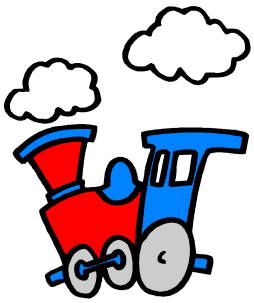
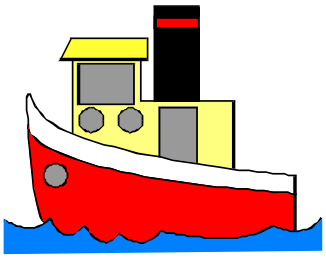


Wheels and Floats



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.tmmec.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 royrobkk@gmail.com	07 5491182

CONVENERS

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

OPERATORS 2018

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	N Bush
13 January	M De Lues
20 January	M Duncan
27 January	B Fitzpatrick
3 February	B Harvey

President's Report :

October proved to be another very busy month, Play day, visit by Ollie and Max to the Nelson 60th and preparation for our open weekend on 10-11th November. This preparation started with a small section of 5" rail being fitted into the new mainline exit of Tunnel 1 enabling 5" on the ground level to travel on the entire track once again.

At our last committee meeting we regrettably received and accepted the resignation of David and Michael Flockhart. David, Michael and Jean (who has been assisting with ticket sales for some time now) shall be returning to the

UK in April of 2019. Whilst this is still some time away we shall all have time to farewell the trio. We wish them all the very best for this next page of their life book and thank them all so heartedly for their support to our club.

We have also had another resignation from our committee so if you think your up to it and would like to support your club on the executive committee, please let me know and we can make this happen.

The club has recently been given more books and some drawings (and transparencies) from Don Hamilton's estate. These will be catalogued by Chris and eventually be available in the library.

Black Magic has now been restored to its former operating condition and living up to its reputation for pulling and pulling very well. Thanks to Peter for the axle rebuild, Mark and Warren for the reconstruction.

The Jigger, however, is another story and it has been relocated to my surgery for some micro engineering. Hopefully she too will be back on the track soon.

Some time ago we said farewell to Clive Goodley, but not to his stories fortunately. Well another aspect of Clive's life is to be celebrated during our open weekend and you are all invited to participate. More details to follow at the open weekend, Saturday Nov 10th.

In the September issue you would have read an article on Trevor Chapman, well Trevor moved back to the West coast of the South Island a while ago and has recently been quite unwell. We think and talk of you often Trevor and wish you the very best for your recovery. Should any of our members or friends be down on the coast see if you can call and see him.

2019 is the 40th Anniversary of the Tauranga Model Marine and Engineering club. The raised track opened in 1979 and the ground level track in 1983. What were you doing in those years? We still have foundation members in the club and often hear from members of the public who remember coming to ride the trains when they were kids and are now bringing their grand kids along and still enjoy the ride.

We would like to celebrate this anniversary and maybe open both days of that weekend. As we are getting close to the 1,000,000th passenger this could be you on the weekend. If you are keen to help with this event, please let your executive committee members know, perhaps a theme, a night run and maybe special guests, who knows.

Junior members. I often here comments about how juniors get in the way or do the wrong thing. Well we all did that at some point in our lives and we learnt how to get it right too (and wrong for that matter). Junior members are like apprentices, they learn from those who have the experience and are willing to share. The lessons, whilst not formalised, usually start with menial tasks like sweeping the floor (or steaming bay), making the tea (or eating the cookies), keeping the work area tidy (cleaning the loco), feeding the dishwasher (feeding the boiler with coal), checking brakes are all operational and everything is ready for running.

We as model and experimental engineers have a duty no different to the journeyman and tradesman to instil the correct knowledge and prepare the juniors for eventually taking over the legacy that we and our predecessors have created and enjoyed. More importantly though, to understand what makes a successful club and keeping equipment in good shape is paramount to the clubs health and well-being. It is all too easy to be hard on the juniors but learning from the best will get the right results (in the end). We are very fortunate to have juniors who are passionate about trains, traction engines and other things steam related. I encourage our senior members to share their knowledge and wisdom with our juniors whenever they can, they are our future.

By the time you read this Bruce McKerras will have completed (successfully) the operational trials of the LPG burner system he has built for his Phantom. Sunday 28th Oct marked the day when the Phantom took to the track to pull its first load of fare paying passengers with his Phantom powered by LPG. Not only was it a success, I think it is definitely an alternative to coal. Utilising the electric blower to get her started, in less than 5 minutes she was using her own blower and in under 12 minutes (from cold) she blew the RV's. Jubilation was apparent but still not tested under load. This proved to be a non event as the Phantom pulled up the viaduct incline with an absolute roar and not a cinder in sight. Great perseverance Bruce and an excellent outcome. Bruce also took the his Phantom to Hamilton on 3Nov for the night run. This time he had manifolded the two LPG bottles to reduce the flowrate through each bottle. A few PUFFFF's were heard when lighting up but all that paled into insignificance when she pulled a load of passengers with ease. Even Max D was heard saying this is great and so easy to control. Oh Max, don't loose the coal feeling!

