

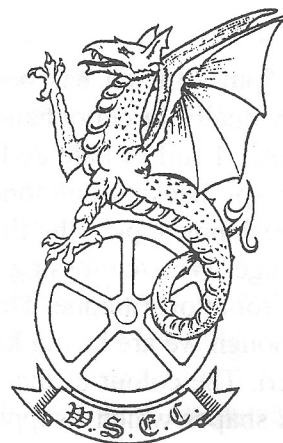


WESSEX STATIONARY ENGINE CLUB LIMITED

**FEBRUARY
1999**

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NEWSLETTER



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******* EDITORIAL *******

With the first two months of the year, and hopefully the worst of the winter behind us, it will soon be the start of yet another rally season, where we will meet up with old friends and probably make new ones. I would like once again to remind all members to observe safety rules and take to task any rally organisers who flout common sense requirements. Safe rallying for all members in 1999.

******* CHAIRMANS REPORT *******

I was rather disappointed with the response to my request for members to join the committee to replace members who are standing down at the A.G.M. Only **ONE** member volunteered to join the committee. This is rather abysmal when you consider there is about another 299 of you that are unwilling to help run the club. The committee is much smaller now than it was several years ago due to the fact that members were unwilling to serve. If this trend continues, then in a few years time the Club will be like a ship with no Captain - No one to run it!! The first meeting this year at The Old Down saw a good turn-out to hear Chris Bishop give a talk based on his Firm's removal business. This proved to be very interesting. A report on this will follow later. To give this talk Chris had travelled all the way from London. The raffle was very well supported with 16 prizes on offer which was distributed very evenly around the room. Thank you to all members who donated prizes.

******* SALE REPORT - FAIRFORD - 7TH NOVEMBER *******

Once again small lots were sold first, room was crowded, I could not see the lots. About 1.30pm two auctioneers started selling outside, this made it difficult to keep up and I missed a couple of lots because I didn't realise they were not selling. I saw a chap moving a trailer away with some engines on. I said "You even bought the trailer to carry away your stuff" - but not so, he'd brought the trailer and some engines to sell but none of it had sold. With so many farmers selling up now I think it's the right time to buy. I just came back from the Sodbury sort-out and there was quite a number of Discoveries on sale and most of the bits to set up a complete farm!! Some of the prices realised were:- Blackstone vertical class 2, restored £580, Massey Harris unrestored class 3 £510, Bamford restored class 2 £400, Onan generator set in original box class 3 - not sold at £55 (reserve was £150), Fairbanks Morse o/c class 4 £370, Ruston Hornsby 4.5 hp, PB class 3 - not sold at £180, Petter Junior class 4 engine seized £105, Lister D not sold at £40 (reserve £42), National diesel 1933 class 2 £170, Fairbanks Morse o/c class 3 £280, Lister A class 3 £100, Bamford o/c 5hp, class 2 £440, Stuart rad cooled class 2 £40, Ruston Hornsby 9pb 4.5hp class 3 £125, Fowler 2.25pa class 2 £125, Lister D sheep shearing set class 3 £130, Petter Junior 2.5hp class 2 £320, Dolle French engine class 2 £420, Lister A on trolley class 3 £160.

ALAN ROGERS.

WANTED * WANTED *** WANTED *** WANTED *** WANTED *** WANTED *****

Buyers and sellers for the Wessex Stationary Engine Club Ltd **ENGINE JUMBLE** on **MARCH 6TH** at Winchester Farm, Cheddar on the A371 Wells to Cheddar Road. We need your support to make this a financially successful event, if this proves to be a successful event then we shall establish it in the Wessex calendar twice a year - Spring and Autumn.

******* CONCLUDING THE FLIGHT IN 1947 BY MARGARET WINDO *******
FROM ENGLAND TO FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, BRITISH WEST AFRICA.
THE STORY CONTINUES...

