

K.C's STORY by
Kenneth Charles Ebeling

Part 4 MOTORING MEMORIES

PREFACE

Perhaps one day someone, perhaps even one of my descendants, may read my story and obtain some enjoyment from what I have written. It may serve to give them some insight into the way of life in the days in which I grew up, was educated, worked, raised a family and, most of the time, enjoyed life in the good old days.

The writing of my story began as an idea not long before I retired on July 10th., 1987. I had previously spoken of writing of my working days in the Postmaster Generals Department and its successor Telecom. The idea developed from an article I had written about a working trip to Cape York made in the closing days of 1942. Later I wrote another about my second working trip to the Cape in 1949. I also had available two articles about MG cars I had owned. These enabled me to get a flying start. As I had graduated to the first MG from a motorcycle it seemed logical to begin with the story of my motorcycle and how I became interested in buying one. At that stage I thought it would add interest if I began with my earliest recollections of cars owned by my immediate family and other relatives. Some of these appear in photographs in an old album. While writing I began to include other interesting vehicles I had remembered seeing as a young boy. Over a period of about fifteen years I had also written three articles with a railway theme and added to them in 1988 an account of a trip to Sydney on the Bi-centennial Steam Train. These four, at the time of writing, were submitted to the editor of "The Sunshine Express" the monthly magazine of the Queensland Division of the Australian Railway Historical Society. Two of these were published and all four have been incorporated in my story.

As some of the first chapters of my motoring memories seemed more related to my childhood I decided to divide my story into a number of parts each of which, in a some ways, would be complete in itself.

To help me with my writing, apart from my memory, I had available a large collection of photos, mostly taken by myself, from 1939 onward. The majority are mounted in albums with notations of dates and places. There are two albums containing only motor car photographs. Another album contains only photographs of motorcycles. Also in my possession are two much older albums. One contains a large number of photographs taken by my father, sometimes by my mother, using a Kodak folding camera which produced postcard size negatives. Contact prints of the same size were made from these. The other album contains smaller photographs mostly taken with a Kodak Vest Pocket folding camera by family members. This camera, which I still possess, took 127 size film which gives a contact print about 70mm by 45mm. Over the years I had also retained a number of papers related to my working life. Importantly for the Cape York stories I had

kept the working reports submitted at the time. These enabled me to state with confidence where I had been and when I had been there. Quite often I would turn up, among other papers I had accumulated, information which would trigger further memories.

At times it became frustrating as I seemed to have more and more writing to do, and more and more typing, than I could quickly handle. At least the word processor programme for my son's Apple IIe Computer made it easy to correct the frequent mistakes and to rearrange sentences and paragraphs. It was not always easy as at some stage I, or perhaps the computer? made a mistake and erased from a disc all the stored information or my access to it. It had contained about 25 pages of labourious typing. At least I had a printed copy which allowed me to modify and retype the missing chapters. As I should have done right from the start I began making back-up discs.

As I write this preface it is November, 1989 and with luck what follows may be the complete story.

Ken Ebeling

MOTORING MEMORIES

By

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Chapter I In the Beginning

My earliest recollection of a motor car is of my father's model "T" Ford which was used to transport the family from Cotton Vale to Kingsthorpe in mid 1925. Cottonvale is a small railway siding about 42 km south of the Warwick on the way to Wallangarra on the Queensland – New South Wales border. Kingsthorpe was then a small fading coal mining town on the main western line about 19km west of Toowoomba. The Model "T" had been bought secondhand from the local storekeeper when he purchased a new car. There are postcard size photographs in the family album showing the car with the hood down. In one my mother is at the wheel with my sister and I and some family friends. In the other photo my father is alone at the wheel.

The only real recollection of the trip is of my father lifting me up to stand me on the large round corner post of a paddock where a number of kangaroos were kept. On many later occasions I heard my father recount his story of the trip and tell of the large number of punctures he had to repair on the way. I seem to recall seven but perhaps the number grew with the passing years. Once the tyre had been released from the rim to gain access to the tube it was necessary to use self heating vulcanising patches and their associated clamp to ensure a leak proof repair. The need to pump the tyre up manually to the high pressures used in the tyres of the day added no pleasure to such a journey. A small 127 size photograph taken with a Kodak Vest folding camera of one roadside halt shows the bonnet off and a box labelled PLUME Motor Spirit alongside the car. My sister and I are in the photo along with my father wearing the dust coat favoured by motorists in those days long past.

