear engined Renault babies.

After the BRM fizzer (latest report: both BRM's retired with engine trouble in the Barcelona Grand Prix), it's nice to turn to the motorcycle boys and learn that the British Team in the International Six Days Trial covered themselves with glory. They finished the 1300 miles of rough mountain tracks without losing a mark. The second team (Austria) lost 1225 marks! Appalling weather, appalling surfaces, high speed schedules. Toughest event of its kind in the world.

Jaguars have done it again. Leslie Johnson & Co. averaged 107.46 mph for 24 hours at Monterey in an XK120. Ron. Roycroft is rumoured to have an XK120. Eric Honey has returned to Wellington after a spell in Dargaville. So one of the Club's best workers has returned to the fold. Welcome home, Eric! Nice to see George Bray about again after his protracted illness. Hec. Green is reported to be building a new special. Vanguard motor from a Ferguson tractor, with a Green-made head being the power unit.

John McMillan's new special is making amazing progress. One day there is no chassis -- the next there is. Ollie Cottrell proposes using an Ansaldo engine, if he can find pistons.

It would appear your Staff Reporter backed the wrong horse last month with his comment that Ferraris were reputed to be scratching their heads at the new 4½ litre unblown Osca. Their own new unblown 4½ litre V12 Ferrari made its debut at Monza last September. Fangio and Farina were driving super boost Alfas, reputed to develop 360-370bhp, but the Ferrari in Ascari's capable hands was easily as fast. Fangio blew up two Alfas trying to beat the Ferrari. This new Ferrari does almost 10mpg against the usual 2mpg of an Alfa or a 4CTL Maserati and weighs only 13.9 cwt. What chance the BRM now?

Some phenomenal speeds were obtained at Bathurst (Australia) last October. Some of the more creditable were:- A. Rizzo (2½ litre Riley Saloon) 114.72mph. P. Damman (Citroen 6 Saloon) 90.49 mph. A. Davison (2.9 Alfa-Romeo) 131.4mph. D. Whiteford (Ford V8 special) 130.1mph. D. Jolly (Austin 7 special) 81.81mph. In spite of these high speeds by other cars a Jaguar XK120 managed only 108.47mph, and a 1000cc Cooper only 114.03mph. Photo electric timing over a ¼ mile in a mile long straight during the races.

REPORT MONTHLY MEETING, Thursday, November 9th. -- D.M.

Our Programme Dept., Harvey Cooke and Peter Porteous, turned on something new in the way of evening entertainment. Two quizzes on motoring topics. The first, a "guess" at traffic instructions from the initials of various signs seen around the city, caught out a lot of unobservant people. I would still like to know what T.S. stands for. The other quiz was a "21 and out" on motoring topics. How amazingly easy it is when you know the answer, but when you are groping in the dark it provides the others with a lot of fun. The "No Entry" sign at Hunter Street completely baffled one group who, as a penalty, had to make supper. All other groups guessed their answer. Two specials were very aptly described as mainly mineral with bits of vegetable attached. Secretary Bob Bagnall gave a short talk, one of a series he had promised to give. The topic was the history and development of steering.

REPORT - VISIT TO FORD FACTORY, Monday November 27th. -- H.G.M.

Members turned out in force. It was unfortunate that the

Company's technicians were apparently completely unaware of our identity, imagining that the more than forty people present were all from the Hutt Club. The tour of the factory was both pleasant and instructive. Most impressive were the tiers of cases in the crane bay, and the tremendous expanse of the main floor area. Mouth watering to "specialists" were the stacks of engines and rear and front axle assemblies. From Ford one somehow expected a continuous, coherent assembly "chain" but probably due to our route and to the difficulty of hearing explanations, the impression was one of numerous separate lines running every which way. The confusion, of course, was only in our minds and not a fact, but the thought occurs that it might be helpful to see a plan of the factory with the "flow" clearly marked before commencing such tours. Our thanks to the Ford Company for an excellent evening, and particularly to Mr. Flett and his assistants who gave us all the answers - except to the query "How do you stop a V8 from boiling in competitions." Members adjourned to the Oddfellows Hall for tea, biscuits and noggins, with the Hutt Club Members. Most pleasant.