12.15pm - Lunch has been served, once more in one of the very attractive boxes with all its contents wrapped individually in cellophane. It contains 1 plain roll with slices of chicken and ham, a hard boiled egg, lettuce and tomato, 1 roll of Pate de Foie, 1 roll of pressed beef, one fresh lobster patty, a packet of biscuits and cheese, packet of crisps, packet of almonds, one large chocolate biscuit, one piece of rich fruit cake, grapes, banana and a large slice of fresh pineapple - the first I have tasted for several years. 12.45pm - I have finished my lunch - at least all that I can manage. We are crossing over mud flats but on our right I can see a vast blue stretch of water. We are now an hour's run from Port Etienne. The mud flats are actually a desert. 1.25pm - It is getting very bumpy now and it seems to me as though we are losing height although we have not been told to prepare for landing. All around there is nothing but desert. The colour of the sand seems to have changed from white to gleaming gold, every so often there is a cluster of dark shapes which I suppose are the settlements of Arabs. I can see no water or vegetation at any spot. 1.40pm - We put down at Port Etienne. There is no runway and we have landed on the sand which stretches for miles and miles with no sign of life. We walked to a Nissan hut where several native boys dressed in white suits with bright blue sashes handed out tea - it was sickly sweet and the flies were terrible and the heat terrific. Syrians with long black beards and dressed in rags or nothing at all, together with natives refuelled the plane. Two or three European officers are in charge of this small station. Port Etienne airport consists of the Nissan hut mentioned, one large building like a store. Where the natives and Syrians live is a mystery as apart from miles of sand, there is not a thing to denote a sign of life. The glaring sun beating down on the sand is torture. 2.25pm - We have taken off from Port Etienne and the steward has informed us that Bathurst is the next stop which will take 3 hours flying time at 2,000ft. We seem to be climbing up the side of a mountain of sand. We are heading for the sea and from the map it looks as though the whole run to Bathurst will be over water, apart from a short strip of land near Dakar. Looking down on the water I can see several small sailing boats. The sea is a greeny blue with tiny white billows. 3.45pm - My tea box consists of a roll of Pate de Foie, a plain roll and a hard boiled egg, a ham roll, marmalade roll, one fairy cake, one bar of chocolate, two chocolate biscuits, one packet of sweets, grapes and an apple. 4.15pm - The RAF Officer who is bound for Takoradi and has done the trip many times, has just pointed out to me fish swimming in the Atlantic. The shoals are easily distinguishable at this great height, so the fish must be a considerable size. 4.45pm - The plane was bumping rather badly so I opened my eyes and found we were leaving the Atlantic and are crossing the coast at Kaya an Goree; after this we have to cross a small channel of water to get to Bathurst which is about another 45 minutes run. 5.10pm - Even though we are now crossing a bay, we are still in sight of the coast line and I can see several large buildings dotted about. The country is very flat for miles and there is a narrow stretch of beach with bright yellow sand. I have just seen my first palm tree growing in its natural environment. For miles there has been no sign of life but we now seem to be passing over a village and is a wee sailing boat on the sea. We are gradually coming down so we must be nearing Bathurst. We arrived at Bathurst at 5.30pm and after a cup of tea in the station office we came by motor coach out to a former RAF station now taken over by B.O.A.C. It was a lovely run out, the roadway being cut through thickly wooded vegetation. It was odd to see the natives in their different kind of dress - men with what looked like long night shirts which really denote a certain religious order - one with a tunic of beautiful vivid blue and red skull cap. Some were in rags and all had some sort of head covering - discarded topees, cloth caps, woollen hats and even pieces of rag draped over them. All the women carried loads on their heads and it is strange to think that they do not put their hands to this bundle or basket only to place it there and to lift it down at journey's end. As in all African places, the babies are strapped to the mother's back in a fold of the cloth which is draped round the woman to form a skirt. This cloth is tucked in at the waist and the baby peeps over his mother's shoulder if he is tall enough or peeps round the side - he is most interested in all that is passing him and he seems most comfortable in what looks like a precarious position. On the run I saw two native women sitting at the road side breast feeding their babies and it is a common sight to see them actually walking along and feeding the babies at the same time. The roads were lined with mud huts, thatched with dried elephant grass which grows to a height of 7/8 feet. Every home seems poor and squalid. Arriving at the camp I was taken to a room in one of the long hutment's. We had to sign the register and fill out the usual police forms. The camp was a mass of hutment's - the main one being very large and consisting of a hall, lounge, dining room, cloakrooms & w.c. All was beautifully furnished with tall palms growing in tubs, electric fans in the ceilings and with a typical tropical atmosphere. My bedroom was at the end of a large hut - this hut was double sided with a corridor running through the centre. Bedrooms lead off each side and the bathrooms and showers were in the middle. The floor was black, highly polished and very bumpy. It seemed to be made of mud, dried hard and polished and it was most difficult to keep your balance with shoes on; the natives, being bare-foot

