Good day fellow members, as the last two Fridays of April fall on a public holiday the next Friday available for our meeting falls on the 2nd of May.

Also note the Inter Club Rally will be held at the Burdekin Club venue YOMP (Ye Olde Machinery Place) at Brandon on the 3-4-5 of May.

Beth Harris sends in a Wife’s View, found on page 2, Trevor Larkin from Mt Isa sent in a poem and Ian Matthews discovers the origin of the tractor. All contributions are welcome.

I was only able to fit a small section of the Novo story this month but never mind there’s always next month.

Ian Williams is well under way with his crane, I hope there is a future story. I believe Richard is also making some changes to his crane, I’ll keep an eye on the progress and I am also modifying my crane. I am cutting about 150mm off the post to get it below the head board.

Keith.

**Coming Events**

**Inter club Rally**
at the YOMP Brandon on 3-4-5 May

Visit Tom Callows Toy Box on Saturday afternoon 3rd May

Dinner at Brandon Tavern Saturday night 3rd May

**Inter Club Rally** on Sun 4th May YOMP Brandon

**BBQ** Sunday afternoon on site

Visit Alf Shands Shed on Mon morning the 5th May

**BBQ** at YOMP Brandon at Midday Mon the 5th May
The Novo story continues

Next I turned up over sized shafts for the cam, cam follower, the governor latch, the governor weight on the flywheel and the intermediate gear for the maggy. The valves were attacked next. The valves are held in a cage that unscrews from the head, I took the cages around to Ian Williams place and he cut the seats, the inlet valve was OK and was soon lapped in. The exhaust valve was bug – had it. I tried to thread the stem of a valve that I obtained from Malcolm but the stem was to hard so there was nothing for it but to turn up a new valve. The valve was turned up in two pieces, the head was drilled and threaded, when the valve stem was screwed into the head I riveted it over. It looks good but time will tell. With two caps turned for the stem and another copper gasket made, the valves were ready for installation.

The fuel system was next, the carby came apart easily and was a simple system, fuel is pumped into the bowl and overflows back through a tube to the fuel tank once the correct level is reached.

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Both tubes in the bowl had corroded off, so I silver soldered a piece of copper pipe to both of the brass fittings that screw into the bottom of the bowl. I then drilled out both eroded pipes to the size of the copper pipe, and then screwed the fittings with the copper pipe into the bowl. The height of the copper pipe in the bowl will have to be checked at a later date.

Keith

A WIFE’S VIEW

We’re really fortunate to have more than one shed because it means that we’ve plenty of space to store old bits of rusty machinery of a pretty broad range of shapes and sizes. Maybe soon (when the house is finished … and it will be!!), we’ll be able to store farm pumper parts on workbenches instead of on the coffee table and this might encourage my dear husband to reassemble that farm pumper. It’s going to be a beauty!

In the meantime, the old Lister is keeping us company at night, beside the couch, draped in protective soft oily cloth, to be hauled out and polished impeccably for displays. I just love the shiny copper and brass glinting in the sun.

Which reminds me about the first time I accompanied that dear husband to a display. I learnt many things at the recent Thuringowa Life Be In It display, including a little about machinery and that amazing male ability to discuss it to the ‘enth’ degree for extraordinary periods.

I admit to being worried about being bored (like when a fidget goes fishing) but I had a lovely and relaxing afternoon and recommend it as an out-

Rest assured that I’m not encouraged to start collecting myself, although I’m very fond of my little garden Globe and now find myself looking more closely at other rusted metal than I’m comfortable with just yet. The garden Globe has already been victim of that dear husband’s envy - he’s swiped my little bits of white metal for some obscure and as yet unknown purpose and worked out which parts might be alright for other little preservation jobs. Is nothing sacred???? I have no real idea what I might do with some white metal but I’ve heard that it has great value in some circles. And the dear husband still won’t share his rusty old rabbit traps with me as some form of barter, which is quite irrelevant to others but not at our place!!!

My little garden Globe has a lovely future planned for it, as a decorative display at the start of a little water garden in front of the aforementioned house (which will be finished - mark my words!!). I plan to clean it up and repaint it a sparkling garden-like colour which will also respect what I think was its original colour and then I must sadly recruit some of the dear husband’s skills to bring it to something similar to its former glory. Once installed in its final position with its beautiful flywheels, it will be planted within and without with aromatic herbs and fragrant flowers ……… yep, nothing’s sacred!!!

Beth Harris
Engines

You go to find it, where they told you look
It was suppose to be easy, but a long time it took
At last you see it, and load it in the back,
Then head for home, along the old dusty track.

Room in the shed, is becoming quite thin,
Can't wait to start, it's sure to squeeze in.
The Little Lady, foot tapping with hands on hips,
Your trying to convince her, there'll be NO more trips.

Removing years of grime, and seasons of rust,
Straining and straining, til you thought you'd bust.
At last the piston's free, the bore looks OK,
The crank is good, the bearings can stay.

Grind the cracks, then strike an arc,
Working away, long into the dark.
Clean all the bolts, and machine up a thread,
CRIPES! Is that the time? I should be in bed.

Day after day, every moment you can spare,
Is spent working on the engine, down in your lair.
Removing the rust, is one job I hate,
But then priming and painting, I can hardly wait.

Explaining to the Little Lady, trying to keep the peace,
About the parts required, as the dollars increase.
How good it'll look, and what an asset it will be,
But with bits everywhere, it's hard for her to see.

At last the assembly of all the shiny bits takes place,
And so once again the shed has a little more space.
Slowly but surely, the engine is reborn,
It's hard to imagine, once it looked so forlorn.

Timing the spark, after fitting the magneto,
Oil, water and fuel, is it READY, to go?

After a turn of the crank, and a little bit of choke,
A cough and a splutter, then the shed fills with smoke.

The thrill you get, from the first time it's ran,

Another engine saved, from certain disintegration,
So a chance to be enjoyed, by a future generation.
Well I had better get the trailer, tools, and pack,
And head off to save another, along the old dusty track.

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By Trevor J Larkin.

Origin of The Name "TRACTOR"

The word 'tractor' was first coined commercially in 1906 by Messrs. Hart and Parr, pioneer engine builders of Charles City, Iowa, or rather by their sales manager. He was puzzling over an advertisement he was writing. The words "gasoline traction engine" then in use to describe the Hart-Parr machine, were too unwieldy. He wrote the word 'tractor' into the ad and that name stayed with the machine, which was one of the first tractors designed specifically for drawbar work.

RUSTY ENGINES
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