

Welcome to the August/September issue of our newsletter, The Good Oil.

Some of members are doing it a bit tough, health wise, at the moment. To those members, we wish you all a speedy recovery and hope to see you back at the meetings really soon.



Happy Birthday to our August and September born members. We hope you all have a beautiful birthday and many happy returns.

August		September	
Marj Grandell	19	Jed Freeman	11
Bruce Archibald	21	Geoff Forryan	18
Rob Garner	24	Bethany Archibald	26
Charlie Zammit	30		
Jack Muir	30		

A Remarkable Character – by Roy Bare 2001 [Roy passed away on the 29th June 2001]

In the early fifties, I regularly attended the Camden Stock Sales. These were held each Tuesday. This was a great opportunity to meet the local farmers and as I was selling tractors and motor vehicles many sales were secured on these days.

After the sales, most gathered in the local hotel for an enjoyable hour. I met many interesting people on these days, including one of the most remarkable characters I ever met.

Jim Rootes had lived in Luddenham all his life, and had always been closely associated with horses. In his early days, he used to round up wild horses in the foothills of the mountains and drive them to Wallacia. He said an Irishman paid him so much a head for them. He also was into racehorses, touring the country race meetings. He told me some great tales about those days. He started a butchery business in Luddenham operating from a cutting cart. He did his own killing and delivered the meat on a regular run in his cart. As there was no refrigeration, any meat left over after the run was boiled down. At the time I met Jim, he had retired but still had a few cattle and retained his interest in the property. My first meeting with Jim was deliberately planned by me. I had heard that he could be a prospect for a new utility truck. After a couple of sessions with him at the saleyards, I decided that this was not the best venue to attempt a sale and I would visit him at his home. I had already summed up the nature of the man and arrived at the following conclusions; he was tough; he pulled no punches; he spoke his mind on all things, regardless of whom he upset. If you couldn't take it, that was your problem. If you could you were his friend. At the time he was in his sixties, but he could still turn on the charm for the ladies.

I had already decided on a trade-in price for his existing Ute. It was a 1937 International and was in a most neglected state. Some of the cab windows were missing and replaced by sheets of Masonite. I decided to call unannounced and duly arrived about midday. I knocked on the door and was called in. Jim was sitting on the front verandah and told me his wife was away in Sydney for the day. We talked for a while, but I couldn't bring the conversation around to the sale of the Ute. The verandah faced the old Luddenham road. On a block of ground on the other side was an old double-decker bus with washing hanging on a line outside. I asked Jim if someone lived there. He said there was a young married couple with five kids. I think it's five, let me see, there's two that's his and two that's hers and one that's theirs. But she keeps them clean. As I was getting nowhere, I suggested that we would be better talking over a beer at the Wallacia Pub and Jim agreed. At last I could get him in the new Ute. When we finally reached the pub, I realised that on the trip down Jim had absolutely ignored all attempts to interest him in the vehicle. We settled down to hours of solid drinking and anxious to get back to the Ute, I suggested we move on. Jim immediately turned on me. "So you can't drink any more" - I denied this and ordered two more schooners. Fortunately one round after that Jim decided he had all he could handle. We left the pub and drove back to Jim's house. Again he completely ignored the Ute. I began to think I was wasting my time. When we pulled up in his back yard, he surprised me with an announcement. "Before you can sell me a Ute Bare, you have to prove yourself". "I challenge you to a standing jump, a running race or a wrestle". I was in no condition to jump or run, so I chose the wrestle. We set-to on the lawn. In spite of my age advantage, he was very strong. I also didn't want him to be the loser. Just when I was considering the outcome of the ridiculous turn of events, we were inundated with a torrent of water. Jim's wife had arrived home and, not knowing what was going on,