walked and ran at ease. My room was sparsely furnished but had running water, electric fan, bedside lamp etc. A native ran my bath and when it was ready he called me. The bathroom was most odd. It was like entering a cattle stall - the room was white washed, the door was very small anyone being able to peer over the top or peep beneath, it had no ceiling but I was grateful for small mercies. Dinner was served at 7.30pm. But after having eating so much on the plane, I just had several cups of coffee in the lounge. When the rest of the passengers had dined they joined me and we sat talking for an hour or so but all repaired to bed quite early. The boy had put up my mosquito net - it was very strange to crawl beneath this for the first time and it is amazing what little air seems to penetrate the net. There was no key provided for the door so as it was my first night in Africa I slept with the light on. I was just dozing off when a terrific noise commenced outside and the wind rushed in, blowing my curtains right out straight. The thunder roared and the lightening was terrific. Then came the rain. I had never heard such rain. In the morning the floor of my room was lying in puddles and I had to pick my way about. I was called at 5.20am. And it was a most peculiar sensation to see the door open without a sound and a black body glide in with a pot of tea. He pulled the net back and I was not long drinking my tea and rising - the feel of the fresh clean air on you when the net is taken off is lovely. Breakfast served in the main building consisted of fresh orange, fried bacon, egg, sausage meat and chipped potatoes, toast, marmalade and coffee. We were then taken from the camp which is known as Yundum by coach to the airfield where we took off at 7am. As we came from the camp to the airfield I saw my first tropical dawn break. On my left the sky was a very pretty bluey mauve and I could see picked out against this, the palm trees standing straight and clear. It was a lovely sight. We have now been in the air some minutes and the Radio Officer has been speaking to me of our position. We have just flown over the Portugese Guinea which is not very thickly populated. It is known as the Land of rivers and looking down there seems to be river after river twining in and out of the flat scrub land. We are flying at 2,000 feet and the run from Bathurst to Freetown should take three hours. It is very smooth flying and very hot. Three men left the plane at Bathurst - two who are civil aviation and the other is a B.O.A.C. officer who has come to investigate the recent plane crash at Bathurst. There are now only four men and myself left - the RAF officer who is bound for Takoradi, the Scotsman for Accra and the other two for Lagos. I am the only one for Freetown. The run from Bathurst to Freetown was lovely and we actually came down at Waterloo at 20 minutes to 10 which was 25 minutes before schedule. The plane was flown a little out of its usual course to enable me to have a complete view of Freetown from the air and as we passed over, the Radio Officer pointed out places of note, e.g. Hastings, the roadway from Waterloo to Freetown city etc. As soon as we touched down I saw Ted get out of the car at the station office and as I ran down the steps he arrived at the plane. We walked along a path lined with exotic blooms to the restaurant where breakfast was waiting for us. After saying goodbye to the other passengers and the crew, we watched the aircraft take off an hour later on its way to Takoradi. I then had to give particulars to the Police and pass through Customs and at last we drove away. During the run from Waterloo to Freetown we had to pass through the city and it was most picturesque to see the natives in their various types of dress attending the markets. Every small house seems to have something to sell - fruit, native made sandals, baskets, their special bread and foods etc. These goods are either laid out on the pavements or placed on small wooden structures which are very rickety. I was most intrigued with my first sight of the African and his country and hope in time to learn more of their customs and various religions.

