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FOR THE AUSSIE TRUCKIE

SERVING THE TRUCKING INDUSTRY OF AUSTRALIA



Transport for Christ Australia



**HIGHWAY
EVANGELIST**

The Voice of the Christian Truckie

Print Post Approved 100004925

B/21



DENNIS 1920 MODEL

See Brian's story on pages 2 & 3



There is a factory brass plaque in the cabin, "to keep the warranty – the total max tare is to be 11 tons"! Dad tared out at 16 tons!

He drove the truck 10 miles into the town / bag stack / silo with a max speed of 12 mph sometimes 4 times a day.

A new hydraulic pump was retrofitted in the 50's to operate the G well bag loader – (yes I've still got that too).

My father said "people would stop, turn and stand to attention

in awe when they saw the truck fully loaded". It would have been a sight to see in 1931, and more so with the new 40#8" tyres in 1938!

The truck worked on the 4000 acre farm until 1950, and has been in a shed ever since. Yes it still runs today – like a Swiss watch. 4 cylinder petrol with original Edison plugs. The front tyres are still original Goodyear fitted in 1938.

Continued on Page 3...

Dennis 1920 model

By Brian Reichelt

When the Brits built trucks in 1920 – they didn't muck around.

The truck was originally on solids and my grandfather bought it 2nd hand for £300 in 1931 off a brewery in Sydney – this was cheap, as solid wheel trucks were proving more unpopular than the new pneumatic tyre models.

7 years after the advancement of arc welding – in 1938 – the solid tyres were cut off, leaving the spokes and new pneumatic rims and GOODYEAR tyres fitted.

My father praised the change, from solid rubber tyres – as there was no power steering and the 40#8" tyres made a huge difference to the ride and steering on the corrugated dirt roads.

... 83 years later the welds are still solid and no cracks, despite Dad putting on 10 tons (that's not metric either!) Or 120 bags of wheat – on a 6 ton truck with total tare of 16 tons (and not a scaley in sight!).



In the war years, 39-45, petrol was incredibly scarce – as fuel was sent to keep the war planes, tanks, trucks, cars fuelled, so a gas producer was purchased and bolted to the under side of the rear of the tray. It was a metal insulated tube about 1m in diameter and the width of the truck. It was filled with charcoal and a live fire was kept lit as you drove it. Charcoal gas went through a process of tubes and gizmos to cool the gas and piped directly into the motor, so the truck ran 100% on this gas! You just made sure you carried enough bags of charcoal. The 44 gal of petrol which is under the drivers seat was turned off. I still have this gas producer and still have the charcoal in the cylinder today.

The cabin – I've painted all the wood and metal with linseed oil thinned out with mineral turps – so the old girl looks great in her work clothes – and will stay this way too!

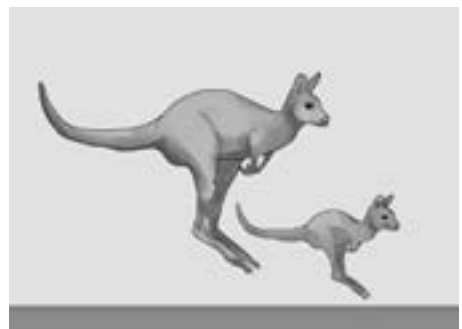
PS I'm looking for another matching front light and lights and horn as pictured bolted to the cabin in the picture when she was on solids.



A Texan farmer goes to Australia for a holiday. There he meets an Australian farmer, and they start talking. The Aussie shows off his big wheat paddock and the Texan says, "We have wheat fields that are twice as large as that." Then they walk around the cattle. The Texan immediately says, "We have longhorns that are at least twice as large as your cows."

Not knowing what to say next the Australian had almost given up when the Texan noticed a mob of kangaroos bounding by. He asks, "What the heck are those?"

The Aussie replies with an incredulous look, "Don't you have grasshoppers in Texas?"





This is called a stag trailer (B Double) because the B trailer is unloaded then jack-knifed so the A trailer can be unloaded without unhooking.

