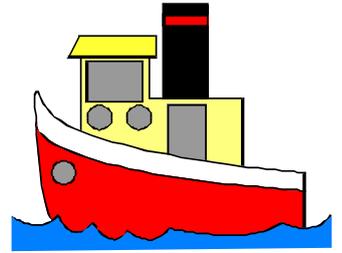


Wheels and Floats



Newsletter July 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
Driver Training:

OPERATORS 2018

15 July M De Lues
22 July M Duncan
29 July B Fitzpatrick
5 August D Harris
12 August B Harvey
19 August W Karlsson
26 August B McKerras
2 September D Flockart
9 September N Bush
16 September M De Lues
23 September M Duncan
30 September B Fitzpatrick

President's Report :

Well it has finally happened. The clubhouse has finally undergone the long overdue internal makeover with the new vinyl floor, toilet and wash basin and they look great. Thanks to Peter Jones for leading the team and Brian Mariner as his main man on the carpentry works .he new chairs have also arrived thanks to Chris Pattison. These chairs were selected based on several factors and whilst comfort was up there protection of the new floor covering came first. The chairs have a very large surface area in contact with the floor and the legs are well place to prevent the chairs tilting back onto the rear feet. The committee were given a number of chairs to choose from and gradually eliminated those that were not suitable.

I hope you all enjoy the new surroundings.

Chris has also made significant progress in sorting, cataloguing and binding of the Model Engineer magazines we have in our library. Hopefully this will make it easier to find that detail for your next project.

The track team under John Stents' direction have completed the track junction at the exit to tunnel #1 so both the tunnel lines now merge, allowing more options for track use.

Ride car WOF's have continued with Jason Flannery leading this charge. Spring upgrades have been carried out on some wagons with more scheduled in the coming months.

An item overlooked in my last report was the painting of the northern steaming bay by Lloyd Breckon. Well done Lloyd, great effort.

Max Donnelly was seen recently manicuring the grass around our track, it looked superb Max, well done and keep it up.

Club night this month saw yet another ball turning attachment and a show n tell from Bruce McKerras with progress of the Rob Roy club project. Still a way to go team so get behind Bruce (and I don't mean push him) if you can manufacture any of the required items to progress this little gem.

A little birdie told me that Ollie Duncan has been chatting up the Full size Traction engine team at the field days and spent some time on the foot plate, well done Ollie. We look forward to some pics and news of the next outing.

I recently celebrated a milestone and my wife Chris took me to Wellington for the weekend. At first there was the drive to Auckland where we were to fly to Wellington. With plenty of fog around the north our flight was delayed, not surprising! But after a further delay and then a flight change we made it off the ground and were treated to glimpses of Mt Egmont (Taranaki if you insist) and a very clear look straight and southern alps. Using my recently acquired gold card I caught the bus (free) into Wellington just in time to visit the Gallipoli exhibit at Te Papa. I walked on the floor markings on the exact day (30th June) 103 years later. A very moving experience and well worth viewing.

Earlier I made contact with Ian Welch to see if I could take a look at the Mainline Steam facilities at Plimmerton. Regrettably Ian could not be available Sunday but invited us to join him on the Steam excursion from Plimmerton to Paihiatua and back. How could I refuse. A fantastic day, great company, beautiful surroundings and JB1236 leading the way. Thank you very much Ian.

There could be some very cool things happening on 14th and 21st July so come on down if you can see for yourself.

