Good day fellow members, well the new year is upon us and I hope you all had a good Christmas and new year. We are still waiting for our wet season, have not had 4 inches where I live.

We had our end of year dinner at Victoria Park hotel on the 29th November. It was held in the beer garden and was quite pleasant, my sea food basket was the best yet.

I got a digital camera for Christmas, well I bought one for Anne. The camera has a feature where I can change to black and white, so I am hoping I can get better photo’s into the news letter. In the past when I put a colour photo into the news letter it looks good on the first copy but when I photo copy it, it looks pretty crook. I have just tried it out and the results are pretty ordinary. I am going to experiment with a low resolution setting to see if that helps. If any one out there has any suggestions please tell me.

Don’t know what other members are doing but Ian W just finished another small generator set, Russell repainted an engine,

Kool Fix

Trevor & Carol Philipson

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Malcolm is overhauling his section car and I did a bit of work on my section car and weather permitting, I would like to get the engine back into the tractor this coming weekend,

Last month a spur of the moment decision was made to take the section cars up to the Tableland which resulted in my frantic work to get the motor in order. As no one has sent in any stories to write up, I’ll write about the trip.

Keith.

The Club Christmas Dinner

After much discussion it was decided to have the club Christmas dinner at the Victoria Park Hotel, where the food and service was excellent. Those who could attend did so, unfortunately many members had other commitments and were unable to attend. There was no need to ask what the topic of conversation was. Members discussed the problems they were having and by the end of the night everybody's engines were running perfectly. Merve has made a new years resolution of always filling his petrol tank before trying to start his engine.

A Club Member

And I thought Merve left the petrol out on purpose so that he could enter for the hand powered award at Rolling Stone.

Keith

Our Trip to the Tableland

By Keith Hendrick

Malcolm and I left for Atherton at 7am boxing day, Ian and his family left 1/2 an hour later followed by Trevor, Carol and three exchange students. We made good time to Innisfail where we waited at a reviver stop at the beginning of the Palmerston highway until Ian and his family to caught up. This was my first trip to the Tableland in 33 years. The climate at the reviver stop was hot and humid and you could notice the difference when we reached Atherton.

After we had a cupa we headed up the range, the highway was far better than I could remember. The only criticism I had

Bill Osborne & Staff of BP Dalrymple
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We idled out of town and under the bridge that Malcolm and I did not see earlier. We were on our way there was no turning back. Looking back we could see a great storm gathering we hoped we could out run it, as it was Malcolm refused to bring his rain coat and left it back at the motel.

I blame Malcolm for what happened next, I have never been in such a downpour for years, I had a half rain coat but I may as well had nothing, Malcolm looked like a drowned rat up front and I felt like one, my hat got soggy and expanded then fell down over my ears.

Up a head Ian was fairing a little better as he had a roof as did Trevor. I remember thinking at the time, what a pair of old fools. We were so uncomfortable that we did not appreciate the trip fully on the way down.

Also I was not driving the motor properly. When I needed to slow down I would take off the belt tension, bring the engine back to idle then apply the brakes. If I had to do that in a hurry I seemed all hands getting it in the right order. Later on I controlled it just by using the throttle. On the steeper sections I throttled right off and the engine would eventually slow down then stop firing, if I needed to increase the speed I just opened the throttle and it would fire straight away.

Anyway back to the beginning and forgetting about rain.

There is a need for more overtaking lanes as I held up a bit of traffic. When we left Townsville it was hot dry and drab when we arrived at Atherton it was green and cooler.

After another cuppa at the Motel it was up to Herberton to put the motors on the line. As the others weren’t quite ready, Malcolm and I went on ahead, it was only 18k so we could not go wrong, well guess what, we got lost in Herberton. We were looking for the station on the left hand side of the road as we did not see the bridge over the line in the main street. after several detours I was quite disorientated (the town was only about 3 streets wide) so we asked a local, when we arrived at the station Ian and Trevor were already unloading. Anyway we were soon ready to go at about 2.30 in the afternoon.

I was pretty excited by this time and apprehensive as I did not know how the motor would perform. while it was idling it sounded terrible, but as soon as the load came on and we got under way it sounded like a sewing machine, I was impressed.
We proceeded out of town at a leisurely pace and were about to cross our first of many bridges. The first was a bit scary and I was thinking I hope I got everything right because if anything went wrong on the bridge you would be dead. I was getting to like the experience. (until the rain)

It wasn’t long before we came to our first highway crossing. Some one had put a gate across the line, I am not sure why. Any way Ian’s son Andrew got the job to open up an let us across the main road. I am not sure in what order we came across things but next came a rather long tunnel, it would have to be well over 100 meters long. Did the exhaust sound good when I opened the throttle in the tunnel, in fact when I came to the tunnel in the next trips I would slow down so that I could power up through it.

After a few more bends we came across long bridge spanning a dry water course. Once again as we crossed the bridge, thoughts turned to how well I put the car together.

A little further along we came across another bridge with a water fall falling from a high rock face. This had to be the most spectacular part of the trip. (even though Malcolm and I resemble drowned rats by now)

Well it looks like I have run out of room so you will have to wait till next month for the exciting finish.

Keith