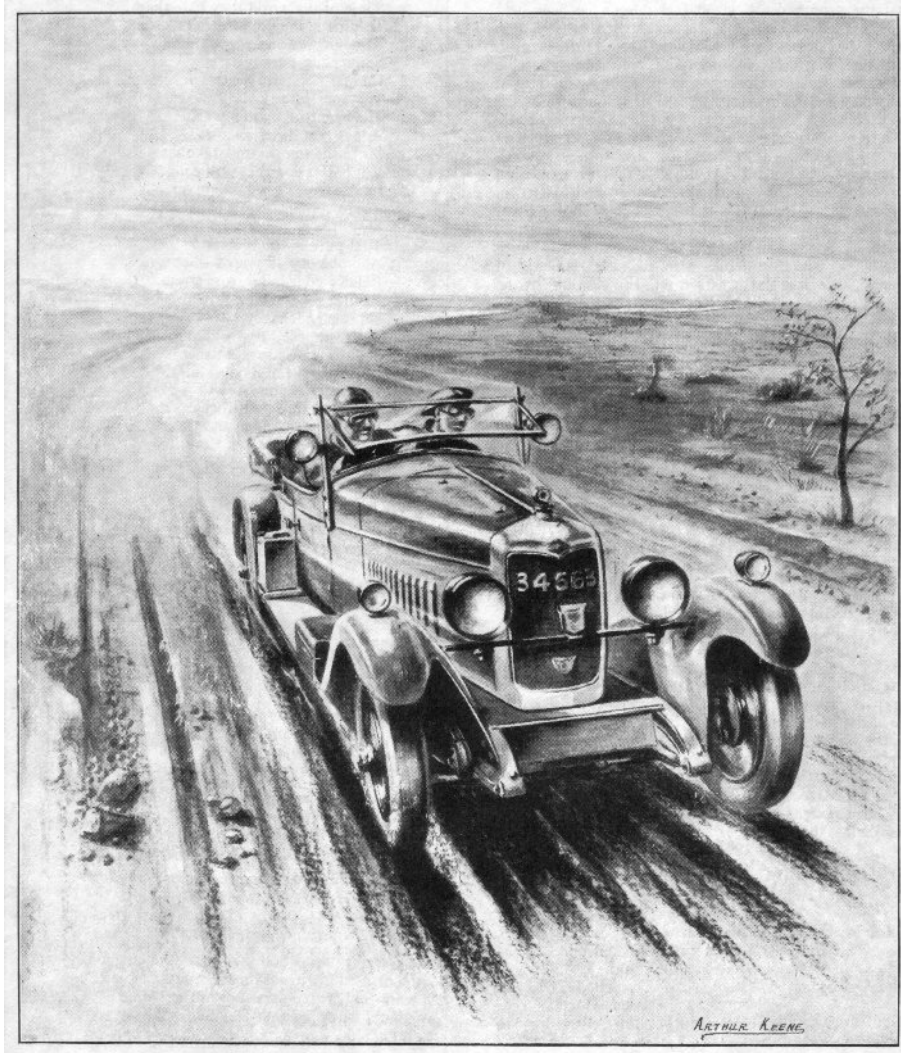




TORQUETUBE

Newsletter of Riley Motor Club Qld Inc.

May 2009



The Trans-Continental Issue

Next Meeting: 8:00 pm Thursday, 14th May
Queensland Sporting Car Club
206 Montague Road
WEST END 4101

Editor: Linden Thomson (07) 3269 6426 lindenthomson@optusnet.com.au

Minutes of the OGM of the Riley Motor Club, Qld., Inc. held at the Brisbane Sporting Club, West End Thursday, 9th April 2009

Meeting opened by Vice President Simon Schooneveldt at 8.00pm with 12 members and guests present.

Apologies: Alan & Sheila Hill, Brian & Lyn Jackson, Linden & Del Thomson, Stuart & Miriam Paton, Wendy Judd, Shirley Ellwood, Pat & Betty Elliott, Bill Donovan, Matthew Schooneveldt, Neil & Michelle Walter, Ian Henderson, David Schoch, Dick & Earla Self.

Minutes from previous meeting:

Moved, Trevor Judd seconded by Ross Phillips that minutes be accepted. Carried.

Business arising from minutes:

Nil.

Inwards correspondence:

1. Brochure from Justbits;
2. Invitation to participate in a 2-3 week tour of New Zealand, March/April 2010, care of Ken & Wendy Lonie, Blackall Range Horseless Carriage Club;
3. Email from Linden Thomson at Manjimup advising travellers haven't had any major problems;
4. Brochure from Rustbusters Australia;
5. Invitation to the Triumph Sports Owners Association Mother's Day activity at McLeans Bridge, 10th May 2009;
6. Request for Concessional Registration from Mr Graham Proctor;
7. Membership fees from Mr Graham Proctor;
8. QCCHVC March Committee Minutes;
9. CC News;
10. Car Club Meetings and Swap Meets;
11. Copies of Riley Newsletter WA and Riley NZ..

Outwards correspondence:

1. Annual Return of Association to the Office of Fair Trading;
2. Letter of thanks to Mr Paul Doyle, Haines Norton;
3. Membership Application to Mr Graham Proctor.
4. Dating Certificate forwarded to Mr Graham Proctor.

Moved by Gary Britton seconded by Dianne Phillips that the inwards be received and the outwards be endorsed. Carried.

Treasurer's Report February, 2009

Balance as per Bank Statement, 31 st January, 2009			\$5,163.55CR
Income	Deposit of membership fees and donations from members	\$ 499.00	
	Interest on account	<u>\$.65</u>	
		<u>\$ 499.65</u>	\$5,663.20
Expenditure			
	Refund to L Thomson for Newsletter expenses For March 09.	\$ 156.75	
	Brisbane Sporting Club Room Rental March 09	<u>\$ 55.00</u>	

\$ 211.75 \$5,451.45CR

Balance as per Bank Statement, 31st March 2009

\$5,451.45CR

Moved by Ross Phillips that his report be accepted, seconded Graham Ellwood. Carried

Club Captain's Report:

Details as per April Newsletter. Run on Sunday 19th to Cabalah and Spring Bluff with members to meet at BP Blacksoil to leave at 9.30am.

Blind Driving Day on May 17th discussed in General Business.

Spare Parts Report:

Nil Report, but Jack still has plenty of parts.

Registrar's report:

Dianne reported that she had not used the Combined Council Dating Certificate layout and is using a more simplified version. She asked members to check the details of the their car/s outlined in the April Newsletter for accuracy and to advise her of any changes.

General business:

Ross Phillips talked about the brochure from Rustbusters and in particular the Abrasablast which is a vapour-blast component surface restoration process; derusting, scale removal, decarbonising, deoxidising, paint removal, cosmetic surface finishing, surface-contaminant removal. Critical tolerances, threads, bearing surfaces are fully maintained. The company is located at 2/26 Notar Drive, Ormeau and has a web site www.abrasablast.com.au.

Ray & Bev Burrows outlined the Blind Driving Day 2009 to be sponsored by the Capalaba Lions and Queensland Raceway (Lakeside). This year there will be 80 blind people driving and this has put pressure on the number of vintage/historic cars 1927 to 1940 available as the day coincides with the National Motor Heritage Day and more cars will be needed to provide rides around Lakeside track from 12.15 to 1.15pm when the Driving School drivers have lunch and a break. The Ulysses Motorcycle Club will be there again. Control of the track will be in the hands of the Qld. Motor Racing Officials Association. More volunteers will be need to help out on the day. Possible Official Club Day? Will need to be discussed at the May 14th Meeting.

Simon Schooneveldt advised that a 1934 Riley Imp from NSW was being advertised at \$195,000.00. This led into a debate on how much do you value the car when you go to register the vehicle as the Transport Office will charge stamp duty on the value identified. Simon then passed around an EBay print out of a Riley 1.5 Sedan model produced by Pathfinder Models and put up for sale by JM Toys in the UK for the princely sum of around \$668.37 AUD approximately.

Discussion moved onto the perils of Pre-War preselector gearboxes when the clutch has been engaged and someone outside the vehicle revs the engine up from under the bonnet with the result that the car takes off. Other general discussion followed.