threw a full bucket of water over us. When we picked ourselves up, she looked at me and said "I know you. You are Roy Bare". I was surprised because the last time we met, I was about eight years old. We certainly must have presented quite a picture, covered in dirt, shirts torn and very drunk. She ordered us into the house to clean ourselves up, while she made a cup of tea. I figured I had passed all tests by this time and when we settled down for the first time, I suggested we close the deal on the Ute. His reply was to throw his cheque book to me with instructions to "write the cheque out my bloody self". Victory at last! When I handed him back the book, he grabbed my arm and shook hands vigorously. He then said, "you know Bare, lots of fellers have tried to sell me a Ute with their little bags and their little mo', but I like the way you do business". Finally, I was able to get away and it was a great relief to find myself in the peaceful night air. I was no sooner out than the door opened and Jim called me back. He then asked a question that I will never forget. He said, "Tell me Bare, what sort of a Ute did I buy, not that I give a bugger, but my boys are sure to ask me?" How many salesmen can claim such a unique sale? After a good nights sleep, I woke up feeling pleased with the previous days work. This feeling was short lived. I decided to check over the figures of the deal and discovered I had undercharged him by One Hundred Pounds! This meant I would have to go back and recover the money. He would be sober and in a different frame of mind and I fully expected him to call off the deal. When I arrived he was working in his shed and I told him that due to an error he owed me One Hundred Pounds. His reply was to throw me his cheque book and he simply said "there are plenty more cheques in the bloody book aren't there?". I realised that out of all our ups and downs, we had developed a great respect for each other and a friendship that lasted many years. I had earned his respect by never backing down to his many unorthodox approaches to all he met. This was his way of sorting people out. I recently attended Jim's funeral at the Luddenham Church. He had lived in Luddenham for just over one hundred years.

Rally Reports

Our Family Fun Day.

Sunday 16th June was a fabulous day of our members getting together and pulling out any engines that needed a winter run. Some were new projects while others were undergoing restoration and needing a bit of encouragement to start. We set up camp in the Blacksmith's shed which gave us shelter and a cement floor. The weather was fine, and the company was terrific. The BBQ lunch went down well with everyone bringing along extra for everyone else, so as usual there was lots of food and no one went hungry. Twenty eight of our members and their family enjoyed being part of this relaxing day on the Kyabram show grounds. We saw most engines run, some briefly, others were sleeping projects that came to life after an on site surgery effort that all involved shared Ross's and Andrew's tenacity, and victory. Tractors, engines, interesting items and the feral ute were all part of a great club members day out together.

Heyfield Rally – by Greg Ross

Heyfield held its annual Rally on May 18th & 19th weekend this year.

Heyfield is almost 450 kilometers from Kyabram, so committing to attend you must include a little extra time and cost to make that trip. But you can be assured that your attendance will not go un-noticed, and you will be made very welcome. Six of our club members shared the Heyfield hospitality, with ten engines being taken along to add to the 100 odd engines on display. Myself along with, Kevin Daniel, Ross Nankivell, with Andrew and son in law ??? being good company in the camp flying the Kyabram flag, and were able to keep an eye on things when, each would head off from the compounds to have a look at the many other displays and other actions that were constantly happening. Our engine compounds could have only accommodated a further twenty five engines to be filled completely. The three compounds was flanked by a brilliant truck display of fifty trucks. The range was from small rural trucks, so well restored right through to heavy haulage , many of these still working today, not sure if they will have enough room in that area if their display continues to grow? There was tractors aplenty, all having come from hard working life on the land, the biggest percentage were there to compete in the sled pulling event that runs almost all day on the Sunday, and the competitors' take it seriously once they are in the tractor seat and the sled attached. Saturday the tractors are testing out for poll position for Sunday. In the Steam paddock you will meet a little less speed and noise as these engines simply waft steam and little smoke as the portables operate the water pumps, generators, hay presses and the chaff cutter and bagger. Six of these portables were accompanied with the nine traction engines most coupled to wagons or lorry's just waiting the place to lead in the "Grand parade" when the two parades held each day is conducted. The fenced parade track would see trucks, tractors, cars, bicycles, motor cycles attract a large portion of spectators to view and hear the commentary of the parade. At the end of the Saturday a very large marquee that is erected each year is the focus of all exhibitors to get together and catch up again. This can be seen as the best opportunity of each of the collectors groups from many clubs and regions to come together and get to know and help each other. The evenings will see some form of entertainment over a pre paid for booked three course meal. Nights can get cold but apart from gas heaters in the marquee, open drum fires are another opportunity for friendships to be extended up until midnight.

