

Wessex Stationary Engine Club. Newsletter. MARCH 1982.

Report of the 5th. Annual General Meeting. Feb. 22nd. 1982.

The meeting was opened by David Edgington, our President.

The minutes of the last AGM were read, approved and signed by David.

The only matter arising was the need to appeal to members attending monthly meetings to help with the delivery of News Letters and so reduce postal costs.

Chairman's Report: Rod remarked on how well the subscription complete with insurance cover idea had worked. Only one complaint had been received. It was relieving to know that all members were now covered by insurance. The policy was always subject to scrutiny and John Bolt, the insurance company agent, had attended a committee meeting and spent the evening asking and answering questions. As a result of this meeting the policy had been extended to include belt driven machinery.

Rod praised the Club for the way they had organised events during the year. Examples of these being the engine section at Camerton, Bristol Docks Rally, Wally Hull's rally at Hawkchurch and the one day event at Hewish organised by the Cox family. The committee had also organised several events. The Yatton Rally, the Bring and Buy sale, the Jumble sale and the annual Dinner and Dance, all great successes and enjoyed by all participants. The Stationary Engine Magazine Rally at Longleat was a great occasion and Rod thanked David and Doreen for this.

After two years as chairman Rod now wished to resign and hoped that new blood, with new ideas, would join the committee.

David thanked Rod for his report and expressed sorrow at his resignation.

On behalf of the committee ex-chairman Tom Randall presented Rod with a book entitled "Stationary Steam Engines" and thanked Rod for his work on the committee. David presented Rod's wife, Marg, with a bouquet, thanking them both for their help in the club.

Treasurer's Report: Stuart explained to the meeting how money had been raised and spent during the year. A balance sheet would be published in the News Letter. Yatton Rally had been a great success enabling us to contribute £50 to CLIC. The balance at the end of the year was £510.21p.

David thanked Stuart for his report and complimented him on the clear way in which he had explained the figures to the meeting.

Election of officers: The following were elected to serve on the committee.

Ian Skuse (Chairman), Rob Lambert (Vice chairman), Diana Emery (Secretary), Stuart Ashman (Treasurer), Tom Randall, Eric Brain, Ivor Yeo, Tony Jones, Herbie Gane, Adrian Stride, Mark Tilly, Michael Canon and Gerald Atherton.

President's Address: David complimented Tom on the excellent News Letter which kept him in touch with the club. It was easy to read, regular, interesting and humorous.

The Longleat Rally was a great success and David wished to thank all who had helped with its organisation.

David had been our President since the club had started and wished to resign at the end of this year. He hoped we would find a replacement before the next AGM.

Any Other Business: Several questions on insurance arose which Stuart was able to answer.

1. Junior members were not covered by our policy and must therefore not be left in sole charge of a running engine. The cost of the policy would be incredible if we were to insure juniors, who were, by law, not responsible for their actions. Juniors could exhibit engines only if their parents were members and took responsibility for them.

The policy now covered belt driven machinery, providing all reasonable safety measures were observed. Pressure vessels, drag and chain saws were not insured but enquiries were being made regarding the latter. A copy of the policy would appear in the News Letter in the near future.

2. Terry Heath thanked the club for the card sent to his wife during her recent illness.

3. It was asked if the club had thought any more about holding a rally at Longleat. The answer to this was "no", as we were not in a position to hold a rally of this size.

4. Would the club rally be at Yatton this year? Probably yes. Enquiries were still being made.

Phil Wookey congratulated the committee on the efficient way it ran the club.

As there was no other business David closed the meeting wishing us well for 1982.

The formalities were over and it seemed that Stuart was in great demand and spent the rest of the evening hiding behind a lengthy queue of members renewing their subscriptions.

At every available moment Herbie, as always, made a grand job of selling raffle tickets.

50p. a strip? I wonder if he'll oblige when the weather warms up? The prizes were as follows, 1st. A rose bush - aptly named John Crossley - won by John Emery (and now has pride of place in our front garden), 2nd. A box of chocolates won by Doreen Edgington and 3rd. A Caliper gauge won by Gerald Harris.

It was encouraging to see over 60 members attending this meeting, including three from South Wales. I think everyone agreed that the AGM was an enjoyable evening and not a stuffy formal occasion as some are lead to believe. Thank you all for coming and giving your support, which I'm sure will continue throughout the year.