THE DRIVERS' PRAYER

*Heavenly Father, teach me to be mindful
that I am not the only one driving on a
journey today.*

*Take control of my eyes, that I might be
vigilant.*

*Guide my feet and hands that I may not
suffer loss in an unguarded moment.*

*Protect me from carelessness, my own as
well as others.*

*Then, when I come to my journey's end,
I will raise my voice again in thanks to
You, heavenly Father, that I have hurt no
one, and no one has hurt me.*

In Jesus' name I pray. Amen.

A truckie came into a truck stop cafe and placed his order. He said, "I want three flat tyres, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards." The brand new waitress, not wanting to appear stupid, went to the kitchen and said to the cook, "This bloke out there just ordered three flat tyres, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards. What does he think this place is, an auto parts store?" "No," the cook said. "Three flat tyres mean three pancakes, a pair of headlights is two fried eggs, and running boards are 2 slices of crisp bacon." "Oh, OK!" said the waitress. She thought about it for a moment and then spooned up a bowl of baked beans and gave it to the customer. The truckie asked, "What are the beans for?" She replied, "I thought while you were waiting for the flat tyres, headlights and running boards, you might as well gas up!"

Rescued by a heaven sent truckie By Robyn Kwok

On the first leg of my trip around Australia I was met by a truck driver who was sent from Heaven.

We were two middle-aged Christian ladies touring from south of Sydney to Western Australia in a caravan. Our aim was to photograph the wildflowers. So hence in October we were heading north-west from Kalgoolie and had travelled 450 km when I spotted a wedge tailed eagle on a kangaroo carcass at the side of the road. The eagle didn't take fright as we passed it so we pulled over and I hurried up the highway with camera in hand.

Alas, a 4WD with two men in it pulled over and followed me into the scrub along the road as I walked towards the eagle. I was poised to take my photo when the man revved his engine and with a glimmer of glee spooked the eagle.

I didn't like the look of this man, so I hurried back to the car and drove off. Over the next 10 to 15 minutes the 4WD overtook my van and pulled off into the scrub several times. The men's behaviour was most unusual and quite unnerving. My friend and I prayed for God's protection as we were feeling threatened.

A few kilometres down the road I saw a truck parked in a rest area, so I pulled in near the truck. We asked the driver if he was staying for a while and told him about the 4WD. He didn't want to stay long but said it would be his pleasure to stay around for a while. He was a delightful, wee, wiry, tattooed truckie.

He asked what we two 'girls' were doing out here on our own. So we told him holidaying and taking photographs. Then he took us on a guided tour of the beautiful rocks and cliffs near the rest area.

After half an hour there had not been any sign of the 4WD. So we said our goodbyes and, thanking the truckie for his help, got into the car and prepared to leave. To my astonishment the truckie put his hand on my side bonnet of the car and spoke to us through the open window. He prayed for our safety and protection in an awesome and spirit-filled way. It was the last thing we were expecting. Then we were delighted to hear he was trying to get to Kalgoolie that night to hear a Christian guest speaker - I promptly prayed for his safety and punctual arrival.

My parting words were, "We will meet again one day, brother; maybe beforehand but definitely in Heaven." To which he replied, 'Yeah. - and we'll have a big party when we get there.'

As we went our separate ways, I was left to ponder on how God meets our every need.

"Keep loving each other like family. Don't neglect to open up your homes to guests, because by doing this some have been hosts to angels without knowing it."
Hebrews 13:1-2





"Gliderfuel"

By Rod Leigo

On 29th February 1992 a 57-year-old truck owner driver was killed in a crane accident while standing next to her truck on a wharf in Weipa North Queensland. Her name was Thora Daphne Holzheimer nee Bishop better known as the quiet achiever 'Toots'.

Toots was made famous in 1981 by appearing in a TV documentary called "The Australians" and was the lady in a Slim Dusty song called 'The Lady is a Truckie'; and a book called 'Woman in a Man's World' also told her story.

Toots and her husband Ron supplied fuel and other freight to remote stations and towns on Cape York during the dry season. Her name is on the Wall at Tarcutta – Killed on the Job.

There is a monument to her at Archer River Roadhouse 200 km south of Weipa. The inscription reads:



"In Memory of 'Toots' Holzheimer, Thora Daphne.

She will always be remembered as the pioneering legend of the Cape.

