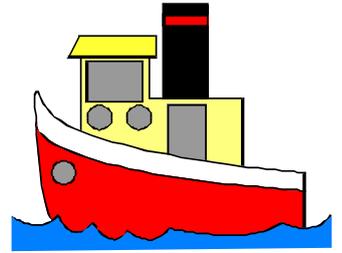


Wheels and Floats



Newsletter November 2018

TAURANGA MODEL MARINE AND ENGINEERING CLUB INC.

The Secretary
PO Box 15589
Tauranga 3112

Palmerville Station Phone 578 7293

Miniature Railway Memorial Park
Open to Public, weather permitting
Sundays in Summer: 10am to 4pm approximately
Winter: 10am to 3pm approximately
Website: www.tmmecc.org.nz

MEETINGS

General Members Meeting every first Tuesday 7pm.
Committee Meeting every second Thursday at 7pm.
Maintenance Tuesday mornings from 9am.
Engineering discussions Tuesday evenings 7.30pm.

COMMITTEE

President: Russell Prout 548 2881
Vice President: Mark Duncan 0211265501
Club Captain: Bruce McKerras 577 0134
Secretary: Jason Flannery 572 1165
Treasurer: Owen Bennett 544 9807
Committee: Chris Pattison, John Heald, Peter Jones, David Flockart, Max Donnelly, Brian Marriner, Bruce Harvey.
Boiler Committee: Peter Jones, Bruce McKerras, John Heald.
Safety Committee: Warren Karlsson, Bruce Harvey, Peter Jones, Chris Pattison, Brian Marriner, Russell Prout, Jason Flannery, Oliver Duncan.
Editor: Roy Robinson 07 5491182
royrobkk@gmail.com

CONVENERS

Workshop: John Nicol
Track: Bruce Harvey, John Stent.
Marine:
Librarian: Chris Pattison
Rolling Stock:
Website: Murray de Lues

OPERATORS 2018 - 2019

18 November M De Lues
25 November M Duncan
2 December B Fitzpatrick
9 December B Harvey
16 December P Jones
23 December W Karlsson
30 December B McKerras
6 January 2019 N Bush
13 January M De Lues
20 January M Duncan
27 January B Fitzpatrick
3 February B Harvey
10 February P Jones
17 February W Karlsson
24 February B McKerras

President's Report :

This will be our last newsletter for 2018 and with Xmas just around the corner I wish you all the very best for the festive season and may you enjoy it with those nearest and dearest to you. If you are traveling, I wish you and your family a safe return home.

A great start to the November calendar with our annual Open Weekend over the 10-11 November. As usual there was a great deal of organisation ahead of this and our thanks go to all those who chipped in to get it happening. Under the stewardship of Bruce McKerras (Club Captain) we saw everything fall into place.

Thank you Bruce on behalf of the club for once again putting together a fantastic weekend.

With visitors from Auckland, Wellington, Cambridge, Whakatane, Rotorua and Hamilton there was much to talk about during the long and very tasty breakfasts when Max Donnelly cooked up a storm on the BBQ. Well done Max you have certainly earned your chef stripes for this one.

A very big thank you to Barb Robinson for keeping the kitchen under control, food and drinks flowing.

Thank you to the Operators, David Flockhart (Sat) and Neil Bush (Sun) for keeping us all on track.

A very big thank you to Jean, Carolyn and Owen for keeping up with the crowds at the ticket window

A big shout out to Jason Flannery for all the advertising and follow up work for visitors, and coordination/liaison with council on Amistice Day activities.

Most will have seen (if not heard) the Steam Punk Motorcycle arrive and run periodically during the day. This BEAST powered by a big block Chevy and connected to the road by a dragster rear wheel was the brainchild of Ian Metz and what a significant piece of crowd pleasing intrigue it was. Thank you Bruce for finding this machine and persuading Ian to bring it down for us all to enjoy.

A huge thank you to all of the TMMEC club members, we could not possibly host such an event without you all. Most of all a very big thank you to our visitors without whom the weekend would have been just another weekend. We learn so much from visitors (and from visiting other clubs) as it is not just about the people or the magnificent locomotives they bring, proudly show off and share with other enthusiasts, it is about a special bond of passionate and extremely capable model and experimental engineers with skills in just about everything. Thank you to you all for supporting TMMEC over the past weekend and throughout the year.

Shane had the Big Boy in all its glory with 17 carriages out for a run too and what an incredible sight. I think Ethan Stent had the longest ride and he couldn't take the grin off his face. Great to see this majestic machine winding its way around our track. The track sure looks small when the Big Boy is on it. I hope we will see more of this machine in the future, thanks Shane and the team for making this happen.

Jason's progress on his South African class loco and no it is not a duplex boiler, just the result of many hours of machining and 100 plus kg's of swarf from the heavy wall pipe used to make

the boiler.