There were several interested viewers during the day and no doubt many questions too. The same two LPG bottles were used to run on Sunday at Tauranga so it will be interesting to see just how economical it will be. Great work Bruce, keep it up.

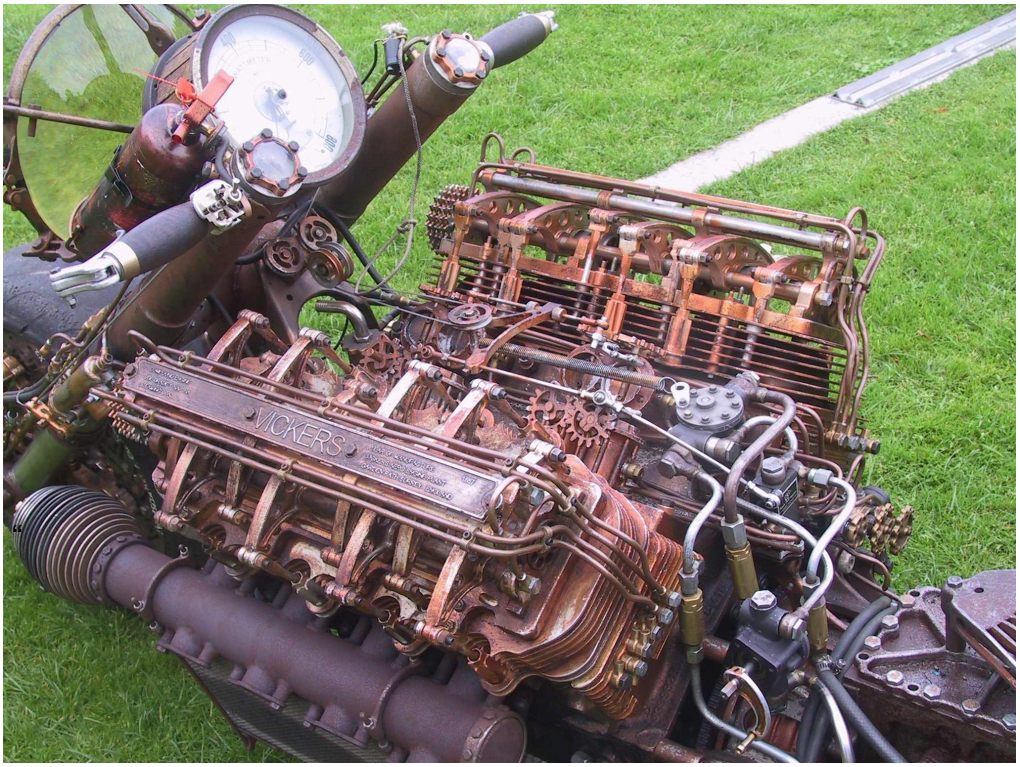
Hamilton Night run Nov 3. A huge thank you to Hamilton for the invitation and hospitality you shared with Bruce, Ollie, Max and myself. You have an awesome track and we look forward to the convention in 2020. I don't think it will be that long before you see us back though. I was

particularly impressed by the massive Frankton (South) Signal box. You are so lucky to have that as part of your facilities.

Jason has been busy on a recruitment drive and several new members have been signed up. Some keen to just drive or clip tickets and others keen on the engineering side too. Well done Jason, keep up the good work.

Annual Key collection- if you have any keys for club locks (except the recently allocated tunnel and club keys) please hand these to a committee member for cataloguing and reallocation if you require it.

Russell Prout President

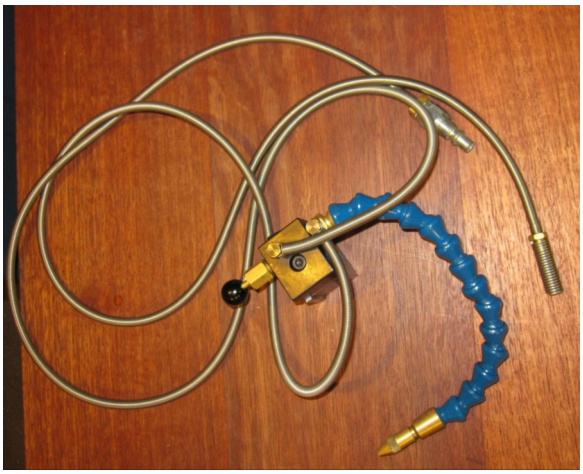


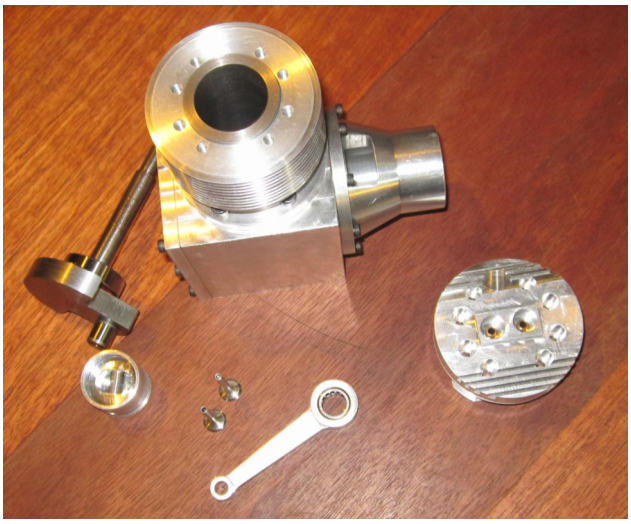
Ian Metz a prominent Tool and Die engineer from Tauranga brought his latest creation to add to the flavour of the Sunday display of the Open Weekend. This is way out of left field and I just drool at his creative efforts.