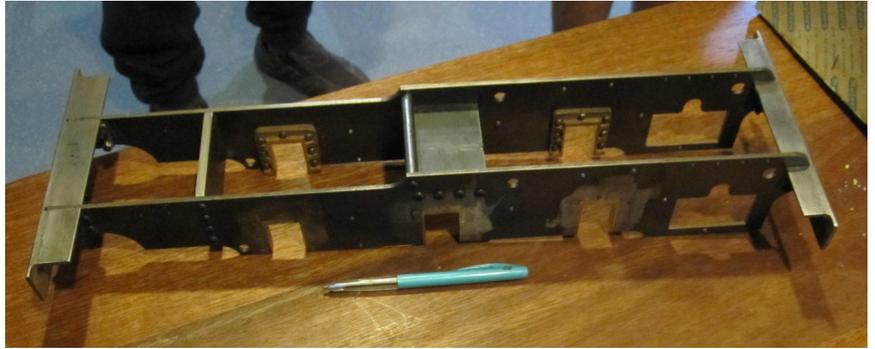
Russell Prout

President



The excursion train which Russell took from Plimmerton to Pahiatua hauled by Jb 1236 owned by Ian Welch of Mainline Steam.

Show and Tell :



Bruce McKerras showed parts to date of the to be Club Rob Roy loco which he is the lead constructor. He seeks more assistance to keep this project rolling, so please give him a call to see where you can help. Remember this is a Club project. Bruce also displayed his version of a ball turning jig. Have you got a ball turning jig??? Bring it along to Show and Tell !!!



From the Editor's desk

Please note that your sub will be overdue if it was not paid by the end of June and you will be un-financial.

Disclaimer :

The views and opinions expressed in articles contained in this magazine are those of the author (s) and do not necessarily reflect the policy, position or opinion of the TMMEC or its officials.

My Railway Career by Clive Goodley

Part 4

Glow worms, a free viewing

Drifting down from Waihi to the tunnel was very enjoyable, the fire needed just the minimum of attention. After the initial sharp descent, the grade was gently downhill, keeping company with the picturesque Ohinemuri River. At night, glow worms flickered on the vertical bank on my side of the cab. The Karangahake tunnel pierced a bluff, which the river wound around. It had a very narrow clearance around the engine. The track dropped away right at the entrance at 1 in 50, the train rapidly accelerated and the train brakes were soon applied. The train with its Frankton crew, who had probably been sitting around for an hour or more, was waiting for the change over. Normally, the fireman would have been playing cards, drinking tea and neglecting his fire.

Paeroa South

Once out of the tunnel the grade eased and the approach to Paeroa South was almost flat. There, only twenty minutes was allowed for a meal break, not very long by any standards, but especially when I had to immediately set to and shovel nearly half a ton of coal into the firebox. I could boil the billy in the firebox, or go to the station to get hot water. Not being a tea drinker I boiled the billy just for the e'dr, as going to the station for the hot water was an interruption to my work. Sometimes the e'dr went off to the station for a cup of tea and a chinwag and made his tea there.

We too delayed our departure as long as possible in order to have the engine in the best possible condition to tackle the tunnel. In fact I shovelled in between sandwiches. I quickly built a big fire and worked up a full head of steam and filled the boiler, because the grade was against us almost from the start and rapidly got steeper.

Karangahake tunnel

A white five bar gate marked the spot, half a mile before the tunnel where firing had to cease, otherwise on entering the tunnel, with its tight clearance, the smoke pouring from the chimney would have killed us. The opposite side of the coin was, if I raised too much steam and the safety valves lifted while in the tunnel, the result would be equally devastating. Running out of steam was also not an option, nor putting on a fire in the tunnel.

The fire badly needed more coal, but I, as all other firemen at that point, was in no state to swing a shovel. Hanging my head out of the window and drawing in great gulps of fresh air was my priority. I was looking at a photo a few days back of an English Electric Df just exiting from the tunnel, the caption read “the crew enjoying a breath of fresh air”. It should have read “the crew desperately gulping in fresh air”, as the Df with a full load on was also pretty chronic, just not so hot.

A minute or two later I gave the fire the attention it needed for the steady climb along the side of the Ohinemuri River. I wheezed all the way while rebuilding my fire, ready for the sharp climb up to Waihi. There I finally stopped wheezing and started breathing easily.