David Shand's mechano magic was again on display in the form of a Garrett locomotive, excellent model Dave.

Owen's Buggy engine and the wooden prototype took centre stage on the table and it looks like he may be getting close to running it (not the wooden one, but I am sure that too would run)

The Annual Awards - Absent from the table was Warren Belk's steam launch for which he was awarded the Norm Decke Trophy. This is a magnificent piece of work and we look forward to seeing it again soon.

Also in the awards was Max Donnelly. He received the Ron Salisbury Trophy for his Titanic boat build at the Nelson Convention back in January of this year. It was also great to have Ron on hand to present this trophy to Max.

Robert Harris gift vouchers for volunteers this month go to Darius and John Heald, two very deserving members. Thanks to Robert Harris for the vouchers and Jason for the draw.

New members

Three new members joined our club this month:

Dean Crosby

Lucia Fellows

Regan Olivecrona

Lucia has already progressed on the driver training and can now operate both the electric locos and Black Magic and I have heard several very complementary remarks from our public about her driving. Well done Lucia.

Please don't hesitate to introduce yourself to these new members and make them welcome. Of course there is always something more to learn so take advantage of our extensive library and ask the old (or not so old) hands whenever you get a chance.

A highlight to this month's developments is the new LPG burner system that Bruce McKerras has built and tested in his Phantom. Many hours have been spent by Bruce in painstakingly following all the steps to this burner build with outstanding results. Max Donnelly may suggest it is a little boring but he too has warmed to the practical aspects of being able to raise steam anywhere,

yes, I am sure this will prove to be a very attractive alternative to coal in some of the smaller boilers....watch this space. If you want to know or see more just give Bruce a nudge next time you see him. Well done Bruce.

More books from Don Hamilton's collection were dropped off to the club rooms on Dec 2nd. These along with the earlier box lot and drawings are currently under the glass display cabinet that holds Eddie Evans loco. If you are keen to glance at these, please return them to the boxes after use at least until they can be catalogued by Chris.

Speaking of Chris, I recently approached him with a query from an early edition of Model Engineer. He introduced me to the catalogue, binding system and loan book. Please be sure to note the titles, name and dates in the Loan Book should you wish to take any of the books away.

The Cambridge open weekend suffered from very wet weather and both days were cancelled so no visit by our representatives. On the up side they had a night run on Dec 8th and I was pleased that Max and Lucia could travel with me, followed by Mark and Ollie, Reagan, Peter Davies and Brian Mariner.

Bruce's Phantom gave us a few moments on start up but ran flawlessly for hours after. I found I was out of a ride when Lucia took the controls. All in all a great night and thank you to all those who accompanied me.

Ashley Grant has received the water jet cut plates from which the valve motion gear shall be built for his 3-1/2" loco. Machining has commenced and he is very keen to get it all fitted.

Well that's about it for 2018 and with two months before our next newsletter you will have to find something else to read.

Happy holidays to you all.

Your President, Russell Prout.

Max with the Ron Salisbury Trophy



Show and Tell :

Warren Belk the deserved recipient of the Norm Decke Trophy had brought along his spectacular steam powered boat. 2 years of construction has gone into the project and the quality of the effort can be seen in the end result. The fact the boiler and engine are of commercial supply does not detract from the boat as Warren had to alter his plans to accommodate the space and size of the boiler and engine. This rescaling created its own set of challenges which all go to make overall construction problems. This model is **World Class** and Warren can proudly hold his head high.

Views of the model showing the complex detail of the decking.