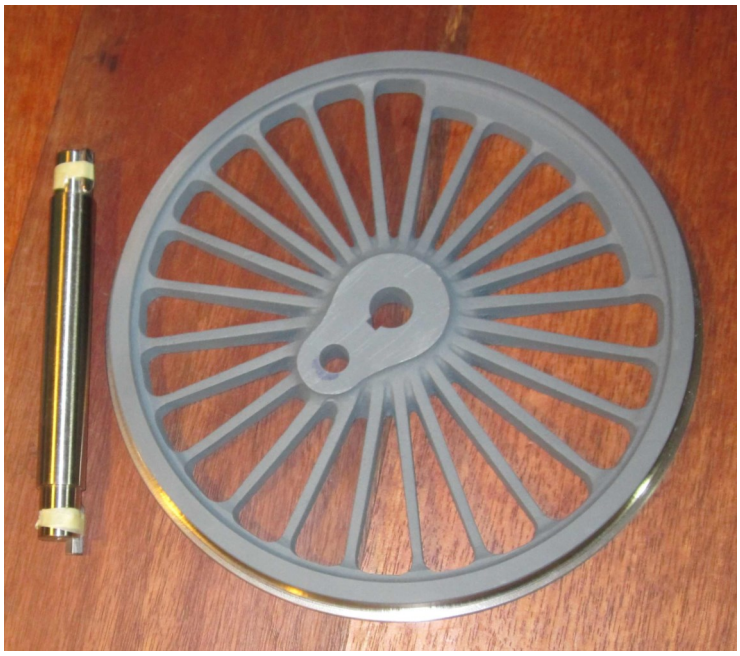
Ian left the Thames Steampunk Fest to come to our Sunday Open Day and DID he draw the crowds with his scratch built motor bike thingy!!!!!!! That's Ian on the right.

P.s. and it goes!!!!!!!!!

Show and Tell :







Top Left : Ash Thomas had a coolant mist sprayer to show us, very efficient and good.

Top Right : The loco number bequeathed to the Club by the late Don Hamilton. I'm sure there will be space on a wall for that!!!!!!!!!!!

Bottom Left : Regan Olivecrona's IC engine he is building. Lives in Papamoa works in WA.

Bottom Right : Peter Jones had two wheels for his new project. Watch this space!!!!!!!!

From the Editor's desk.

Those photos not taken by Peter Davies are taken by the Editor!!!!!!!!!!!

My Railway Career by Clive Goodley
Part 8

Crazy young car drivers

I had a similar experience at the Te Maunga road crossing, but this time I was in a Df coming from Tauranga and the car driver actually drove to the right hand side of the road to get around the loco. He then had to swerve left to avoid the opposing traffic. This was all done at high speed with two wheels off the ground for the swerve to the left. The occupants were young hoons and not old duckies. As we lost sight of the car below the nose hood of the engine, the clearance between them and us was less than half a car length in this instance.

Saved by a fat bum

An accident that could have been truly horrendous, but wasn't, happened to one of our Maori firemen who jumped down from between two wagons of a train on the loop at Te Maunga, straight into the path of a moving train on the main line. Ballast is laid level with the rail top in shunting yards and when the young man's legs went under the cowcatcher his larger than usual bum, stopped the engine running right over him. Instead he was pushed about thirty metres along the track until the train was brought to a stand. He was carted off to hospital just before I arrived on the day shunt.

The grooves in the ballast showed where he had been dragged and so I looked there for some money that had been reported as torn from his pocket. I eventually found one of the notes screwed up like a concertina into the size of a small postage stamp. He was discharged from hospital after several days and was soon back at work.

How to lose a locomotive

During my days firing I made a claim that maybe on the enthusiast special I was the first and only fireman in the world to travel on a steam engine at 73 mph on 55lb rail and 3ft 6inch gauge. Another near record was for the shortest career as an e'dr, which I escaped setting by the skin of my teeth. There is a third record I may have set, I lost my engine, which was very embarrassing to say the least.

The storm that sent the Cook Strait ferry Wahine to the bottom of Wellington Harbour with such tragic loss of lives, was not a local storm by any means. Trains and telephone lines were out of action all over the North Island. That day I was on the town shunt, with very little to do as no trains were running to the north or south due to slips and washouts.

On such a day the centre of action in our area was in the control panel room in Tauranga station. This room had a control panel from which the operator could see the position of trains in the area covered by the board. He could also operate the points and signals in that area under direction of T.C. in Frankton.