REPORT WHITEMAN'S VALLEY, November 26th -- HGM

Same paddock and steep loose hill as last year. Competitors plus some half dozen spectator cars. Debut of the massive Cowan Sunbeam in its aero-Allard guise at a Club meeting. Everyone suitably impressed. Ex-Cowan Rover also present, minus nose plus large naked radiator. Another naked radiator was sported by the McMillan Delage, but the P100's gleamed magnificently. Spectating was the impressive ex-Arthur, ex-Kennedy, ex-Clapperton, ex-pensive Sunbeam, still complete with jinx in that only 5 pistons were present (the sixth main having disintegrated). Hugo's MG sounded as nice as ever.

First event was timed climb up steepest and loosest portion of the hill. Bald rear tyres caused some of the bigger cars to spin the hill out to double its length. Next came a start test wherein competitors had to get under way on a steep loose pinch without wheelspin or running back. Then a slow hill climb, foot off the clutch. Then an acceleration and brake test down portion of the hill. Competitors had two runs each in all the above tests, then came a "oncer" in the form of a timed wiggle-woggle. A cup of tea, nicely manuka flavoured, and biscuits completed the day. Thank you, Bryan Foote and Kevin Boyd who organised the do.

RESULTS (lose 1 point for each second slower than fastest)

Driver	Car	TEST TIMES AND POINTS					Total
1. H. Hollis	MG/TC	27.3-0	10-0	99.2-0	10.2-1.3	39.2-2.2	3.5
2. R. Clapperton	Austin 16	33.2-5.4	10-0	91.0-8.2	8.4-0	37.0-0	13.6
3. O. Cottrell	Hillman	38.4-11.1	10-0	87.4-11.3	11.2-2.3	42.2-5.2	29.9
4. M. Campbell	Ford V8	36.1-8.3	10-0	85.2-14	13.3-14	44.1-7.1	33.8
5. R. Calder	Ford 10	37.3-10	10-0	65.0-34.2	10.2-1.3	41.2-4.2	45.7
6. R. Cowan	Sunbeam	52.3-25	10-3	57.0-42.2	12.0-3.1	56.1-19.1	92.4
7. R. Brien	Ford V8	36.2-8.4	10-0	86.4-12.3	10.1-1.2	-	-
8. A. Beath	Rover	44.3-17	10-0	62.2-37	9.3-0.4	-	-

AGATHA versus THE GODS

Our Serial -- by Gordand D.G. Markerton

Agatha, of course, didn't break down. The road was atrocious, the gradient beyond imagination. Yet Agatha never faltered. Even the motor bikes had to be assisted up the steepest part, but Agatha pushed on regardless and finally inched her fat tyres over the last crest and flopped to a standstill in front of the radar station. We'd made it! Round five to us.

It was a jubilant party that set about organising camp for the night. With no camping gear we just naturally moved into the station buildings. There were six of these - large, commodious, and apparently deserted. There was a reservoir and a high look-out tower. One building housed two beautiful big diesel generating sets - and the door was not even shut. We eyed the engines longingly but decided reluctantly that they were not quite suitable for a "special." I chose the orderly room for our quarters. It had large windows that commanded the magnificent sweep of the bays below with the surf a great white fringe stretching for miles. Faintly, away to the north in the fading light, could be seen the Three Kings. Westward a solitary lighthouse blinked monotonously.

Dave was our chief chef, and in honour of the occasion prepared a terrific Pandora Stew. A kerosene tin was filled with onions, potatoes, tomatoes and fat and an attempt made to fry them "in situ". The result was a thick brown mess of a stew that smelt marvellous and tasted out of this world. We set to with a will. Came time for a second helping and Snow went forth to the fire. (Naturally we had built it outside). The fire was out and the stew was cold. Well

and truly cold for it had congealed into a solid fatty cake that would have taken an axe to wrench loose from the tin. We decided unanimously against a second helping.

That night, seven tired men slept like logs on the hard floor and voted it as comfortable a rest as a feather bed. Outside in the moonlight Agatha and the bikes dreamt of their accomplishments and smiled as they slept. Back in the hills the gods looked on benignly at the successful culmination of our plans and mused over what the next few days might bring forth.

We stirred early next morning. Agatha and the bikes were filled with petrol from the cans, and our gear stowed away in Agatha's broad stern. We were soon on the road south and retraced our wheel tracks back past Te Puki. To reach the upper end of the Ninety mile beach we had to travel down a stream bed for no less than one and a half miles. To make things exciting the stream bed was mostly quicksand which prevented us from stopping to admire the scenery. Not that there was much to admire to be sure, for we were travelling between huge hills of sand, often over one hundred feet high. Sand all round us, sand under our wheels, sand as far ahead as we could see. A desolate waste indeed. It was not until the beach drew nearer that there was any relief to the monotony of sand, and this was nothing more than occasional scraggy shrubs clinging perilously to life in this barren wilderness. There was no other sign of life anywhere. No animals, no birds. Imagine our surprise then when we emerged onto the beach to be confronted with a sign post pointing southwards to Waipapakauri.