The country in the background could best be described as black soil plain. The only road visible seems to be wheel tracks rather than a formal road.

"PLUME" was of course the name of the company we now know as "MOBIL". The box spoken of, despite it containing tins of petrol, was usually called a kerosine case. Everyone used kerosine for lamps and lanterns but very few families had a car in the early twenties. Because of the low demand for motor spirit, stores in country towns sold it in square tins with slightly rounded corners or by the case which held two tins.. Each tin held four gallons (18.2 litres). There were no petrol pumps in such places but some stores used a hand pump to dispense petrol into calibrated measuring cans from large drums which held 200 litres. To my generation they were 44 gallon drums. The petrol was then poured into the tank of the car using a funnel if one, luckily, happened to be

available. The tins were fully sealed, with no screw cap as is now common. There was a circular indented area about 35mm across in one corner which could be punctured to pour out the contents. It was a good idea to punch a smaller hole in the diagonally opposite corner to let in air for ease of emptying.

There were a couple of devices on the market to assist in the process of emptying the tins. The one my father owned consisted of a metal pipe about 40mm long. The pouring end was shaped like the nozzle of one of today's petrol pump hoses. The bottom end was cut at an angle of about thirty degrees to leave a sharp point. Above the angled lower end of the nozzle was a flange with a sealing washer below. Above this flange was a threaded section which screwed into a flat steel plate. From the plate hung a "U" bolt somewhat longer than the depth of a petrol tin and flattened at the bottom. The flat of the "U" went below the bottom of the can at one corner and the sharpened end of the nozzle was positioned over the indentation on the top. By turning the nozzle, its angled end was forced into the can and another turn or two sealed the gap. Emptying the motor spirit into the tank was then an easy job provided you didn't forget the air inlet hole for the other corner.

Both the tins and the cases were in popular demand in the late nineteen twenties and early thirties of the depression years. The tins served a myriad of uses. Some had the top cut out to be used as buckets, sometimes cut down to half size, for such purposes as boiling clothes, heating water for baths or making tea for the school picnic at the end of the year. A passable washing up dish for the kitchen could be made if the tin was split diagonally at each end and then down one corner. When opened out this provided two vee bottomed troughs joined together. This was then surrounded by a light wooden frame for support and to protect the often jagged edges. Hanging in our laundry was a tin which had been cut and converted to form a type of "Goolgardie Safe" to keep the butter cool in summer.

The cases themselves were twice as long as they were wide to hold the two square tins. Being of good quality pine they were in great demand for the manufacture of small cupboards, storage boxes, seats and other items of furniture. If three cases were fastened together with the end ones upright and the middle one laying on its side it made a passable small sofa. A board was nailed across the back of the upright boxes near the top to add strength and to provide a backrest. There was an example with the tops, backrest and seat section padded and covered with a patterned cloth at historic Newstead House a few years ago. My father made one on which we sat in comfort to clean our shoes or boots stored in the open boxes with polish and brushes close at hand. It was necessary to use whatever was available to "make do" with furniture as well as with your motor car in the years of the depression. Many a farmer lost a piece of fencing wire for a far better cause when something broke or came adrift on a car in the old days. You would certainly not have passed a car stopped by the roadside without asking if assistance was required.

My Grandfather Ebeling had a "T" model Ford utility which I believe had been converted from its original form by my father and his father. Grandfather also had a pair of solid rubber tyres for the rear wheels. These were fitted when driving in the rough sandstone

country around Goombungee and among the prickly pear which had not yet been controlled by the *Cactoblastis* caterpillar imported from South America.

While at Cotton Vale my father had completed part of a correspondence course for motor mechanics and did all the repair work on his own and his father's car. I can remember, while at Kingsthorpe, seeing my father at work remetalling and scraping bearings to fit them correctly, fitting new piston rings, grinding valves and replacing the woven linings of the bands in the epicyclic gear box. At one time, much to my mother's disgust, he spent many frustrating hours repairing a leak in someone else's radiator.