Despite the fact that no trains were running the position of panel operator was even busier than normal, to the extent that the operator on the day shift had to be replaced. The rostered operator had been a track worker, but owing to bad health had been promoted to operator, which he coped with at normal times.

Communication was open to Frankton and other places, but only by devious means using a combination of railway telephones and public telephones. Although no trains were running the wires were red hot as various people tried to establish what the situation was and what could be done about it. The stationmaster in a touch of genius, a rare trait in the hierarchy, appointed Harold (Doc) Otto as operator for the day. Harold had one of the sharpest brains that I have come across, and was just the man for the job.

Doc was a head shunter, he and I often played cribbage in between shunts; when I laid my hand on the deck to show my score he would call the score as the cards hit the table. In the shunting yard the trains were broken down and reassembled with less moves and faster when he was in charge.

With not much to do and Doc in the panel room, I spent a lot of that day in the panel room. At two o'clock in the afternoon a shunter called me outside to move some wagons for a carrier. To my surprise, the loco, a 35ton Dsa was not where I had left it, right outside the control room. A quick perusal of the yard, which was nearly empty proved my worst fears, I had lost my engine. This was quite serious and as I made my way to the loco depot to inform the boss I wondered if this was a first for New Zealand Railways.

Although no trains were running, 35 shunt still was, and unbeknown to me the Dsa had been purloined for the crew change at Te Maunga shunting yard. The various people involved, including Doc, had distracted me while it was organised and no doubt phoned the boss while I was on my way to inform him. We had assembled a work train earlier to clear some slips, and that had left just previously. I had visions of my Dsa hooked on the rear of the work train rattling along the line at speeds to which it was unaccustomed. A long time was to pass before I was allowed to forget that episode.

A Saturday joyride goes wrong

Train handling is an art form and even the best e'drs get it wrong sometimes. The up Saturday afternoon train often carried one or two unofficial passengers out for an afternoon ride. One lovely summer's day I stopped at the south end of Waihi yard to change over with the Frankton crew who were already there, drawn up to the south end. In charge of the loco was Billy Mayall, a highly thought of e'dr. The train he took from us was a very long one by N.Z. standards, I knew from the train list that the train was comprised of mainly empty four wheeled wagons, which meant there was a lot of coupling slack.

The train was stretched out after moving off from the change over, if the brake went on at the front first, then the loco would be stopped by the time the coupling slack of some twenty to thirty feet was run in. As the guard's van came into view I saw several figures standing in the doorway of the van's sliding side door.

Right in front of my eyes the van came to a sudden halt and the people standing in the van doorway were catapulted sideways. One poor soul hit his head on the door pillar and split his head open from the top to the cheekbone, a gash of at least three inches. The guard was okay, being wide awake to the risks, he had wedged himself in his seat. Some e'drs can be expected to cause such mayhem, but I was rather surprised that time. A train like that should be stopped using stretched braking, i.e. keeping power on and bleeding the loco brakes off.

A permanent temporary repair

We sometimes had to do minor repairs en route. On one such occasion the cooling hose for the turbo charger on an English Electric Df developed a small split and the cooling water was pouring out. The turbocharger is a very expensive piece of machinery with hot exhaust gases passing through it, and rapidly overheats without cooling water. I made temporary repairs by cutting a piece of rubber off a spare air hose, wrapping it over the hole and then binding it tight with wire. The repair worked a treat and not a drop leaked past the patch.

All diesel and diesel electric locos carry a repair log book and so on my return to the cab the fault was recorded and that temporary repairs had been effected. Six months later when booked to drive the same loco I noticed that the old length of hose was still in use and my patch was still in situ, and doing a good job.

Ollie Matthews, the one and only

Some people seem oblivious to potential problems that are building up around them, or are unable to conclude that certain actions need to be made to negate or minimise those problems. Ollie Matthews was one of those people, hapless is the best word I can think of to describe him.

Ollie was a guard and the third member of our train crew one day coming home from Kawerau. Passing Awakaponga, my fireman and I could see a tremendous buildup of rain clouds over the hills ahead of us. The line swings to the coast and at Matata follows the coast and State Highway 2 for 15kms to Otamarakau. Half way along this stretch is a crossing loop called Hauone at which we had to stop for a train crossing. Just as we arrived there a torrent of water and mud came pouring out of a gap in the cliffs.

The gully there is the means whereby Hauone Road climbs up into the hills. The side road comes out of the hills onto the main road right opposite where I had stopped the loco. While we sat there and watched in amazement, a car and trailer, which had come out of Hauone Road and was still turning to the right, got caught by the water and debris pouring out of the gully they had just exited. Within seconds the car and trailer were engulfed up to the axles and stalled before they had a chance to drive clear.

Safety was only a few metres away, as the width of the flood was just twenty five to thirty metres. The flood continued across the ground between the road and track, the latter being higher, stopped the flood until it too had built up, it then flowed over the track right in front of the loco. Just as suddenly as it had started the water and debris stopped flowing out of the gully, it had lasted less than fifteen minutes.

