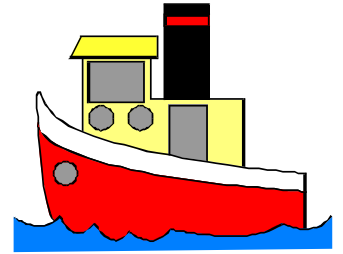




# Wheels and Floats



Newsletter March 2019

## 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](http://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, Ash Thomas, Peter Jones, 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](mailto:royrobkk@gmail.com)

### CONVENERS

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

### OPERATORS 2019

24 March B Fitzpatrick  
31 March B Harvey  
7 April P Jones  
14 April W Karlsson  
21 April B McKerras  
28 April N Bush  
5 May M Delues  
12 May M Duncan  
19 May B Fitzpatrick  
26 May B Harvey  
2 June P Jones  
9 June W Karlsson  
16 June B McKerras  
23 June N Bush

### President's Report

February has been a steady and very warm month. We have welcomed some new members and the team has been busy with Driver assessments and training for new and old members. I am very pleased to say that both Joanne and Colin now have their driving licenses and are regularly seen enjoying the experience of taking our very loyal customers on their Sunday train rides.

One of our new members Colin Gray, has quite a comprehensive HO (digital) layout in his shed which features many New Zealand rail scenes like the Raurimu Spiral and Ngauranga Gorge. This is definitely a club visit for the future.

Behind the scenes Jason and a few others have been building up three new ride cars. One of these is now in the fleet with the other two expected in a month or so. Well done Jason.

Jason has also been busy completing the new single piece Frog in the main line near the viaduct overpass and give way. There is a little more work to secure and test it before making it available for general use.

Club members may recall that late in 2018 the club were advised by the Tauranga City Council of some proposed changes to the QEII facilities that could impact upon our track and operating facilities. Some progress has been made by council however we are still to receive details of this proposal. The committee shall keep the club advised of any progress on this matter.

Club night saw John Stent with his stainless steel tender for his 14A Rhodesian Garrett project for which the club is still waiting to see the considerable progress he has made already.

A small 4 cylinder "Seal" inline petrol engine that our visitor Ivan Richards had started some years ago.

A rather basic Anvil that I carved from an old section of NZR iron-its a work in progress and was intended to be a demonstration for my students on how to use the mill.

Jeff Hallam presented a video of his double Fairley steaming around his home garden railway. It looks Great Jeff.

Peter Lawn shared his home made very small reamer. It is so good to see your ideas / equipment to resolve problems.

Another comprehensive collection of NZ Rail hard cover books has been donated by Mrs Lisa Coates from Pokeno. Mrs Coates husband Gavin passed some time ago but he was for many years an NZR driver and very enthusiastic follower of NZR. Thank you Lisa for the books, they are already catalogued and in our library for all to view. We look forward to seeing you when you come over to Tauranga.

Mark Hendry has been building a 5" gauge Simplex on and off for more than 20 years. The build started when his daughter was five with the promise of her going for a ride. 25 more years have passed and he says its not complete mainly due to work commitments and other things taking priority. He has recently brought into the club some parts that are now his current focus with a plan to complete this year. Mark feels that the time has allowed him to refine his skills and collect more equipment. We look forward to seeing more of your progress Mark, good luck and No pressure.

The club AGM will be held on Sat 11th May at 12pm and all are welcome.

The Operators meeting will kick off at 10am with Lunch at 11-30.

Nomination forms are at the club rooms for members to complete. You can submit your nominations to the secretary place in the box provided at the club rooms.

A club visit to Hamilton and night run shall feature in my next update.

Some visits coming up for which I welcome members of the Tauranga club to participate in or accompany me if you wish. These include Kairunga Park (Easter), and Cambridge.

As this is the 40th year of our clubs operations at Memorial Park we are trying to get a number of events up and running, please support your committee where you can and show your interest by taking part.

I am still looking forward to seeing some of the club members small gauge locos heading around the raised track, don't let us down by keeping them all to yourselves.

Next club night we shall see a collection of "ball turning attachments" please bring all that you have and lets see the table full.

Your President

**Russell Prout**



# My Railway Career by Clive Goodley

## Part 11

### **Down a 1 in 50 grade with 23000 tons**

Mac Cassidy was a young e'dr from Mt Maunganui whom I had met a few times when relieving there. Mac had moved with his family to Hamersley Iron as soon as he had passed the N.Z.G.R. Engine Drivers exam some eighteen months earlier. I was his observer on my first trip to Dampier after learning the road and he sat in my seat and told me to drive.