Warren with the Norm Decke Trophy



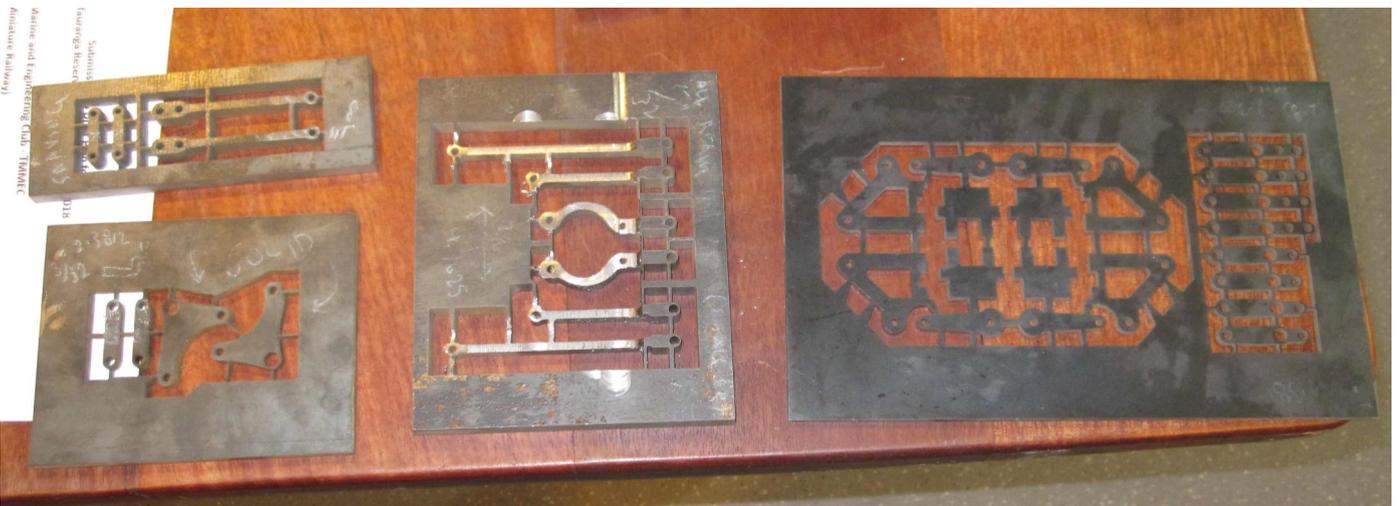


Above : Peter Lawn displayed and discussed the manufacture of replacement slides for a 1922 BSA motorbike. He also had to make the spade drill to cut one of the slots in a slide.

Left

Bruce Mckarras's problems continue with his overhaul of a Velocette motorcycle 1950's vintage. Piston No 3 shows a neatly burnt hole in the top!!!!!!

Below : Ashleigh Grant's water jet cut valve gear his plan B when laser cutting did not meet his requirements.



Solomons
 Engineering Research
 Machine and Engineering Club, TORONTO
 Amateur Railway

Right : Another view of Warren's steam boat.



From the Editor's desk.

I overlooked (forgot!!!!!!) to insert a couple of things in the November mag.

The winners of the Robert Harris Coffee vouchers for November were,

Darius and John Heald

Please catch up with Jason to collect your voucher.

For Sale

TMMEC regalia is available.

Bucket hats	\$20.00
Caps	\$16.50 (both these items include logos)
Club shirts with name and logo	\$43.00
Logo patch	\$8.50 (all prices include GST)

Contact John Stent

Plans

Complete set of plans for a BR Standard Class 4 2-6-4 tank locomotive in 5" gauge.

\$110.00 ono

Contact John Stent

Attention :

I welcome all articles however **PLEASE** send them to me in the raw form file. ie excel or word.

I am unable to use pdf files and it is expensive for me to have them converted back from pdf.

Thanks Roy

Christmas

What do you get if you cross Santa with a Duck????

A Christmas Quacker!!!!!!!!!!

My Railway Career by Clive Goodley

Part 9

Fitters at Tauranga

Peter Jones replaced Dick Page as the Tauranga Loco Depot fitter in 1970. Dick was a very knowledgeable guy who seemed to have an answer for any question of the slightest technical nature thrown at him. One day after repairing a puncture on my cycle using a piece of old tube, because I had no proper patches, I had a question that would surely stump him. On putting the question to him, 'why is it necessary to use prepared patches?' He had the answer of course. Completely deflated, no pun intended, (well maybe a little bit) I asked him how he knew the answer, to which he replied, he had once worked in a tyre retreading factory.

Dick however had a weakness, he could not stand smells (as from flatulence), or talk of blood and gore in the lunchroom. He was a nice guy but now and again someone would put him off his lunch and he would run outside coughing and gagging.

Peter Jones, our replacement fitter, was a fresh faced young man, who looked as if he was just out of his apprenticeship, or even still in it. He had big boots to fill regarding keeping locos running, but he proved to be up to the task despite his youthfulness. About 1973 Peter became the mover and shaker of a project to restore an L class steam engine dating from 1877. It needed stripping down completely and rebuilding.

Lionel our boss, not the most popular of people did at least allow the loco depot to be used for this project. Volunteers from among our loco crews were quickly recruited, and work got under way. Most work was performed on Sundays, as two trains only ran on that day and no shunt crews were booked on. During the three years it took to complete the project, some guys hardly missed a Sunday. I wanted to be there more on Sundays than I actually managed, but having a young family at home, my priorities were divided.

The L was duly completed and after a few test runs was moved to its new stamping ground, the historic village in 17th Avenue, where several of our e'drs ran it at weekends.

Later it was moved to Shantytown.

Log trains through the tunnel

Karangahake tunnel had tight clearances all around the loco but I first realised just how tight when I saw the scratches on the tunnel roof after steam finished. It did not need a rocket scientist to deduce that they were caused by logs which had tipped up slightly at one end of a wagon. Of course once I was aware they were there my eyes searched them out automatically.

