



# A cup of tea

■ By Ian M. Johnston

## THE FENCE

The other day, my young son Grant, (who is now actually middle aged, but I have neglected to tell him) rang to motivate me into getting stuck in to the new post-and-rail fence I should have completed a week ago. Well you see we had hurriedly demolished a pretend stable, in which a family of termites had quite discourteously taken up residence. (You will note I used the term 'pretend' when describing the stable, as it had been poorly designed and was really only suitable for accommodating a diminutive Shetland pony).

Anyway, a short fence was required to fill the resulting gap, left by the now non-existing stable.

Grant was conscious of the fact that my octogenarian hands and arms now vigorously protest if they become involved with such abhorrent things as crowbars, shovels and high tensile wire. He also knew that without his competent involvement I would probably linger over cups of tea and keep thinking of reasons why I was too busy to tackle the job.

He arrived the following morning – early!

Despite the foregoing, my participation was also required. Absolutely! No doubt about it! I mean to say, someone has to ensconce one's self up in the tractor seat ready for the few times it has to be prodded into life in order to, er em, well move something, or operate the attached post hole digger. Indeed, on four occasions I was required to stir the post hole digger into action, as there were four strainer posts to be inserted into the unsympathetic ground.

Despite some vociferous protestations from the auger, three holes were sunk without too much trouble.

But hole number four proved to be delinquent. When the halfway depth was encountered, the auger continued to rotate but resolutely refused to penetrate any deeper. Our guess was – a hard layer of shale had been encountered.

Throwing caution to the winds (as the saying goes) Grant inserted a crowbar into a fitting above the auger and proceeded to add his weight by leaning on the said crow bar, hoping by so doing, the auger would be encouraged to proceed with its allotted task, i.e. boring in the direction of the centre of the earth.

## Exhausting observations

But his effort proved ineffectual. So, as no ammonium nitrate was available (thank goodness) it was up to Grant to attack the reticent hole with his not inconsiderable muscular physique – by using the crowbar in the manner for which it was originally designed. Following 10 minutes of tempestuous activity, Grant proved supreme – the hole was dug to the prescribed depth. By then I was exhausted, having observed his exertions, and understandably I required a cup of tea!

Having described the above riveting account of the four post holes, I am conscious that by so doing, I have neglected to address the topic to which my limited talent is supposedly directed – classic tractors.



A 1932 Lanz 15/30 on display at Jondaryan, Qld. (PHOTO: IMJ)



The famous Lanz water tower.