The two most unusual cars I saw at Kingsthorpe were an Amilcar and a Morgan three wheeler. The occupants would have had a pretty rough ride as the road they came along was just a track in the black soil flat. It had been made by the wheels of the few cars and the more frequent horse drawn vehicles. The latter were mostly drays or spring carts bringing milk to the small cheese factory, which was soon to close, or picking up or delivering goods to the railway station. There was also the occasional sulky bringing family members to do a little shopping, to go to the Post Office, railway station or perhaps to the hotel. The hooves of the horses made a third rut, not quite as deep as the wheel ruts, midway between them. This must have made things difficult for the Morgan three wheeler with its limited ground clearance and the rear driving wheel in the middle rut. I am sure they weren't the kind of roads that Mr. Morgan designed his cars for. Other road vehicles encountered, but not driven by internal combustion, were steam rollers at work on the roads. At harvest time there was always the occasional steam traction engine pulling the threshing machine used to separate the grain from the stalks. When on site the traction engine drove the thresher by means of a huge belt looped around its flywheel. The Toowoomba City, or was it still a town, Council also had a number of steam lorries carting gravel to repair the roads and streets. In many ways steam power was still king and not only on the railways.

There were a number of cars owned by members of my mother's family. Grandfather Schmidt was a plumber with shops in Goombungee and Crows Nest and both shops had a utility. One was a Chevrolet four cylinder and the other, a later model, was a six cylinder. An uncle by marriage drove a two door model "A" Ford Tudor sedan. A photo exists of a family gathering at Kulpi taken probably in 1930 or 31. It features two model "A" Ford cars, the Tudor and sedan and my father's tourer, bought late in 1929, and the Chevrolet utilities from the plumber shops. The Ford Tudor was replaced, sometime before 1936, with a Ford V8 Coupe. One afternoon this car became bogged in the drain between the two level crossings at Kingsthorpe where deep mud had collected after recent heavy rain. Since the branch railway to Goombungee and Haden was closed there is only one level crossing. In an effort to get the car out some short pieces of chain were wrapped around the rear wheels. When power of the early V8 was applied one of the chains must have caught on the granite flagstones beneath the mud and the chain broke. It broke with sufficient force for the links to dent the metal of the mudguard enough to crack the enamel on the outer surface. The same impact on the thinner metal of mudguards of today would probably result in a hole.

As both my mother's and father's parents lived at Goombungee 22.5km north of Kingsthorpe we often visited one or both families on a Sunday. The road was gravel in a few places, possibly because it happened to be a stony ridge, or sand or just plain dirt. When it rained, the dirt sections became greasy or boggy mud depending on how much rain had fallen or how much of the farmer's freshly plowed field had washed across the road. One Sunday night on our way home in the rain we were travelling downhill near Boodua when the car skidded wildly. With the high pressure tyres and quick steering of a model "T" Ford things happen very quickly. My father drove out of the skid and we had been motoring along for a few moments, by the dim light of the headlamps, when my father exclaimed "We're going uphill, we're heading back to Goombungee! " Whether we had made one or two complete rotations before coming out of the skid we never knew. Dad turned the car around, nearly got stuck in the roadside ditch, and we headed for home and bed somewhat subdued.

Close to our house was an area where the water sometimes ran across the road. During heavy rain it became a real bog hole and quite often the cream carrier's truck would get bogged. On such occasions my father and other locals helped to dig and drag the truck out of the mud using shovels and a system of ropes and pulleys anchored to stakes driven deeply into the soft black soil. Occasionally other people also got bogged and needed assistance. Wise motorists stayed home unless travel in such conditions was a necessity. The cream carter however had a duty to perform and had to try unless conditions were utterly hopeless.

In the late twenties and into the thirties getting bogged occasionally was an accepted part of country motoring if you travelled during or after heavy rain. In some places the situation is probably still that way but back then no one had four wheel drive. At least I never heard of it. At times it didn't matter if the creeks were flooded as you couldn't get as far as the creeks anyway.

Wise motorists carried a set of specially manufactured chains for fitting to the rear wheels when travelling away from the cities and bigger towns. They also knew how to fit them in theory or from practical experience. It was a dirty messy job fitting them in the mud at any time but far worse if you were already bogged. If you had forgotten to wash the mud from the chains after the last time they had been used it added to the mess. Despite it being an offence to drive on the bitumen surfaced roads with chains still on, many a motorist left them on in anticipation of the boggy stretch yet to come.

