

I spent some two and half years in Australia based on Sydney NSW. My family loved it. During the holidays we used to go camping in a 12 by 12 marquee type of tent. We had to take everything with us because most camping was wild. When the car was packed the contents include a 5 gallon petrol can, a 5 gallon fresh water container a large can of oil and my rifle, together with sufficient ammunition to start a war. There few tarmac roads and the maps were poor to say the least, ie on one road there was a sign for Kelly's Tank, when you got there

on the side of the road (track) was a rusty broken up large water tank

Hence Kelly's Tank!

We had gone down to the Snowy Mountains (NSW) and spent about ten days generally enjoying ourselves when it was time to return to Sydney. We set off across Kangaroo Valley toward a town called Braidwood. We needed milk so stopped to get some 'We don't do bottles , if you have a container we will get you some milk from the churn. Off we go, some 30 miles later, bang, the nearside rear tyre blown with a large wood splinter through the wall of the tyre. In Australia you get these things fixed as soon as possible. Some 20 miles further on we came across atypical countryside outback shop/store etc etc Inside you could get churn butter, garden tools, cylinder head gaskets

and basically anything that had been asked for in the last ten years. My request was simple, Can any body fix my tyre, Wait a minute mate , my husband will be here in a minute. The husband arrived, Bring the wheel down to the lower barn mate. Everybody is addressed as mate even the shielas (ladies). Down to the lower barn , Bloody hell says I what are doing with a Vickers Straight six here? He looks at me rather strangely and then says , Do you know anything about these bloody engines. Yes I says I am serving on a British submarine based in Sydney. Well mate I am the local power station, I've got this bloody great engine and a battery section next door I run the engine up late afternoon so that the farms can see to their cattle, and it runs through to about midnight for lighting fridges and the such like. However I have been Having a few problems lately, do you know much about them. AT this stage I should have kept my mouth shut. , but you know how it is, yes I says. I'll run her up and let you have a look at her. There we were some 250 miles from home and I am slowly wandering around this bloody great diesel engine trying to identify his so called problems. Fortunately I was not a bad Tiff, it became very clear that she was badly out of tune. I gathered up a pile of his special tools (many had clearly not been used for years) and set about readjusting the spray valves and generally getting the timing in line. Fortunately all of the cylinder exhaust temperature gauges were functioning. This lot took me about two hours. Of course I had to ask how the blazes did he get this submarine engine It transpired that at the end of the WW2 some 'S' Class boats were left in Sydney for scrap. Some bright spark thought that the power plants would make ideal local power stations. I have no idea how many were still in use. In the event he did not charge me fixing my puncture