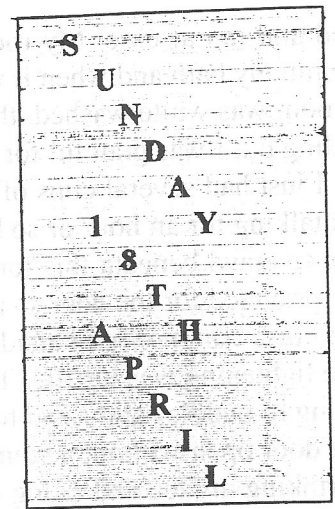
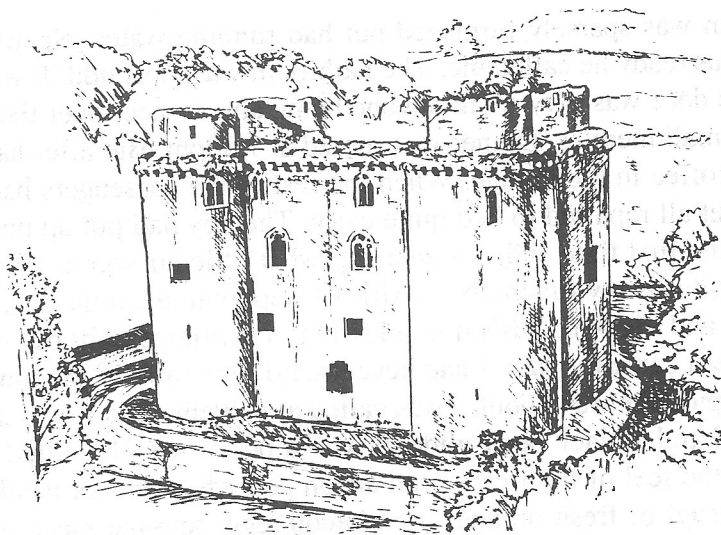
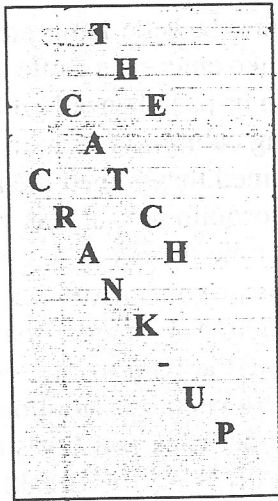
Actual Route Taken - London, Worthing, Caen, Normandy, Angiers, Bordeaux, Bay of Biscay, across Cantabrian mountains, across Spain to Lisbon, across Atlantic ocean from Tavira (Gulf of Cadiz) to Rabat, through Berrechid, Lovis Gentil to C. Guir on the coast, across Atlantic thro Sidi bon Belier, through Tiris in a straight line to Port Etienne, From Port Etienne across Atlantic to Kaya, across the Dakar Peninsular to Goree, across a bay to Bathurst and then on to Freetown.

This article was sent in by Bob Hallam.

***** MINCE PIE CRANK UP *****

When we arrived everything was up and running and in full swing. Bit wet as usual for a crank up, there was a good turn out of approx. thirty engines, all running well apart from a couple that were giving a bit of trouble. One engine was for sale. The ladies were working hard serving the usual excellent food, teas and coffee. William Rogers was working hard handing round the hot mince pies and sausage rolls. Three displays were inside, Mary Butler with her collection of blow lamps, and Colin Baker with his impressive display of motoring memorabilia. Linda and Christine were busy selling raffle tickets for the sixty six raffle prizes on offer. A cheer went up when Phil Marshall arrived without any pheasants for the raffle, but Dave Clack bought a pair instead for which we was booed. People turned up from Exeter to Basingstoke. There were more than 100 people there at any one time. A really good break from the Christmas festivities.