The family made occasional car trips to Toowoomba to do some shopping, to go to a movie or to visit any one of a number of relatives. One night we were returning home in the "T" model with the canvas side curtains in place because of the rain and fog. The visibility was so poor my father had to turn back the front portion of the curtain and peer around the windscreen to see where he was going. With the curtains in place the only sideways vision was through a tiny glass porthole near the driver. Fortunately traffic moved more slowly in the twenties and thirties.

Gatherings of the Schmidt or Ebeling family were usually centered on nearby Goombungee. At times the model "T" went a little further afield as my family had relatives at Kulpi, Crows Nest, Biddeston and Maclagan as well as Toowoomba. Biddeston and Maclagan were places rather than towns and do not always appear on maps of South East Queensland. Volpi was probably the furthest away at 60km while Crows Nest was the biggest and the terminus of a branch railway which closed many years later.

When we first lived at Kingsthorpe the nearest sealed bitumen road was in Toowoomba. The road west from Toowoomba to Dalby and the far west, went past the aerodrome as it does today. For a time it did not. Not far beyond the aerodrome was a steep stony descent or more importantly an ascent if you were going to Toowoomba from the west. It was called Charlton Pinch and was then a steeper climb than it is today. On one occasion we had to reverse up the climb because of an almost empty petrol tank. In a model "T" the petrol tank was under the front seat and fed to the carburettor by gravity. When the petrol level was low and you were going up a steep hill the fact that fluids will not flow uphill by gravity alone was clearly demonstrated.

The gravel road to the west from the foot of Charlton Pinch skirted the base of Gowrie Mountain. Just after passing Gowrie Mountain the road to Kingsthorpe is on the right and you can see in the bottom of the valley the small township of Kingsthorpe where my family lived from 1925 until mid 1936. It is now a dormitory suburb of Toowoomba. Eventually the bitumen reached Gowrie Mountain and continued on past the Kingsthorpe turn off to Oakey. This gave my school mate and me the incentive to ride and in places walk my bicycle up to the main road. There we could taste the delight of riding a bicycle on a smooth surface where there was no loose gravel to send you tumbling or goat head burrs to puncture the tyres. It was not a pastime approved by our parents.

As mentioned earlier, my father purchased one of the newly released 1929 model "A" Ford cars. We had earlier seen one in the showroom of the Toowoomba agents, Faulkner Motors, with one front wheel raised up on a substantial wooden block to demonstrate the flexibility of the suspension. It was purchased from an agent in either Pittsworth or Milmerran. Why ours was not bought in Toowoomba, which is far closer, I don't know. Buying it must have been a strain on the family budget as the country was in the middle of the Great Depression. It must be noted that anyone who had a permanent job, such as my father's job in the railway, was far better off than the majority of people in the city or country at that time.

After the purchase of the model "A" the comfort improved as did the potential for trips further afield. It also meant there was no longer a need to reverse up Charlton Pinch or use a crank handle to start the car. In the model "A" there were separate side curtains for front and rear windows kept in a compartment under the feet of the rear seat passengers. This could be a bit awkward in a sudden downpour. The curtains had celluloid inserts which enabled everyone to see out until they became cloudy from exposure to the sun and finally began to crack and fall to pieces. Later in its life our model "A" was fitted

with side curtains which rolled up like a roller blind. This was a far quicker way of keeping out the rain when caught in a sudden storm.

The petrol from the tank of the model "A" Ford also fed by gravity but the tank formed part of the dashboard and, being much higher, did not cause the same problem as had been experienced on Charlton Pinch. It had been a low gear climb for the "T" model but the "A" easily made it in second gear. My dad delighted in demonstrating to other drivers he sometimes had on board that it would maintain 40km/h up the gravel surface of the old Toll Bar Road at Toowoomba with four passengers. This was not the relatively easy climb of the range which now confronts motorists on the up lanes of the present divided highway. The new road uses a part of the old one but not the final steep pinch. This portion now has a bitumen surface which is still signposted as the old Toll Bar road. In those days cars frequently stopped during the climb with boiling radiators and the driver was faced with a walk to the service station at about the half way point for more water or for assistance. Cars still occasionally strike the same problem, but now there is no service station.

