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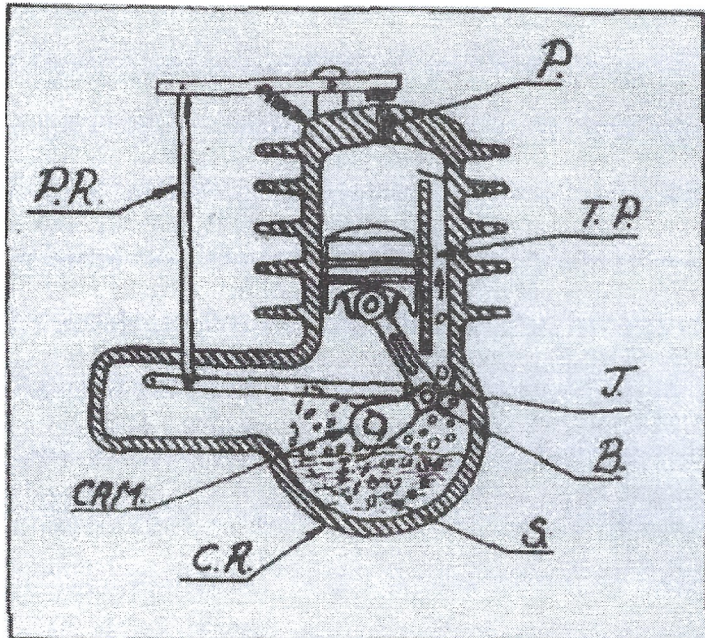
Featured Engine No. 60

The Sudsyoulake Engine – a Whimsy for Christmas!

By An Unknown Author

Our thanks to Mike Hodgson for discovering this gem. I've been saving it for a special occasion

Necessity is the mother of invention, so they say and the Ministry of Fuel and Power was the necessity that inspired me to devise the masterpiece of engineering science described below. An examination of the diagram above will doubtless produce a variety of comments. Ignoring the more scathing of these, I turn to the "type" who exclaims. "It's a two-stroke!" He's wrong, of course, as a somewhat closer examination will reveal. Ordinary two-strokes have the disadvantage of requiring, as the British Motorist knows only too well, a supply of that elusive substance by the name of Petrol before they will function. My engine has no such disadvantage, deriving its power from a concentrated solution of Household Soap. Briefly the modus operandi is as follows: —



As the piston approaches bottom, the big-end (B) splashes into the soap solution (S) which is contained in the crank-case (CR) causing bubbles to form. The projection (J) on the end (B) lifts a bubble up into the cylinder, via the transfer port (TP). Here it is compressed by the succeeding upward stroke of the piston, the CAM at the same time operating the push rod (PR) which depresses the pin (P) into the cylinder. Now it will be obvious, even to the novice that unless the bubble is exceedingly tough, it will be burst by the pin, thereby releasing an enormous amount of energy which operates the machine in the time-honoured manner by driving the piston downwards. The momentum of the fly-wheel keeps the whole infernal contraption going until the above procedure is repeated.

No oil is required, as exhaust soap serves to lubricate the cylinder. Also, since exhaust soap returns to solution in the crank-case, a little soap ration goes a long way. Every would-be motorist will no doubt have realised by now the significance of this

invention. In most cases a screw-driver, pliers, and a wet afternoon will be all that is required to convert the common car engine, thus providing a practical solution to the unrelenting Basic Problem.