The trip back to Tauranga, or Te Maunga, after the gentle climb to Waimata and the descent of the Athenree Bank, was similar to the outward journey with sharp, short, climbs and descents.

Cleaning the fire

On arrival at Tauranga or Te Maunga, we unhitched from the train and returned to the loco depot.

From 8.0.a.m. until 4.30.p.m. a relief crew, the ‘put and take’ took over. Outside of those hours I let the fire start burning out, several miles from home and if the chance occurred cleaned at least one half of the firegrate. That entailed using the rake to push the fire to one side and chipping loose any clinker stuck to the firebars on the cleared side. I used the rake instead of the pricker because its heavy head was more effective. After raking the dross back to the dropgrate, I raked the fire across to the cleaned side and attacked the other half.

The cleaning was done while still maintaining a lookout at the appropriate places. If there had been a full load behind the engine, I had to do some or all of the cleaning in the loco. depot. Clinker that would not break free was attacked from outside. The handle end of the rake was used to bash the underside of the firebars, access was gained through the openings on the outside of the ashpan (normally covered by flaps) and forcing the bars to slant, thus cracking the clinker.

After the tender was refilled with coal and water, the engine was driven over the ash pit. Ash and clinker were dropped into the ashpan by means of the drop grate. The ashpan was then opened to drop its contents into the ashpit, the ashpan was then hosed out through the aforementioned side flaps. The smokebox was also cleaned of ashes, cinders and soot. On a good day, the cleaner helped me with those chores and then banked the fire as I took off home.

Hot oil on a fireman

If we were late and a crew was waiting to take the engine out, I stayed on to help get the preparation completed faster. The hydrostatic lubricator always needed refilling, but was still very, very hot from the steam with which it had been filled until a few minutes previously. When removing the filler plug, remaining boiling oil and steam shot out still under pressure several feet across the cab.

On one such occasion, I unscrewed the plug, standing well to one side. Unfortunately the other fireman moved into the line of fire just at the wrong time and copped a load of boiling oil down his back. Despite being protected by several layers of clothing it was still quite painful for him.

To boil a billy on an oil burning engine, a probe with steam passing through it, was inserted into the billy of water. The water boiled in seconds! That is the sort of heat we contended with.

KARANGAHAKE TUNNEL

More Karangahake tunnel

The uphill journey through the Karangahake Tunnel sounds rather dramatic, however, that's the way it was. During my time on steam, a Frankton crew nearly cooked in there when the spark arrester (a drum in the smokebox with spiral flutes, designed to make solid particles swirl around then drop to the bottom) moved out of position.

The exhaust blast, instead of going up the centre of the drum and out of the chimney, was partially blocked, and that was enough to send some of the heat, smoke and flames into the cab. Of course, with the tight clearance of the tunnel there was no place to hide. On another occasion, the train brake pipe burst, causing the train to stop in the tunnel. The guard and fireman spent two days in hospital suffering from smoke inhalation.

Even on a good trip, once into the tunnel, the heat became intense, the fumes were just an extra goodie. Of course, it was black as the night, any light from cracks around the firehole door, or from the gauge glass light was lost in the smoke. I have never checked the time spent in the tunnel, but three quarters of a mile, probably averaging about six mph. takes about eight minutes.

It must have been extremely noisy, but I don't recall noticing the noise, there were too many other more important things to worry about. Should the steam pressure drop we were in big trouble, I couldn't put a fire on because of the smoke problem (and my ability to swing a shovel in those conditions), and without a full head of steam the train would stall. Of course if I allowed the steam pressure to rise and lift the safety valves we would have been steamed like a sponge pudding instead.

A potentially horrendous journey on that section turned out no worse than usual. The e'dr and I took over an engine at Paeroa which had a collapsed brick arch. The engine should have run back to Frankton, while we took our own one back to Tauranga: however running tender first up through the tunnel was not an option, as the sanding pipes were set for forward running only. The Frankton crew had not done any remedial work in the firebox, I managed to push the bricks right to the front, leaving most of the firegrate clear for me to build a fire.

