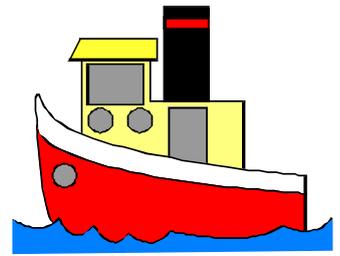




# Wheels and Floats



News letter No. 324 February / March 2013

## TAURANGA MODEL MARINE AND ENGINEERING CLUB

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

Rail Track Memorial Park  
Open to Public weather permitting.  
Sundays 10.00am to 4.00pm  
Website: [www.taurangaminiaturerailway.org.nz](http://www.taurangaminiaturerailway.org.nz) or  
[www.tmmecc.org.nz](http://www.tmmecc.org.nz)

### NOTICE OF MEETING

The next general meeting will be on  
Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> Feb at 7pm,  
At Palmerville Station

<b>Patron:</b> Noel Pope	
<b>President:</b>	Peter Jones (07) 543 2528
<b>Vice President:</b>	Ron Salisbury (07) 577 9403
<b>Secretary:</b>	Owen Bennett (07) 544 9807
<b>Treasurer:</b>	Clive Goodley (07) 5722959
<b>Editor:</b>	Clive Goodley (07) 5722959 goodley@clear.net.nz
<b>Committee:</b> Warren Belk, Bruce Harvey, Bob Stacey, John Stent, Bruce McKerras Peter Lindsay.	
<b>Boiler Committee:</b>	Peter Jones, Paul Newton, Bob Batchelor.
<b>Safety Committee</b>	Warren Karlsson, Bruce Harvey Lloyd Breckon. Pete Lindsay

<b>Conveners:</b>	
<b>Workshop:</b>	Ron Salisbury, Bruce McKerras
<b>Track:</b>	Bruce Harvey
<b>Marine:</b>	Warren Belk, Ken Fox
<b>Librarian:</b>	John Nicol
<b>Rolling Stock:</b>	Clive Goodley
<b>Supply Officer:</b>	Bob Stacey
<b>Website by:</b>	Murray de Lues

<b>Operators Feb/Mar 2013</b>	
03-02-13	N. Bush
10-02-13	E. Evans
17-02-13	C. Goodley
24-02-13	B. Harvey
03-03-13	P. Jones
10-03-13	W.Karlsson
17-03-13	P. Lindsay
24-03-13	B. McKerras
31-03-13	R.Salisbury

Next Committee Meeting 28<sup>th</sup> Feb

### Presidents Points

Greetings members.

We are well into the new year, and I would first like to thank those that put in extra time over the Christmas and New Year period running during the week. The additional income is much needed for the work that is currently being done on our track extension during this really fine summer.

The plan was to get the piles driven for both bridges and get the footings completed before the weather turns to the usual wet times and this work is nearing completion. At the time of writing these notes the low level bridge has the piles and foundations in place. Before each foundation was poured the soil had to be penetration tested and thankfully this has met the specification. For the high level bridge the piles

have been driven and excavation around each pile set has commenced and the steel cages and concrete should be in place by the end of next week. Thanks to the team that assisted the pile driving, this contribution of time is very important for the project, without it the project would not have happened. Thank you to those that dug out the foundations for the low level bridge by hand at the last working B, this saved the club hundreds of dollars. The high level bridge has 18 sets of piles, we cannot expect our members to dig out 36 cubic metres of dirt in a day and we cannot afford to have the excavations open for too long in the park so this time the work is to be contracted out.

We need to progress the project while the weather is fine, so there will be working B's each Saturday morning in March to lay track and build the low level bridge upper structure. There is a chance here for members to assist who normally would not be able to during the week, what ever time you can give will be appreciated.

The next set of embankment settling figures are due in March and hopefully the results will indicate that the preload can be removed and a start made on the embankment track foundations.

Happy modelling  
Peter Jones.

A guy is 72 years old and loves to fish. He was sitting in his boat the other day when he heard a voice say, 'Pick me up.' He looked around and couldn't see anyone. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again, 'Pick me up.' He looked in the water and there, floating on the top, was a frog. The man said, 'Are you talking to me?' The frog said, 'Yes, I'm talking to you. Pick me up then kiss me and I'll turn into the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. I'll make sure that all your friends are envious and jealous because I will be your bride! The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his front breast pocket. Then the frog said, 'What, are you nuts? Didn't you hear what I said? I said kiss me and I will be your beautiful bride.' He opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said, 'Nah, at my age I'd rather have a talking frog.'