Calendar of Events

Key. CN = Club Night. CU = Crankup

- Jan 30th** CN. Slide show by Robin Lambert.
Feb 12th E. Selwood Sortout at Zeals Airfield on the B3092. (Take the Mere Exit off the A303 and follow Signs for Stourton House & Stourhead. Post Code BA12 6QD)
Feb 27th CN. Annual General Meeting. 8.00pm at The Court Hotel. There will be a FREE buffet. Please do make an effort to attend & have YOUR say in the club's business
March 3rd E. (Sat) Wessex Spring Sortout at Cranmore Station Yard.
March 26th CN. WW2 in banknotes - invasion, occupation, liberation by Jonathon Hockedy
March 31st (Sat) Tractor & Engine Jumble. Langley Farm, Bampton, Oxfordshire, OX18 2RZ. Sellers £20 Buyers £4 Per Person
April 3rd (Sun) Sammy Miller's Motorcycle Museum. Spring Trip. Drive yourself, Bashley Cross Roads New Milton BH25 5SZ. Details later.
April 9th E. Easter Monday at Mells. Contact Robin Lambert 01373 463526 if you want to attend as space is always limited
April 21st (Sat). Spring Enstone Sale. info: Anne Harris 01367 810415
April 22nd (Sun) Crank up at Nunney Catch transport café
April 30th CN. "My life on the River Severn" by Chris Witts
May 26/27th Selwood Rally. Southwick, Nr Trowbridge BA14 9RH. Forms from Mrs Pearl Francis, 45, Stonebridge Drive, Frome, BA11 2TW. <http://www.selwoodvintage.co.uk/page6.html>
May 28th CN. "The Longleat Rallies" by Stuart Ashman
June 16/17th E. Wessex Midsummer Vintage Gathering. Our club rally at Semington.
June 23/24th Event. 28th 1000 Engine Rally, Astle Park.
June 25th CN. "Mary Rose". Talk on the Tudor warship by Bill Moore
July 21/22nd E. West Oxen Steam & Vintage Show. Ducklington, Whitney, OX29 7TY (junction A40/A415) Info: Anne Harris 01367 810415
July 29th (Sun) E. Haynes Motor Museum. Mini rally at Sparkbrook. BA22 7LH. (Subject to building work being completed. Details later)
July 30th CN. Crank Up at the Court Hotel.
August 20th CN. Early because of bank holiday. In house quiz.
Sept 24th CN "Engines at the 1000 Engine Rally" by Kim Siddons
Oct 6th (Sat) Skittle Match at South Parade club, Frome.
Oct 13th E. Wessex Autumn sortout at Cranmore Station Yard.
Oct 29th CN. Other Hobbies evening. Bring stuff along to illustrate a table display or talk about it!
Nov 12th (Sat) Autumn Enstone Sale. info: Anne Harris 01367 810415
Nov 26th CN. Photo presentation by the members. Bring along ten photo's or slides. Prize for best effort.
Dec 2th (Sun). CU. Antifreeze Crank Up at Nunney Catch.
December – No meeting this Month.
Dec 27th CU. Mince Pie Crankup at The Court Hotel. All events are listed in good faith. You should always ascertain if an event is taking place before you go. If in doubt, ring Brian Baker on 01749 342671

Obituaries

By Robin Lambert

It is with sadness we hear of the death of club member **John Trott** who passed away on 7th November. John, who lived in Bristol, was a well known figure on the rally field and it was always a pleasure to be in his company. He exhibited at many shows in the Bristol area and one of his favourite was the long distance trip to Astle Park. He had many friends within the Stationary Engine movement and I know he will be greatly missed. Our condolences go out to his wife Joan and family.

We hear that **Bob Lodge** sadly passed away on 2nd December. Most people who knew him knew he had been poorly for some time and bravely tried hard to carry on exhibiting his engines. It is a double blow for his family as only a week or so ago his wife also passed away. We will all miss Bob as he was a character amongst the stationary engine world with his dry sense of humour and could always be relied upon for a joke or two. We will miss him greatly and our thoughts are with his family at this sad time.

Social news

By Earwig

Happy birthday to a veritable (not to say venerable!) crowd in December. Founder Member Herbie Gane on the 3rd, Maureen Gay on the same day and that Kim is 70 on the 10th followed by Liz Hibbs on the 22nd and Dot Watts five days later on the 27th, so we can sing to her at the crankup. Sadly, Bob Lodge would have had a birthday this month too.

Spotted in the Local Press

Daring thieves stole more than 20 tonnes of metal worth £120,000 in a raid on the Great Dorset Steam Fair's warehouse. They broke into locked shipping containers in the warehouse along the A354 at Tarrant Hinton near Blandford Forum some time between noon on Sunday 30th October & 11.30am on Wednesday 2nd November. A large number of items were stolen during the break-in including 20 tonnes of steel armoured cable, various gauges between 5mm and 35mm. 15 drums of Seal Flex cable. 15 drums of HO7 rubber flex cable. Seven metal cabinets with fuse boards and approximately 20 fuse boards. 50 brass taps. Seven water meters, A Honda 6kva petrol generator. A chainsaw and 1,000 iron fence stakes. Needless to say, if you are offered anything approximating these items, please contact Blandford Forum Police.

Club Business

Membership Subs

Jackie Lambert asks me to remind you that membership subs are due on 31st December, but do feel free to send in advance. Please enclose an SAE if you renew by post. If you don't, your card will be sent to you with the next newsletter.

Postal Votes for the AGM

I remind you to mark the envelope "POSTAL VOTE" in the top left hand corner when sending.

