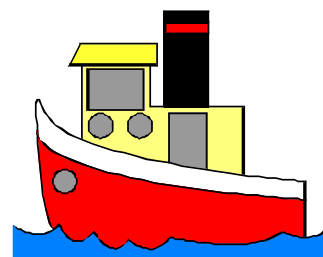


WHEELS and FLOATS



News letter No. 317A April / May 2012

TAURANGA MODEL MARINE AND ENGINEERING CLUB

The Secretary
c/o 3 Waipuna Grove
Tauranga 3112
Palmerville Station Phone 07 578 7293

Rail Track Memorial Park
Open to Public weather permitting.
Sundays 10.00am to 4.00pm
Website. Temporarily in recess.

NOTICE OF MEETING

The next general meeting will be on
Tuesday 1st May at 7pm,
At Palmerville Station

Patron:	Noel Pope
President:	Peter Jones (07) 543 2528
Vice President:	Ron Salisbury (07) 577 9403
Secretary:	Owen Bennett (07) 544 9807
Treasurer:	Clive Goodley (07) 5722959
Editor:	Clive Goodley (07) 5722959
Email:	goodley@clear.net.nz

Committee:	Warren Belk, Bruce Harvey, Bob Stacey, Pete Lindsay, John Stent, Bruce McKerras.
Boiler Committee:	Peter Jones, Paul Newton, Bob Batchelor, Steve James.
Safety Committee	Warren Karlsson, Bruce Harvey Lloyd Breckon, Pete Lindsay.

Conveners:

Workshop:	Ron Salisbury, Bruce McKerras
Track:	Bruce Harvey, Steve James
Marine:	Warren Belk, Ken Fox
Librarian:	
Rolling Stock:	Clive Goodley
Supply Officer:	Bob Stacey
Website by:	

Operators Apr/May/June 2012

15-04-12	R. Salisbury
22-04-12	O. Bennett
29-04-12	N. Bush
06-05-12	E. Evans
13-05-12	C. Goodley
20-05-12	B. Harvey
27-05-12	P. Jones
03-06-12	W. Karlsson
10-06-12	P. Lindsay
17-06-12	B. MacKerras

Next Committee Meeting, Thurs 26th April

Just in case you missed the last newsletter, I repeat this item. Our secretary, Owen Bennett, tells me his postal address has been changed by the postal service. He still receive the odd piece of mail addressed to his old house from which he moved several years ago, and just to aggravate matters, I failed to change his new address on the newsletter promptly. Before sending mail to Owen please check the mail is correctly addressed. The RD is gone, he is now a city slicker, and his postcode is changed to 3112. I understand the postal service people are getting a bit grumpy.

Presidents Points

Greetings members.

Rowland Scholey has moved north to sunny Orewa from our sunny Bay of Plenty.

We will miss Rowland for the excellent work he has done over the years for our club and especially in more recent years as our club Librarian. Rowland did a lot over the years for our club in a quiet and organised way, as a committee member, holding the position of Vice President, active in track maintenance and a regular Sunday

supporter. His move came as a surprise and so we did not have much time to advise members, but a farewell was organised at short notice to say goodbye at Palmerville on Sunday the 11th March.
Thank you Rowland and all the very best in your new location, hope to see you in Orewa one of these days.

Also on the move is Trevor Chapman, heading back to Greymouth after 37 years in the Bay of Plenty. The planned playday on May the 5th has been moved forward to Saturday the 21st April starting around 10.00am and an afternoon BBQ around 2.00pm. Members please bring something for the BBQ in the way of a salad or sweet, our club will provide the meat. Give me an Email or phone call if you are attending, so that we have some idea of numbers. If the weather turns to rubbish we may have a restricted run but the BBQ and farewell will still go ahead. Sorry about the short notice, but Trev's house sold in 12 hours, he was expecting to hang around for another few months at least. There will be a garage sale at his house in Wylie street Greerton Saturday morning so take your pocket money around there you might snap up a bargain.