Secretary's Email: Redpath@aanet.com.au

Meeting closed: 8.50pm.

Next Meetings:

Thursday, 14 May, 2009.

Thursday, 11 June, 2009.

BRISBANE SPORTING CAR CLUB

Unit 1, 206 Montague Road

West End Q 4101 (UBD map 21 (P8) approximately opposite Donkin Street.

President's Report:



Another National Rally is now history, and the nine Qld. Members who took part have successfully returned home. We were lucky to have great weather for most of the trip, and no major breakdowns.

The contingent of three RMBs and our 12/4 special were eventually united at Renmark when Editor Linden caught up with us having left nearly two days late !! We had a lovely trip on the River Murray, and caught up with maintenance and washing before continuing on to Port Augusta and the Nullarbor crossing. The road over is now very good, and we had no problems keeping to our Itinerary. Esperance was a great stopover, and the local car club welcomed us, with a BBQ at our Motel. We spent three days here, with a boat trip to the islands, and a run up to Cape Le Grand, and a chance to run the Rileys up the beach. Then it was on to Albany and the Margaret River for a few nights, with wine tours and touristy activities.

On the Thursday we arrived early in Mt. Barker, and were pleased to find that our Motel was within walking distance of the dinner venues! Registration followed, and the chance to catch up with old friends and talk Rileys. There followed four days of leisurely, laid-back rallying, with not too much driving, and good company and food each night. We all tried hard in the Con Rod Trophy, but the mob from NSW won it this year.

Monday arrived all too soon, and it was back on the road up to Perth for a couple of nights before loading the cars onto the Indian Pacific for the train ride back to Sydney.

We found time to farewell the Nines who were doing the Anthill 80th anniversary run from Fremantle to Sydney, a great sight with around 18 cars lined up for the start, including 3 from UK and 1 from South Africa. At this time I have not heard how they are going, but we should get reports soon. There should also be some Rally photographs this edition, as Linden was hard at work with the camera.

On a different subject, Sheila had a phone call last week from John and Wendy Ridler. Wendy is the Daughter of much respected, long time club member Boyd Rassmussen, who with his wife Maisie, has had to move from Bundaberg to a Residential age care facility at Salvin Park, Carina Heights. Both are not in the best of health, but Boyd still hopes to catch up with the Rileys in the future. I still remember a great run we had to Bundaberg with a turnout of around 15 cars, with Boyd organizing the weekend, finished off with a conducted tour of his beloved Antiquarium, a huge building just off the main street that housed his collection of cars, radios, furniture, gramophones, and bric a brac. It was a veritable Aladdin's Cave. Boyd would love to hear from old members, the address is Salvin Park, 840 Creek Rd., Carina Heights. Room 8, Whitlock Wing.

Hope to catch up with you all soon

Alan Hill

Club Captain's Report:

April 19 Run—A rare event indeed, an ALL RILEY ROLL-UP comprised of more than two cars!!!! Two ELF's and two 2NARFs .. were blessed with the best autumn weather SE Queensland is capable of providing for a run to Esk then onwards and upwards to Cabarlah for a very enjoyable lunch followed by a short run down to Spring Bluff Railway Station for 'Afters'. Thanks to Simon, Helga, Pat, Betty, Ross and Dianne for keeping the Judds company.



The next major club outing will be, as they say, "something completely different. The other "MEMBERS CHOICE RUNS" will allow members to arrange to meet up and take part in outings at any time during the month, especially those who have vehicles on special rego plates. The runs listed are suggestions only and may be altered by members who wish to take their vehicles out, and of course, should there be no other member available to accompany you on any of these suggested runs, you may choose to go by yourself. The major club outing for the month will remain the most important gathering of RILEYS each month, designed to keep members in touch with one another in an enjoyable social atmosphere while at the same time, showing the general community what wonderful, varied and interesting vehicles RILEYS can be. Please refer to the insert.

On the Cover:

Arthur Keenes's illustration from *The Riley Record*, April, 1934, captioned:

RILEYS ON ROAD AND TRACK No. 4. A Trans-Continental Record

On April 26th, 1929, Mr. D. H. Antill set out from Freemantle, Australia, to beat the Light Car Record to Sydney with a Riley Nine. On May 1st, he arrived in Sydney, having broken the record with a time of 5 days 20 hours.

1929:

This is Peter Antill's story of his record-breaking run as written for Jack Pollard's *One For The Road* (Pollard Publishing Co., Sydney, 1974), revised and republished as *Great Motoring Stories of Australia and New Zealand* in 1975 by Rigby. It was reprinted in *The Riley Record* to mark the 50th Anniversary in 1979. I have included part of Jack Pollard's introduction which gives some interesting background:

In 1928 he paid £385 (new price) for a single-seater Riley Nine Special (special because it had two carburettors), and developed some dexterity on the tracks and roads around Warren. A friendly argument in Sydney during the Christmas holidays spurred him to contemplate an attack on the inter-state record between Perth and Sydney, which stood to the credit of Messrs Armstrong and Manley, who had covered the journey in a little over eight days. Early in 1929 he went to Sydney to seek financial sponsorship. With assistance from Castrol Oil and Rapson Tyres, and advice from "Wizard" Smith, then nearing the height of his driving career, Peter set out for the West carrying a large quantity of lithographed tin advertising signs, and equipped with a large notebook. He nailed the signs up at appropriate places to indicate gutters, rough sections, and danger points, and where possible to indicate the right road to follow on the return journey. The notebook recorded these facts too, and set down the estimates for the times that would be required on the run back. Peter's notebook strongly suggested success, but the Coorong was a real hazard, a twenty-mile-long shallow saltpan lake that lay along the direction of the prevailing winds. When the winds blew firmly down the lake for a couple of days the road at the far end would in places be under water. When the wind faded, the Coorong held the magic of a twenty-mile stretch of absolutely level clay pan, when a car could be driven at its limit in almost complete safety, rushing along the completely smooth surface as "motionless" as a flying machine. "Wizard" Smith was doing 80 m.p.h. when he hit an emu on this fickle road. Coorong held the key to the Adelaide—Melbourne transit. Peter made more notes from discussions with locals and then continued to Adelaide nailing up his signs, and recording the distances shown at bad bumps, dangerous curves, and similar distractions. Those tin signs were to be of immense value.

The Emus Were Scary

by Peter Antill

In Adelaide I advertised in the newspapers for a companion to join me to

drive across the Nullarbor to Perth and back. My father had refused to let me make the trip alone past Adelaide because from there on water was scarce and petrol stops were often four hundred to five hundred miles apart at the sparse homesteads along that road. I got six replies, interviewed each applicant, and picked Bill McGee, a 5ft 7in 9 stone Adelaide car salesman to be my co-driver.

I had had long experience of motoring fast in the bush and this undoubtedly helped us. For my own part I had to learn more about the characteristics of controlling a car as it swung wildly on the sand which prevailed on this road, and for Bill McGee, I had to encourage him to learn a little more of the art of using the ruts and wheel-tracks as banking on corners and of sitting a narrow-tracked car firmly and securely on one side or the other of the wide-tracked road.

We noted the road and its hazards as we went and arranged for supplies of fuel and oil to be used on the return journey. Instead of stripping odd fragments from the car—which was light enough as it was—to reduce wind-resistance, we added a few extras to improve the car's endurance. We fitted an extra petrol tank in the boot, bolting in another eight-gallon tank and filling the pipes necessary to pressurize it, and so force its fuel into the standard tank which was mounted on the dash in the engine compartment.

On the running-board we carried two gallons of engine lube oil, and four gallons of petrol in square two-gallon cans. All were strapped down snugly, secured in position by wooden cleats nailed to the running-board. Our notebook revealed that there was no need for great speeds. What was needed was a trouble-free transit with maximum speeds in the 50s and perhaps an occasional burst to 60. We were satisfied that an earlier theory of mine was near enough correct. If you want to average 30 drive at 45, and if you want a 35 m.p.h. average, drive at 50. By driving at 50, I mean that when you can safely glance at the speedo, it should be steady on your elected speed.