The tunnel roof was scratched from end to end, some scratches were at least thirty metres long.

Complete log trains from Kinleith to Tauranga started running after steam engines were sent elsewhere. Any scratches from the odd log wagon before that would have quickly been covered by fresh soot. It is a frightening thought of what could have happened if a tipped up log had hit the tunnel portal, especially if it was just in front of the guards van.

Petrol tank wagons at Christmas or, how not to run a railway

Over the Christmas period many of the small stations, which normally had a station agent in attendance were switched out and the staff stayed home. Paeroa South was one such station and this meant the Thames branch was also shut down. One Christmas Eve, a train with several loaded petrol wagons bound for Thames, which should have been put off at Paeroa South, took the vehicles through to Tauranga. The Guard did not want to, or did not know how, to shunt a switched out station.

At Tauranga the vehicles were promptly put on the next train north. Again the train went through Paeroa South to Frankton without putting the wagons off. After several days of this, wires were running hot and so the guard, still reluctant or unable to shunt at Paeroa South, put them off at Waihi. The next train north put them off at Morrinsville. For five days at least, those vehicles passed through their point of detachment. Five days of to-ing and fro-ing before they were eventually put off in the right place.

No trains ran into and out of Tauranga from, or to the north on Christmas day. One year I was booked on the only train to the north and its return working on Boxing Day. The return working was a butter pick up only, between the Morrinsville dairy factory and Tauranga, we lifted a thousand tons of butter, just two days production.

Union Man

Tauranga had its own branch of the E.F.C.A. the union for e'drs, firemen and cleaners. No other workers could join and it was for N.Z.R. staff only. In 1974 the position of branch secretary became mine, a position I held for two years. The position was not onerous, consisting in the main of receiving mail from and writing letters to the bosses in Frankton or the union executive there and in Wellington.

During my three years as a union representative, the biggest argument with the bosses was over the poor cab heating of Db locos. With another winter approaching and no moves from management to improve the heating I threatened we would black them and no Tauranga crews would set foot on them. I did not in fact have a mandate from the members to do that, as although they were always moaning about the situation, no ban had been discussed.

Many of the Df fleet were by now in the scrap yard and the Di.s were struggling to cope with loads imposed on them. The Db.s were the railways mainstay in the Bay of Plenty, which was one of the best money making areas for N.Z.G.R. My threat worked and within two months all had extra electric heaters installed

Di sliding cab windows was another problem area: they were prone to falling out. Not the actual sliding part, but the whole window frame, on a cold winters night not a pleasant prospect. The only time I was around at such an event, it happened right outside the loco office, when one fell out on the main line as the crews were changing over. If some unlucky soul had happened to be passing beneath at the wrong moment they would have suffered more than a headache. Efforts were made to remedy the problem, but it was never satisfactorily resolved, as the Di body-work was very poor.

At the A.G.M. in 1976 there were no takers for the presidency and it looked like the branch would have to go into recess. That meant we would come under the jurisdiction of the Frankton branch. That situation was a no-no, as a lot of our squabbles were with them over rosters and changeover points. I allowed myself to be persuaded into standing as president and was of course elected unopposed.

Union members and Ding Dong

The retiring president, Merv Walton took me aside and gave me some advice, which was, 'not to let any hothead bulldoze the branch into making rash decisions'. It was my job to keep the branch on an even keel and make only sane and justifiable demands of management.

A particular fireman, Ding Dong was a most obnoxious person, he was detested even more than the boss. He was a fireman who had been run out of depots from Whangarei to Auckland. By the time I became president he had been upsetting the e'drs in Tauranga including me, for several years. During that time more than one e'dr had put his hands around Ding Dong's throat. Being stuck with him in a cab two metres by one metre for ten to twelve hours a day, five days a week was stressing to say the least.

Soon after my elevation to presidency, matters came to a head. On arriving at the depot one Sunday morning to start work, I found George Slack laying into D.D. with fists and all. I put a stop to it and when my fireman arrived I quickly arranged for him to go with George and I took D.D. There was no shed staff on duty on Sundays and so I was the only witness. The boss needed to be informed that George and D.D. were incompatible, without telling him the details, so D.D. could be placed with someone a bit more laid back. That turned out to be me! There had been murmurings previously at union meetings about getting rid of D.D. but now the troops were insistent he had to go.

The ex president was the main mover in this and I had to shut him down, taking the advice he had given me. I did not believe the union should be used to get rid of a union member who had not broken any union rules. I was the loser in this because I was stuck with him until he passed his e'dr exam and transferred to Palmerston North.