Most of our members, if not all, who are around Palmerville Station on Sundays playing trains have been involved only in the last ten years or less and so, when a grandson of Harry Palmer called in, he was met with blank looks after introducing himself. The following letter was subsequently received by our Secretary and I thought it should be printed for the edification of said members and others, myself included.

'Dear Owen,

A son of mine was recently visiting Tauranga and took his children for a train ride at the TMR Club. He learned that no one had any information about the Palmer after whom Palmerville was named and so I have taken it upon myself to send you the following-

"Palmerville was named after Harry Leslie Palmer, a former Medical General Practitioner and Dental Surgeon who retired to Tauranga from Masterton. Harry Palmer had always had a number of interests including gun dog competitions, radio ham operation and model engineering. He attended engineering night classes at Wairarapa College and thereafter, on occasion, had to be enticed from his small workshop and back into his surgery to see patients. He subsequently joined the Model Engineering Club in Tauranga, built another steam locomotive and a steam traction engine. He was fond of children, having had six of his own and regularly took children for train rides. He died during August 1988 and his funeral was largely attended by club members."

I do have other recollections and photographs, but I think the above is all that is necessary. Harry Palmer was a very easy going man, who would never ruffle anyone's feathers and I think that it was the affection of fellow club members from those years which lead to his name being perpetuated.

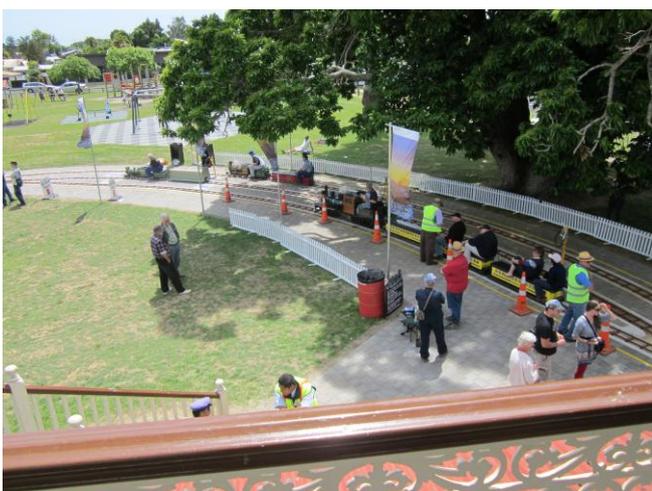
Best Wishes, David Palmer (son).'

Cambridge Opening Day was a certainly a great day. There was a gala atmosphere and with the glorious weather and a great turnout of visiting locos, pipe band and a great public attendance, I can't think of how it could have been improved. Congratulations to the new club and those that pitched in to make a terrific day. I was not there on Sunday, but I understand the weather turned bad in the afternoon

and closed the show down early, sad but I don't think that after the wonderful Saturday, anyone was too upset



Some great views of the track and trains were obtainable from the vantage point above the station in the pergola. Bruce is on his phantom two above left and El Presidente is on the same engine lower left. A large number of our members attended on Saturday, great stuff. Owen attended with his phantom, but unfortunately I missed out on pictures of his engine. Despite a lack of young people in our club, it was pleasing to see there are many young members of the various clubs around. That brings me to Adam Cruickshank and Jamie Neal, who were previous junior members and are rejoining, good show.



The steam powered boat was something different and was admired by many, including me.

A steam cycle was another interesting machine on show, but somehow I inadvertently wiped the photos off the camera.



## COPPER WIRE

After having dug to a depth of 10 feet last year, British scientists found traces of copper wire dating back 200 years and came to the conclusion that their ancestors already had a telephone network more than 150 years ago.

Not to be outdone by the Brit's, in the weeks that followed, an American archaeologist dug to a depth of 20 feet, and shortly after, a story published in the New York Times: "American archaeologists, finding traces of 250-year-old copper wire, have concluded that their ancestors already had an advanced high-tech communications network 50 years earlier than the British".

One week later, the New Zealand Herald, reported the following:

"After digging as deep as 30 feet in his backyard in Onerahi, Bill Paku a self-taught archaeologist and avid Motorhomer reported that he found absolutely bugger all. Paku has therefore concluded that 250



years ago, New Zealand had already gone wireless."

Just makes you bloody proud to be a Kiwi.

The above four photos are of the abutment at the station end of the northern embankment, and the fifth photo, on page six is of the abutment at the other end of the same embankment

# HOME RAILS.

## A DOMESTIC CATASTROPHE.

(From "London Punch.")