The beach itself was at once exhilarating and depressing. Exhilarating in its prospect of a flat out "blind" and depressing in its sheer vastness. It was at least half a mile wide. A stiff southerly wind, drummed up by the gods for the occasion, blew a sheet of dry sand up the beach at hub cap level. This driving sand was like a carpet over the entire beach so that we had the appearance of travelling fast axle deep in sand. A peculiar sensation. Landward were low black tussock covered sandhills, seaward was the Tasman, grey and white flecked in the wind. Before us, mile after mile of beach. The run down was without incident. We struck very little soft sand and the time for the fifty miles, including stops for photographs and a detour over the rocky outcrop half way down made necessary by the high tide, was under the hour.

At Waipapakauri we climbed off the beach. We were bowling merrily along the road, with Agatha glad to be on a hard surface again and showing her high spirits by pinging the gravel against her sides, when one of the crew espied a cake of chocolate right in our path. Manna from heaven! We slewed to a stop and retrieved it. A little further on a balaclava was found, then a playing card. Then another card and another. What was this? A treasure hunt? Eventually we had collected a whole pack of cards and a miscellany of other objects as well. Had the gods relented and were they now showering us with gifts? The mystery was solved when we caught up with Bush riding blithely along, unconscious of the fact that the cover of his pack had come undone and was spewing the contents along the road! The amazing thing was that we had recovered every article that had been dropped. Truly the gods were kind. Poor mugs us, we went on our way rejoicing.

At Keri Keri it happened. The heavens opened and we were virtually flooded out of our camp. This meant packing in the rain, and after bidding adieu to Ray and Eric, resumed our homeward journey with ourselves and everything else thoroughly soaked. Still we were in high spirits and laughed at the gods. Let it rain now, we were homeward bound.

It never pays to tempt fate. We know that now. For a malignant devil crept beneath Agatha, and with a mighty crack and a tremendous subsidance, broke the main leaf of the rear spring. We worked in the mud and wet as best we could to make the ends secure, and with muddy tempers as well as clothes finally crawled ahead. Dave and Jack mounted the pillion seats of the bikes leaving Snow to guide Agatha as gently as he could. With no rear suspension the jolting was horrible. Poor, once jaunty Agatha, crawled painfully onwards, her tail between her legs. Fifteen hours later she shuffled on to the ferry for the trip across the harbour to Auckland in the early hours of the morning. Round six to the gods. But definitely!

Two days later Ron and Snow were lying prone under Agatha in a local garage, struggling manfully to fit a new spring with two extra leaves. The air around them was quivering with descriptive grammar when who should poke his friendly face under Agatha but our then Bulletin Editor, accompanied by his wife! The banging and the grammar stopped simultaneously, but it is still unknown whether his wife has yet forgiven the offenders. That round went to the gods too, methinks.

Agatha's Spring was finally fitted, and with her tail in the air once more, she loped home via Taupo and Napier. The appearance of the Editor was the gods last pleasantry, for Agatha reeled in the road under her flying wheels without so much as a hiccup, and with two thousand miles showing on her speedometer, breasted into Khandallah with as much verve as when she had set out two weeks previously. We had lasted the distance and finished full of fight. THE END.

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A RUN TO REMEMBER - Saddle Road Hill Climb, Saturday, Nov. 11th.

The morning was bright and clear as we motored briskly northwards from Wellington. The car was a supercharged "TC" M.G., the driver Hugo Hollis, and the destination, Saddle Road, Ashurst. There were all the requisits for a splendid day's motoring. Quickly Tawa Flat, Porirua and Plimmerton were left behind, the M.G. showing its amazing ability to devour the miles in almost complete silence. Apart from a short burst of almost 90 per., which speed was obtained very readily and without fuss, a very moderate cruising speed was maintained. Even so we were climbing Saddle Road in little over two hours after leaving Wellington.

The official practice runs were due to commence at 11 a.m. By 11 30 a.m. the mud-grip tyres had been fitted to the M.G.'s rear wheels, the engine room checked and the plugs changed. Still there were very few competitors, and officials were very busy organising the timing. The first practise run took place at 12 30 p.m. All rather in the N.Z.S.C.C. tradition!