A TRIP UP THE FEEDER FOR SUNDAY LUNCH, by the "MISSUS."

"Yes, it's a lovely day," said Dad, "Let's take a boat trip up the Feeder."

The wife and daughter said, "What a good idea!"

So we left the dishes in the sink and the housework till Monday. We didn't bother with anything to eat, we were going to have dinner in Bee's Tea Gardens, we thought. The sun was blazing, the boat was hitched up, all was set and off we went. We got to the wharf and while Dad was getting the pass he left the car ticking over and that's one thing that our car don't like in hot weather! We got down to the slipway and let the boat off the trailer. Dad was smiling, daughter loved it. Mother grabbed the oars and tow rope and Dad tied up the boat. All this time the car was still ticking over. We packed the boat with three Mars Bars and three packets of crisps bought at the wharf. All Dad had to do was park the car. He couldn't! It had stopped and refused to go. It doesn't like hot weather! So, it had to be pushed to the car park, thus causing chaos as people were waiting to get their boats into the water. Got the car parked at last and off we went, a super trip around all the little nooks and crannies, even taking a look at old Father Neptune! We passed Dad's works and waved to some of his workmates sat on the wall. They called out, "Lucky you, on a day like this!" Just after that we felt a thud at the rear end of the boat. "What was that?" we all said. Dad decided that it must have been a piece of wood. Upon entering the Feeder, a nice trip was facing us, or so we thought. Halfway up the Feeder the engine started to play up and then stopped. On lifting the engine up we found a Mother's Pride bread bag that some little bug--- had thrown away, wrapped around the water inlet, resulting in a seized engine. Dad wasn't too pleased! So, out came the oars to row back to square one. By this time, all of us were feeling rather peckish. Dad said, "There's a cafe, my dear, over the road." The cafe was open alright, the workmen were just putting in a new floor! So back to the boat for the Mars and crisps. By now the engine had cooled down so Dad thought he would have a go at getting it started again and after a few attempts we were once again cruising up the Feeder, grinning like hell! Time was really getting on now and the hunger pangs started to set in. The lock-keeper told us what time the tide was coming in and we had to be back through the lock by a certain time. We thanked him, smiled and waved goodbye. "Have a nice day," he said. We steadily made our way up the river to Bee's Tea Gardens, boats of all shapes and sizes passing us one way or the other, their owners smiling and waving. We got to the tea gardens at 2.15p.m., tied up the boat and payed a quick visit to the loo. Then, "Ah, for a nice pork pie, cup of tea and a cake!" When we got to the counter all that could be bought was iced doughnuts, jam & cream scones and coffee, and Dad don't like coffee! So, he had an iced doughnut, two jam & cream scones and a pint of bitter. Yuk! The lady was not making tea until 4p.m. What one will eat and drink when one is hungry! We had a nice rest and a natter with some other folks and then said our goodbye's to them as they left in their boat, saying that we would catch them up later. After another cake and a pint, we decided it was time that we left, so, after another visit to the loo, it was back to the boat, all set for a nice trip back. We hadn't gone very far when, lo and behold, there in the middle of the river was the couple we had been talking to at the tea gardens, rowing their boat because it had broken down. So we decided to do the neighbourly thing and offered them a tow. Upon reaching the mills at St. Annes, there, to our horror, were two very large boats, side by side, one towing the other. Well, you just couldn't get two boats of their size through the lock so we had to make a quick circle or we would have gone down over the falls. We did one more circle of the area while they sorted themselves out thus making our engine get a little hot. Whilst the big boats set up their tow ropes, we went through the lock, all smiles and waves! Having gone a little further, Dad turned to talk to our party in tow, only to be confronted by the two big boats speeding up on us going far too fast and with one boat towing the other you can guess what the wash was like. It pushed us right up under the bushes and Dad tried to throttle us out but seeing as we had been towing well, yes, the engine just stopped! So, out came the oars but to make matters worse, one of the rowlocks came out and disappeared out of sight. "My God," we thought, "what next?" "Never mind," said our rear party, "We'll tow you." Their boat was half the size of ours but we helped by paddling our boat like an Indian canoe. We reached Welsh Back where our new-found friends decided that they would walk back to their car. "It's a bloody long walk," said our Dad. He would let himself down in front of our new friends! Anyway, he had another go at the engine and it went, but only flat out! So, when he'd done one fast circle he shouted to the friends to throw their rope. Missus missed it, Dad caught it and nearly went over the back. Our friends sat down rather quickly too! On reaching the wharf our friends rowed back to the jetty so their friends would not see them being towed! Dad decided to take another trip round the wharf to cool off the engine. Then, time for home. We headed back to the jetty only to find lots of canoes messing around and some old dears standing on the jetty. Needless to say, the engine stopped - no fuel, so, no engine, thus no steering. We went steaming though those canoes and then rammed the jetty with an almighty thud that wobbled the old ladies somewhat! Dad went red and it wasn't sunburn! Well, we eventually got the boat back onto the trailer and were ready to hitch up to the car. Oh yes, it had broken down earlier, so the less said about that the better! After getting home and enjoying a nice sandwich and a cup of tea we had a good laugh about it all and looked forward to our next trip. We have made that trip since with similar results as far as the boat is concerned, so we're thinking of joining the rowing club as the Missus has got the muscles for it!