On a number of occasions the model "A" took the family from Kingsthorpe to Coolangatta despite my father as a railway employee getting a free family pass for our holidays. The terminus of the line was actually over the border in Tweed Heads. The Coolangatta Railway Station was on the west side of the main street now occupied by shops. It was usually a full day car trip with a lunch stop on the way. On one occasion we lunched at Gailes and on another occasion at the spot where the road to Ipswich leaves the Ipswich bypass at Brassal. There was no Ipswich bypass in the thirties and the road from Toowoomba went through Helidon, Grantham, Gatton, Marburg and Redbank which are all now bypassed. The only link to Logan Road to Southport and beyond, from the Ipswich Brisbane road, went past the north boundary of Archerfield Aerodrome and out through Sunnybank. The road went through Beenleigh and Yatala on the western side of the famous Pie Shop. The Logan and Coomera Rivers had to be crossed by ferry which added time to the trip. If you happened to arrive just as the ferry was leaving it meant waiting for the crossing, the unloading, the loading and the return crossing before you had a chance to get across. Not long before one trip, a car had run backward off one of the ferries which caused concern for the drivers of last-on vehicles. On our arrival at the ferry we joined the usual queue until there was only one space left and only one car in front of us. The driver of the model "T" refused to go aboard but my father needed no urging from the Ferry Master and pulled out and drove straight on. It probably meant a saving of thirty or forty minutes.

In 1995 driving a car from Kingsthorpe to Tully along Highway I would be a breeze even if the car was a 1929 Model "A" Ford tourer. You may rest assured that this was not the situation in 1936 when it became necessary for my father to take the family car from Kingsthorpe 20km west of Toowoomba to Tully about 210km north of Townsville. Driving the car the 1500km on the roads then existing was not even considered an option. It was certainly not recommended by the RACQ. Indeed the report about some sections of the route suggested the track was more suitable for explorers than motorists. In 1936 a fully sealed highway from Brisbane to Cairns was unlikely to have even been a dream of

some forward thinking engineer. To send a car by rail was prohibitively expensive. It seemed that in the thirties railway people were supposed to use the railways and not have cars. Therefore no concession was made to those employees who wished to send a car anywhere by rail. It so happened that another railway employee from nearby Gowrie Junction was faced with the same problem. His car was a later model of forgotten make. The resulting combined decision was to drive the cars to Brisbane and to send them to Townsville by sea. The cars could then be driven to Tully at quite a worthwhile saving.

The drive to Brisbane was no real problem even though there were still many stretches of gravel road. After delivering the cars to the wharf for loading the two drivers returned home by train. At Kingsthorpe our house was now empty of furniture and my Grandfather Ebeling was waiting there with his Model 'T' Ford utility to take us all to Goombungee.

The three adults squeezed into the front and my sister and I, swathed in blankets because it was at night and in midwinter, huddled among the baggage in the back. My father drove. Having owned a model "T" of his own for many years before the "A" he was quite familiar with them. He was obviously unimpressed with the performance of his father's car and the poor headlights. Grandfather, who was a Salvation Army man and sometimes a lay preacher, wasn't impressed with the language my father used to describe the car's failings.

Next morning we took the rail motor to Toowoomba for a rail connection to Brisbane and a further connection there with the train to the north.

On arrival at Townsville the two men and the two boys, I was one of the latter, left the train while other family members continued on to Tully. The cars were picked up from the wharf without a hitch. After filling up with petrol and checking the car for the simple deditching gear sent with the car the road journey to the north began.

We certainly did not know what misadventures were in store.

To call the muddy track heading north from Townsville a road was a major over statement. It was not long before the so called road became, in many places, a track among the trees. North of Ingham, picking which of the many water filled tracks among the trees was the best to take became even more difficult. An occasional unbridged running creek and light rain added to the possibility of trouble to come. In mid-afternoon with the other car leading we came to another larger, unbridged, fast running, rain swollen creek. The other driver took his car straight into the water but before the rear wheels were wet the ignition was drowned with water thrown up by the cooling fan. It refused to start and we couldn't push the car back out of the creek. The bank of the creek, in tropical rain forest, was damp and slippery and our car couldn't get enough grip to pull the other car out.

My father suggested that we try a Spanish Windlass. All that was needed was the long piece of rope we had already used and two stout pieces of timber. We had an axe and

there were plenty of trees in the tropical growth bordering the creek. Fortunately there were no GREENIES on hand to protest at our timber getting. We did discover that the green ants which live in the trees sting in the same way as their ground dwelling, darker bodied relatives. Perhaps the ants were on the side of the other GREENIES.