Born 7.3.34. Accidentally killed 29.2.92

We have a legend here in the Cape,

We relied on her to bring our freight when the rain started to ease.

The dust must fly.

And Toots was always the first to give it a try.

Over the hills and gullies

Her truck started to move.

With the heat and the flies,

She always came through.

She's left us now

But her legend lives on.

So, chin up there mate

And keep moving on.

One of her famous trucks, a blue M.A.N., is sitting pretty and polished in the Diamantina Heritage Truck and Machinery Museum in Winton in outback Queensland. Winton is also known as the Dinosaur Capital of Australia.

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Going the wrong way

By Rod Leigo

In 1989 I was taking 40 cows in a double decker stock crate with a 300 H.P. Mack R Model to Sydney.

When I reached the on ramp to the Great Western Highway I could see the backs of the big red signs that I know say "STOP - TURN AROUND - YOU ARE GOING THE WRONG WAY". I'm not too sure of the exact words because I don't go that way.

A red car with two laughing middle aged ladies came the other way.

It's hard to forget life and death moments like that even 30+ years later.

Then I got to thinking. When I was a young man, I became aware of a great controversy. Any newspaper or news bulletin contains evidence of people who are victims or perpetrators of stupidity, selfishness, thoughtlessness and evil. But most of us are born self-centred and, being corrected, begin to think of others and maybe to choose to do good for our fellow man. We find out the hard way that we are going the wrong way.

But the newspapers remind us that some of us are very slow to turn back and go another way in life even after it's gone pear shaped many times.

There are many clean-living, well meaning, generous even, nice people in our society. But the hard ones to explain are the ones

who believe in an invisible God. Are they going the wrong way? Well, it's clear, someone is going the wrong way.

The strangest thing is this thing called money. We seem to spend a great deal of time and energy to put money away. Some of us are incredibly successful at it, but we are very obviously going the wrong way.

So, if money can't remedy a person going the wrong way, what is missing that can't be bought with money?

The Bible says, "*When you search for me, yes, search for me with all your heart, you will find me.*" Jeremiah 29:13

The Bible is very clear. God will reveal

Himself to the person who humbles themselves and acknowledges they are going the wrong way.

If this is a mystery to you, God speaks to us by His Book, read it.

We speak to God in prayer, pray - often.

"This is how the love of God is revealed to us: God has sent his only Son into the world so that we can live through him. This is love: it is not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son as the sacrifice that deals with our sins." 1 John 4:9-10

.....



A Wrong Classification



Joseph was working as an apprentice in a small bookshop. His boss once asked him to classify books according to the contents and place them on the right shelves.

"You can see that the shelves are clearly marked: travel, family, technology, agriculture, religion, etc. If the title is unclear, open the book and read a few paragraphs. You will soon find out what is the right group."

Joseph started his task. It wasn't always easy to classify books properly, but after some time he acquired a certain amount of experience.

One day he picked up a small volume bound in black whose title did not help him much. He flicked through a few pages and read, "A sower went out to sow." Further on he saw the words "thorns", "good ground", and "fruit". That decided it. It was clearly an agricultural work. So he placed it on the corresponding shelf.

One day a farmer from a neighbouring village entered the shop, hoping to find a book on cereals. In the absence of the shopkeeper Joseph had to advise the customer. He remembered the small black book, took it down and explained like a good salesman, how the book dealt with sowing, harvesting, weeds and good and bad soil. The customer was satisfied, bought the book and decided to start studying it the same evening.

Opening the book he had bought that day, the farmer was surprised to read the title: "The New Testament".

He needed to read only a few lines to realize that he had been mistaken. He had been sold a book on religion! He slammed it shut in his fury and put it in his bookcase, resolved to change it at the earliest opportunity, and to complain to the shopkeeper about the incompetence of his assistant.

But our farmer fell ill. After spending a few days in bed, he became bored and asked his wife to give him something to read. She went over to the bookcase and discovered a little black book that she had never noticed there before.

"Do you know this book?" she asked. "Have you ever read it?"

He then explained how he had obtained it.

"Well, read it. It might be interesting," she said.