During practise Hugo and Ewen Faulkner in his Ford V8 Special put up equal fastest times. All competitors and spectators then adjourned for lunch. Tea was supplied and soft drinks were obtainable.

By 2 p.m. all competitors were present and a return was made to the more serious business. From the spectator point of view the day was rather spoilt by the number of slow and uninteresting saloons competing. I am afraid an 8 h.p. saloon will never hold the spectators interest at a speed event. However, the proceedings were enlivened by the two Manawatu stalwarts, Ewen Faulkner with his Ford V8 Special and Fordy Farland with the Singer-Buick, also the Wellington contestant Hugo Hollis with the M.G. The

blood and thunder driving display was supplied by two young chaps who, it would appear, have purchased Bert Creswell's V8 Special. These fellows were full of enthusiasm, but unfortunately were handicapped by undergearing and a most unmanageable craft. On almost every run (they did six between them) the spectators would be treated to a wild slide or an attempt at ramming either the fence or some handy bank.

Hugo drove very steadily but deceptively fast, and in complete silence, to record F.T.D. and equal the record of 59 2/5 secs. Next came Ewen Faulkner. Ewen indulged in one or two wide slides but the car appeared to be under control at all times. Fordy with the Singer Buick moved an awful lot of gravel at the start with his ground-griptyres, but was very cautious on the rest of the hill, though still managing to beat the ex-Creswell V8. It is interesting to note that the first three cars made silent climbs, and that some of the noisiest cars were the slowest.

The sport over for the day, and feeling well satisfied with the victory, we packed our gear and headed for Eric Honey's home in Palmerston North. Having changed the tyres and plugs, and eaten a light tea the return journey was commenced. The sun had set and at last the air was cool and refreshing. Hood down, we motored rapidly south through the growing dusk and variety of country evening aromas. The MG buzzed merrily, as though happy at her success, the miles ticked by and all too soon we were running through the outskirts of Wellington. Just short of two hours after leaving Palmerston North we were home.

Now all I have to remind me of that very pleasant day are my memories and a very sunburnt nose! - Contributed.

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DEFINITELY NON STANDARD - T

Those who were at last year's Nelson Beach meeting may have some difficulty in recognising one of the cars which was competing there when they go down to Tahuna this New Year. A fearsome weapon which hurled vast quantities of sand at all the other competitors, and eventually a wheel at the crowd, is the one to which we refer - yes, that's it, Jack Tucker's blown Ford V8.

Now coated in a rather bulky, but stoutly built and eyepleasing single seater body, the car is one of the more interesting of New Zealand's specials. To start from the beginning, the chassis and front axle is Rugby. The motor is a standard 1938 Ford V8 with

only three points in its makeup altered. Firstly a large sump has been fitted with tubes running through a la Bugatti to do something about oil temperatures, a McCullough blower sits on top of the motor with it's carburettor poking up into a snorket device on the bonnet top, and the whole has been assembled a thought more carefully than most Fords. A normal Ford V8 gearbox sits at the back of this with a left hand control fitted to it. A short prop shaft takes the drive to the rear axle which incorporates a 3.78 Model A crown wheel and pinion. The front springs are semi elliptic and are damped hydraulically, while the rear axle is mounted on quarter elliptics and is positioned by massive radius arms incorporating friction shock absorbers. The vital essence is stored in an 18 gallon aluminium tank, ex Vincent aircraft, sitting rather high in the tail. Water, and Ford V8 pressure cooker tendencies are attended to by a large radiator mounted slightly ahead of the front axle. Brakes are mechanical, being operated by foot and a large right hand lever.

After walking around the creation several times, the motor was started and I was told to get in. This I did with far more ease than certain other cars I can think of. The seating position was very good for me, and the padded aluminium bucket seat gave support without digging into the anatomy. Brake and gear levers were handy, and instruments could be seen without having to shift the head position. Instruments were quite sufficient, a temperature gauge for each bank of cylinders, oil pressure, boost gauge and a large rev counter being among those present. Having sat in it, wriggled in it, tentatively shoved and twitched the accelerator, clutch, gear and brake levers, I was told to take it away and drive it.