Some months after D.D. had been assigned as my fireman, I was at home having had another stressful day with him, my daughter Linda came up behind me and jabbed me playfully in the ribs. I swung round fast with clenched fists and only at the last moment did I realise and manage to stop planting my fists in her stomach. She was fourteen at the time and I hate to think what damage I could have done. The stress caused by being shut up with D.D. was creating a dangerous situation at home, as I often played rough and tumble games with the kids. We decided the girls should be kept away from me until D.D. was out of my cab and life. Thankfully at last his time with us was running out. He passed his e'drs exam, don't ask me how, and transferred to Palmerston North.

I was told that D.D.'s one and only foray out of the depot as an e'dr, was into the shunting yard at Palmerston Nth. The shunters refused to work with him after half an hour and sent him back to the depot. That was the end of his life on the footplate, probably the shortest for an engine driver ever.

I am always puzzled as to how he was ever taken on in the first place. He joined the railway several years before steam was finished with. Teamwork was an absolute necessity on a steam engine and so to be able to work with people of a wide variety of interests and temperaments was paramount. D.D. failed abysmally on both counts, to be a team player or get along with others. On a diesel loco he could have sat in the corner and kept quiet, but he was even worse. A few minutes with him was quite long enough to know he was not and never would be, a suitable candidate for the footplate, not by a long shot.

How do I drive a Dsb

A loco I had seen only from the outside was the Dsb, a shunt engine. One was stationed at Kawerau and I was sent there as a relief driver, just for the day. Similar to a Dsa, but with a 350 hp Caterpillar engine in it, the gear change and clutch were also different.

I was thrown in at the deep end as the e'dr going off shift was supposed to stay on for a few minutes and give me a bit of instruction, however he had gone home. Luckily one of the shunters had watched the local e'drs while riding in the cab, and he told me how he thought they drove it. The loads pulled out of the sawmill are fairly heavy, but I managed to get the hang of driving it pretty quickly and I think the shunters were happy with my performance.

Mount Maunganui

A regular turn on the shunt roster was a day at Mt Maunganui, which was most welcome in summer. If we had a decent break for lunch there was time to nip across to the ocean beach or the harbour and have a swim. Crushed bark from the logs, which were not debarked in the forest then, often covered the rails, it made stopping with a big load near impossible. The wheels just locked up and no amount of sand seemed to bring us to a stop.

It was on such a day that I hit a car that had been parked on the wharf all day and the driver drove in front of my loco, a Dsc, just as I approached. The car was pushed along in front of us until we stopped and then a very shaken driver clambered out of it. He had a large L shaped cut on his forehead and was a bit incoherent but was otherwise undamaged.

I was on the Mount shunt roster for three weeks relieving. My fireman (now called a Locomotive Assistant) arrived at work wearing a leather jacket; emblazoned across the back was a large swastika. Apart from not being a great advertisement for the quality of the railway worker, it personally got up my nose. I explained to him that people wearing such an emblem had for six years tried to bomb me, and the rest of my family, into oblivion and I took exception to him wearing it, especially when working with me. To give him his due, he did not wear it again while working with me.

Laddie Brown

One fine summer's day my fireman was Laddie Brown, who was one of the original surfers in the Bay and probably in New Zealand. He had his board with him and so at lunchtime we shot off to the ocean beach for a spot of surfing. He generously lent me his board, but the surf was quite rough, with the breakers too close together to allow me, or anyone else, to get far enough out to catch a wave. Perhaps Laddie knew that and wasn't that generous at all.

Laddie showed me his original surfboard, which was still in the loft of his garage. It was of plywood, fifteen feet long and made by him, for surfboards were not made commercially in New Zealand when he first tried his hand at surfing.

Bridge gang at Apata

Warning! Dangerous e'dr approaching! Temporary speed restrictions were imposed where the track, bridges or trackside structures and embankments were awaiting repair and where track gangs etc. were working. Train crews were notified of their whereabouts and the speed allowed, on the train advice form they signed for at the beginning of their shift. An outer warning board was positioned some eight hundred metres from the site, stating the maximum speed allowed.

An inner board with a large black 'C' on a white background for 'Commencement' was placed twenty metres from the site.

The bridge over the Wainui River, north of Apata was approached from the south down hill through a long cutting, which ends abruptly where the bridge began. The cutting had a sharp curve at the north end, preventing any view of the bridge until right near it. The bridge was of the wooden trestle type and was about fifty metres long.

I was in the cutting driving a train at line speed, '60kph' when I saw the inner 'C' board in front of me. In a futile gesture I applied the brakes and closed the throttle, but we were on the bridge before the brakes had even started to act. On looking down as we passed over the bridge I could see the bridge gang had dug down around the piles some three metres or more and were still working in the pits they had dug.

They were obviously not amused as we shook the bridge with our speed two and half times what it should have been. I had missed seeing the outer speed board and had forgotten the T.A. If the gang reported me I would be in trouble and so it looked like another apology was needed. On the return part of the journey, the gang were still there and I stopped the train, made an apology and again got away with it.