Member Steve James has not been too well sadly, and has decided to part with his current electric locomotive project which is about 1/3 finished. Steve has made a very generous offer to our club to purchase the locomotive and thanks to those of our members who have raised their hands and agreed to finish the locomotive to Steve's very high standard, for our club. Looking at the work Steve has done so far on this project, it will be a challenge for our members, but they are up to the task.
Thank you Steve for your very generous offer.

Finally, to have or not to have a web site for our club? That is the question. What are your thoughts? Please let your committee know what you think.

Happy modelling
Peter Jones.

Coming events

April 21st	Trevor Chapman's farewell.
May 19th -- 20th	Thames Open Weekend
June 2,3,4.	Manakau Live Steamers Open Weekend

I first met Trevor when he arrived in Tauranga in the mid 1970s. He transferred here from Greymouth as a NZGR Enginedriver, while I had been driving trains here for a few years. When I moved to Western Australia to drive trains at Hamersley Iron I thought it unlikely our paths would cross again.

In January 2003 I joined the club and found the redoubtable Chappie dashing around on Sundays organising whatever needed organising. Long time club members soon made me aware he was instrumental in getting the club up and running, and then building tracks to run their engines on. Every club needs a mover and shaker, and this club got the most energetic mover and shaker that I have ever come across.

Trevor was the 'go to' man whenever things went wrong, and nine years ago that was very frequent. I will certainly miss his presence and being able to pick his brains, his knowledge of running a miniature railway is invaluable.

Roland being a quiet kind of guy was a bit of a mystery, but one morning when the rain kept us inside, he opened up a bit to tell us of his time as a teenage sailor on an oil tanker in WW2, sailing between the USA and the Western Pacific. I have not seen Rowland race anywhere, but he is usually around to help out as necessary. Luckily in the past three years or so we have had a few new members join the club to fill the shoes of these important two members who are leaving us.

A doctor told his assistant, "Murphy, I'm off fishing for a few days, I don't want to close the clinic, take care of the clinic and patients for me". "Yes Sorr" answers Murphy. The next day the Doctor returned from his fishing trip and asks, "Murphy, how did your day go". Murphy told him he took care of three patients. "The first one had a headache, so he did, and I prescribed him Paracetamol". "Bravo Murphy lad, and the second one?" asked the doctor. "The second one had indigestion and I gave him Gaviscon, so I did sorr" says Murphy. "Bravo, bravo! You are good at this, and what about the third?" asks the doctor. "Sorr, I was sitting here and the door flew open and a gorgeous young women burst into the room so she does. Like a bolt out of the blue she tears off her clothes, taking off everything, including her bra and panties, lies down on the table and shouts" Help me for the love of St. Patrick, For five years I have not seen any man!" "Tunderin Lard Jesus Murphy, what did you do?" asked the doctor.
"I put drops in her eyes sir, what else?"

CLUB INTELLIGENCE

by
Your Roving Reporter

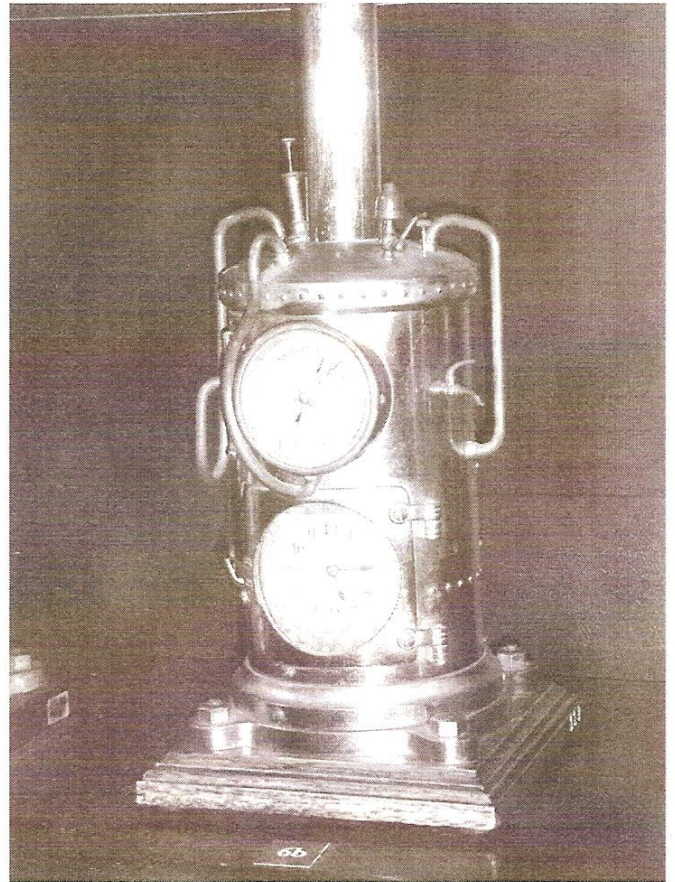
I paid a visit to Whangarei recently and, no, it was not to go to the convention because management declared that one visit every ten years was probably enough for any right-thinking person, and the focus of attention should once again be the Clock Museum.