The initial ninety kms were straight forward, first gradually opening the throttle, after informing the banker crew to start pushing. Unless we had a crossing it was notch eight (full throttle) all the way to the top of the grade and even dropping down to Wombat.

All the crossing loops and places of significance to train running had names of Australian fauna up to the junction, in alphabetical order, except Seven Mile, where the workshops and marshalling yard were situated outside of Dampier. The Paraburdoo branch past Wombat had crossing loops named after Australian flora, which I can't remember. Wombat to Swan was double track.

The lines drop down steeply at 1/100 after cresting the second ridge to Swan, where we stop for the bankers to come off.. However, stopping there in the correct spot just short of the departure signal is not easy. The signal was at green, which was just as well as we passed the signal and stopped some forty metres further on. Although Swan is nearly flat, the great length of the train meant a fair portion was still on the 1/100 during my approach to the departure signal. I never overran it again, although I did have to put the brake in emergency once in order to stop short of the signal.

It was too hard to remember enough detail of the track to initially drive without verbal or written instructions. When a train of 23000tons is halfway over a crest, or even a change in grade, it means there is 11000 tons pulling each way on the draw gear of the wagons in the middle when actually on the crest. A wrong move by the e'dr can, and often did, snap the knuckle of the draw-gear: all rolling stock had automatic couplers. There were various other traps and so for the first dozen or more trips we had a list of when and where to open or close the throttle and apply or release the brakes, the latter being especially important. Of course 'temporary speed restrictions' threw a spanner in the works, as they popped up anywhere. That sometimes meant stopping the train before releasing the brakes in order to negate the chance of breaking the train in two.

### **On to Dampier**

Leaving Swan on the head end was a gentle affair as there is a slight downgrade and half throttle is enough to accelerate to and keep the train rolling at 60kph to Rosella where the grade

grade eases and more power is required. This stretch of line, forty kms across is the Fortescue River valley. It is completely flat, and because of the drought, is bereft of any vegetation as far as the eye could see to the left or right, except for a few leafless trees, a few years later the valley floor was a sea of grass as far as the eye could see in any direction. Three or four horses were the only animals ever seen on my trips, it looked as though the whole of Britain could be fed from that area of land. At Possum the valley closes in to form a gorge and the line enters the gorge and changes to a fairly steep grade.

The dynamic brake is brought into action before the steeper grade is reached in order to get the train bunched. The train on this grade can be kept under control with just the dynamic brake. Fifty kms further on the line emerges from the gorge and crosses another plateau eighty kms wide with slight variations in gradient. The line then becomes double track at Gecko, where it then enters a gully and follows it down to the next plateau at a grade of 1/50 for ten kms.

Unlike our locos in N.Z. where the dynamic brake was most effective at twenty kms per hour, the Alco's are most effective from ten down to two kph. The top of the grade at Gecko is passed at a crawl, ten kph maximum. With full dynamic brake operating speed is slow to pick up, but nevertheless a minimum air brake application does soon become necessary at about 50kph. If we judged it right, the speed will stay constant till near the bottom of the grade when a heavier application is necessary in order to obtain a full release when the time comes to make a release: release after a light application usually results in some train brakes not coming off, causing wheel skid and consequently flat spots on the tyres. This is sure to happen at the rear of the train, owing to the slow increase in train pipe pressure so far from the compressors and main reservoirs on the locos. On such heavy trains, run out of slack is likely to cause a coupling to break.

Quite often the train does not behave according to plan and several applications and releases are necessary. The biggest chance of breaking a train in two is during a brake release and so obviously the less number of releases the better. Nervous e'drs even bring the train to a stand, rather than risk a broken train.

At Emu the track profile changes to a slight upgrade for eight kms to Dugite, before descending a similar distance at 1/100 to Dingo. From there to Broilga, where the line again becomes double tracked, a gentle falling grade takes us all the way to Seven Mile. At that point, if late, we sometimes get relieved on the main line, but usually enter the marshalling yard and get taken to the barracks in Dampier by messenger car.

When arriving first for a train crossing, part of our duties is to dismount from our loco and each stand on opposite sides of the other track and check for dragging brakes or other faults on the passing train. Even the laziest crews seemed to do this.

## Dampier

Dampier had a population of 4000; it too was a company town. Set in low, rocky and barren hills, despite being on the shores of the Indian Ocean, it suffered the same searing temperatures as Paraburdoo, but with the added inconvenience of high humidity. During the summer months, just standing outside the barrack at 8.0am waiting to be collected by the messenger car, perspiration ran down our faces, even after several years of getting acclimatised.