Ollie had meanwhile walked forward to the loco to see what was happening. By the time he had decided to inform Train Control, the water was flowing over the track and filling the gutter between the track and the telephone box. Ollie stepped over the water, which was less than a metre wide and two hundred mm deep. With phone in hand he stepped b back across the water to stand alongside us as he was talking to T.C.

Despite the fact he had to keep retreating as the water rose around his feet, he didn't realise the water was isolating him from the phone box. Being our usual helpful selves, of course we failed to inform Ollie, who eventually tried to replace the phone, only to find there was two metres of water half a metre deep between him and the phone box.

The water soon drained away, but it left nearly half a metre of debris on the road and a hundred mm above the rails over a distance of thirty metres including submerging the points. The opposing train had arrived, but with the points jammed with debris we were all stuck until the track gang could be summoned to clear the track.

While I was waiting for the gang to complete their work, the gully from which the deluge had gushed beckoned me. The narrow road up it was tar sealed and a short way up into the gully, maybe fifty metres., a hole was scoured out alongside and including half of the road. It was deep enough and long enough to put the Df loco into, and its roof would have been level with the road surface. There was further scouring each end of the big hole, but to think this all happened in such a short space of time was incredible. The cliffs along that stretch of road indicated that the hills are formed from deposits of pumice from the Rotorua volcanic zone, but even so the speed of erosion was amazing.

Ollie again

Approaching the Rotorua-Whakatane highway with a train from Kawerau, it suddenly dawned on me that a car driver approaching from the right was not going to stop voluntarily. I had the train brakes applied a dozen wagon lengths before the crossing and stopped twenty lengths past it. The car, an old Morris 8 hit the loco, a Da, half way along its side, in the fuel tank. Damage to the loco was a bit of scratched paint and a broken fuel drain cock handle.

As I walked back to the crossing I quite expected to find broken and bloodied bodies, especially when I saw the car. It had bounced back after hitting the loco and spun ninety degrees smashing bonnet first into a power pole. However two figures lurched into view, the only occupants of the car.

The two young men, both about twenty years old were relatively unhurt and this was before seat belts were even heard of. A flagon of beer was in the back of the car and it was pretty certain they had already been drinking alcohol. I stirred them up for being stupid and made a point that they had scratched the paint on the loco. and to look at the state of their car.

Ollie Matthews the guard arrived at the crossing and we agreed that as it was a Saturday afternoon we all would like to get home as soon as possible. As there were no casualties and the road was clear and the track undamaged, Train Control in Frankton, who should have been informed immediately, could wait until we arrived at Te Maunga an hour and a quarter later. A ride to Rotorua was offered to the two lucky young men by a couple in a car which had arrived at the scene and so we got under way a second time. At Te Maunga the loco day shift shunt had gone home and no evening shift was booked on. This was normal for a Saturday evening and the train engine crew, us in this case, performed the shunting.

An hour and a half after arriving at Te Maunga our train was assembled and Ollie appeared at the loco to give us a train list. I had been worrying about T.C.'s reaction to our delayed reporting of the crash and with some trepidation enquired of Ollie T.C'.s response. To my great surprise Ollie said he had not reported it. I went to the station and informed T.C. myself and then did a runner back to the engine on the excuse I did not want to delay the train.

Come Monday morning when all the bosses were back at work I was certain telephones would be humming and I would be in big trouble. Nothing! After my phone call to T.C. on Saturday, the stationmaster at Rotorua had been informed and he in turn informed the police. He and the police had driven to the site, some five hours after the crash and found no signs of the car or of a crash. The driver must have returned and removed his car from the scene; that certainly let us off the hook. Ollie had sat in the station all the time I was shunting the train and never thought to pick up the phone, typical Ollie.

Appreciating one's luck

Level crossing crashes are always nerve racking, firstly because the crew on the engine can usually read the situation unfolding and know a crash is imminent. That enough is bad for the nerves. Secondly, once the collision has occurred, the e'dr has to walk back to the crash site and look for dead or injured people, not knowing what he will find. Engines are big, heavy hunks of machinery, cars and people are not a pretty sight after a physical confrontation. Another e'dr struck a car at the same crossing and walking back to the road, heard someone swearing and cursing. The car had been thrown over the fence and had done several end over ends before coming to rest quite a few metres into the paddock, upside down. On encountering the car driver, who was doing the verbals, the e'dr asked why bad the language and was told by the car driver he had torn his trousers climbing back over the fence.

Not the right way to kill a calf

In the sixties and seventies cattle drives were still to be come across on main roads in country areas. A mob of cattle about four hundred strong was encountered one day on the Matata straight just before the township of that name. Some had strayed across the grass between the road and rail and onto the track, one poor calf stayed on the track despite my sounding the horn long and loud until we hit it. The animal was dragged some distance before I managed to bring the train to a stop.

In front of the loco I saw the calf was still alive, but its skin had been completely scraped off one side. It had to be killed and so I went searching for the drover in charge of the mob. A youth about seventeen years old was in charge and so I asked him to bring his knife or gun to dispose of the calf. He had neither gun nor knife and had no idea how we should kill it.