COLIN AND LESLEY NICHOLSON.



Nunney Castle, in the nearby village of Nunney

This is a new event for *Wessex Club members*, which we hope will become an annual event and establish itself firmly on the Wessex calender. The crank-up will be held at the Nunney Catch Transport Café, just off the A361 roundabout, approximately three miles west of Frome.

Our hosts for this event are W.S.E.C members Jackie & Gordon Callow, who run the transport café at 'the catch'. The café (which is licensed ☺) will be open for the duration of our event for hot and cold food or drinks.

The quaint village of Nunney is just a 10 minute walk away via a quiet country lane. The village, steeped in history, boasts a ruined castle complete with moat. Well worth taking advantage of this local attraction if you have not visited Nunney before.

So, why not come along and have a nice day out while supporting your club with your favourite exhibit, or by yourselves for a chat with the other members. A raffle will be held on the day to help boost club funds, so you may even go away with a prize! See you there.

**TO BE HELD AT
JACKIE & GORDON CALLOWS'
TRANSPORT CAFÉ, NUNNEY CATCH**

******* RALLIES REPORTS FROM THE HAMPSHIRE SCRIBE *******

Well! what an awful year this has been for rallying, a large percentage of rallies washed out or cancelled due to ground conditions, the Great Dorset also suffered wet conditions but maintained good attendance at £9 per head, and next years entrance fee is £10 for adults, Teign Valley rally at Lower Ashton enjoyed excellent weather which I am sure was a great relief to the organisers who again managed to accommodate a wide variety of exhibits, ring events and plenty of trade stands and auto jumble. Another good point about this rally is that it is held next door to a camp site which enabled Barb and myself to stay a few more days to relax and unwind on a late holiday. A couple of weeks later we were back in the Teign Valley again, this time for the Finlake rally, which again excelled in all sections including lots of jumble and certainly proves that the £3 entrance charge for exhibitors did not deter the genuine rally goer for an end of season get together, with a very relaxed friendly atmosphere, 'thanks again Ross' at least you have two supporters that can write, myself and Brian Lovell. Who gave a very good report. Thanks Brian.

A.K. VICKERY.

******* ANTI-FREEZE CRANK-UP - 6TH DECEMBER 1998 *******

We left home at 7.15am arriving at the Old Down Inn, Emborough for the clubs Anti-freeze Crank-up at about 9.30am. To find a number of exhibitors already in position and the club Chairman setting up the raffle table of which there was a large number of various prizes. Ray and myself unloaded our engines and put them in the line, this task involved removal of a large tyre. On returning to my engine with petrol can and oil I was asked if I had moved the tyre, to which I replied 'Yes, Why?' to my surprise the answer I got was I put that there to save my space, now this I can accept at rallies we all do it but at crank-ups where space is limited I think this attitude is selfish and unwarranted as we are all there to support our Club.