Winching the car out was a slow process. After a lot of effort with the crank handle, and assistance from some nearby residents who had turned up unexpectedly, the car was persuaded to run. It was prepared for another crossing attempt by taking off the fan belt, putting a bag in front of the radiator and stuffing other material down the sides of the engine below distributor height. It didn't help as the car only got half way and was pushed out the other side with the aid of the willing locals. Our car was then prepared in the same way. Following a suggestion from an onlooker, our car was driven into the water at an older approach about five metres upstream. The idea of crossing at an angle was to obtain some assistance from the flow of the stream. We made the crossing safely to the cheers of the onlookers. Whether this was due to the advice offered, better preparation, the distributor being mounted on top of the cylinder head or pure chance is anyone's guess. The other car was again started, with difficulty, using the crankhandle. This very handy accessory is no longer provided with any car I have heard of in recent years. For the rest of the trip the other car blew great clouds of smoke as we plowed our way among the trees in the rain. Finally we came to a stretch of graded road which was so greasy that progress in a straight line was virtually impossible. We only had to push the other car out of the roadside ditch once before we came to a stretch of gravelled road leading to Cardwell. It was almost 11 pm when we arrived at Cardwell still 44km short of our destination. It had taken us about 13 hours to cover the 165km from Townsville.

As we hadn't eaten since morning we headed for a cafe only to be refused entry because we were covered in mud. Because of the late hour the proprietor also wanted to close up. Some very persuasive words must have been used as we were allowed to enter following a quick clean up at a tap on the footpath. We were then provided with an excellent meal. The next step was a visit to the railway station to arrange a message to the rest of the two families now anxiously waiting in Tully. We had hoped to arrive there in the late afternoon.

We spent the rest of the night sleeping, at times, on the wooden benches of the railway waiting room.

Local advice was to not even consider trying to drive the rest of the way. In the morning the cars were loaded into railway wagons for the remaining 44km of the trip. They then finished their journey in a manner which may have been the best way after all! Had the cars gone by train all the way it certainly would have been far less of an adventure for a boy in his early teens. It is certainly remembered as an adventure even though almost sixty years have passed.

Early in 1937 I left home to attend high school in Toowoomba and being away for most of the years to come I lost track of the changes in family transport. My brother-in-law tells me that on arrival at Sellheim my father had no car and it appears that the car was

sold in Tully before leaving. At the time my brother-in-law-to-be was driving a model "T" Ford. While at Sellheim my father purchased a four cylinder Whippet tourer. I was fully aware of this purchase as I assisted him with the decarbonising of the cylinder head and the grinding in of the valves while home on holiday from school. The garage used was the Burdekin Plum Tree alongside the house. The Whippet must have been sold some time later as the next car I knew of was a little Austin two seater which I never saw. I have a photo of it with my father alongside and our dog Toby sitting in a little hatch in the beetle like tail. It was, I understand, disliked by my mother. As all the roads in the immediate area were still gravel, except for the then narrow section up the Haughton Range, I can understand my mother's feelings. My father's next move was to Mingela, at one time called Ravenswood junction, a small township closer to Townsville than Sellheim. The latter became an army camp during the Second World War. I went to Mingela at least once for a holiday, in either 1939 or 1940. While I can remember a garage I can't recall the car. Another shift for my father meant my next visit home was to Morven and I can recall going to Charleville in a Model "B" Ford. My next home visit was to Gunalda where I took my first driving lessons in the model "B" Ford. This was certainly after 1948 as I have a photograph of it along with the Triumph motorcycle bought in that year.



My first motorized transport at Yeppoon Beach in 1947

While still at Gunalda the model 'B' was replaced with a with a Ford Anglia two door which later moved to Woodford. My mother and father made at least one trip to Charters Towers in the Anglia to see my sister. On the way they stopped overnight at Emerald where I was working. In turn, a Standard "B" replaced the Anglia and was itself replaced by a Standard "10" which was sold to a local resident as part of my father's estate early in 1957. One of the Standard cars had a most annoying rattle which my father and I spent many hours trying to locate. It appeared to come from the dash area but try as we might it

always eluded us. One day when I was driving along a stretch of corrugated gravel road I happened to put my hand down onto the release button on the handbrake. Suddenly the noise stopped. Like many car noises it hadn't come from any of the areas our hearing had indicated.

By the time my father had progressed to the Ford Anglia I had purchased a small sports car. When he died on New Year's Eve 1956 I had progressed to my third and last sports car. Of these I can write in more detail