Part of our tool kit was a two and a half lb hammer, which is fairly heavy, it was the only thing I could think of to do the deed. Even with a full swing the hammer was no match for the calf's head. After many blows I decided that maybe the spare air hose was a better bet.

The spare air hose, carried on every engine, is a reinforced rubber hose, two inches in diameter and strong enough to hold 90lb air pressure. The ends have a heavy metal casting inserted

bone is in a calf's head. Eventually it died, but thinking of the episode still makes me uncomfortable. How a drover could think to undertake such a trip without even a knife baffles me. He probably did after that episode.

I blow the Whakatane River Bridge

The descent down to the Whakatane River road rail bridge was quite gentle and normally not a worry. George Riley had nearly got himself into trouble there in the fog, but my close call was a miscalculation of train handling on my part. Every train behaves differently according to its make up, where the loaded wagons are in relation to empties, all wagons loaded, or all empties. Even then with all the vehicles similarly loaded, the brakes are in a different state of wear and efficiency.

The day I got it wrong we had only a guards van behind the loco, which was an English Electric Df of 102 tons with the aforementioned very poor brakes, a design fault. It is normal practice to use the automatic brake (train brake) to do all the work of slowing and stopping a train.

This time we had no train to speak of, but I forgot to make an allowance for that and with an early morning dew on the rail, the engine and guards van went gliding onto the bridge with a car already on the bridge coming towards me. We came to a stop several engine lengths onto the bridge, meanwhile the car had also stopped, twenty metres away and smartly gone into reverse. As there was no point in me backing up also, I took the train forward following the car at a respectable distance.

The bridge is several hundred metres long and so I had plenty of time to worry about the outcome and to work out strategies to minimise their impact on me. After the car had stopped clear of the track I pulled up level with it, climbed down and apologised to its driver. Luckily for me the apology did the trick, as I never had any blisters regarding the incident.

Work trains and their brakes (or lack of)

Train brakes cannot always be relied on to do the stopping or slowing down. Yb and Ya wagons were older ballast wagons still being used for work trains. They had hopper doors underneath to allow ballast to be dropped onto the track between the rails. When loaded they made up a heavy solid train, which took a lot of stopping. Unfortunately their brakes left a lot to be desired. I do not know how well they operated when in good condition, for it was long before my time when they last had a workshop overhaul. Twice I was caught out with such a train, the first was coming into Tauranga station on the main line and intending to stop the loco opposite the C.T.C (centralized train control) operator's room in the centre of the station. I managed to bring the train to a halt just short of the departure signal, which was at red, a hundred metres further on. That would have been an embarrassment, passing a red signal in front of witnesses.

On another work train, the track gang was waiting for me about half a mile on the downside of Karangahake Tunnel. I had dribbled the train of loaded ballast wagons slowly into the tunnel mouth, where the 1 in 50 grade started. By the time we were halfway through the tunnel the train was moving at thirty mph. By applying the brakes I brought our speed down, but on these vehicles the brake cylinder air quickly bled away, thereby releasing the brakes.

In no time at all we were racing away again, but now I was running out of air to re-apply the brakes. Suddenly we were out of the tunnel and after the first curve I saw the track gang waiting for us at the side of the track. The head ganger started waving furiously at us to stop as we went hurtling past, but there was fat chance. Eventually I managed to stop the train some mile or so down the line and then had to back up to where we were required. The loco in both these incidents were of the Db class, which had dynamic brakes, but were no match for a short heavy train on that grade.

Rabbit for dinner

Work trains were usually stop start affairs, with sometimes a long period of inactivity in the middle of nowhere. Some years rabbits were quite prolific in the fields alongside the line and a couple of times I took along an air rifle to try my luck. Both times I took the rifle a rabbit got unlucky.

The second rabbit I shot was still alive when I took it into the cab of the loco. It was not fully grown and feeling a bit guilty about shooting it, I wrapped it up in something warm and tried to keep it alive. Alas, after a while it died and so when I arrived home I skinned and gutted it, but was unable to face eating it after nursing its warm body. The rabbit went into the freezer for a few months.

Laying out long welded rail

One of the work train jobs was laying out long welded rail. Five fifteen metre lengths are welded together at the workshops and delivered to its destination on a train of flat wagons. Several times I struck the job of unloading these and it was quite interesting to watch and participate in.

The ganger signals the e'dr to place the train so the end of the rail on the rear wagon is lined up exactly with the point where it needs to be when placed on the sleepers. A wire rope is then attached to the rail and the other end of the rope is attached to the track already in position. The track workers are lined up along the length of the train each with a long steel bar.

At a further signal from the ganger the e'dr accelerates as fast as he can, not easy at first with a full load of heavy rails on board. As the train accelerates away leaving the roped rail behind, the gangers use their bars to control the rail as it snakes off the rear wagon. This is 90lb per yard rail we are talking about here and it is hard to believe how much it bends as the train draws forward.

The last five metres is the really exciting part, as with no more weight to hold it down, the end first flips up a metre or two and then outwards. As the rail is already a metre and a half above track level, it shoots high in the air before dropping to the ground. The track gang then used their bars to manoeuvre the rail as required

I never heard of a track worker being hurt in this operation, but any accident could only be a big one. There is no way that I would be down on the ground with a bar doing their job.

