

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT.

Tom Randall.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

1st. April Wootton Bassett Model Exhibition.
29th. April South Bristol Technical College Rally, one day only.
Marksbury Road, Bedminster, Bristol. Open 11.00 am.
Admission Free! A lecture/film show is planned for WSEC
members in the evening.
6th. May Puncknowle Rally, Dorset.
20th./21st. May. Doddington Rally.
Also Somervale Leisure Activities Weekend, Somervale School,
Midsomer Norton.
17th/18th June. Camerton Rally, all details and entry forms from David Holmes.
15th/16th July. Bristol Steam '78. Ashton Court Estate, Long Ashton Road,
Bristol. Details: Brian Lewis, Tel: Nailsea 2027. This could
be the years biggest rally.
30th Sept/Oct 1st. This is the provisional date for the club rally which we
hope to run at Cranmore again.

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CLUB EVENTS.

24th April Ruston & Hornsby expert, Ray Hooley is guest at the Old Down Inn and will be giving a lecture on R & H engines illustrated with film and slides.

30th. May Debate on Rally Judging. Come along and tell us what you think of competitive rallies. Are they Really competitive? Is judging of any value to the Stationary Engine enthusiast? Feel free to express your views, controversial or otherwise.

26th. June Illustrated talk from Stuart Ashman.

OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

As the rally season approaches, it is worth bearing in mind that all sorts of other organisations will be opening their doors to the public again and I feel that many of us with much broader interests in the 'Mechanical Marvels of Yesteryear' will be interested in being kept up to date with what is happening in our area, wide though it may be. To this end, please tell us about events and 'workings' of other engineering restoration enthusiasts so that we can spread the word and lend support.

BRISTOL INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM, opened on March 17th. and is located in M Shed, Princes Wharf, opposite the Arnolfini Gallery. It is open Saturday to Wednesday (Sunday included) 10.00 am-12.00noon; 1.00pm.- 5.00pm. Admission Free! Well worth a visit.

Through the smoke I stared, transfixed by the little badge, 'Keep Sixteen'. A dozen connotations flashed through my mind. Perhaps the Government were about to alter the age of consent, or was the fellow a Moslem with a Harem problem? I raised my eyes to his hardened face. Suddenly, as though I'd grabbed the H.T. lead from a Wico EK, I remembered. I had seen him before, at Beaulieu the previous summer, staggering under the weight of a 16mm cine camera. Obviously a novice, I had thought as I watched him film a 4 hp National Gas engine for about ten minutes without removing the lens cap! 'Won't see much of that film at his club evenings,' I had thought at the time.

What was he doing here? Was he waiting for someone - me perhaps? I quietly closed the door, ordered a coke and carried it to a grease-stained table near the window. As I noisily sucked the liquid up the increasingly soggy straw a pair of headlamp beams swung across the yard outside, illuminating the window for a second before they were extinguished. The engine spluttered into silence. I could then see that it was a red Transit van with the faded and scratched legend, 'Broadtown Truck Rentals' along the side.

Down from the drivers seat stepped a handsome young chap wearing a denim cap and a brown leather coat, followed by a small, off-white, Jack Russell terrier. Entering the cafe, he greeted the bearded fellow heartily, ordered an Ovaltine and, crossing over to the Juke Box, selected the Steam Machine's record, 'The Italian Connection'. As the record ground on, I distinctly overheard the words, '4½ hp. permanent lamp.'

Leaving my table, I sidled outside into the pouring rain, which had just started, crept around the back of the Transit, slid open the door and hopped inside, pulling the door shut behind me with a deft movement. As my eyes became used to the comparative darkness, I realised that the van was laden with what looked like pieces of cast iron scrap. In the far corner a bulky object lay under a rug. Scraping my knees on some old brass blow-lamp thing, and muttering a few engineman's oaths, I slid my hand under the rug, only to withdraw it again rather quickly.

Instead of the expected cold, rough casting, I had instead contacted what, even to my rough engineers hand, was instantly recognisable as a warm, firm, nylon clad thigh! The rug shook its-self and I found myself looking into deep green eyes, shining like Duckhams Q20-50 in a well-polished drip-feed oiler. NOVA - again!

Suddenly the drivers door slammed, the van shook and with a grinding noise that only a Ford starter motor could make, the van set off out of the car park and headed off into the depths of the Welsh countryside, throwing me into the depths of Nova's welcoming arms!

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Thankyou, ANON, yet again for another exiting episode. It has been rumoured that Scotland Yard Porn Squad will be raiding the May meeting of the WSEC in order to confiscate the next news letter which could contain intimate details of this interesting encounter. Who said that there was nothing sexy about engines?