We are all liars in the eyes of the hierarchy

Ken Anderson, the shed driver of my cleaning days, was eventually promoted to the top of the ladder to Chief Locomotive Supervisor. There was only one C.L.S. at any one time and he spent a lot of his time visiting all the depots in N.Z. and discussing problems not just with local loco supervisors, but also the loco crews. He was a good raconteur and told us several stories.

Morrinsville's small shunting yard had trap points protecting the loop as was usual. Ken was about to leave the yard with a train, having received the necessary instructions from the stationmaster, a green departure signal and 'right away' from the guard. The trap points indicator showed green, but the trap points were open in the derailing position. Ken being a wily old bird, went to the guard, shunter and stationmaster, requesting them to follow him. Along with his fireman he got them to sign a statement he had written out detailing the incident; the signal maintainer was then called out to rectify the problem.

Ken sent a report to his superiors, but was not too astounded to find that despite four witnesses, they informed him, no 'failure had occurred'! It was not that they believed the signal maintainer over the witnesses, signals 'do not fail in that manner', not negotiable. Should the company accept there was a failure, any e'dr who was unfortunate enough to derail his loco at trap points might escape the blame and that would never do. In Ken's and my experiences, the e'dr is always to blame, whatever the circumstances.

Ken again

When Ken was a cleaner and young fireman his fiancée, later his wife often accompanied him on evening and weekend shifts around the depot. She helped him light and maintain the fires in the engines and used the injectors and blowers etc. In later years they were living in a railway house and had a young family, and of course there was a lot of washing on the clothesline every day.

The railway line ran behind their house in a shallow cutting. An engine was stopped there with smoke pouring from the chimney and the wind was blowing the thick smoke straight at the washing. Mrs. Anderson leaned over the fence and asked the fireman to stop the smoke, to which he replied "not possible". She quickly instructed him to open the blower wider and to partly open the firehole door. The young fireman was astonished and no doubt recounted his run in with the housewife and her footplate knowledge.

Passing signals at red

Bomber Murdoch's son Denis was my fireman doing his turn around the shunt roster, I took great delight in telling him not only how useless his father was as an e'dr, but also how he was usually too tired to stay awake. Denis too was inclined to be more tired than most.

We were on our way home on a main line job in the middle of the night, and I was feeling as awake as could be expected at such an unearthly hour. The loco was a Df, which means I was perched high up on the pedestal seat and Denis was in the dickie seat down below my left elbow.

The 'home' signal at Paeroa was behind us and I was manipulating the throttle and brake controls, brain working like a computer, to stop the train just short of the 'starter' signal. The next thing I knew was a panicky voice saying 'are you all right mate, are you all right'? Me, 'of course I'm all right, where am I'?

A Df cab is completely dark at night apart from the instrument lights, but down at floor level between the two seats it is even darker. I scrambled quickly to my feet, gathering my thoughts, just in time to see the red 'starter' signal flashing past the window. I smartly moved the brake handle to emergency stop and closed the throttle. By the time we had stopped I was in control of the situation and myself. After reversing the train back into station limits I went across to the station agent and mumbled something about the brakes not working properly.

It was most embarrassing for me, of the twenty five firemen in Tauranga, that night it had to be Denis with me. To give him his due, he never mentioned it to anyone as far as I know. I am sure he was asleep and the first thing he knew was my body hitting him on its way to the floor.

At times when on an isolated section of track, I shut my eyes and allow myself to drift off for a few minutes and then I would be awake again, but to lose it completely while the brain was in top gear was disconcerting.

Passing a signal at 'Red' deliberately and leaving the guard behind

Guards do manage to get left behind occasionally. Of course I had to leave one behind, at Waihi one Saturday afternoon. We had a particularly long train and when I stopped the train with the guards van by the station for parcels work, the engine was well out past the end of the station yard and around the curve at the south end.

After a while the station agent appeared halfway between the station and the loco and waved a green flag for 'right away' and then waved again for 'guard aboard'. We set off homeward bound, knowing we were the only train on the track. Nothing could hold us up.

Waimata was the first crossing loop and. I was surprised to see the 'arrival' showing yellow and the 'departure' at red. Saturday afternoon was not the time to be messing around and although the signals were automatic, there was no physical connection with the switchboard at Frankton or Tauranga. Knowing there was no possibility of another train being on the track I decided to carry on, a sackable offence if caught.

The next station, Athenree was nearly at the bottom of the bank and as we flashed through I perceived the 'T' light flashing. This is the only means whereby T.C. could contact train crews. I chose to keep going as by the time the train could be stopped I would have had a kilometer to walk back.

My mind now began to work overtime and I started accumulating gray hairs. The only reason T.C. wanted to talk to me was because someone in authority had been at Waimata and seen me pass the signal at red. I had already been feeling uneasy at what I had done and now that unease turned to real concern. The next ten minutes seemed to take hours and then suddenly it was time to front up to my future as an enginedriver, or lack of it.