Derail at Pongakawa

Pongakawa had heavy (90lb) rail laid through it when I had my one and only main line derailment. When approaching Pongakawa at 35mph, on the sixth vehicle back from the loco a wheel lifted under a four wheel La wagon. The wheel flange ran along the top of the rail on one side until it reached the crossing loop points, there the wagon completely derailed, pulling the following vehicles off and also the one preceding it. Of the thirty five vehicles behind the loco, eleven were left on the rail.

Once the train came apart, air escaping from the broken brake pipe set the brakes into emergency stop, which alerted me to the situation. The loco came to a stop by the station and even before I climbed down from the loco I could see the carnage behind it. Wagons were spread from the main line across the loop and beyond. On walking back the fireman and I could see only a jumble of wagons. We met the guard halfway, who was unhurt as the rear six vehicles were still on the track.

I phoned T.C. to appraise him of the situation and we then set about making ourselves comfortable, for a long wait lay ahead. Track and bridge gangs had to be contacted and they had to organise themselves for the job in front of them. In a situation like this the train crew are left there as long as possible to assist with moving parts of the train or breakdown vehicles. We had to be prepared to stay there for another ten hours at least, despite booking on four hours earlier.

Once the work gangs started disentangling the wreckage we could see what a mess our train had become. Two hundred metres of track had been ripped up and somehow the 90lb rail had penetrated between several large box wagons and their bogies. Despite being in the middle of nowhere, a crowd soon gathered to watch and give advice.

The line was blocked for two days, but as I was innocent of any wrong, doing paper work for me was minimal.

To be continued.

Open Weekend 10th—11th November

At great expense a great weekend for weather was organized and the public, our customers, turned up in droves. Even with the Armistice Day Commemorations being held in the field next door on Sunday did little to dent the enthusiasm. At one stage on Saturday there was 7 locos on the track at once PLUS Shane's Big Boy. There was little uncluttered track to put anything else on. I'm sure the pics will tell the story better than I can.

Left : Members man the Display table.

Below : Shane Marshall had Big Boy out for a trot. One has to be impressed with the size of this rig The fire in the fire box would keep the QE Youth Centre heated in the middle of a snow storm

Left : Dave Shand with a full load on board Silver Fern.

Middle : The usual shambles to get all the locos on the track.

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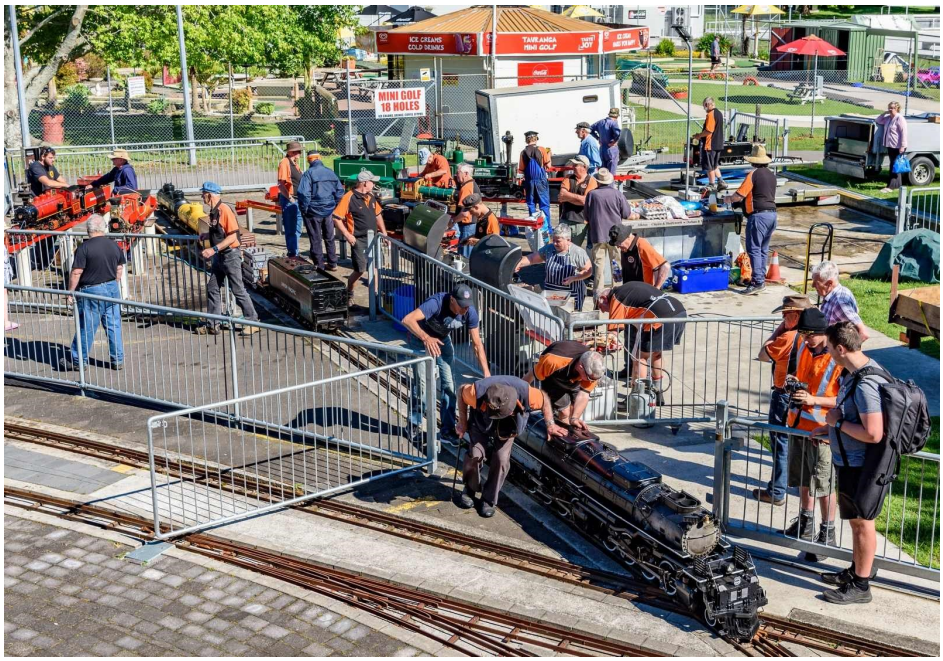
Below left : Many times attendee Don Moffat heads for the viaduct with Max chasing