Travelling the last hundred miles before we reached Perth, through the night we crossed and re-crossed the railway line about a dozen times. At last we came to a spot where there was a bend in the road as it crossed the line, and had to turn short, back to the left, exactly on the railway line. The road climbed steeply up onto the line, so that our headlights pointed up into the sky, giving no warning of the turn that was hidden in the darkness below their beams.

Off the road along the railway line lay the usual cattle grid—a pit dug deep, and covered by widely spaced wooden slats, similar to the many ramps or grids that replace gates on trafficked roads. Its function is to stop cattle straying onto the railway line. When we hit the grid, a slat broke and a front wheel went down through it. We were travelling at only a few miles an hour so we suffered no hurt, but I thought the Riley might be twisted, since it was so wedged in with one front dumb-iron

under a rail sleeper, and the other over it. One of our back wheels was held a foot off the ground, the weight of the car fulcrumed on the front dumb-iron and on a side rail!

Close to us was a railway signal, and it was of vital urgency that we stopped any trains before they smashed through our car. I located the signal control wires, and set off to follow them back to the signal box, just as fast as I could stumble in the darkness along the railway line. When he heard my tale, the signalman was just as pleased to see me as I was to see him. A train was due quite soon coming from the opposite direction. We took a few detonators and set off back up the line again. The signalman laid the detonators on the lines in pairs, not before time, for in a few minutes we heard a train working its way into the hills towards us. The bang bang of the detonators alerted the driver, and of course woke the passengers, so we had plenty of aid to bodily lift out our car. Examination of the car showed that apart from a couple of deep dents on the dumb-irons where they had fallen into the cattle trap there was no damage.

In Perth there were a few things to do to the car, a few things to strengthen up, a few ideas to modify, but probably the biggest job was that of unravelling the road record book, since the mileages had to be shown from each of our refuelling or "rest" points, and this book had to be rewritten in a legible code anyhow—starting from Fremantle!

Automobile club officials had to be alerted on our expected times of arrival and departure, and suppliers advised of the requirements for petrol, oil, water, tea, coffee, and food. On 22nd April 1929, at 4.30 p.m. (Western Australian time) we set out from Fremantle.

The first six hundred miles were covered in 23½ hours, quite good time. We sat on blow-up air cushions. At night we ran with the hood and side curtains up in an attempt to avoid the stinging frosts of the deserts. The maximum speed of this 1087 c.c. twin-carburettor sports model was around 70 m.p.h., but we seldom sustained that speed for long. Except for an occasional scare from a stray emu, it was cold, hard slogging all the way, with the fight to stay awake intensifying the farther the drive went.

So that the relief driver could sleep I had fitted a broad strap from the nearside windshield stanchion to the top of the seat squab. This passed under the right armpit and braced the wearer into the corner of the car, where he could relax against the tension of the strap and sleep without tumbling across the driver. I like to think it was Australia's first safety-belt, for in the way in which it held the body and in conception it was identical to the preferred type of modern safety-belt.

Going west we had been badly bushed near Penong, and we had had to retrace our steps in daylight, replacing our litho signs to ensure that we would not repeat the performance when we came hurrying back on our

record attempt.

From Perth out to Kalgoorlie the road surface was either blue metal or gravel; from there to Balladonia it was mainly just a winding clearing through the trees, and for the next six hundred miles to Port August it was simply two wheel tracks that meandered through the low bush scrub, twisting around this bush or that stump, and always the tracks were fringed with small stumps or tree roots that would burst a tyre if you hit them wrongly.

I have often read attempted comparisons of the abilities of the pukka racing driver and the rally driver, and I venture to say that the driver who can thread his way along a bush road travelling at 40-50 m.p.h. must have abnormally fast reaction and abnormally accurate co-ordination between eye and hand. At those speeds you travel about 60 feet each second, and your visibility ahead is where the road disappears around the next turn at just about that distance; what lies around the turn, or how steep the turn is, you can perhaps guess from the shape and depth of the wheel tracks within your sight. The "good" drivers read and react correctly, the average driver either slows down, or ends crossways off the road. The good driver uses the curves and the depth of tracks to aid in turning his car around the curve, the bad driver finds these contours acting against him.

Throughout the whole drive we encountered just about every hazard known to motorists: dust, rain, flint-hard wheel ruts, pot-holes galore, light snow and even fog, but sleep was the real enemy. Looking back on it now as I nudge through the sixties, I believe that if we had not been young and tough we could not have remained alert for the hours that we ran. We started out from Perth doing four hours on the wheel and four resting in the corner of the seat, but by the time we arrived in Adelaide there was only an hour or so between changeovers. It took 3 days 8 hours 30 minutes to get to Adelaide. We stayed seven hours to refuel and rest ourselves and our car, our second real sleep since leaving Perth.

We were elated to reach Adelaide and to know that the long leg was behind us. We could jettison some of our safety supplies of food and water, carried only as a safeguard against the pitiless desert road across the Nullarbor. Our road became blue metal again, and for a while anyway we were finished with the need for constant sway-swing-sway around the endless succession of curves and corners of the bush road.

Ahead lay our friend, or our enemy, the Coorong. Friend if there had been no local rain, and if the wind was still; enemy if the clay pan had been wet by forty points of rain, or if the far end of the trough was under water, piled level by a strong wet wind. The Coorong was dry and there were no emus about that night!

On we went full of elation now that the toughest part of the trip was over and our chances of a record bright. But near Mount Gambier we drove

slap into fog so thick that we covered only ninety miles in nine hours. It was a freezing night, with even light snow to hinder our progress.

Bill McGee originally had intended to get off in Melbourne, and I had discussed with a friend, Bill Williamson, the possibility of his substituting for McGee on the final stretch from Melbourne to Sydney when I knew I would be exhausted. Williamson had earned himself a good name for fast driving in Victoria and later went on to greater achievements. He was a good mechanic, and better still, he was a good Riley mechanic.

Bill Williamson and Ken McKinney met us in Melbourne, rushed us to our hotel and tore into the Riley with X-ray eyes, looking for fractured chassis, broken spring leaves, malfunctioning controls, and so on. They found that two of the four bolts were missing from the battery carrier, and that we had nearly lost this essential part of our car, but beyond this they told me that the little Riley only wanted an oil change and a grease!

We had already broken all the through and intermediate records between Perth, Adelaide, and Melbourne, and if we got no farther we had proved the value of our meticulous preparations. Rightly, Bill McGee decided to remain with the ship.

We had four hours off the wheel in Melbourne, most of it asleep, and although Bill Williamson and Ken McKinney had the devil's own job to wake us, we climbed stiffly back into our car and set out to try to beat the fourteen-hour record between Melbourne and Sydney. We had a little slam, and we hoped for a grand slam. Maybe we would have got it if we had slept six or ten hours in Melbourne, but we didn't play it that way, so there we were, back at our task again, and racing for Albury.

At Albury we had gained ten minutes of our schedule, and the schedule was built up from the times taken by the previous record-setter. But we would have been supermen had we broken the Melbourn-Sydney light car record too, for not only were we dangerously fatigued, but the fog at Mount Gambier had set our schedule back nine hours; thus we were to travel into night from Melbourne, instead of leaving here at 2 or 3 a.m. and travelling into daylight.

For the only time on the trip we pushed the car on the ride from Melbourne to Albury on the New South Wales border, averaging 40 m.p.h. over quite rough roads for the journey. The car was nearly wrecked on the Hume Highway, where a section of the road was torn up and there was no warning sign. Somebody had thrown a couple of tree boughs across the broken road but we came on them at night and couldn't pick them out. We careered straight through the boughs into the excavation. Luckily the car bounced the right way.

We were mighty tired now and it would only have taken the slightest misjudgment for us to have had a serious or even fatal smash. Heavy-eyed, we drove on into Sydney, where we were checked in by Mr E. G.

Keen on behalf of the Sydney Bicycle and Car Club, who had officially timed our drive, on Sunday 28th April. The trip from Melbourne took 17 hours 14 minutes, not bad perhaps on such appalling roads, but a time we could have heavily cut had we not been in such urgent need of sleep.