Chairman's Report

by Brian Baker (*printed as received*)

The meeting at the Court Hotel on Monday 28th November had guest speaker Patrick Hassell give a talk entitled "Bristol before Rolls-Royce." This was without doubt one of the best speakers this year. The subject covered the early years of the Bristol Aircraft company before it was taken over by Rolls-Royce. It started with early bi-planes before the First World War on to aircraft of World War Two. The pictures of the early radial engines and their development were outstanding, and it is impossible to give justice to Patrick's talk in this report. He spoke for about one and a half hours without hesitation or notes of any kind, this was a superb presentation which I'm sure was enjoyed by the large audience present. Patrick donated his fee for giving the talk to the Heritage Trust, a truly generous man. Patrick has other talks available so it may not be the last we shall see of him, just watch this space. The raffle followed the talk; there was a table full of goodies including a magnificent Christmas cake brought along by Di Emery. I was pleased when our guest speaker won a couple of prizes. The winter crank-up at Nunney, suitably named the "Anti-freeze" crank-up took place on Sunday 4th December at Nunney Catch Transport Café on a cold but dry day, (well to start with). This event attracted a really good turnout of thirty three engines, thank you members for really supporting this event. The quality of the engines on display were first class, a credit to their owners, a couple of engines that caught my eye were a large Crossley which is a recent acquisition of Robin's, this has a compressor built into it, and Robin told me they were made as a starting engine for larger engines that required compressed air for starting, a really magnificent exhibit. Another engine the likes I have never seen before was an early Austin Seven engine with magneto ignition with a water pump built on to it, this was used as a fire pump. The large brass pump with numerous brass pipes was impressive to say the least; it even had pipes from the pump running around the sump of the engine to cool the oil. The whole assembly is housed in a large cast aluminium frame. This engine belongs to Arthur Smith who has done a superb restoration job on it. It is certainly a bit different to the Mustang that Arthur has been exhibiting this year. The café was doing a good trade with breakfasts and later on their roast dinners. I'm pleased to announce that the information we received that the café was going to close was not correct, the café will remain open and we will be having crank-ups there next year. I was in the café all morning taking next years subscriptions, at times I even had a queue, I ended up with writer's cramp. Will members who haven't yet renewed please remember that after the 31st of this month you will no longer be covered for insurance. You can renew by sending a stamped addressed envelope with a cheque for £13 double or £11 single to B J Baker 27 Wickham Way Shepton Mallet BA4 5YG or Mrs J Lambert 17 Beechwood Avenue Frome Somerset BA11 2AX, Cheques to be made out to W.S.E.C Ltd. At lunch time we had the raffle, a large selection of goods were on display including a bottle of Teachers whisky kindly donated by one of our members, despite putting my name on it, it was not to be, as it was won by another lucky member. After everyone had finished their lunch it was time to load up and head for home, another very successful event over, thank you very much to all who took part. I look forward to the last event of 2011 which is the Mince Pie Crank Up at the Court Hotel on the 27th Dec, the mince pies are ordered so come along and have some. I would like to take this

opportunity to wish all members and friends a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"Where's the Handle ..." from the front page

Dragged dripping and naked to the world, they were winched out again after a few days to face the harsh blast of the pressure washer. They were then shoved unceremoniously into the draughty old shed to await the ministrations of their unknowing and uncaring owners. The mysterious loss of aluminium based components was usually not noticed at the time and later put down to the "Thieving Didecoyes".

It was no reward for an engine that had spent its life working hard and having their Little Ways considered by a succession of owners over two generations of men. One might imagine that within each burned a small ember of resentment, one which usually came to the fore in a reluctance to start. Backfiring was another way of catching the Joes out and the rare OB Combination was particularly adept at thwacking its protagonist across the back of the hand. The Joes liked two strokes and it was quite surprising the number of small engines that retimed their spark to the wrong side of top dead centre so they could start in reverse, grabbing the rope and dragging the unwary towards mangled fingers and the local A&E.

Then a rather imperious and tall Petter Atomic marine came their way. It was too big to fit in the tank and weighed an absolute ton. It disobligingly wouldn't fit in the shed either and sat under the biggest tarp they had which it wore at a jaunty angle rather reminiscent of a sou'wester on a maiden aunt. It was one of those rather self-satisfied engines, a bit spoilt from its years at sea and it had considerable presence, looming over the Joes as they pottered about the yard. They'd had it running the once, but the cobbled together pipe work hissed and blew unions off with bullet like force and the receiver they pumped up to 200 PSI creaked ominously at them. The engine had actually fired up really easily - "probably bored" as Joe the Younger observed.