Paraburdoo crews normally worked only the morning train all the way to Dampier and the morning return next day, and so we experienced travelling the track from Tom Price to the coast only in daytime. Dampier, we saw only in the evening and early morning. We arrived in time for dinner at the barracks mess and then went our own ways.

While the e'dr in the early months, and afterwards, my 'observer' usually went to the 'wet mess' I walked down to the shark enclosure nearly half an hours walk away to have a swim. Mostly I walked in bare feet although in the summer the tar seal was still too hot, even after the sun went down, for comfortable walking, but I still did it. The enclosure extended about seventy metres into the water from a sandy beach and was about fifty metres wide. At its deepest part during low tide it was several metres deep. The fence was constructed of 25mm thick steel vertical rails spaced 150mm apart, welded to horizontal beams top and bottom.

The tide rise and fall was not great as the beach is part of an open harbour, and there is little surf for the same reason. Swimming there did get a bit boring and so one evening I ventured outside the protective fence for my swim. Boring it was not! For the whole twenty minutes or so I was in the water my eyes were swiveling around as if on stalks. I never bothered to try that again, there was no enjoyment whatsoever.

Fifteen minutes walk from the area of the single men's quarters where we billeted overnight was the wet mess. I went once at the insistence of my partner. It was really just an open air pub with the tables and chairs set under canopies and a jukebox playing away by the bar, I first heard Boney M's 'Rivers of Babylon' there that evening. The establishment seemed to be patronized by males only. I am not sure whether alcoholic drinks other than beer were available.

We each had our own room in the barracks, which had a single bed, small table and easy chair; the toilets and showers were along the corridor. At an appropriate time the messenger gave us a wake up call, allowing us time to have a cooked breakfast at the mess before being collected to be taken to Seven Mile.

## **Seven Mile**

Seven Mile was not just the rail sidings, but the hub of the whole rail system of H.I. The bosses, T.C., loco repair, wagon repair and any thing else pertaining to running a railway was based there. At any one time there would be half a dozen locos undergoing heavy overhaul, plus the same number on light repair. Complete overhauls were carried out at Seven Mile workshops. The loco fleet consisted of one obsolete machine, used in the building of the line and since sometimes used for light shunting, but very rarely in my time at H.I. Two 2600hp Alco's, their original main line locos, which were mostly used around Dampier, or on the twice weekly general goods. The rest of the fleet was made up of more than forty Alco 3600hp M636's and C636's. All had air conditioned cabs, a water cooler and a hot plate. A toilet was situated in the nose compartment.

The aforementioned goods consisted of four or more tankers of diesel mainly for the power station, plus a few flat tops with cars (some people preferred to rail them in rather than drive hundreds of kms on unsealed roads) and other general goods.. Trainloads of iron ore were taken to the stockpiles at the port from Seven Mile by Dampier crews, consequently I never got to ride the last seven miles by train.

## **Track workers**

Track maintenance was contracted out and the workers had their own encampments outside of the three H.I. towns. Most of the manual workers were Thursday Islanders, tall, broad shouldered guys, black as the ace of spades and respected as very good workers.

Other camps were out in the middle of nowhere and their only access to civilization was by the service road, unsealed of course, which ran parallel to the line its whole length, sometimes changing sides according to the dictates of the topography. I drove it a few times in my car, and even going as fast as sensible driving would allow, it still took five hours. From Tom Price to Seven Mile, 280kms, there was one occupied dwelling (Lang Hancock's) other than contractor's camps, at Millstream.

The journey home was not much faster than the trip out, as although the empty train weighed only 4500t as against 23000t for the trip down to the coast, we had a climb of 800metres on the way home. In fact, climbing the 1/50 was a real struggle and the sanders were well used even on a dry rail. 25kph was the usual speed up the 1 in 50.

## **Heaps of ore-in the wrong place**

During my first trip to the coast I saw three or four large heaps of iron ore by the side of the track with parts of wagons poking out here and there. Each was the result of a derailment and consisted of about forty wagons and their contents, 4000t of ore per heap. Each pile was at or near the bottom of a grade and so I assume speed could have been a factor, or perhaps the rail that was used earlier was too light for the 30t axle loads we were operating. The track had just been relaid with 140lb per yd rail when I arrived in 1977 and there were no similar derailments in the following five years of my sojourn there.

Whatever the cause it was obvious that it took forty wagon lengths after the train brake pipe was parted, causing an emergency brake application, for the train to stop. By the time the fortieth wagon became derailed the train was all but stopped. Those heaps of ore stayed there for several years, reminding us of what could happen to us. Eventually contractors came and removed ore, twisted rails, wagons and parts thereof, probably to be recycled.