It was a happy coincidence that we entered Whangarei at the time the locals took their lunch-break and so were afforded the opportunity to take part in a form of ritual: everyone packs up work for the morning, gets into his/her car and drives to the centre, there to sit for ages and ages in a form of a good-natured traffic jam. As a social occasion it must be fairly unique but does slow down progress somewhat.

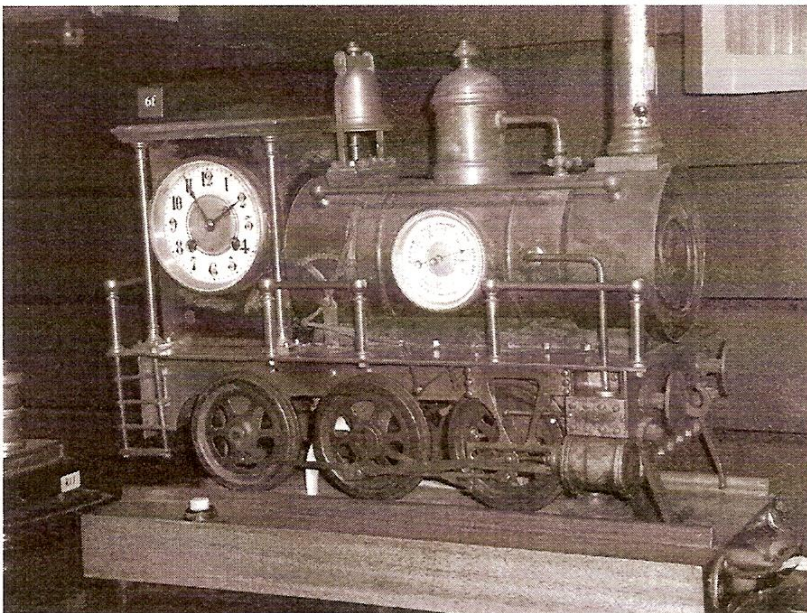
In case this should seem too petulant I have to admit that the lunch food at the cafes was well worth waiting for, but they gave us enough to feed an army. (Take note, Trev!).

Progress to find the Clock Museum was further impeded by the fact that since my last visit to Whangarei the authorities (or whoever) have seen fit to move it into the centre of town, into 'The Hub' to be precise, down by the harbour basin where we had been jammed all lunchtime. If only...

It was during my circumambulation of the museum that I believe I stumbled on the answer to a question that has been troubling me. Many, many boilers and other projects are commenced, but few are finished: some (mine I seem to remember) would make effective garden watering devices; others just never reappear for further testing. The question is, "where do they go?"