Below right : Brett Lilly on the Whakatane Clubs steam loco

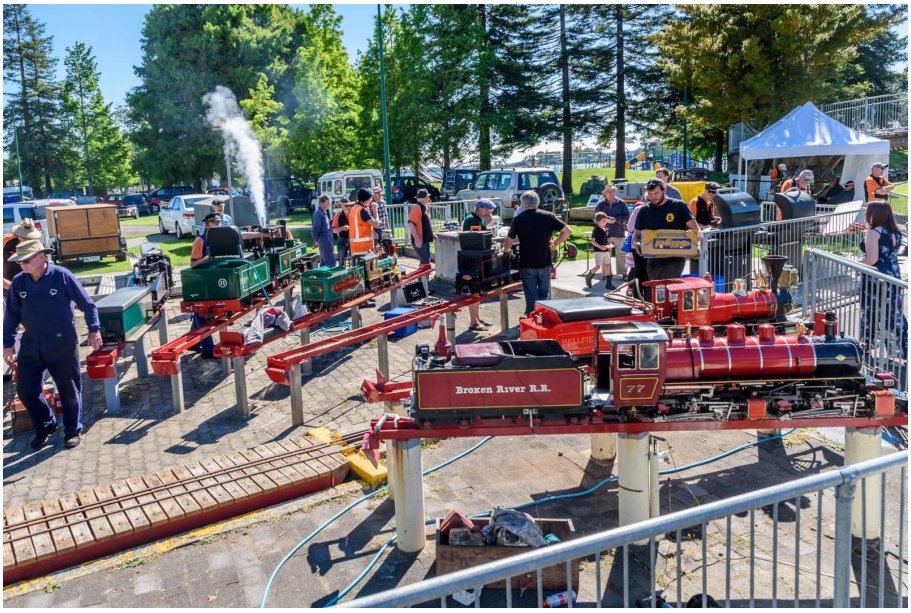


Above :Ron Salisbury drives Black Magic out of the No1 tunnel.

left : Russell Prout heads toward the viaduct with a load on board.

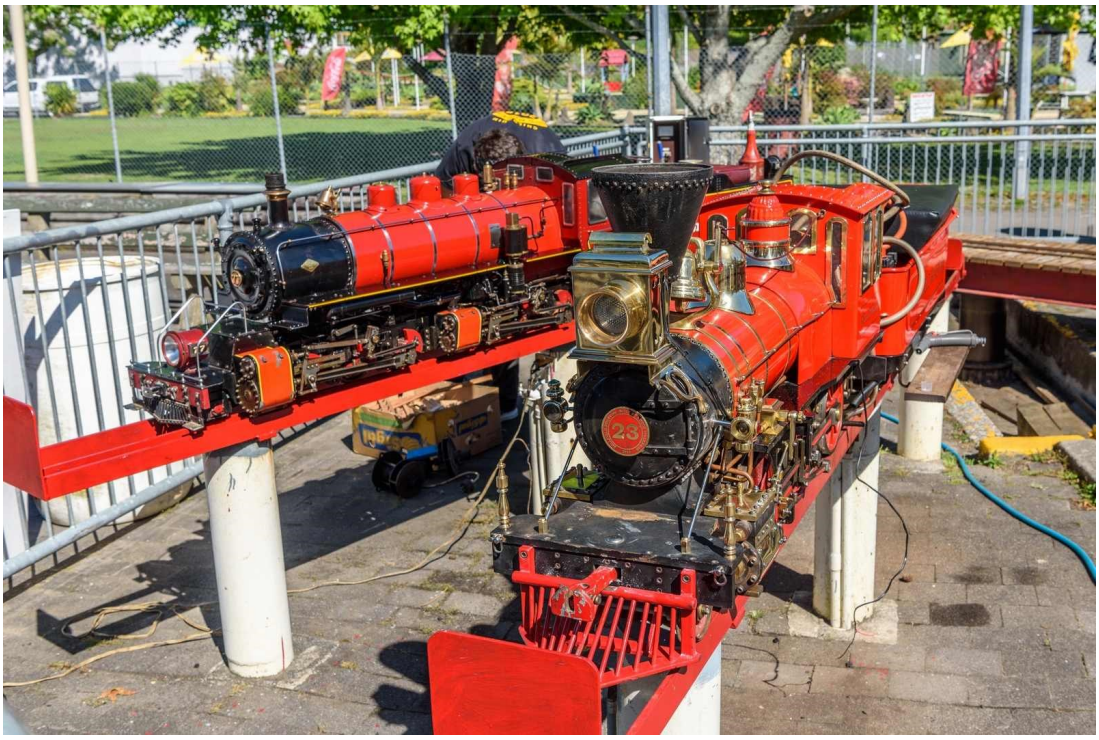
Below right : Photographer / driver Jack Still on the home straight heading for the station.

Below left : Sandy from Whakatane with her crew gives a huge wave whilst passing.



Left : All go in the steaming bay

Below :Same tin of paint???



Upcoming Events

December :

1 Dec Manukau Family Xmas day run

January :

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)

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!!!!!!!!!!!

TMMEC 2018 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	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	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28						
MAR				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			
APR							1 -Easter	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					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			
JULY							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
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
- OFFICIAL CLUB PLAYDAY – FIRST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH
- WORKING BEE – LIGHT MAINTENANCE LIST – TRACK TIGHTENING, VIADUCT BOLTS, PAINTING
- COMMITEE MEETING – 19:00 START
- GENERAL MEETING -- 19:00 START
- ENGINEERING TUESDAY -- 19:30 START
- OPEN WEEKEND
- CANCELLED
- AGM