I have enjoyed the Heyfield club and its members for many years now, and make sure if available, I assist with the early start breakfast cooking of bacon and eggs each day at 6-30am as a volunteer, Friday on arrival will see a gold coin welcome bbq. Again I give a hand cooking as well as we all know of the many last minute requirements to make the event happen. A great and colorful event, good company, will see me return as exhibiter, volunteer, and Kyabram club representative. And I appeal to others to take a few days off to experience this great event.

Gisborne Rally

The members of the Gisborne club felt that this year's rally was one of their best ever.

There were quite a few outstanding displays – There was a stone crusher, that was powered by the Rushton Hornsby portable, the engine that started the Society, and there was also a hay baler being run. Both engines attracted a great deal of interest. The Perry cane loco looked stunning, blowing billows of steam and the kids enjoyed its driver, President Anthony's performance on it. The Roller Matilda made an impressive centre piece, trundling up and down and keeping club members busy talking to the interested people. The Model and the Miniature Railways were a great attraction, with a queue about 100 metres long during the morning. There were only two trains to cope with the crowd, and they went round 68 times, I'm told – a real endurance feat by the two drivers. The car Display was outstanding. However, cars departing early leaves the Ground looking scrappy with great holes in the display. The general public coming on to the ground at 1pm for the Rally, which was advertised to run till 3pm, must have wondered what was going on with all the holes in the displays. Some Car Club members remarked with a certain displeasure that there are car drivers taking advantage of being admitted free to wander round the Rally for an hour and then leave. The Rally is a one day a year occasion for our members to show off what they have done in their spare time and is a great chance to display the vast number of interesting hobbies that are available to those people who watch sport on TV but don't play it and are perhaps looking for a leisure activity other than sport, and they can find out where to start. Stationary Engines, Tractor Pull, Vintage cars and motor bikes, Model Steam Engines, restoring old Machinery, Model Trains, Amateur Radio, Woodworking, Miniature Trains, Model Planes, Fire Brigade, SES, Lions, History group. All these groups put on a fine display which contributed to make a really interesting show for everyone. What a day it was! All the displays were of a high standard. Those who didn't come to the Dinner on Saturday Night -WELL you really missed out on a terrific dinner! Best of all, members who had been working hard all day did not have to do anything. It was all done for us with amazing efficiency by a caterer.

Wodonga Miniature Rail – Charlie Zammit



Paul and I travelled to Wodonga Miniature Rail, Paul was my (Guard). The morning didn't start off real well but by 11.15am the rain went away it was good for the rest of the day. We were made very welcome with hot drinks and food, and the members are such a friendly mob. We had a great time. The track was such a good layout and very well controlled. We have been invited to return any time, thanks to everyone.

NHMA Rally - Murray Bridge 22nd March 2019

The following are some of the engines and other things that were displayed at the NHMA National Rally at Murray Bridge March 2019.

Crossley brothers Francis and William set up the company Crossley Brothers in 1867 and acquired the worldwide patent rights (except Germany) of Nikolaus Otto and Eugen Langden of Cologne for the new gas fuelled atmospheric internal combustion engine. In 1876 these rights were extended to the famous Otto four-stroke cycle engine design. This was the start of the Crossley engines dynasty some of which were displayed at the National Rally. The engines featured were gas engines. The use of town gas rather than motor spirit in UK factories for engines was common in the in the early 20th Century. This may be on fuel cost grounds, difficulties with early carburettors or insurance requirements as most factories were mainly of wood construction and factory fires were common place. In any event, most UK engines were originally designed as gas engines up until the First World War. For use in the colonies they would be fitted with a fuel tank and a carburettor. The Crossley engines are fitted with UK gas gear consisting of a large round gas bag resembling large deep frying pan with a flexible membrane of some sort stretched across the top. The atmosphere presses on the membrane cutting off the gas inlet valve when the pressure is equalised on both sides of the membrane. This a storage bag for combustible gas at a stable pressure slightly above atmospheric which can be drawn into the engine as required. Engines displayed were complete with original gas bags; good examples of this era of mechanical technology. By 1905 the Otto patents had expired and what followed was a flood of new manufacturers and designs.