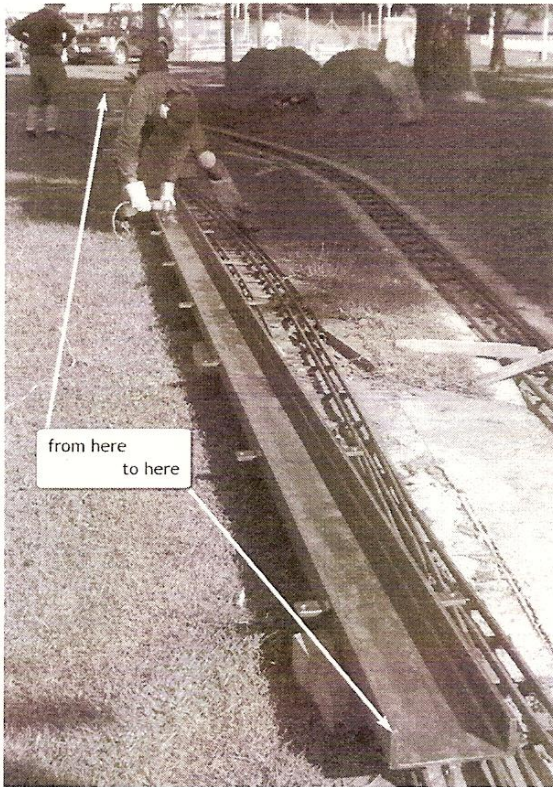
The answer is the clock museum, and in case you are disinclined to believe me I present some incontrovertible photographic evidence.



A Beam Engine Clock

A vertically adjustable rail track

(quite useful when building a railroad on a swamp)

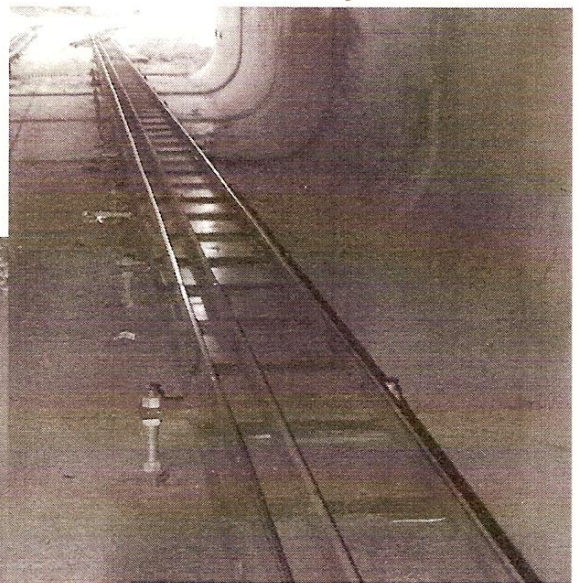


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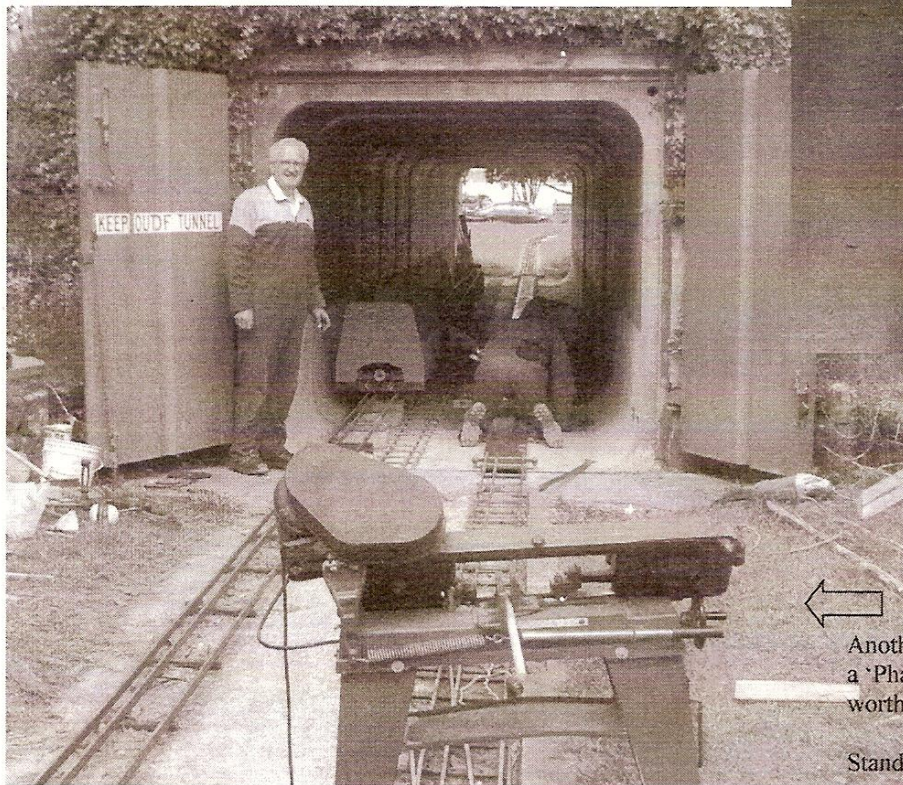
Glenbrook steel mill should show a profit this year!