At first our time from Fremantle was given as 5 days 20 hours, but this was corrected to 5 days 18 hours when it was realized that no allowance had been made for the two hours time difference between Fremantle and Sydney. We had broken the light car record previously held by Messrs Armstrong and Manley by 2 days 10 hours 30 minutes, and on the way we had clipped the previous best time for Fremantle to Melbourne by Messrs A. Peardon and G. Sinclair by 10 hours 39 minutes.

It was intriguing to reflect that the first recorded drive from Fremantle to Sydney by Francis Birtles in 1912 in his old Brush car with its hickory chassis and axles had taken about 28 days. Our time was the overall time spent on the journey and included all the time spent between Perth and Sydney sleeping or when the car was stationary. It compared very favourably with the unrestricted record from Fremantle to Sydney by a 5798 c.c. Commander Studebaker (six cylinders) driven by "Wizard" Smith, who did it in 4 days 10 hours 43 minutes, and it was exciting to know that on the 1500 mile Fremantle-Adelaide leg we had run only five hours slower than the Wizard's record. I have always been a great admirer of the driving skill of Wizard Smith and I don't mean to decry a wonderful run by a superb driver, but how I envied him his two relief drivers when he set the unrestricted record. He had been accompanied by E. Pool and G. Emerson.

Our little Riley came through the long drive splendidly. The treads of the tyres were unmarked and the only defects on the chassis were the failure of the battery box bolts. Other than that we had not needed to open the tool box and not even the plugs had had to be changed. The only tyre repairs required on the entire trip were to four punctures, caused by the mulga-like scrub on the Nullarbor. Even on today's vastly improved roads between Western Australia and New South Wales our Riley's performance would be considered a fine effort for a modern car. A couple of years ago four of us went over to Perth in a Humber Snipe, and although we went on the direct road from Sydney via Mildura to Adelaide, and ran that thousand miles in eighteen hours, it took us four days to run the 2300 miles to Perth on the now shortened road.

It is interesting to ponder the run by the Misses Robertson and Howell in their Lancia Lambda only six months earlier. They were beaten by the Coorong in their larger record-breaking attempt, but established the record for Fremantle-Perth of 2 days 10 hours, which must therefore have been faster than "Wizard" Smith's run, yet Antill makes no mention of them. How did their preparation compare to Antill's meticulous planning, almost the equivalent of modern "Pace Notes"?

1950:

From *Motoring*, November 1950:



G. W. Patterson's 2½ litre Riley saloon was made self-sufficient for the 6,296-mile return journey from

MELBOURNE TO PERTH

FOR several years I had been considering making a trip by car from Melbourne to Perth, West Australia. This trip turned out to be not so much a motoring holiday as a motoring experience. There were long stretches of road where a motorist had to be self-sufficient, not only for petrol and oil, but also for food and water, as an 800-mile desert had to be crossed.

In preparation for the trip in my 2½-litre Riley saloon, the rear upholstery was removed, which allowed me to pack three suit-cases, a six-gallon water tank, an extra spare tyre cover, two tubes, a picnic case,

flasks and camera equipment. In the boot were two 4-gallon, four 2-gallon and three 1-gallon tins for petrol and 2 gallons of oil. Spare fan belts, spare set of points and condenser, spare carburettor float, spare headlamp bulb, spare petrol pump were carried. Before leaving I had replaced my spark plugs with racing platinum-point plugs and carried my original set as spares.

The day of departure was fine and cool and, after an uneventful run of 243 miles, we reached Nhill, Vic., where we spent the night.

On the second day, a Sunday, we left Nhill. Very shortly we crossed the State line into South Australia and retarded our watches half an hour. We stopped for lunch at Murray Bridge, and after lunch continued our journey through Adelaide, capital of South Australia, and on to Port Augusta at the top of the Spencer Gulf, where we arrived a little late for dinner. The day's mileage was 439 and uneventful.

The next morning, when I went out of the hotel to get my car, I found a puncture in a rear wheel. Having had the tyre repaired, car greased and all the tins and the tank refilled with petrol, we set off from Port Augusta. Shortly after leaving, the road changed from bitumen, which we had driven on from Melbourne, to dust and corrugations. The dust road was in fair condition and allowed travel around 50 m.p.h. to begin with. The engine oil required draining, and as the engine was now hot we stopped at a township called Iron Knob. Iron Knob is unusual, as it is built at the base, and on the sides of, a mountainous deposit of iron ore. That was the only excuse for a township in such an area.

After leaving Iron Knob the road deteriorated and the temperature rose. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky. The road was now dusty and hot and we arrived dirty from the dust mixed with perspiration at Ceduna after a run of 313 miles.

Next day we left Ceduna about 7 a.m. and went to a small hotel at Penong for breakfast. Penong was the last habitation before entering the desert. The going was fairly good for the first 40 miles, but then the road deteriorated into some large holes which were filled with sand. Some of these broken bits of road would stretch for thirty to fifty yards, and, as it was impossible to drive through them, one had to rely on the momentum with which the car entered them to carry you through to the other side. The depth of some was as much as 15 inches.

Those broken stretches of road lasted for approximately 200 miles and were intermingled with corrugations. The corrugations were very broad and had to be taken at 65-70 m.p.h. to enable the car to ride across the tops of them. The temperature outside soared and also the temperature inside the car. Before I left on the trip, I had a fire extinguisher fitted on the gearbox cover in a handy horizontal position, but I had no cause to use it! After 200 miles of rough road, the going became a little better,

and we arrived at Eucla, West Australia, after a run of 328 miles. During the day, of course, we had to stop and prepare our meals, but had anticipated getting a meal at Eucla. We were, however, disappointed,

Ghost Town

Eucla is an old "ghost town" situated near the West Australian and South Australian border. It was the telegraph station where telegrams were re-coded between the States prior to Federation. The old telegraph house is now fitted out with stretcher beds and two double beds for the use of occasional travellers. No meals are provided; each traveller must be self-sufficient in food, though tank water was available when we passed through.

The sole occupants of this deserted township are one woman and her five children. She keeps petrol for sale to any traveller at the moderate charge of 4s. 10d. a gallon. Her husband is erecting a homestead sixty-five miles east of Eucla on a property where some underground wells were discovered and, owing to the impossibility of purchasing new building material, he bought the township of Eucla and is gradually dismantling it and transferring it to his property to build his home. It is a lonely life. The nearest township to the East is Ceduna, 328 miles away, and Norseman, to the West is 456 miles. To the North is the desert and to the South the Australian Bight.

I then decided to telephone through to Norseman to book accommodation, and received a pleasant surprise when I was only charged twopence for the call. I think this must be the cheapest telephone call in the world—456 miles for twopence and no time limit on the conversation. It is technically only a local call! Local calls of 456 miles!—Australia is definitely a vast continent.

“ Gibbers ”

The next day a departure was made at 4 a.m., West Australian time. The road surface was fairly level, but oh! what stones. Stones as large as oranges (here they are called " gibbers ") lay on the road and were impossible to avoid and just had to be accepted. The dawn came rapidly and the sun rose. The weather got hotter and hotter as the miles rolled by. Suddenly a strange squeak became apparent. The squeak gradually became more pronounced and I decided to stop. When I put my hand on the gear shift lever, the vibration was evident. I took the cover off the gearbox and checked the oil—O.K. Nothing wrong that I could see. I started to drive the car with the cover off the gearbox, and I saw sparks coming from the front universal joint! What actually happened was that the vibration from the atrocious roads had loosened the two upper bolts in the casing at the rear of the gearbox and they had gradually slipped back until they came in contact with the front universal joint before falling out. I removed the floorboards and tightened the two bolts, and we were on our way again.

'Ware Vermin

Along this section of the desert several ramps were crossed, and a few gates had to be opened and shut, including vermin- and rabbit-proof fences. The road for the last 200 miles deteriorated into holes and corrugations, and after a hot, dusty, dirty trip, my wife and I arrived at Norseman looking like Red Indians from the red dust. We had done 456 miles since morning. We had crossed the desert between Ceduna and Norseman, and we both had a kind of inner satisfaction at completing the crossing almost uneventfully.