Another unusual exhibit was an Ericson Hot Air engine displayed by the Barossa club. Hot air engines works by using the expansion of air when heat is applied to a heating chamber in the bottom of the engine. A displacer piston and a sleeve arrangement manipulates the temperature of air in the cylinder so that it expands and contracts alternatively which is then converted into rotary motion. The engine on display is been coupled to a pump and is the largest I have previously seen. The GVMS is fortunate to have a small Heinrici hot engine which operates on a similar principle and the associated gas generator. This engine was used in conjunction with an acetylene gas plant using calcium carbide and water to provide gas lighting in a

house. The hot air engine was used to pump the gas at low pressure to the lighting fixtures. Hot air engines all but disappeared by the First World War.

Also displayed was a hand operated thatching machine by Clayton Farm Heritage Museum. The machine requires human horse power to turn the handles and feed the straw into it. Out the other end comes bundles of thatch which can be used to cover that thatch cottage you have under construction. The lady powering the machine was called Margaret but not Margaret Thatcher as you would expect. The museum near Border Town contains lots of very old farm buildings and machines and looks well worth a visit if you are over near there.

This is just a taste of what can be seen at a National Rally. All the good and rare things are on display. Get along to the next one which is at Mudjee NSW in 2021

2020 Kyabram Mack Truck Muster



The Mighty R700.

Produced here in Australia from 1970 to 1980, at the Rocklea assembly plant, will mark it's 50th anniversary next year in 2020.

There were many different engine options, from 6 cylinder Mack engines to the V8s, both turbocharged and naturally aspirated, and Cummins and GM power. Less than 300 were produced here, and considerably less have stood the test of time and exist now.

For the Kyabram Mack Muster 2020, the theme will be R700s. All variations and versions.

Original, modified, restored, unrestored, clean or dirty, we want to see as many R700s as possible.

From the 237hp Maxidyne right through to the 375hp V8 Thermodyne, and everything in between. Let's make R700s great again

For Sale

Lovingly and Faithfully Restored Stationary Engine - Rare - No: 56 Rev's 350 H.P. 4 1/2

Built by C.T.Deutscher & Son Engineers Hamilton, Victoria and the sole distributor was George Munro of Ballarat, who was a manufacturer of bag stacking elevators. These engines were a common sight through the 1920's and 1930's when grain had to be bagged and carted into huge stacks in the railway station yards such to the delight of the mice.

The elevator that this engine was on was owned by the Hooper family of Culgoa and the engine was last used to stack hay in 1939 on the Barry property. After its wooden structure was ravaged by time and the elements, and it tipped over and the wooden platform it had been seated on had rotted away, the engine, laying on its side, was recovered in mid 1981. It was in a completely rust solid state so it was soaked in diesel fuel, sand blasted and stripped, and then bought back to life in early 1982.

It was often seen at field days in the Swan Hill area where the new owner and the engine's restorer proudly displayed it working in its completely restored state.

The asking price is twelve thousand dollars \$12,000 negotiable.

Contact Sandra Tomamichel, 1 Metro Court in Strathdale, Bendigo, 3550 Mob. 0427 330077 Email: sltomamichel@gmail.com

"Ode to a Lister." Author unknown

With jam tin cup on swag rolled up, he turned to the wife and kissed her.

He then said, "I'm off to the shed", for the cranking of the Lister.

It's turned the shears for 80 years, and nary missed a beat

At end of clip t'would pump the dip, for half a million stamping feet.

In midst of drought t'was taken out, by squatter and his daughter

On river bank a single crank, bought forth the precious water.

When bush fires too were raging through, came the cry - "More water mister"

Our hearts would thrill as the tankers fill, to the thumping tune of the Lister

Now I've had my day, the hair's now grey, no more these hands would blister

But each spring and fall I hear the call, of whispering shears and throbbing Lister.

Old shearer Bill, is over the hill, and the rouseabouts retired to Gunning

I've heard it said the tar boy's dead, but the Lister keeps on running.

In flooding rain on open plain, on the trail of a red dust twister

I know damn well the fires of hell, will die before the Lister.