Bruce Harvey (I think): Designer, builder, and motivator to whom the club is greatly indebted. Becoming a dab hand with the angle grinder.



End result, which seems quite flash.



Another Bruce: Bruce McKerras. Better known as a 'Phantom' builder but will turn his talents to any worthwhile cause.

Standing beside (????) who seems rather shy.

And then the fight started (cont)

My wife and I were sitting at a table at her school reunion, and she kept staring at a drunken man swigging his drink as he sat alone at a nearby table. I asked her, "Do you know him?"

"Yes", she sighed, "He's my old boyfriend. I understand he took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear he hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" I said, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

And then the fight started...

When our lawn mower broke down and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first, the shed, the boat, making beer... always something more important to me. Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point.

I arrived home one day, to find her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors. I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I was gone only a minute, and when I came out again I handed her a toothbrush, saying "When you finish cutting the grass, you might as well sweep the driveway."

The doctors say I will walk again, but will always have a limp.

Hubless wheel

Here is a challenge for the modellers



The [Big O](#) at [Tokyo Dome City](#) is a hubless [Ferris wheel](#).

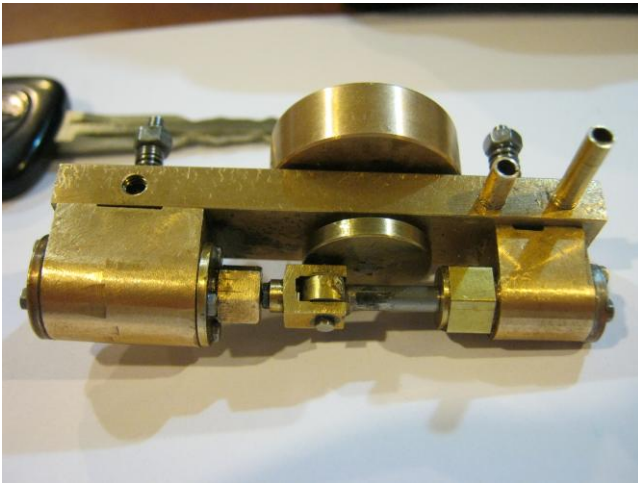
A **hubless wheel** (also known as a rim-rider or centerless wheel) is a type of [wheel](#) with no center [hub](#). More specifically, the hub is actually almost as big as the wheel itself. The [axle](#) is hollow, following the wheel at very close [tolerances](#). The hubless wheel was invented by [Franco Sbarro](#) (who has built a variety of working hubless wheel vehicles, including at least two [motorcycles](#) and a [car](#), the 1989 [Sbarro Osmos](#)), and patented by Globeholding of [Geneva](#). The wheel has yet to reach its full technical potential. Tolerances, transfer of energy, and materials are elements of the design which are yet to be fully exploited.

Although hubless wheels are striking in appearance, their numerous practical disadvantages have precluded their widespread use as an alternative to conventional wheels. They are difficult and expensive to manufacture, requiring a great deal of precision machining, and the design leaves the [bearings](#) and other mechanical parts largely exposed to the elements. The drive system is especially problematic since a conventional [axle](#) and [CV joint](#) cannot be used; options include using [chain](#) or belt drive. Another solution, developed by Sbarro, is to house the entire propulsion system inside the wheel itself.