Rabbits are dangerous. The terse injunction on this vermin-proof gate across the highway east of Norseman leaves no doubt in the mind of the passer as to what is required of him.

We decided to go to Kalgoorlie the following day. When we left Norseman and travelled towards Coolgardie, 120 miles away, we experienced the worst roads on our trip. The car bucked, rattled and creaked and in some of the bad corrugations behaved like a dog shaking itself after a swim—the road was really appalling. Eventually we reached Coolgardie for lunch. After lunch we drove the remaining 20 miles to Kalgoorlie, where we checked in at a hotel.

We stayed in Kalgoorlie a few days, and we left for Perth 388 miles away.

My wife and I spent five days enjoying Perth and the surrounding districts and then decided to visit Albany on the South Coast of West Australia. The journey from Perth to Albany is 275 miles—bitumen all the way. By the time we arrived the car again required a grease and oil change, which was duly carried out. We stayed two days and then moved away on to Pemberton. The road again was corrugated and as the area we passed through had a short time previously been devastated by bush fires, some of the bridges we crossed over were not too safe—in some cases detours had to be made owing to a bridge being completely burnt out.

The Rains Came

Then to Bunbury. We stayed in Bunbury two days and then something happened which caused us considerable apprehension—it started to rain late on Wednesday evening and we were over 2,000 miles from Melbourne. West Australian sandy roads can become impassable very quickly as the result of heavy rain.

We left Bunbury and arrived in Perth for lunch. The rain had continued—the first we had encountered since leaving Melbourne. It poured all Thursday and our original plans were advanced. We left Perth at 4 a.m. next day—it was still raining heavily—and after six hours driving man-aged to get ahead of the rains which were gradually sweeping in from the coast. After an uneventful drive of 470 miles we arrived in Norseman at 3.30 p.m.

Once again the car required greasing and engine oil changed and this was done in preparation for the desert crossing the following day.

When filling up with petrol I was asked if I would deliver a parcel to an outlying customer. On agreeing to do so I was given two loaves of bread wrapped up in the daily newspaper and asked to deliver them to the Madura homestead. I carried that parcel 330 miles before delivering it—an extensive bread-delivery round! The trip from Norseman to Eucla was done without any trouble and we arrived there tired and dusty after our day's journey of 456 miles.

Then homeward, by stages. The speedometer reading when we left was 6,300, and we covered 6,296 miles in all at an average petrol consumption of 21.2 miles per gallon. Apart from regular oil drains, oil consumption was 1 pint. The gearbox used no oil but the differential consumed a fair quantity. The consumption was not due to any leak but was due to oil escaping through the breather hole in the bolt when the car was driven at a high speed for several hours. A successful trip. My thanks go to Head's Engineering Works, Muarumbeena, Victoria, who serviced and tuned the car before our departure.

For Sale

1937 Briggs-bodied **Riley Falcon**, total overhaul completed in 2003 that included motor, pre-selector gearbox and paint. Upholstery is original with the door trim in near perfect condition but the leather bucket seat covers are in need of replacement.

This car has completed many national rallies including the 2005 tour of Tasmania.

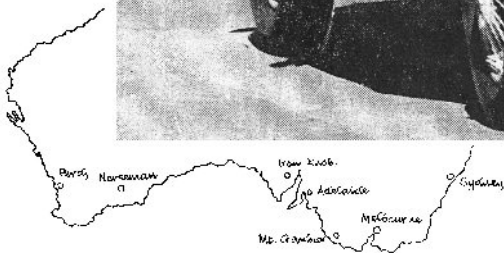
Only genuine offers between \$25,000 and \$30,000 will be considered, please no tire kickers.

Contact: Brian Gannon on 0400 424 324 or brian.gannon@dtf.wa.gov.au for more photos or information.



1979:

In 1979 the (U. K.) Riley Motor Club's *Riley Record* reprinted an article from Victoria's *Blue Diamond* of August, 1979, written by David Trunfull. It also included a photograph from the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 21st April 1979:

**Roadster tries for a record**

This 1949 nine-horsepower Riley set off from Sydney yesterday in an attempt to reach Perth in under five days, 14 hours. That was the record set exactly 50 years ago by another 1929 Riley - when it was brand new. The roadster is being driven by Mr Graham Glanville of the Riley Car Club, with Mr David Trunfull, as navigator. The attempt is part of Western Australia's 150th anniversary celebrations.

Westward—Ho!

Originally, when I agreed to be Grahame Glanville's co-driver in the 50th Anniversary of the Antill Fremantle-Sydney record, there were other Club members who intended to participate. Unfortunately, one by one, they dropped out which only left Grahame and me to commemorate this historic event in his 1930 Riley 9 Roadster. It was particularly unfortunate that Graeme Pinkney who owns the original Record Car couldn't participate. I must admit I had my doubts about the trip. Not whether the car would make it, but whether I could endure six days of driving in a very small open car at 50 mph.

As it was Western Australia's 150th Anniversary, we decided to start our "Run" in Sydney and finish in Fremantle. Antill drove both ways but set the record from Fremantle to Sydney. Our plan was to travel to Sydney with the car on the "Southern Aurora" (it costs only £20 to take the car to Sydney this way). Our drive to W.A. would take approximately six

days and we would travel via Melbourne, Mt Gambier and Adelaide. This was close to the original route taken by Antill. The car would return from Perth by ship, and we would travel back first class on the Trans Australia Railway.

At 11.30 am on Friday April 20th we left Circular Quay, Sydney, and began our journey. I had never driven a car with a 'crash' gearbox, so it was with great fear and trepidation that I accepted the driving seat after we had cleared the suburbs of Sydney. My gear changes were not the smoothest or quietest on record but the car didn't seem to object too strongly to this. The second time I had to change down was quite harrowing; I thought I had done everything right and the lever went into third, but then a loud shrill noise awoke Grahame and I thought I had well and truly broken something. Fortunately I hadn't, it was the turbocharger of an overtaking truck! Between Sydney and Melbourne, our average speed including lunch and tea breaks etc was 32.6mph and strangely enough our petrol consumption was 32.39mpg.

Sunday was planned as a rest day as we only had 283 miles to cover between Mt Gambier and Adelaide. Some of our South Australian friends had arranged to meet us in the hills of Adelaide. Channel Seven was also there to film our arrival. The reporter confided to us that the 6.00 news was full of murders and disasters and they needed something to brighten it up! After leaving Adelaide early the next morning we travelled through the wheat belt area north of Adelaide and the iron-ore town of Iron Knob, to reach Nundroo which was our next night's stop. The next morning we took some time off to see the awe-inspiring sights of the Great Australian Bight where limestone cliffs drop suddenly 200ft to the sea. The view is magnificent and one wonders how many people have fallen over the edge.

As we were ahead of schedule in arriving at Balladonia, we decided to continue on to Norseman, a further 118 miles. There was now only a day's travelling to Perth and it appeared that nothing spectacular was going to happen to us. Our luck was not to hold however, as about 30 miles from Norseman, the engine started to emit horrible sounds. Fortunately I was not driving or I would never have lived it down! We crawled into Norseman suspecting a blown head gasket and crossing our fingers it wasn't more serious. After removing the head, we discovered a stuck valve was the offending part and luckily Grahame had decided to carry a spare. At 2am the car was back together and running and we retired to our motel.

Perth was now only 450 miles away and as we had a full day to get there we decided to detour via Kambalda and Kalgoorlie. I'm sure many fine stories have come out of the famous gold town of Kalgoorlie, but none quite like the Nine Cylinder Riley which visited on Anzac Day 1979! A young reporter from the "Kalgoorlie Miner" enquired whether we would mind having our photo and story in his paper, and of course we agreed. You can imagine how surprised

we were when we discovered we were page one headlines. The Prime Minister who was also in the area could only make page 3. They've got their priorities right, haven't they? The reference to the "Nine Cylinder" engine was their only mistake.

John and Kay Creed drove 350 miles to Coolgardie in their 1½ litre to meet us and escort us into Perth. We were absolutely delighted to see them even though it signalled that our little adventure was drawing to a close. Fremantle was reached at midnight on May 25th; it had taken us 5 days and 12½ hours to cover the 2800 miles between the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. Although our intention was to 're-enact' rather than break Antill's record, our time was 5½ hours better. When you realise we had good roads all the way, you can appreciate how remarkable his record was in 1929. All that was left for us to do now was to meet the Lord Mayor of Perth and have a holiday before returning home.