At the next station Tahawai, I brought the loco to a stand by the T.C. telephone and with great trepidation picked up the phone. Train Control informed me that I had left the guard stranded at Waihi. He was chasing us by taxi and we were stop for him and wait if necessary at Katikati, the next station. To say I was relieved would be the understatement of the year.

An earlier broken rule

The only other time I did something silly deliberately was under pressure from an e'dr, Pat Keri alias Gray, on the late shunt at Te Maunga when I was a fireman. He lived at Mount

Maunganui and wanted to get home early. After booking on at Tauranga he had put his motor scooter on the engine, a Dsa. At the end of the shift he asked me to drive the engine back to Tauranga so he could go directly home, saving nearly an hour. Of course one man operation was very much a 'no no' then, but very reluctantly I did it.

Practical jokers

There were a number of practical jokers among the firemen, but Sam Kohu's joke on Sandy Sandilands was hard to beat. Sam and his e'dr had worked a train north and were returning as passengers, supposedly in the guards van of a train which Sandy was driving. While they were stopped at Te Puna, waiting to cross an oncoming train, Sam walked to the loco a Df, at the front of the train and climbed into the rear cab..

Once the train was on its way again, Sam walked through the engine room and quietly opened the door behind Sandy. Because of the suddenly loud noise of the engine penetrating the cab Sandy was aware of the open door and without turning round reached back and pulled the door shut behind him. This occurred three times, but the fourth time Sam reached through and gripped Sandy's wrist. Sandy shot off his seat in fright, he thought the ghosts had got him.

Bob Richards had dropped off one night while awaiting a crossing. His fireman gently swivelled Bob's seat around so it faced the porthole of the engineroom door. The engineroom light was turned on and the fireman yelled out 'look out', Bob looked up and saw what he thought was an engine headlight coming at him, panic stations.

Jimmy Royal was our most prolific practical joker: he was with Trevor Chapman on the day shift 35 shunt. Chappie was a West Coaster and in true coaster tradition, anything anyone did, he would do better. Jimmy was well aware of this and had laid his trap accordingly.

Many Maoris, and a few non Maoris on the railway, would take half a dozen eggs for breakfast on the day shift which started at 5.30.am. I have seen eight consumed by one person at a sitting.

Jimmy sat down at the table and picked up an egg and cracked it on his forehead. After he had eaten it he picked up another one and cracked it on his forehead too, and then ate it. One by one he worked his way through the eggs, until only one was left, saying he was full, he told Chappie he could have it. Chappie thanked him and being a Coaster, picked the egg up and cracked it on his forehead, of course it was not hard boiled like the others and the raw egg trickled down his face.

To be continued.

Nelson Trip

On labour weekend 2018 the Nelson society of modellers were celebrating their 60th anniversary and after the excellent convention they hosted at the start of the year Max and I decided to go down. It started on the Thursday of that week when I stayed at Max's place so we could catch our bus in the morning. On the Friday morning we were up early and ready for the trip to Auckland. The trip was pretty uneventful apart from having a weird guy sitting next to me. We arrived at the fancy Auckland bus terminal about lunchtime and caught the airport bus. On the way we did see the an old train station (forgot its name) but got to the airport with two hours before boarding the flight. This time was spent eating a late lunch and wandering around. We eventually boarded the flight and I was already exited. The flight was fun as there was very little cloud so there was a good view. We arrived in Nelson with a bouncy landing and as soon as we walked into the airport we were greeted with hugs from our friends.

We were quickly escorted to the track and we saw some familiar faces. Max went and said hello to Jack, Corban, Philip, etc. I went off to the first engine I saw which was an American Atlantic and had Reece Cobb fiddling with it. I greeted him with a firm handshake and we started talking. After doing the rounds of greeting people i went to find an engine to drive. Sadly they were all pulling off for the day apart from the K36. Thankfully Michael Gibbs said we could get his Rob Roy out. We quickly got it onto the steaming bays. Within 30 minutes it was ready to his the track. Unfortunately Michael had had a new ride car that was to low so when he set off it hit the ground and he cut his hand. But after we found a plaster he hit the track. After a few laps he said I could go for a drive. I learnt the controls very quickly and was off. At that moment I remembered my love for smaller scale engines. She was a beautiful engine to drive and was sad when we had to pack up. The night was spent riding on the K36 and making jokes with friends at about 11 o'clock we all went home to the Gibbs house. After sorting out the sleeping arrangements we had a house tour and we eventually went to bed.