A great example of a hubless wheel are those used in a 2011 "made-to-order" [Tron: Legacy light cycle](#). The illuminated, street-legal motorcycle was made by [Hammacher Schlemmer](#), inspired by the computer animated cycle from the 2010 film *Tron: Legacy*. Designed for casual cruising and slow ride-bys at shows, it is made from a steel frame covered by a fiberglass [cowling](#) that replicates the sleek look of its computer-generated imagery counterpart. Electroluminescent strips built into the tire cowlings, wheel rims, and body illuminate the cycle. It is powered by a fuel-injected Suzuki 996cc, 4-stroke engine. Riders lay at a near-horizontal position astride the padded leather seat, with feet on foot pegs that control its 6-speed constant-mesh manual transmission and hands on the handlebars for throttle and braking. The hubless wheels are former truck tires built up then custom-shaped to fit onto one of two counter-rotating rims spinning within each other, providing the broad-tired authenticity of the computer cycles from the movie.

Another example of a hubless vehicle is the "Zero Bike", a lightweight hubless bicycle whose non working prototype won an [Industrial Design Excellence Award](#) in 1991. Its design is based on the principle of magnetic [superconductivity](#), also used in high-speed trains that are suspended above rails.

The **orbital wheel** was designed in 1990 by [Dominique Mottas](#) of the French [Osmos](#) company in an attempt to reduce the number of moving parts by removing the center shaft and [hub](#) of the wheel and relying upon a circular rim inserted inside the wheel to support it instead. The orbital wheel was created by using two circular [bearings](#) inserted inside of each other. The inner bearing provides steering, support, and attachment to the frame. The outer bearing consists of a tire with a brake ring also fixed in. Some of the advantages seen by this design are more accurate steering, less weight, and enhanced braking.



I found this object on the club camera, I have no idea what it is or who presented it, but it looks impressive in colour. Normally I would say view it on the club website, but with Steve letting it go, the website is in recess.



We do have trouble now and again with council contractors trying to mow the rails as well as the grass; above left is a typical result of such an effort.

At right is a primer coat being applied to the underside of the channel by, at a guess, Lloyd. The next coat of the two coat mix is bright red. Lloyd had great fun spraying paint on the grass each side of the channel. I think there were a few mystified people in the park for a few days with this meticulous pair of straight lines 230mm apart extending some 21m.

April 1928

He, "What, another new dress, how on earth am I going to pay for it?"

She, "That's your business, I didn't marry you to give you financial advice."

May 1928

A notorious boaster was silenced by a little man, who said, "I'm afraid I haven't much to relate. I once had a nasty time in Africa. A lion sprang out at me and I was unarmed."

"What an earth did you do?" asked his listeners.

"Oh, I seized his upper jaw with my right hand and his lower jaw with my left hand, and held his mouth open till he starved to death."

Sounds like an Aussie tale to me. Ed.



Lloyd and John Stent take time off to pose for the photo. This project was pretty full on so that the track would be back in action by Sunday. Unfortunately time ran out and we ran one Sunday on the inner track only, but the team certainly gave it their best shot.

Sorry about the sideways photo, but I used a different program to transfer it and haven't worked out how to turn it.

A wife was making a breakfast of fried eggs for her husband.

Suddenly, her husband burst into the kitchen.

'Careful,' he said, 'CAREFUL! Put in some more butter! Oh my gosh!

You're cooking too many at once. TOO MANY! Turn them! TURN THEM NOW!

We need more butter. Oh my gosh! WHERE are we going to get MORE

BUTTER? They're going to STICK! Careful. CAREFUL! I said be CAREFUL!

You NEVER listen to me when you're cooking! Never! Turn them! Hurry

up! Are you CRAZY? Have you LOST your mind? Don't forget to salt them.

You know you always forget to salt them. Use the! salt. USE THE SALT!

THE SALT!'

The wife stared at him.

'What in the world is wrong with you? You think I don't know how to fry a couple of eggs?'

The husband calmly replied, 'I just wanted to show you what it feels like when I'm driving



Boating New

Hi. Easter saw a good fleet racing for Easter eggs as prizes and so there was lots of action. The wind swung from north east to south east making the job of setting courses interesting to say the least. Good sailing was had, and sailors came from Auckland, Taupo and Wellington. A good number of Tauranga members also enjoyed two days of racing. A good friendship was had amongst the sailors making the weekend most enjoyable. Cheers Ken.

Return Address
TMM&EC
C/o 3 Waipuna Grove,
Tauranga 3175

To