The e'dr had arranged for a 25% reduction of load, but I was still worried about the loss of the combustion chamber and how it would affect steam raising. It was a bad enough prospect anywhere, let alone on that section of the journey through the tunnel. Although we did not emerge from the tunnel with the state of the engine, and us, in quite as healthy a condition as normal, we nevertheless were not too bad and the trip back to Tauranga was relatively easy, or at least not that much harder than was usual for that section. Steam engines are full of surprises.

I have no fond memories at all of the Paeroa to Waihi run, although the relief and feeling of achievement when emerging from the tunnel was, I suppose rewarding. The Athenree Bank has given me great memories in both directions, the uphill more so than the downhill.

ATHENREE BANK

The Bank

Thinking of the Athenree Gorge, between Katikati and Waihi, always brings a warm feeling of railway nostalgia to me. I felt quite devastated when passing through it by car in 1998, after an absence of twenty one years and saw how it had been changed. Removing the tracks and using some of its alignment to straighten the road, has somehow made the gorge seem wider and more open.

The gorge I knew, called 'The Bank' by train crews, started down by the Tauranga Harbour mudflats, and climbed sharply past the old Athenree Homestead then flattened out through Athenree station and passing loop. The real gorge and bank then began its three miles of twisting track and road, with State Highway 2 and the rail frequently passing over and under each other. Trains were restricted to a maximum speed of 25mph, and maximum speeds on the road ranged from 15 to 30mph because of the bends, especially where the road went under the rail bridges.

Firing up the bank

For an inexperienced fireman on a coal burner, this meant three miles of hard work. I hate to think of the tons of coal I shoveled unnecessarily during the early years. The cost must have been tremendous when all the tons wasted by green firemen were added up.

In Britain, the handbook issued to e'drs and firemen included a section on firing different types of engine with various grades of coal. The cost of those extra pages adding little to the operating costs per fireman, but making significant saving on coal. We in N.Z. had nothing except advice from the e'dr, which could be good, bad, or not forthcoming at all, as a later story demonstrates. With the resulting waste of coal in N.Z, the British way made much more sense.

A year or two after moving to Tauranga I was firing for Selwyn McCauley whilst ascending Athenree bank and I was swinging the shovel like there was no tomorrow. Half way up Selwyn told me to put down the shovel, in answer to my surprised look he said there was enough fire in the firebox to take us over the summit. I did not believe him, but sat back anticipating enjoying Selwyn's embarrassment when we got into strife, however we crested the top and drifted the one kilometre down to Waimata with the injector on and the steam pressure only a few pounds down.

It was a lesson well learnt, because from then on I started experimenting, shovelling less and less coal until on the bank I had it down to a fine art. I would arrive at Waimata, where we and the Frankton crews quite often changed over trains, with a full head of steam, the boiler full and a bare firegrate, with just a few embers glowing in its corners. The first thing a fireman does when stepping onto a fresh engine is check the water level, steam pressure and state of the fire. I loved the expression on their faces when they looked in the firebox.

On another trip with Selwyn he had agreed to fire, as I had crooked myself up, from I think, falling through a chair while paperhanging. In those days we went to work regardless, for the trains always ran, even freight trains. However Selwyn was not as young or fit as he thought, so that when we changed over at Paeroa and found a J. to work home instead of the rostered Df diesel, I had to do the shovelling, regardless of pain.

Donald the duck

The late afternoon and evening trains 392 and 306, were assisted by a bank engine; from Tauranga to Waimata for the former, and from Katikati to Waimata for the latter. The banker, an English Electric Df, was placed at the front of the train. With Selwyn driving, half a mile short of Katikati I saw a duck squatting between the sleepers, just out from the rail. As we passed over the duck, it did not move away and so I assumed the duck had been injured by a previous train.