The next morning was a 7 o'clock start so after everyone was ready we went off to Maccas for breakfast. After chowing down on our food we went off to the track. To our surprise the k36 didn't have a fire in it. That morning Max and i asked Reece if we could get some of his engines out. He said yes so Max got the Bejax and I got the Springbok out. After getting his engines out we got everything ready for a steam up and begun. Max had the blower first so I had to wait. Soon Max was off and I was raising steam. While I was waiting I noticed Max was running out of steam but I was to busy to help. Eventually I got out on the track and was driving around all day.

When it started getting dark I went and scavenged for some light. I borrowed a torch from an electric Engine in the steaming bays and stuck my phone in the cab.

The engine ran well all day so it was good. Eventually the gang headed off to go to the accommodation and sleep.

Sunday morning started off as usual with Maccas. I got the Springbok out ready for the days passenger hauling. It ran pretty uneventfully all day and I let others have a drive while I was having a go with different engines. Then at 1ish we got ready for the Grand Parade and drove till about 4. Then at the end of the day I drove the K36 around for a bit and then settled by the club rooms for dinner and banter. Reece, Colin and I were talking when Colin mentioned that no engines had used the 5 gauge ground level track. I looked at Reece and he looked at me and said "go on". So I quickly built steam up and hit the track. I had to wait for all the 7 ¼ gauge engines to go before me as I could only go about a 3rd of the way round as it was unfinished then had to reverse back to the station. This gave me a chance to open the engine up and man she moved. After going back and forth for a bit I put the engine away. After a fun evening of banter and driving I said my goodbyes and left for the last night.

On Monday morning Max and I were dropped off early at the airport and started the trip home. The flight went smoothly and the bus home was very comfy. I even made a new friend. We got home exhausted and that was it.

Overall it was a great weekend hosted by the Nelson society of modelers. Hoping to go back next time.

Ollie Duncan





Christmas Party



Location: 18 Youngson Rd

Date: 9th February 2019

Time: Starts at 2pm

What to bring: A plate of food and cutlery

Meat for the BBQ and Drinks will be provided

Drinks will be both alcoholic and non-alcoholic



Bruce Harvey's place is about 150m up Youngson Road (Youngson Road is opposite Omokoroa Road) on the right hand side. Please bring a salad and / or desert to share. Don't forget cutlery and a chair will be handy.





The Editor Wishes you a Merry Xmas and a Great Modeling Holiday

Upcoming Events

December

25 Dec Santa comes!!!!!!!

January :

26 Jan Palmerston North Locomotion

26-28 Jan Whangarei Open Weekend

February :

6 Feb Manakau Free Waitangi Day for kids with special needs

9 February TMMEC Xmas Function (more detail later)

23 24 Feb Maidston (Hutt Valley)

March

16 –17 March Hamilton Open Weekend

Note

The proposed trip in the William C Daldy awaits further information. Sooooo don't cross it off your to do list yet as more information will be forthcoming. Hold all tickets!!!!!!!!!!!!



Town and Around :



Top and bottom right : Lucia making use of her recently awarded driver license.

Below left : Darian tests the Mission Impossible Theory..





The photo is of "Hairy Mary", which was an attempt by the Anglo forces to protect a locomotive against Boer attack during the Anglo-Boer War.

THE BOOKWORM – December 2018

Progress has been made on the library, and most of the complete volumes of magazines have now been bound. We still have gaps in our inventory, so if you are having a look through the library and find that some magazines are in covers, but not bound in them, it is because there will be one or two issues missing to complete the set. Once these have been found, they will be bound together.

During the process of consolidation of the library, other magazines of interest have been located, and these, too have been bound and catalogued.

After discussion with them regarding their older inventory of magazines, the Central Library have very kindly contacted me when they are due to dispose of their old copies of Model Engineer. As luck would have it, those that I collected did not have any issues to fill the gaps in our collection.

We still have an enormous collection of redundant magazines that are occupying valuable space in our roof space. I appeal to Model Engineers, not only those in our club, to feel free to ask me for copies needed to complete their private, or other NZ/ Australian club collections. In the new year we will be forced to consider disposing of these excess magazines to the dump. I hate to get rid of all this valuable literature, but needs must.

I am very pleased to advise that we have had a very generous donation of a quantity of books from the Estate of Don Hamilton. I am presently in the process of cataloguing them, and most of these will be on the library shelves soon. They include some quite technical books regarding detail design of locomotives and would be of interest to the true engineers in the club. In addition, there are quite a lot of coffee table type books on both NZ and overseas locomotives. Sadly, there are a few rather nice books that have suffered from damp and mould, which is a warning to those who are bibliophiles. I have quite some repair and restoration work ahead of me for these books.

As the club now has a computer, it is intended that the library catalogue will be placed on it for members to peruse and ease of reference.

Wishing you all a Cool Yule and a Happy Hogmanay.

Chris Pattison (Bookworm) ytrose2@gmail.com 021 231 6612

