Good day fellow members, as you can see the next meeting will be held on Saturday afternoon around 3pm at my place. We will have a sausage sizzle after the meeting, you will only need to bring a chair.

A couple of months ago I promised the rest of the Biloela story but unfortunately I did not write it down and it is mostly forgotten. I do remember how Russell would thumb his nose at the cold each morning by getting around in a pair of under pants while I would be rugged up. However on the last morning at Biloela it got down to minus 5 deg C and I could not hear him, so I snuck out and here he was all rugged up and hunched over the electric heater.

We have only one more display on the books for the year and that is at St Anthony's School. The display gets under way around 5.30 pm so we need to get there at least by 4.30 pm to set up.

I caught Brian Pump napping at the Calvary Temple display while he was supposed to be keeping an eye on the engines. Claims the sun was hurting his eyes and he was resting them.

Remember we have to start thinking about our Christmas break up.

Keith
Malcolm and I travel to McKinley

Some time ago I rang some friends that I had in McKinley, hoping that they might still have a Dun-litewighting plant that I had installed 30 years ago. I was disappointed to find that they still had it but they were using it on a bore. But I was told that I could have their old 32v lighting plant. He said that it was driven by a small Ronnie and that if I put fuel in it, the engine would probably start.
A long way to go for a Ronnie but I had not seen them for many years and with a sad farm pumper thrown in I decided to make the trip during my July holidays.

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23 Flagstone Av Rangewood
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The night before going out I rang to tell them that Malcolm and I leaving early the next morning. We got talking about the engine “yes he said just put diesel in and she should go” Diesel!, I thought it was a little petrol job. Anyway the die was cast and Malcolm and I left early the next morning.

The trip was fairly uneventful and we were impressed with the lake at Richmond. We reached Julia Creek mid afternoon and faced a 100k of dirt road.

The trip from Gilliat to McKinley did not take to long as the road looked like it had been graded recently. On arrival at the home stead we were welcomed with afternoon tea and we then set to catching up with a back log of electrical jobs. When people live so far from civilisation they have to take every opportunity.

Next morning after completing the rest of the jobs we went to look at the Ronnie, on the way we called in to their disused shearing shed and discovered a few old treasures, the Ronnie with its 32v generator was installed in a little shed adjoining the house, this house is on their original property. The ground was a bit wet from the sprinkler but Malcolm said it would be OK. It took a bit of work to drag the engine out of the shed so that we could attach the crane. Once out of the shed it was easy to load it aboard.

While Malcolm tying it on I went over to a pile of disused shearing gear. And selected enough to make up a 2 stand shearing plant. The hand pieces were not much chop but I have since been told he has located 2 good ones.

We were waiting for Malcolm to bring the Ute over, instead we spotted him walking over, he bogged the Ute. It was sitting down on the springs, we were lucky my friend had his grader parked beside the house.

After dinner, with all the gear loaded we headed back to the main house to visit the dump. These dumps seem to be the resting grounds for old treasures, side by side were 2 old Fordsons, you would think they were put there by parking attendants. Close by were two farm pumpers, I chose the most complete one and we loaded it on.

After another night at McKinley, we left early the next morning for home and were well past Julia Creek before the sun came up, so we stopped for a cupper and a sandwich. The trip home was pretty uneventful with a stop off at Charters Towers to deliver an old treadle sewing machine.

The next weekend Russell and I put fuel in the tank cranked it over and away it went. We ran it for about half an hour but when I tried to start it the next weekend it would not go. I think I have sucked a lot dirt into the pump and injector.

Keith
Warning keep an eye out for this motor

This motor, a Penguin inboard boat motor belonging to Ian Matthews, is the mechanical equivalent of the noxious weed, a wingless crop duster. This engine has been banned from our displays, be careful that Ian doesn’t try to sneak it into your display.

Within a couple of hours it had covered everything with a heavy coat of oil, in fact when we packed up to go home the lawn looked like a giant shadow board, you could pick out where everything sat, by the rich green shapes in the almost black lawn.

Ian has a history of bringing oil throwers to our displays.