A.K. VICKERY

***** **A RALLY IN NORFOLK** *****

Strumshaw Steam Museum 6th Annual Rally held at Strumshaw Park, Norwich. Having decide to do something different for a change this year, Barb and myself decided to give a rally in Norfolk a try. Having met and made friends with Dick, Bernie, Karen, Gail and son-in-law John not forgetting grandson Ryan the latest member of the family, known on the rally field as the pilgrim family from Norwich, Norfolk. Our first encounter from the Pilgrims was at the Rudgewick Rally in Sussex, where a lot of friends are made through a bit of banter and mickey taking takes place which is something I love and thrive on, and that's how we became friends. Every year since our first meeting Dick has sent me an entry form for the Strumshaw rally, and saying to ourselves one day we'll go. Well this year we went, and were we disappointed, certainly not, in fact quite the reverse. The week leading up to the rally out came the road atlas to plan the route, M3 to M25 now shall we go clockwise or anti-clock via the Dartford tunnel. We chose clockwise, onto the M11 link-up with the A11, onto the A47 to Brunall, which is about 10 miles from Great Yarmouth, and a total of 180 miles from home, covered in four hours including half hour stop, an uneventful journey in both directions. We left home at about 10am on the Friday, arriving on site four hours later to be welcomed by Dick and friends to whom we were introduced, and would you believe 'wait for it' came from Hereford and Wales and are 'Wessex members' Robert and Hazel Watkins, Bill and Ruth Smith, Geoff and Beth Brien, and Colin and Stella Spowage who were all on holiday incorporating two rallies plus a surprise party (that's another story). Woken up early by impatient dog with crossed hind legs, he has to wait a bit longer 'I'm first' that done off we go dog and me for a nose round, that job done and a smile on Billies face I unloaded the engines and got set up, while Barb was preparing breakfast. That out of the way its time for bargain hunting in the market trading jumble stalls of which there was a cross section all round the site, looking at each section (except cars - I hate them) the steam section is quite large with quite a few well travelled engines in attendance, as well as others I had not seen before. Stationary engines were well catered for, and a wide variety in attendance, Listers, Petters, Amancos, Rustons, Crossleys, to name but a few. The highlight of the weekend was the twice daily start-up of a 30hp twin cylinder diesel Allen ex-fen pump engine. The starting procedure is very cleverly thought out with the assistance of a tractor p.t.o. and hydraulics, 1) connect p.t.o. shaft tractor 2) connect hydraulic pipes to ram which pushed a heavy duty jockey wheel onto flywheel, then the p.t.o. engaged to turn engine over without compressing to prime fuel, then cranked on compression to start, and believe me it made a wonderful sound, music to the ears and spoke rings as big as tea plates being omitted from the 5" exhaust 'lovely'. Ring entertainment for the public was quite good, there was the usual grand parade of vehicles, other entertainment which seems to be lacking at most rallies these days were a couple of clowns, which involved the kids performing different games. A Goldwing motorcycle club with musical bike ride, Strumshaw pony club demonstrating their skills, marching bands and majorettes. All in all very good ring entertainment. Our host for the weekend was the owners of Strumshaw hall and the Strumshaw steam museum which was free entry to exhibitors. Most of the exhibits on display have been beautifully restored. There is Fowlers, Burralls, Marshalls, Avlings, Fodens, a huge Blackstone heavy oil engine, various tractors and stationary engines, a fairground switchback under construction, a fairground organ, a music hall wurlitzer which was played several times over the weekend, there was also a huge steam driven beam engine in working order, and steamed periodically and weighs in at over 100 tonne. A bit too big for rallying anyway it won't go in the Tranni. Sadly the weekend came to a close, pack everything away, say our goodbyes and head back to Hampshire, having thoroughly enjoyed our weekend with our friends and made new ones and say thank you for the hospitality received and hopefully make a return next year.

A.K. VICKERY.

*** **WANTED** *** **WANTED** *** **WANTED** *** **WANTED** ***

Wanted - Stationary engines for Clutton Flower Show - 14th August 1999 - free tea and cakes for exhibitors. Please contact Roger Parsons on 01761 452565.

*** **WANTED** *** **WANTED** *** **WANTED** *** **WANTED** ***

***** **HELPLINE** *****

For engineering repairs - turning - milling - threading - keyway cutting - brass bushes - parts made and repaired to patterns or drawings. No job too small. Materials supplied if required. Good quality work guaranteed. Call Alan Bartlett on 01380 830344.

******* THANK YOU *******

As many of you will know I had a problem with my Amanco Choreboy during the whole of 1998, many many thanks to all who helped me in any way on its road to recovery. Many ideas were tried, many new pieces were made, many a screw was turned, but to of no avail. I took it up to the Old Down Anti-freeze Crank-up where it was of great interest to almost every man there. Arthur Smith took it home with him in the end to have a good study of it. Low and behold just two weeks later I had it running all day at Brian and Ray Bakers Mince pie crank-up. The problem turned out to be piston rings, Arthur located and ordered them from the internet, yes they came all the way from America. Thank you Arthur. As you can see you have made me a very happy man.

ROGER PIKE.