My thanks must go to all the people who helped us on our way. They really helped to make the trip truly memorable.

- David Trunfull

Grahame Glanville, this time accompanied by wife Jill, also took part in this year's Antill Re-Enactment in the same car:



2009:

The Antill Re-Enactment—My Story Brian Graham

THE BACKGROUND AND PLAN

Just prior to the Tumut Rally I published a paper which was to form the basis of the plans for the Antill Re-enactment. I volunteered to coordinate the event and the paper which became the frame work of the journey laid out daily travel distances, suggested accommodation, support arrangements, responsibilities and some indications to help with budgeting etc. Sixty people showed interest and asked to be put on the mailing list for ongoing information and updates. From this I developed two goals—

Encourage 12 to 15 cars to make a start in WA with hopefully at least 10 making it to Sydney.

To make the whole journey in my "9" Special.

The next 11 months saw lots of correspondence, newsletters, overseas cars prepared for shipping, and locally some frantic restorations, repairs and preparation. One month out, it seemed we had 20 starters and a support vehicle and trailer. Unfortunately Chris Stafford (Qld) had to withdraw, Geoff & Rosalie Wilson's (SA) engine did not perform on start up at the end of their restoration, and Peter & Margaret Leppard's car ran a bearing on the way back to Fremantle after the National Rally, so we had 17 starters at the Fremantle Sailing Club Car Park on the 14th April.

On the 28th April 2009, 80 years to the day after the record-breaking run, the 17 cars arrived in Sydney, an amazing journey beyond all expectations, a fitting recognition of the 80th Anniversary of Peter Antill's record-breaking run in 1929 and a tribute to Percy Riley's "Wonder Car", the "9"

THE PREPARATION

My preparation consisted of changing all fluids, a full service greasing including wheel bearings and check of the car. The car had developed an intermittent ignition problem on its last big trip, and I spent considerable time trying to find the cause, right up until the day before leaving, all to no avail as you will read later.

New tyres and tubes were fitted to the front wheels and new tubes fitted in the rear tyres and spare. The five tubes removed were taken as spares, they were the motor bike tubes fitted on my Tumut journey a year ago and in good condition.

Other spares consisted of plugs, points, coil, condenser, radiator hoses, petrol filter, tyre repair kit, cable ties, electrical wire, insulation and cloth tape, length of fencing wire, Flashlube, Rainex, Bars Leak, oil, petrol and water.

Usual tools (spanners, sockets, screwdrivers, pliers etc, feeler gauges, electrical probe, tyre levers, small hydraulic jack, good wheel brace, grease gun, mini compressor and cigarette lighter adaptor, ground sheet, safety vest, and overalls).

Camping gear (tent, sleeping bag, air bed), clothes, freezer bag with food, my

trip administration folder and tour pack (maps, brochures, instructions etc). All of the above was packed in the car or on the running board.

THE JOURNEY

My journey had several phases. The first was the drive from Dromana to Adelaide which was done via my usual route of the Ferry across the Heads, then to Casterton and Keith for overnight stops and then on to Adelaide where we had booked accommodation in a unit close to the Train terminus. Susan flew to Adelaide and we had a day and a half enjoying that city.

We then caught the Indian Pacific train which took us and the car to Perth. An interesting experience, travel was much rougher than I expected, scenery was great, interesting stops at Cook and Kalgoorlie, good company and excellent food.

On arrival in Perth I had made arrangements to store the "9" and hire a modern car in which we did some touring of Margaret River and the WA South West before attending the National Rally at Mt Barker. Most of the Antill cars were there being driven around with little or no concern about the forthcoming trek across Australia. Victorian members Jim and Michelle Williams were also in attendance in their Pathfinder, they had driven over and planned to drive back.

Susan flew home on the Monday morning and I spent a quiet day preparing myself for the main event.

Day 1. Tuesday 14 April 2009 Fremantle to Southern Cross—230 miles
Chaos at the start, cars being repaired, no chance of our planned 9.00am start with Mike Osborne in the original Antill car leading us out of Fremantle. I feel like Mother Hen trying to organize Brown's Cows. About 10.00 the first cars leave, the last did not leave until late afternoon. We will not all be together tonight.

Warm day, big climb out of Perth then fairly flat run through the wheat country to arrive at Southern Cross at dusk. A sense of relief, we are all on our way..

Day 2. Southern Cross to Norseman—225 miles.

Early start today, road is good, more undulating than I expected. Stop in Coolgardie for coffee, decide not to divert through Kalgoorlie as visited there on train, head on towards Norseman. Scenery changes as I entered timbered country before reaching Norseman in the late afternoon.

Day 3. Norseman to Cocklebiddy—275 miles.

Today marks the start of our three long days driving across the Nullarbor plain. First stop for coffee/lunch/petrol is Balladonia, then the longest straight stretch of road (90 miles) to Caiguna where we turn clocks back 45 minutes. Saw several herds of wild camels, some kangaroos and emus on the way to Cocklebiddy. No luxuries out here.

Day 4. Cocklebiddy to Nullarbor—280 miles.

Day two on the treeless plain, lots of salt bush and sand. Over the Madura Gap, stunning view of the countryside, diversion down to the Bunda Cliffs on the Bight, very spectacular, cross the border into SA and lose another 45 minutes. Road good but still not flat. Highlight of the day was seeing Wedgetail Eagles feasting on the road kill. Joys of open car vintage motoring,

you have the opportunity to see everything as well as the sounds and smells of the environment. Nullarbor another no frills take-it-or-leave-it roadhouse, with half-tame dingoes sulking about.

Day 5. Nullarbor to Ceduna—203 miles.

An early short diversion down to Head of Bight, no whales at this time of the year, back on the road, stops at Nundroo, the eastern end of the Nullarbor, and Penong then on to reach Ceduna and civilization mid-afternoon.

Day 6. Ceduna to Port Augusta—285 miles.

I set off early for what is our longest daily drive. Road is good but very boring at our speeds. The culmination of the group's ongoing tyre problems is starting to show with some cars now running without spares. I push on with stops at Wudinna and Kimba past Iron Knob with the different colours of the rock layers glistening in the afternoon sunlight to Ceduna. I must be getting tired, the last 10 miles were hard work with cramp in legs and hands.

Day 7. Port Augusta to Adelaide—190 miles.

Clear early morning with the southern end of the Flinders Ranges on the left was a great start to the day, road then some what uninteresting, a large dry lake near Lochiel with its "Nessy", a big wind farm and some scrap metal sculptures in a farm paddock provided some relief. After a week on the open road, the stop/start traffic of Adelaide was a challenge but I easily found my motel by early afternoon.

Day 8. Adelaide.

A day of rest, some checks on the car and an excellent social evening and BBQ meal hosted by the South Australian Riley Club.

Day 9. Adelaide to Kingston—195 miles.

A drive up the steep Eagle on Hill old road out of Adelaide for a lovely early morning drive through the autumn-toned Adelaide Hills to Strathalbyn where we all gathered for coffee, then on through the vineyards at Langhorn Creek and to Wellington to catch the Ferry. Two loads and we are on our way to Menengie for lunch stop. Lake Albert is very low, as is almost every lake we have passed. Roads seem very rough and rutted, driving is not easy but we all comfortably make Kingston.

Day 10. Kingston to Hamilton—182 miles.

Lazy start today, first stop Robe where we linger over coffee, before heading to Mt Gambier for lunch and some sight seeing. On through the timber plantations and into the parched grazing country around Casterton and Coleraine. Here we see evidence of the recent bushfires before we reach Hamilton. Road conditions again are challenging for the drivers.

Day 11. Hamilton to Melbourne—185 miles.

A cold damp day. Although I was dry whilst travelling, stops at roadworks and in Ballarat traffic made the wet weather gear mandatory. Apart from a coffee and two petrol stops I pushed on to Melbourne arriving early afternoon.