With a certain amount of ill will the farmer accepted the book. Soon, however, he was so engrossed in the reading matter that he forgot everything else. The account of the life, work, suffering and death of the Lord Jesus made a strong impression on him. One phrase in particular struck him through its personal appeal: "The one who comes to Me I will by no means cast out" (John 6:37). Hesitating no longer, he knelt down at the foot of his bed and cried out, "Lord Jesus, Son of God, Saviour of the world, I want to come. Here I am: save me!" And he found peace for his soul and his conscience.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

"He who received seed on the good ground is he who hears the word and understands it, who indeed bears fruit and produces: some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty" (Matthew 13:23).



Make peace with God today!

Come to Jesus Christ today and trust in Him alone for your salvation.



You can pray this prayer: "Lord Jesus, I know that I am a sinner. I believe that you died on the cross and shed Your blood to pay the penalty for my sins. Please forgive me and come into my life as my Saviour and Lord."



- I now put my trust in Jesus Christ as my Saviour, or
- I now re-dedicate my life to Christ, or
- I have previously trusted Christ and would like a Bible study

Name: _____

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B/21

MEMORIES

by D.G. McCutcheon

Back in 1951 the seasons were good. The sheep were producing, and wool was bringing the unheard-of price of a pound a pound.

At the time of the fires Uncle Phil was staying at Berida and decided he would help with the fire fighting. Unfortunately, maybe because he was a city boy, he got burnt to death.

For years later, when telling people what had happened, Dad would say, "If only he had dropped a match." Being only about 5 years old at the time I used to wonder why he had said that. It wasn't till much later I realised that if Phil had dropped a match and burnt himself a safe patch the main fire wouldn't have killed him.

.....

Years later, in 1972, our house on the property 'Innisfail' was totally destroyed by fire. I was working in Sydney at the time, but all my tools, guns and gear were lost. I only had my clothes with me in Sydney.

My sister Virginia and I came back to Gilgandra to see the damage. One of the first things I noticed were two near new 10-ton Lightburn hydraulic jacks. The oil boiled inside them driving the piston up to full height where it stayed. My tools had all the temper taken out of them. If you tried to use a spanner the jaws would open, as the metal had gotten soft.

Photos are some of the things you can't replace. For a long time after the 'Innisfail' fire I would be looking for something and eventually realise it had been destroyed in the fire.



Kevin and Howard working at assembling Highway Evangelist papers at the new TFC depot in Forbes.



Shawn says, "Unless it is wet weather I leave the truck clean and shining before heading home."

BARRY'S STORY

as retold by Neil Hawke

Barry who is a Gideon (a world wide organisation which distributes Bibles and New Testaments in many countries) together with his wife Anne went on an outback safari in western Queensland offering Bibles and New Testaments to hotels, motels, schools, doctors' waiting rooms and police stations.

At Charleville High School they were met at reception by the co-ordinator who told them, "You people are wasting your time. No one reads the Bible these days. Last year when Gideons came a lot of the New Testaments given to students were thrown onto the roof."

Barry and Anne were introduced by the co-ordinator to the assembled students.

The co-ordinator told them, "These people want to give you a Bible, but you don't have to take one." During his talk the co-ordinator mentioned at least five times that the students didn't have to take a New Testament. Amazingly, every student accepted theirs. Over the following months

Barry and Anne prayed that God would use the New Testament for His glory.

Later, a friend of theirs on holiday in Mackay Queensland visited a church where a man gave his testimony. He said, "As a plumber I worked at mines and lived in Charleville. Once I was called out to the school there to fix the air-conditioner. While on the roof I found this New Testament. I took

it home and read it. That's how I came to faith and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ who has changed my life completely."



A World too Small for Me - But ..

by Pablo Lopez

Chapter 8

Good to mention Australia Post Quality Standards to employees:

On the second week of induction the new employees (16 in all) were taken to Fletcher Jones at George Street, Sydney, to have our measurements taken for the new uniforms: pants, shirts, jackets, belts, hats and records were kept for future uniforms.

Two weeks later we had the winter issue with socks, knee warmers, Castro jacket, bomber jacket, sweaters, head caps, Akubra hat, neck warmer, dress shoes and safety boots and wet gear as well.