Yes thank you Arthur, you've made me a very happy woman. Perhaps Roger will do some decorating now and not keep retiring to the shed!!!!!!

LINDA PIKE.

******* A LISTER ON TELEVISION *******

It was on the 21st January, I was watching 'Close up West' twas all about Cider making - they showed wassailling, interviewing different Somerset Cider Makers, they eventually cut to a Gloucester Cider Maker - I never knew you could get Gloucester Cider! Anyway they showed apples being collected then the cider maker swung a handle and as the camera pulled back a familiar looking flywheel was seen, finally a Hopper cooled Lister A was revealed driving an ancient apple crusher. The camera returned to the engine and treated us to a view of the Tappets and Valve springs working. Condition of the engine was original paintwork - you could clearly see Lister Junior and water level transfers. It was oily but obviously doing a good days work for 'its' living. I wonder when we shall see the next one?

ALAN ROGERS.

******* OBITUARY *******

It is with sadness that we learn of the death of Bill Trott. Although not a club member Bill will be fondly remembered by many of us for his willingness to help set up rallies at Netley Marsh and for the Selwood Club. Bill who was 85, passed away at Westbury Hospital having lived for some time at Longbridge Deverill retirement home. For many years Bill and his wife lived at the railway crossing Keepers Cottage at Upton Lovell, Near Warminster. Our condolences go out to his family.

******* THE MARKET PLACE *******

FOR SALE. RUSTON HORNSBY 2YBA Diesel. factory reconditioned by Bristol Dorman and unused and dry stored since. Vertical twin, air cooled, rated 11 bhp at 1250 rpm. Spare injector pumps, instruction manual and starting handle comes with it. It lacks fuel tank and exhaust £250 ono. Local delivery possible. For further details ring Rob Armstrong on 01225 862687. Bradford On Avon area.

FOR SALE. PETTER 1.5 HP Acorn top 1928 petrol only model. Needs frame for air plate, mag gear wheel, crank gear wheel. £200 no offers Ring Chris on 01278 691576. Bridgwater area.

FOR SALE. SAW BENCH 24". Good condition. Guide bar, slip clutch etc. £30 ono. **VILLIERS** air cooled engine. 2.5 hp complete, needs plenty of t.l.c. £20. Ring Roger on 01761 452565 for further details. Clutton area.

FOR SALE. F REG FORD TRANSIT. 2.5Di semi high s.w.b., has had new gearbox and clutch, windows fitted to front side panels, new front brakes, new rear doors, wooden floor and panelled throughout, 13,000 miles before belt is due, used to transport passenger in a wheelchair. In green, will have full m.o.t., available from 1st March 1999 £1,950 ono. 12" b/w mains/12 volt portable Triumph television in working order, complete with leads £25 ono. Ring Brian Lovell on 01460 53846. Ilminster area.

******* EVENTS FOR YOUR DIARY *******

SATURDAY MARCH 6TH - Wessex Stationary Engine Club Ltd. 'ENGINE JUMBLE' at Winchester Farm, Cheddar. Sellers and Buyers wanted. Only £5 per pitch for members. £1 admission for buyers.

SUNDAY APRIL 18TH - CRANK-UP at Nunney Catch Transport Cafe. 9am onwards. Wessex Members only. Contact Robin Lambert for further details.

SATURDAY MARCH 27TH - SODBURY SORTOUT at Old Sodbury. Please note admission £2.50.

MONDAY APRIL 5TH - MELLS DAFFODIL DAY. For Stationary Engines ring Robin Lambert.

SUNDAY APRIL 14TH - NUT TREE CRANK UP. Nut Tree Inn, Worle, Nr Weston-Super-Mare. For details Ring Angela on 01934 517322.

******* SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW OVERDUE *******

If you have not reviewed your subscription you will not be covered by Insurance for your engine at any rally or event. They remain the same as last year. £8 SINGLE/£10 DOUBLE. JUNIOR MEMBERS (UNDER 18) IS ONLY £1.