Day 12. Melbourne.

A day of rest, some checks on the car and another excellent social evening and spit roast dinner hosted by the Victorian Riley Club.

Day 13. Melbourne to Wodonga—190 miles.

Cold morning, we all meet at Mobil Roadhouse just past Broadford for a warm-

up coffee. Strong head winds, roadside sign reads 7 degrees, then hail and rain arrive, not much fun in the open car. On the Hume we pass the edge of the devastation from the fires in the Kinglake region.

Day 14. Wodonga to Goulburn—230 miles.

Nice clear morning, great open motoring, Holbrook for morning tea, stretch in Tarcutta, Gundagai for lunch. Lots of rough road, kilometers of roadworks, will the NSW Government ever finish the Hume upgrade?

Day 15. Goulburn to Sydney—116 miles.

Another great day for open motoring. We consolidate into a group at the Pheasant Nest Service Centre and then head off at high speed to Mount Annan Botanical Gardens for a great welcome, morning tea/lunch from the New South Wales Club members. Mitch from Channel 31 is there and shoots some film and interviews for his show in early June. We are then guided around the Sydney Toll Ring roads to our accommodation. Around 6pm we are collected in modern transport and taken to Beecroft Bowling Club for our final get together. Good company, excellent food, some speeches finished the day and added to all the other memories of our great adventure.

The daily mileage shown has been taken from maps, in practice we did more with sight seeing etc. Overall I travelled 3088 miles on the crossing. I generally travelled between 75-80 kilometers per hour (2800 to 3200 rpm).

The final phase was the return journey home from Sydney. An uneventful jaunt, with overnight stops in Gundagai and Seymour, although it was a bit cold and damp on the final leg to Dromana.

THE CAR

After a number of dramatic problems on the trip to Adelaide to join the train for travel to Perth, my 1929 "9" Special was one of the cars that experienced very few problems on the adventure.

My first problem occurred less than a kilometer after leaving home when the car stopped. The cause was plug lead to Number 1 cylinder coming loose. Next problem occurred just out of Cressy when car stopped again. The cause the points had closed up, after adjustment went to drive off only to discover flat front tyre. Changed wheel very annoyed as this was new tyre and tube for trip and had only done around 60 miles. Subsequent inspection showed big split in the tube.

Next problem just out of Naracoorte, car settled down and running well, then suddenly a huge backfire blew the muffler apart. Back into town arranged for new muffler to be fitted, checked ignition again but could find no fault.

Underway again headed for Keith car begins to miss, is noisy and again stops. This time cause is visible, points are closed and the fixed point has moved out of arm. Examination reveals thread in arm is stripped and this side of the points has been moving around. I have a complete spare points unit which I fitted, noise is a blown exhaust manifold gasket which I fix after motor has cooled down in Keith.

From this time on I did not touch the car mechanically for the whole journey

from Fremantle to Sydney and back to Melbourne.

I had my other new front tyre go flat on my way from Perth to Fremantle for the start, tube again appears to be faulty. I had one back tyre go flat overnight in Port Augusta, this tyre went down again in Adelaide due to the patch lifting (my poor workmanship), and the other back one went flat overnight in Melbourne all of which were easily repaired.

The car lost water on the warm days across the Nullarbor, and developed an oil leak which required a sump-off fix. I managed both of these problems by checking levels each time I stopped and topping up as required.

On the journey you wonder what will happen next, but at home reflecting on the trip, I realized my "9" was probably in the top few for reliable performance.

Petrol purchase costs were

Dromana to Adelaide	\$56.37
Fremantle to Sydney	\$533.53
Sydney to Dromana	\$99.82

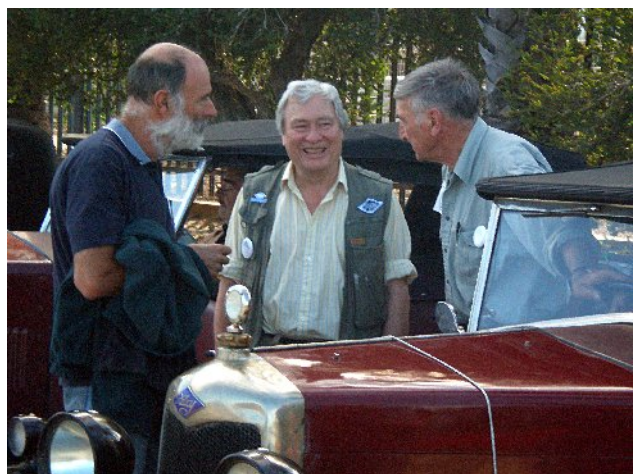
Total Mileage covered was 4296 miles.



BEFORE THE START



**Above: Phil Evans' (S.A.) ute
Right: Ralph Thomas' (Sth. Africa) Lynx 9**



**Above: Phil Evans with U.K. Entrants
Malcolm Fishwick and Allen Clear.
Left: Tyres (or tubes) were a problem for many.**

ON THE WAY



Brian Graham (Vic.) in 1929 Special



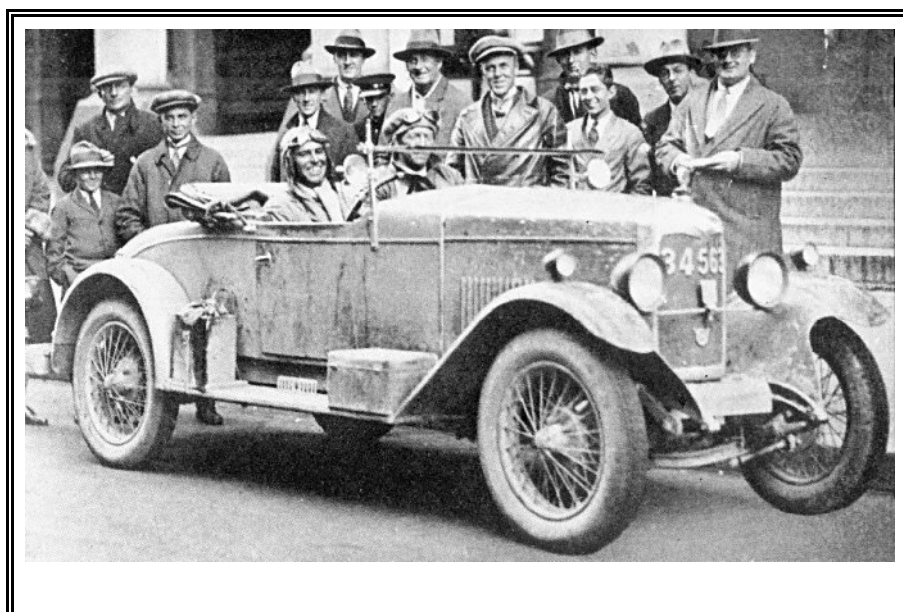
1932 Tourer—Colin & Merrian Dennis (V)



Mike & Pat Osborne (Vic.) in the Antill 9



Bev Wilson & David Thomson (SA)—1929



Information Service:

LT

When *The Riley Record*, the official publication of the Riley Motor Club, then supported by the Company, ceased publication with the May 1950 issue, its function was subsumed into the Nuffield publication *Motoring*. This already incorporated *The Morris Owner*. *Motoring* became the 'Car owner's journal of the Nuffield Organization and official organ of the Riley Motor Club and the M. G. Car Club.'

Motoring included a feature headed 'Information Service' which provided factory-sourced answers to owner's questions about their cars. Often the information provided was not available in the manuals. Some Q & As are included here, with more to come in future TTs.

I am experiencing some difficulty with what appears to be excessive tappet noise on my current series 2½-litre Riley, and although I have carefully checked the clearances to the figures given in the Instruction Manual of .003 in. inlet and .004 in. exhaust (with the engine hot), the noise persists.

OWING to the fact that the 2½-litre model has high-lift cams, it is permissible in cases where difficulty is experienced with excessive tappet noise to set the clearances, not to the dimensions given in the Instruction Manual, but to the minimum clearance possible, without risk of burning the valves. The clearance should of course be set on the back of the cam, and it should be carefully checked to ensure that the rockers will slide on their shafts after the clearance has been set. If there is any tendency for the rocker to bind on the shaft then it may be taken that the clearance has been set too closely. An adequate clearance is, however, far more important than a slight noise.