After an industrious day of mechanical abuse, dusk fell and the Joes retired for the night. Tomorrow they'd arranged an open day of sorts to celebrate the Petter's arrival and a fish and chip supper was the order of the day. They sat in the shed doorway looking out on a summer evening with something approaching contentment.

Joe the Elder thought he'd drag a Bamford out for a bit of fun and tried long and hard to make it go. But it wasn't going to start - again. The carb was full of petrol, the magneto had a spark you could read by and the piston squashed the gas against the cylinder head without the valves hissing. Why wouldn't it go? He kicked the unresponsive iron and shook the edge of the hopper in temper. Water slopped down his sleeve and he took a murderous swipe at the thing with the starting handle, hearing the dull crack as the cast iron gave way. That was it and, stuffing his chip paper down the hopper, he stumped off to bed.

The shed was silent, waiting. Up on the hill beyond the copse, the old Longbarrow lay under the crescent of a dying moon. Loose cloud scuttered across the sky and deep within the mound a long-nursed enmity to those who long ago disturbed its rest roused the Barrow Wight from millenniums of cold slumber. It knew who it was who had sunk the iron blade of the spade into its grassy shoulder, scattering the flowers of white Evermind to the winds. Oh yes, it knew. From the farm in the valley, nestling in the warmth of the sheltered south facing slope. The ancient ghost stirred: how it ached in the shade of its bones to be warm

again and heard the dark iron voices as they muttered to each other in the gloom of the engine shed. Oozing from the cracks of the stones that were the roots of the barrow, the Wight slipped out of his long home as a mist swirling down off the hill. Through the woods it came, the sliver of moon hidden now. The vixen screamed her unearthly banshee wail and crouched, hackles risen, as it passed. Below ground, the final screech of a rabbit with a stoat at work upon it ceased as biter and bitten felt the old spirit pass by.

The otter in the stream backed away with the trout flapping in its mouth as the white tendrils crept down the hill to the wall and the lands of men. It paused at the door of the farm house - then, as though its attention drew it away all unwilling, a shred of its being moved into the engine shed and hung there for a long moment. Silently, the assembled iron minds came together to share in the terrible revenge, one in which they could take a hand. As one with the Wight, they moved across the yard, the hard smell of iron creeping into the house. They found him sleeping and alone and took him to themselves - a watcher (but there was none) would have felt his hackles rise as the thin mist first flowed up the stairs and under the door and back again.

Joe woke slowly. He couldn't really see much, but he knew he was in the engine shed with no idea of how he'd got there. He turned - and couldn't. He was solid and immobile, his mind coming slowly to the dreadful fact that whilst his body lay in a deep sleep, his mind was in the engines. He could feel their enmity, every kick, every battered bolt and gnarled nut, every broken stud gave a strata of dull pain like old, old arthritis, deep in the bone. But it was the tall Atomic that scared him. He could feel it wanting to humiliate him, to treat him as its colleagues had been treated over the years. The Wight was silent, lurking.

Slowly, the sun rose and old Joe slept on. His boy shouted him but thought the old boy had got himself around a few whiskies and was sleeping it off. Whistling, he opened the road gate and went to start a few engines ready for the day.

Old Joe tried to tell him, but iron has a limited way of expressing itself and all that long, long day the engines all ensured that the spirit of their tormentor had his consciousness so aligned within the metal that each starting handle was inserted or attached in such a way as to cause the maximum humiliation for the Man Within. The Wight remembered the stones being pulled aside and the bright day pouring in upon his mouldering bones, the spade in the avaricious hand of Joe's many times gradfer - and was glad. Revenge is a dish best served cold.

Around him the members of his club drank tea, ate hamburgers and had a pleasant day in the sunshine. Young Joe was made much of and was profusely thanked for getting practically every engine in the place running.

Old Joe lay in bed, his head back, jaw agape and sawed a lot of wood all the long summer day, only stirring as the sun westered. In the yard, the engine men made their way home and young Joe had another go at waking his dad with a big mug of tea. Coming to as if from a dreadful nightmare, he sat carefully on the edge of the bed and blinked at the sun as it sank, sipping the hot, sweet tea. It was a waking horror he could never tell another soul, but he sold the Petter Atomic within the week. As it was driven away down the lane he looked after it as it leered at him, pushing his cap to the back of his head.

"Bloody ringleader!" he said. But he was quite wrong as he usually was and the flowers of the white Evermind bloomed again upon the Barrow unobserved.