PUMPING IRON! THE "STEELE" METHOD!

I've seen some odd pictures of engines hanging from trees by their connecting rods, and engines submerged in diesel, some with broken barrels where hammers have done their worst, all in order to get out a stuck piston! All this elaborate how-do-you-do is not really necessary. What I did with a rather large Lister with a stuck piston was this, (not having ten men and a boy to suspend it from the nearest tree by the connecting rod, that is!) a bit of scientific know-how, brute force and a gallon of grease. This particular engine I had was of the fixed head type and so the piston had to come out downwards and so was impossible to hit out. I got an old spark plug and unscrewed the insulator, then welded a grease nipple into the top and screwed the assembly into the cylinder head. Then, with a large grease gun, you can just pump that piston out. You do need about a gallon or so of grease, but when the piston is out you can put it all back in the container for reuse.

To free a piston in this way you have, of course, to have the valves in position, tightly closed, so you have to grind them in for a real airtight fit.

For a really stubborn piston, let the pressure take its time to work by giving it just a couple of pumps each night until it does the job.

Good pumping!

Pete Steele.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Those amongst you who were forced to consult your dictionaries in order to make sense of last month's Club Meeting report will no doubt sympathise with the sentiments expressed in the following letter:-

"Dere Ed,

I sees are well nown riter to the noosletter haf lernt two nu words this munf.

At this rait ee mite becum gud enuf fer a job as a trays onion xcecutif.

Yors ~~sinse~~ trully truely

Amail Member"

I only have one thing to say to any correspondent who wishes to remain anonymous and that is, don't put your letter through your employers franking machine, it's a dead give-away!

ODE FROM A WESSEX WIFE.

Our newsletter came in the post today,
Around the house, a loud "HOORAY!"
Lots of odds and bobs to read about
And some more rallies to think about.

Wonder what our Rob's doing with an old lamp post,
Maybe Tony can use it when he plays the host!
But then, he has his own set of lights
And they've lit up some happy nights!
Marietta sounds a bit like me,
Wringing both my hands in glee
When he will not be told of things
that knock and creak, or have strange rings.

But the main inspiration for my little note
Is our Hon. Sec., Diana and the poem she wrote.
Lovely to see she got roped in like me
To wash up and brew and, "Let's have some Tea!"

Sorry I don't make it to our monthly meets.
From what I read in the newsletter they must be treats!
But the Old Down Inn is a long way from home,
If it were nearer I know I'd come.
I have others that would want to come too,
Big shame for them, for it's school in the morn
Or else I'd be greeted with a mighty big yawn!

I know it takes a lot of time and trouble
To make a club like ours pop and bubble,
And Diana we all think you are the best,
Definitely a 'cut above the rest'
Whenever you need it, help will be there
From all our ladies, who really do care.

Hope this meets with your approval
And you haven't yet applied for your removal!

Anon. (Even the post mark was illegible! Ed.)

SPECIAL EVENTS.

ELDERLY Winget concrete mixer, needs attention, hence price one penny. Buyer collects. Lister engine. — Preston 832964. 14/P15

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