I have a 1938 Riley 1½-litre Adelphi Saloon and am having some difficulty with the Preselecta gear. Sometimes when I preselect a gear and operate the pedal, instead of the gear engaging, the pedal comes right back with great force and no gear is obtained. Can you tell me the most likely cause of this, please ?

WHILE this trouble may have the appearance of being due to an internal fault in the gearbox itself, it is really more likely to be due to an external fault such as wear and slackness in the preselector control rod joints. The following is the recommended procedure for dealing with this :

First disconnect the adjustable rod connected to the selector lever on the side of the gearbox and then set this lever to the reverse gear position, taking care to see that the lever is properly located. The finger control lever on the steering column quadrant should be set to the reverse gear position also and then the length of rod which connects the

selector lever on the side of the gearbox to the lever on the frame bracket can be adjusted to suit. Having obtained correct selection on reverse gear, which should be checked by depressing and releasing the operating pedal, you should then check that the selection of each of the other gears is correct also, and that all gears are obtainable. You may find that some play has developed in the ball joints of the control rods, but, if so, the play can easily be taken up as the ball joints are readily adjustable.

A further point which we would mention is that, possibly, the levers on the spindle of the frame bracket have become slack, and if you examine the control rod linkage you will find that at the bottom of the control tube, on the steering column, there is a bell crank lever connected by a ball joint to a transverse rod which in turn operates a short selector camshaft on the left-hand side of the gearbox. On examining this rod linkage more closely it will be found that there is a bracket on the nearside chassis frame member which supports the spindle, with a lever at each end. These levers are connected by ball joints, one to the cross-rod already referred to, and the other to the rod which works the gear camshaft. It does occasionally happen that the levers become slack on the spindle, in which case the securing pins must be knocked out and oversize pins fitted.

I am experiencing some difficulty with a water leak from the hot-spot tube passing through the cylinder head on my 1935 1½-litre Riley Falcon.

ACTUALLY there are two tubes passing through the cylinder head, one inside the other. The inner one connects the inlet and exhaust manifolds and carries the exhaust gases for the hot-spot system, while the other one acts as a conduit and is pressed into the cylinder head. It would appear that the outer tube has perished and become porous, thereby allowing water to leak in from the water passages in the cylinder head.

In order to renew this tube it will be necessary to remove the inlet and exhaust manifolds, together with the hot-spot ejector elbow and the two hot-spot return tubes passing through the cylinder block. Next it will be necessary to make a drift in order to drive the old tube out of the head and to drive the new tube into position. The drift needs to be about 8 in. in length, and in making this the new tube may be used as a pattern. The first inch or so of the drift should be of such a diameter as will just fit inside the new tube, whilst the next inch should be slightly greater in diameter than the internal bore of the new tube and slightly less than the external diameter. The remainder of the drift can be turned down to the smaller diameter.

The old tube can be driven out of the head with this drift and the new tube driven into position. Before fitting the new tube some red lead or

other good quality jointing compound should be smeared round the ends of the tube and after it is in position the ends may be expanded slightly by the use of a tapered drift. Great care should be taken over this latter operation or the head may be cracked.

I have just carried out an overhaul on the engine of my Riley 1½-litre (38S Series). The oil pressure appears to be rather low. Could you advise as to the original recommended correct pressure, and how to effect an alteration if necessary ?

WITH the engine in good mechanical order and provided there is no internal blockage of the oilways and the filter and pressure gauge are functioning correctly, the oil pressure should read as follows (with the engine lubricated as originally recommended with Duckham's NOL 30):

19 lb./sq. in. at 15 m.p.h.
22 lb./sq. in. at 20 m.p.h.
26 lb./sq. in. at 30 m.p.h.
35 lb./sq. in. at 50 m.p.h.

The oil pressure gauge may indicate 100 lb./sq. in. when the engine and lubricant are cold. As the engine and lubricant warm up this high pressure will drop and the above readings are the *minimum* pressures permissible when running in top gear.

To alter the oil pressure an oil pressure release valve is located on the off side of the crankcase just behind and lower than the external oil filter.

In order to increase the oil pressure rotate the adjusting screw clockwise. It is important to tighten the locknut after effecting any adjustment.

Sixty Years Ago:

LT

In 1949, the Correspondence pages of the 24 June issue of *The Autocar* began with the following letter and photograph. Together they illustrate the hazards of long-distance motoring in Australia when our RMs were new. I doubt many were sold into the Mackay region.

This was the notorious Marlborough—Sarina stretch, which was not much improved for decades. When I took my first Riley north in 1962, the road was a narrow strip of rough bitumen with broken edges decorated by broken bottle and windscreen glass.

QUEENSLAND MOTORING**Tough Going In Northern Australia**

[61974]—Many happy hours did I spend in England with *The Autocar*, which I greatly miss now I am here in sunny Queensland. I am enclosing a photograph to give your readers some idea of what a *main* road is like in Queensland. We have 250 miles like it between Mackay and Rockhampton ; three days hard going, with many patches of sand axle-deep. Bogs abound and no creeks are bridged, and in one section of six miles there are twenty-six creeks covered with a choice collection of rockery; ideal spots for trials drivers !

Small wonder that the big U.S.A. cars predominate. The Prefect in the small class is a wonderful job, standing up to the tough going like a truck. A few English makes are arriving here in the north, mostly Morris, Austin and Vanguard, and are showing up well; their great drawback is their high price.

Mackay, North Queensland.

E. H. WAYLAND.



A section of the highway between Brisbane and Mackay, and reader E. H. Wayland's Ford Prefect [61974].

Riley Parts For Sale – Post War

- RMABCDEF wheel.....\$20
 - RMBCD inlet manifold, no corrosion or modification.....\$20
 - RMABC rear shock absorber brackets to convert earlier car to telescopic shock absorbers.....\$25pr
 - RMBCDF flywheel.....\$40
 - RMBCD exhaust manifold.....\$80
 - RMA finned brake drums.....\$10 each
 - RMA later non finned brake drums.....\$10 each
 - RMH set of four Pathfinder drums\$70set
 - RMABD windscreens, untampered frames, vgood.....\$20pr
 - RMH Pathfinder factory workshop manual mint condition....\$50
 - RMF factory illustrated parts catalogue, excellent.....\$50
 - BMC One-Point-five factory workshop manual ringback folder in as new condition complete with unprinted pages... . \$15
- Borg-Warner rear axle with flanges drilled to fit RM by Race Engineering 3.89:1 ratio. Would suit special.....\$80

Other parts may be available.

Contact Mike Bramwell on **0437189538**

2009 Committee Contact Details:**President**

Alan Hill
4 Mahdeen Place
SAMFORD 4520
Telephone: (07) 3289 1063
Email: alshe@bigpond.com

Secretary

Ray Burrows
14 Lynch Crescent
BIRKDALE 4159
Telephone: (07) 3822 1366
Email: Redpath@aanet.com.au

Editor

Linden Thomson
39 Third Avenue
SANDGATE 4017
Telephone: (07) 3269 6426
Email:
lindenthomson@optusnet.com.au

Spare Parts

Jack Warr
9 Newcomen Street
INDOOROPILLY 4068
Telephone: (07) 3378 3541

Registrar

Dianne Phillips
34 Blackwood Street
EAST IPSWICH 4305
Telephone: (07) 3281 3807
Email:
diannephillips1@optusnet.com.au

Vice President

Simon Schooneveldt
5 Bridge Street
ASHGROVE 4060
Telephone: (07) 3366 6573
Email: spschoon@iprimus.com.au

Treasurer:

Ross Phillips
34 Blackwood Street
EAST IPSWICH 4305
Telephone: (07) 3281 3807
Email:
diannephillips1@optusnet.com.au

Club Captain

Wendy Judd
6 Cressbrook Street
FOREST LAKE 4078
Telephone: (07) 3879 0340
Email: tgjudd@yahoo.com

Assistant Spare Parts

Graham Mackay
10 Lonsdale Close
PARKINSON 4114
Telephone: (07) 3273 3450

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