When summer time came the new uniforms were issued even with sunglasses. In case of wear and tear it was replaced without charge.

My picture in page 7 (in Issue A/21) is part of my sense of humour, a joke, with the beach recliner and the boogie board in my back.

Every five weeks we were rostered to perform a make and brake duty. It was the most busy of the rest of the duties. In the Make and Brake duties it was also included to back on the docks about ten to fifteen full containers to be emptied.

At the same time others were arriving full. Front Port Botany, unload those with forklift, and load trailers with empty containers to be placed for storage around Sydney container terminals.



On top of that mechanics needed trailers for repairs or Rego checks so we had to put the trailers on the pits, and prime movers as well. Also you may have to drop empties for storage and pick up empties from Camelia or Enfield to be filled overnight, ready to dropped in Port Botany by shipping companies in the morning.

.....

The apprentice devils were interviewed by Satan before their departure for earth. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to tell humans there is no God," replied the first.

"It won't do. In their heart of hearts, they know there is a God."

"I'm going to tell humans there is no hell," said the second.

"That won't do either," Satan said. "They experience hell here and now."

The third answered, "I am going to tell humans there is no hurry."

"Excellent!" said Satan. "Persuade them of that and you will ruin them by the million."

A man in Scotland calls his son in London the day before Christmas Eve and says, "I hate to ruin your day, but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; 45 years of misery is enough."

"Dad, what are you talking about?"

"We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the father says. We're sick of each other and I'm sick of talking about this. So, you call your sister in Leeds and tell her."

Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like hell they're getting divorced," she shouts, "I'll take care of this."

She calls Scotland immediately, and screams at her father. "You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" She hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife.

'OK," he says, "they're coming for Christmas – and they're paying their own way."

.....

Speeding Ticket A police officer stops a young man for speeding and asks him nicely if she could see his licence.

He replied in a huff, "I wish you guys would get your act together - just yesterday you take away my licence and then today you expect me to show it to you!"

Knitting A highway patrolman pulled alongside a speeding car on the highway. Glancing at the car, he was astounded to see that the woman behind the wheel was knitting!

Realising that she was oblivious to his flashing lights and siren, he cranked down his window, turned on his bull horn and yelled, "PULL OVER!"

"No!" The woman yelled back, "IT'S a SCARF!"

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

Francis H. Rowley

*I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ Who died for me;
How He left His home in glory
For the cross of Calvary.*

*I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.*

*I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.*

*Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's path I often tread,
But His presence still is with me;
By His guiding hand I'm led.*

*He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.*



UD loading from an on-farm silo bag because of the mouse plague; transferring into a silo.



Ready to drive the UD from the farm to Gilgandra, returning the silo bag emptying machine.



corner of my eye, I saw Ann pull six shiny coins from her purse and drop them in with a grin, suddenly putting the verse she learned into action.

This is when I understood what is really meant to know God's Word by heart. It was more than knowing it in one's head. It meant living the Bible's majestic, life-giving words and making them flesh in our lives.

I looked down at the cheerful little giver beside me in the pew. How much of my Bible knowledge is heart knowledge I wondered? Today maybe that is a question we all should ponder.

Lord and Author of all, may we respond to Your words, not only in thought, but also in deed.

.....

TAILGATE

Do what it says

By Sue Kidd

"Do not merely listen to the Word, and so deceive yourselves. Do what it says."
James 1:22

In Sunday School my daughter Ann was asked to memorise the Bible verse: 2 Corinthians 9:7 to be exact.

It had a lot of words for an eight-year-old. It goes, *"Everyone should give whatever they have decided in their heart. They shouldn't give with hesitation or because of pressure. God loves a cheerful giver."*

She stumbled over the words all week, repeating them over and over in her head.

Finally, the day came for her to recite them. After Sunday School she rushed up to me. 'Mum, I did it! I knew the whole verse by heart!'

Later, during the worship service the ushers passed the collection plate. From the



Capernwray Bible School students, pictured with the TFC Kombi.



The opinions expressed in the Highway Evangelist are not necessarily those of the Editorial Team or Transport for Christ Australia Inc.

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Shawn has been driving this truck; nicknamed 'The Queen Mary'



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