We returned to Katikati from the first leg of the trip and we had an hour to spare while waiting for 306. I ran the half a mile down the track to the duck, which was still there. Donald the duck did not want to be caught and each time I tried to grab it, Donald flapped away a few yards. After several fruitless attempts I took off my jacket and managed to throw it over Donald, restricting his movements and allowing me to catch him.

Killing a duck is not as easy as it is made out in books or on TV. My attempts at breaking its neck only seemed to make Donald even more alive. I then resorted to holding Donald by the legs and swinging him around so as to bash his head against the rail, but neither did that seem to quieten him.

As time was passing, in a last desperate bid, I took out my trusty old pocket knife and holding Donald's neck against the rail I sawed his head off. Standing up with a satisfied feeling of a mission accomplished and tomorrows dinner organised, I was surprised to see Donald, minus head, get up and flutter four or five yards down the track, then flop down. Rushing up to him I found he had dropped on my jacket and bled all over it.

To rub salt in the wound, when I got back to the station Selwyn tried to pull rank and snaffle it off me, but after all I had been through he had no show. A day or so later Sheila cooked Donald and proudly served him up for dinner, but he was tough and quite tasteless. We never had duck again!

More Athenree Bank tales

Getting back to the Athenree bank, one night with Frank Borrell driving, the J. was constantly slipping and we were making less than a mile an hour. Frank told me to keep her going, then climbed out of the cab on my side and made his way forward along the track and disappeared out of sight in the darkness ahead.

Every mile or two alongside the track a telephone is fixed to a pole for track workers to check with T.C. on the passage of trains. After the driverless train had gone several hundred yards, Frank clambered back in the cab chuckling. He told me he had phoned Train Control and told him we would be late at Waihi, when T.C. asked why, Frank held the phone towards the J, barking its way up the grade and asked T.C. if he could hear it, getting a yes from T.C., Frank told him, " that is our train, still coming up behind".

P.C. safety and the real world, out of sight, out of mind.

One wet windy night while ascending the bank, long before the days of O.S.H. or any other over zealous P.C safety bureaucrat trying to justify his salary, the train came to a halt as the engine wheels slipped continuously. Checking the sanding gear by torchlight showed worn tyres, the sanders on one side not working and those on the other only just, probably the train was overloaded too.

The proper procedure was for the guard and fireman to apply the handbrake on each wagon of the rear half of the train and then the loco crew took the front portion forward to Waimata, while the guard protected the rear portion with detonators. At Waimata, stable the front portion in the loop or siding, apply handbrakes and fill out the necessary forms via the telephone with T.C.

By the time the engine had returned to the second half of the train, brake test carried out and the handbrakes had been released, then the second portion dragged back to Waimata, two or three hours would have passed. The train still had to be put together and then the handbrakes released on the front portion and a brake test made. In all four hours would have elapsed by the time we were on our way again. The guard and fireman would be out, stumbling around in the wind and rain for most of that time.

Another option was for me to squat on the cowcatcher step at the front of the engine, which was about six inches wide at the outside, tapering to three inches over a length of twelve inches, hand feeding sand onto the rail from my cap and billycan, then nipping up on top of the boiler and back to refill the containers from the sand dome, all done in the dark. Twenty minutes of this was much more preferable than the alternative. I wonder what safety officers today would say. I am sure I was not the first or the last to do it.

240 lbs of steam

Bob Richards was another good guy and top engineman, a bit quieter than some. We were blasting our way up the bank on J 1232 one sunny afternoon when, on the straight, just half a mile from the summit, there was a flash and a bang from the E.E. Df, which was assisting on the front, and then a kick as it lost all power. Now 1232 was prone to sticking safety valves and in the depot while we were preparing the engine I had got the boiler pressure up to 247lbs. psi., which was 47lbs. above the limit, before the safety valves lifted. Bob was not in the cab of course.