## **Strange things and people around Paraburdoo**

For some reason I had occasion to look into the toilet cistern at home. Surprise! Surprise! There were half a dozen frogs inside, ranging in size from babies to full adults. Despite clearing every single one out, within six months there was another family there and so it became a routine chore to clear out the cistern every six months. I do not know what the frogs lived on, but they always seemed healthy and there was never a dead one in there.

I asked people who had lived in Paraburdoo for some time how the frogs got in the toilet cistern, but none seemed to know. If there was frogspawn in the water supply, we never saw it despite paying close attention to the water. The water supply while we were there always appeared to be top quality, even though several of the bores had gone dry owing to the drought.

## **An Aussie drought**

The drought was into its eighteen month when we arrived: outside of town no grass was to be seen, even the trees and shrubs were bereft of leaves. The streambed several hundred metres from the town was dry but that was normal for most of the year. Soon after we arrived, with warmer weather coming on, thunder and lightning storms flashed and roared overhead every afternoon for two hours or more. No rain fell during that time and the first rain did not fall until we had been there four months. The drought had lasted nearly two years. Mac Cassidy's twenty month old boy had never seen rain to that point

## **More frogs**

Diesel locos roaring away flat out are quite deafening, I was driving on the Dampier turn when the rains started and although not torrential, it was heavy. it was heavy. On the way home the next day I could hear an extra noise above that of the locos, which I could not identify. When we stopped to cross another train, the source of that noise became apparent, frogs which had been dormant, hibernating a metre below ground since the last wet, had woken from their hibernation, made their way to the surface and were having a great time croaking away to their neighbours whom they hadn't croaked with for two years. There must have been a frog for every metre of ground over 386kms and stretching back into the Diesel locos roaring away flat out are quite deafening, I was driving on the Dampier turn when the rains started and although not torrential-desert.

## **Stink beetles**

For the whole year whatever the weather or season, there were stink beetles in and around the lunchroom, outside the building and any other place where there was cover. They were green and about the size of 50c coin. Around the outside of the building they could always be found packed in tight, like sardines in a can, under the damp course, which stuck out fifty mm and down at 45 degrees about 150mm above ground level. Periodically when the shunt crew had nothing to do, we would go around the building and burn them out with a flaming lump of diesel soaked cloth or cotton waste. At any one time there were several scuttling around on the floor inside and nasty people like me, would crush them when on the way out and so leave a stink for the people still inside. Strangely they did not seem to infest the town.

## **Snakes**

Snakes were never a problem in the depot area, but there were plenty around. While waiting outside the barracks at Dampier one morning for the messenger, with Ivan Perry my Maori observer from Westfield, a snake about a metre and a half long and forty mm thick slithered across the sloping lawn down towards us, dropped down over a concrete retaining wall half a metre high and then slithered along five metres right past us only 300mm away from my feet. By the time it got that close Ivan was behind me making sure I was between him and the snake. When I glanced behind me his eyeballs were out on stalks. The snake wriggled on past ignoring us completely, no doubt it had its own agenda.

On another occasion I was walking along the barrack corridor to my room when I saw a snake about 250mm long wriggling along the floor, it was only as thick as a pencil and could easily slip under a door into a room. Apparently they are just as poisonous as a mature snake, there is a place for snakes in this world, but not inside my sleeping quarters, and so I killed it. The story goes, snakes do not die until dark, but I am sure that one did. Maoris had a reputation of having an aversion to snakes and that's being polite. To be more honest, terrified would be a more suitable adverb. Mac Cassidy was on the way home with others in the messenger car when they ran over a snake. Mac was in the front seat and was the first to be dropped off. Talk during the trip to the town from the mine had been centered on the snake getting wrapped around the drive shaft and getting very angry. As Mac exited the car, while his second foot was just being lifted out of the doorway, the passenger sitting behind grabbed his ankle. With a yelp Mac leaped clear of the car and made the twelve metres to the house in three bounds.

One of the men on the first aid team took it upon himself to be the local snake expert and identify and report all snakes found in the area that were brought to his attention, to the right authorities in Perth. One evening the messenger was transporting a small snake in a bucket sealed with glad wrap on the back seat. His destination was the snake expert who happened to be on duty that evening at the mine security gate. Killing two birds with one stone he collected a crew booking on at that time, one of whom was the aforementioned Mac. It was only on arrival at the security gate that the messenger announced the presence of the snake, which Mac just happened to be sitting next to. I don't think he and the messenger were drinking mates for a few days.