Nelson people must be either well trained or terrorised. As I drove through the town towards the Port, no adult gave more than a cursory glance, and not one small child pointed a finger to say "coo a ricer", or alternatively "look at the funny motor car." Almost civilised one might say. With the rear wheels carrying 5.50 x 19 tyres the gearing provides a thought under 24mph per 1000 rpm. and pottering along with 1200 r.p.m. the car suggested just that, pottering, with no thought of bags of surplus power about anywhere.

Clear of the Port, and still in top gear I pushed down the hard pedal. The motor coughed a little, and staggered up to 2000 rpm. Then the car went livid hit me in the back and took off with the revs rising very rapidly indeed. My first

experience with a centrifugal blower bore out all the text book readings - very little power low down but bags of the stuff up top. It had been gently suggested that I didn't take the car over 5000 in the intermediates, and I had been warned that the wheels had not been balanced, and that one of the front ones was believed well out. From the way it started to dance at a little over 70 the belief was well held. Steering was accurate but perhaps a little heavy, corners could be taken quite fast with no sign of break away. Disconcerting however was the occurrence on three or four occasions of sudden "hops" of the rear axle. The cause of this may have been the unbalanced wheels, although contributing perhaps was the fact that the rear spring base is very narrow.

Some standing starts on the road to Richmond showed that 5000 appeared on the clock in bottom very rapidly, and in second almost as quickly. However they only appeared once as I don't like risking other people's machinery and remaining starts only went up to 4,500. The change is a little slow, but with practice quite good results were achieved. This is most necessary, as the gaps in the gears are such that unless the change is made quickly there is a tendency for engine speed to fall below the critical 2000 rpm mark. 80 m.p.h. was easily attained with a lot of throttle left to go, but no attempt was made to go beyond 3,400 as what was happening to the front wheels was certainly not going to be my business. A casual baker's van emerging from a driveway, showed the brakes to be most efficient, but not evenly adjusted.

On the way back the road over the hill was chosen, and thoroughly enjoyed. Using the gears with a will, the summit was reached in an astonishingly short time, judicious use of the throttle swinging the back end round sharp bends without any suggestion of things going too far, and acceleration was capable of spinning the wheels out of the corners. Second gives approximately 14 m.p.h. per 1000, which would be very nice if there was a third between it and top, but even though top gear hill acceleration was excellent, I couldn't help wishing for the additional ratio. The drop down into Nelson was done and downward changes made at the intersection to swing round to Jack's garage where the owner tried to conceal his relief that it had been returned in one piece.

A most exhilarating car to drive, but one on which judgment cannot be fully passed while the wheels and brakes were not adjusted. I feel that as with most cars with character, a certain amount of getting to know must be indulged in, but once one had been properly

introduced, a very pleasant vehicle. The main feeling was one of solidity, unburstability, and it will be interesting to see how Jack fares with it in the coming season.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

Sir, It was interesting to read the list of past Editors in the November editorial. However, I think I am correct in stating that the name of Eric Honey should have been included as co-editor with Toby Easterbrook-Smith last year. Yours, FACTS.

Sir, Reference Mercedes-Benz records, while I have no information of the standing mile the following details of the flying mile record taken from the book quoted by HGM, "Motor Racing with Mercedes-Benz", may be of interest; - On January 28th, 1938, Rudolf Caracciola in a streamlined Mercedes on the Frankfurt - Darmstadt Autobahn did the flying mile at the average speed of 268.3mph. The same day Bernd Rosemeyer was killed trying to recapture this record in the Auto-Union, which had previously achieved 253 mph in October, 1937. Yours, INTERESTED.

Sir, Further to R.E.H.'s letter in last months Bulletin. I am afraid that I cannot locate the motoring magazine in which I read the standing quarter and half mile times for the 5.6 litre Mercedes, but I can distinctly remember the times were just over 10 and 18 seconds respectively. These figures certainly indicate tremendous initial acceleration. By way of comparison, an American hot-rod manual gives reference to a super Ford V8 special doing the standing quarter in 12 secs. Not too bad! Many thanks for such a good monthly Bulletin. Yours, M.B.

Sir, What's all this talk of changing the name of our Club? I for one would dislike seeing it changed. I'm not a founder member by any means but nevertheless I feel there is a certain tradition behind the name "New Zealand Sports Car Club" and although the Club may perhaps be passing through a lean period at the moment I have no doubt that the time will come again when fresh lustre will be added to the name. Rather than waste time on changing the name we should all be busy feeling proud of the fact that we are a pioneer club in the Dominion. Yours, MEMBER.

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