Going up the Athenree bank I was showing off and had 240lbs showing on the gauge when the Df brewed up. Bob had been giving me disapproving looks previously, but had not said anything, he now glanced at the gauge, then at me and opened the throttle right out and put the reversing lever right over. 1232 punched her way to the top of the bank, only dropping from the 15mph we were doing previously to 10mph! This with double its allowed load, plus the 102ton Df. It was amazing what an extra 40lbs of steam would do. Bob still never said anything, but I bet he was pleased we did not have to take the train up in two or three pieces, which would have been the normal story.



Both these pics are from the Clive Goodley Collection but no other detail available.

Above :Athenree Gorge.

Below :Derail in the Karangahake Gorge





Above : Another shot of the Athenree Gorge

Below : A Df at Taneatua

Once again from the Clive Goodley Collection



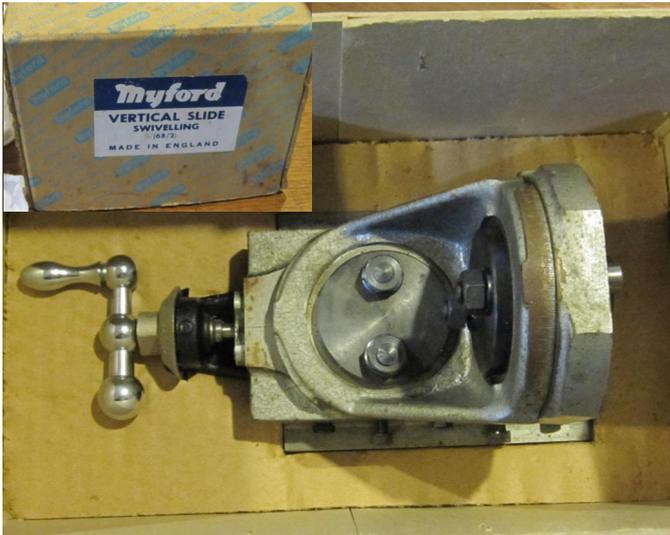
Pics courtesy Ed Mol
Australia

“I attended the annual
Hop Pot Run in Wollon-
gong and teamed up with
my fellow Queenslanders
for the weekend.”



For Sale

Jeff Hallam has the following items for sale. The Myford Vertical Slide is unused, still in original box. The surface plate has had little use (very approx. 12" x 6"). Jeff seeks realistic offers.



Upcoming Events

July :

21 July TMMEC Playday

August :

September :

29 Sept Kapiti Miniature Railway Twilight run

October :

20-22 Oct Nelson Open weekend and 60th Anniversary

20-22 Oct New Plymouth Open weekend

20-22 Oct Keirunga Park Open weekend

November :

10-11 Nov TMMEC Open weekend

16-18 Nov CSME running all weekend

For all you Engineers???!!?!??

A Missouri farmer passed away and left 17 mules to his 3 sons. The instructions left in the will said that the oldest boy was to get one half, the second oldest one third, and the youngest one ninth. The three sons, recognizing the difficulty of dividing 17 mules into these fractions began to argue.

Their Uncle heard about the argument, hitched up his mule and drove out to settle the matter. He added his mule to the 17 making 18. The oldest therefore got one half or nine, the second got one third or six, the youngest got one ninth or two. Adding up $9 + 6 + 2$ equals 17. The Uncle having settled the argument hitched up his mule and drove home.



TMMEC 2018 CALENDAR

	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	S	M	T						
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31									
FEB																																								
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NOV																																								
DEC																																								

- SUNDAY RUNNING DAY – 10:00 – 16:00
- OFFICIAL CLUB PLAYDAY – FIRST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH
- WORKING BEE – LIGHT MAINTENANCE LIST – TRACK TIGHTENING, VIADUCT BOLTS, PAINTING
- COMMITTEE MEETING – 19:00 START
- GENERAL MEETING – 19:00 START
- ENGINEERING TUESDAY -- 19:30 START
- OPEN WEEKEND
- CANCELLED
- AGM