To be continued



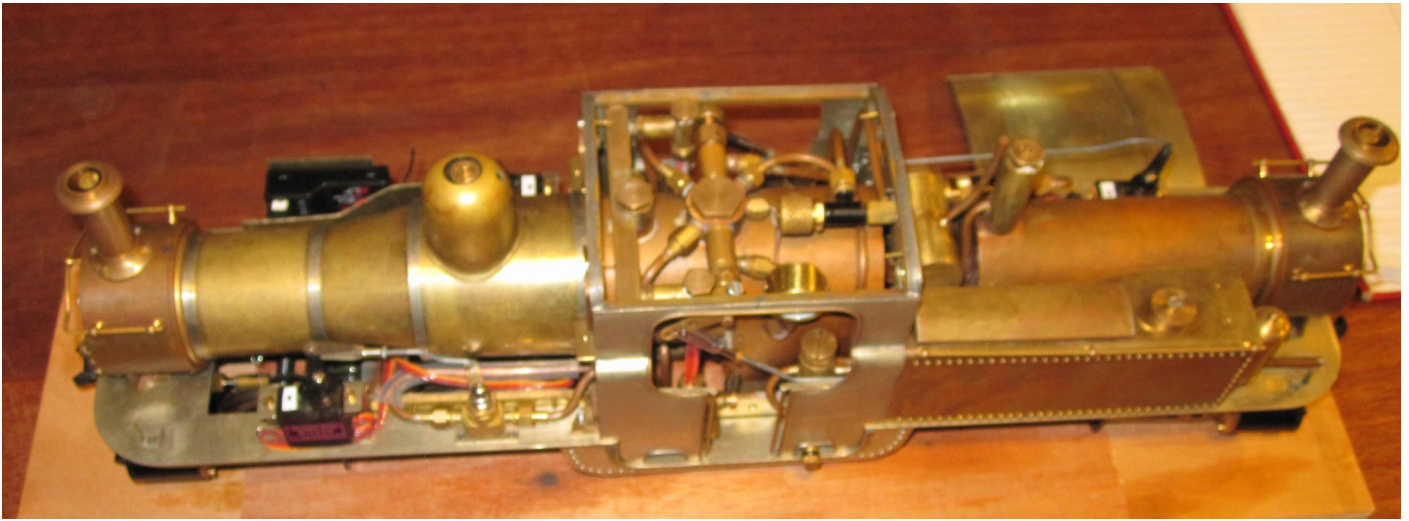


All pics from the Clive Goodley Collection and illustrate scenes from Western Australia of the Hamersley Iron railway.





## Show and Tell



Last months mag included pics of Geoff Hallam's Double Fairley I apologise that I did not add captions to either pic, sorry Geoff. At this months Show and Tell Geoff showed a video of the Double Fairley with a rake of carnages in tow, what a neat sight. One can only hope to emulate Geoff's skills which he used to construct this loco from scratch.

## For Sale

President Russell has for sale "on behalf" 2 model boats.

Billings Boats kit of Smitt Rotherdam. Unfinished. Has twin propellers rudders and nozzles fitted. Additional bits go with it.





PT boat with plans.

Russell Prout seeks offers for both boats which are from an estate sale.

## Town and Around :

Your Editor Roy has requested a lapel Club badge and quotes are being obtained. If you wish to order one please get in contact with me and a bulk order will be put in. Unfortunately I don't have costs at the moment but these will be in next months mag.

Below : Mark Hendry's collection of boiler parts



# TMMEC 2019 CALENDAR

	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	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				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	CHR	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	THA	25	26	27	28						
MAR				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	HME	HME	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		
APR	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						
MAY		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				
JUNE					MAN	MAN	MAN	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		
JULY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	EBO P	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						
AUG			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			
SEP						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	
OCT	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					
NOV				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			
DEC						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

- SUNDAY RUNNING DAY – 10:00 – 16:00      EBOP    EASTERN BAY OF PLENTY OPEN WEEKEND 13-14 JULY
- OFFICIAL CLUB PLAYDAY      WCR    WINTER CREEK RAILWAY 26 DEC BOXING DAY, BY INVITE
- COMMITTEE MEETING – 19:00 START      MAN    MANUKAU LIVE STEAMERS 1,2,3 JUNE
- GENERAL MEETING -- 19:00 START      PN    PALMERSTON NORTH OPEN DAY 26
- ENGINEERING TUESDAY -- 19:30      HME    HAMILTON MODEL ENGINEERS 3RD WEEKEND MARCH
- OPEN WEEKEND      CAMBRIDGE    STILL UN-CONFIRMED
- CANCELLED      THA    THAMES LAST WEENED OF FEB
- AGM      CHR    TMMEC CHRISTMAS PARTY 9 FEB