A regrettable railway accident occurred late yesterday afternoon when the 4.45 express from Victoria, scheduled to arrive at Liverpool Street at 4.56, left the rails at a point midway between the south-east corner of the side-board and the northern edge of the coal-box. The engine had just been rewound and was negotiating the awkward bend at this point at top speed. Leaving the track without any warning, the engine became uncoupled and ploughed up the pile of the carpet for some distance. Then gaining fresh impetus on reaching the linoleum surround, it crashed into the dining-room door, where it immediately overturned.

Happily the accident was not accompanied by any loss of life, although several passengers were slightly injured. An elderly doll, riding in the tender with her legs resting on the roof of the foremost carriage was dislodged as soon as the train left the metals and, we regret to say, falling heavily, lost two more fingers. Several cows and horses, belonging to Pauline's farm, travelling in the second and third carriages, were badly shaken, and the milkmaid in charge of the animals complained of scraped paint. A dog, believed to be Dismal Desmond, which, with his companion, Galloping Gus, had been leaning against the door when the engine crashed into it, was knocked down but not seriously hurt.

The locomotive—an old model which it was hoped would in any event have been replaced about Christmas—was not badly damaged in the actual impact, but as it lay on its side, the maid, coming into the room to prepare tea, trod upon it and buckled the front wheels. The owners were not insured against accidents of this type, but have extracted a promise from the underwriters as an act of grace to provide a new engine of the 1928 class not later than 25th December next.

A tragic circumstance connected with the accident is that the 4.55 p.m. was, as it happened, the last train of the day. In another few minutes the line would have been closed down, the 4.56, the 4.57 and the 4.58 having been cancelled by the authorities as a punishment for the

action of the General Traffic Manager (Gordon) in kicking his friend Brian, the stationmaster at Liverpool Street, and pulling the hair of his young sister, Pauline, the station-mistress at Victoria.

The cause of the accident is not quite clear, but in an interview given to our representative during tea, the General Traffic Manager said he suspected foul play by the stationmaster at Liverpool Street, whose turn it would have been to wind up the 4.57 slow, and who was no doubt somewhat peeved by the withdrawal of that train consequent upon the action of the General Traffic Manager in kicking him (the stationmaster at Liverpool Street) and pulling the Victoria station mistress' hair. Asked if he did not think this was a somewhat unworthy suspicion he said he thought not. He added that if this was not the cause of the accident it may have been due to faulty adjustment of the track by the Chairman, who frequently, he alleged, assumed running powers over the line after he (the General Traffic Manager) had been put to bed. The Chairman, who had just returned from his office, hotly denied this imputation.

It is understood that in view of the guarantee obtained—namely that subject to no further misdemeanour on the part of the General Traffic Manager, the wrecked engine will be replaced by a newer model in the course of the present month—no inquiry will be held.

### WRITING IN THE TRAIN.

That the train is a good place in which to work is the conviction of many prominent literary men. The peculiar pleasure and excitement of train travel gives wings to the imagination and the mind goes soaring into every corner of the realm of fancy.

Of the great literary men of our day who work in the train, George Bernard Shaw is perhaps the most famous. It is said that this distinguished dramatist writes nearly the whole of his plays whilst travelling in the train between London and his country house at Agot St. Lawrence, Herts.



The late Steve James had a loose arrangement with the club to build two battery electric locos, which could be run as one unit. They are to be powerful enough to run four ridecars for six hours on the new track without recharging. Unfortunately Steve died before his time; the incomplete locos were bought from his estate 'as is'. The parts are now stored in the lunchroom on the trolley that Steve built specifically for these locos. On the left is the near complete bogie, with electric motor installed. There is a brake valve (vacuum) for each wheelset, which at the moment is not failsafe, that is to be changed to failsafe and that will probably be my baby. One loco, or rather the basic parts of one, is on the stand and the bogies and underframe of the other is on the floor with the underframe lying on its edge. These locos are

BiiiiGG, each unit being two metres long. We have several individuals interested in completing the locos, anyone who has the skills to progress the project will be welcome to give their input.

Final design of the exterior as well as the working guts is still to be decided, but with the track extension and ridecar bogie replacement, these are very busy, and expensive times. My personal preference is for a European streamlined loco, but a shape more inclined to NZ locos seems to be on the cards.



After Quasimodo's death, the Bishop of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, sent word through the streets of Paris that a new bell ringer was urgently needed. The Bishop decided that he would conduct the interviews personally and went up into the belfry to begin the screening process. After observing several applicants demonstrate their skills over a long period, he decided to call it a day and to continue the interviewing process the following day. Just then, an armless Frenchman approached him and announced that he was there to apply for the bell ringer's job. The Bishop was incredulous. 'But, you have no arms, Monsieur,' he said. 'No matter,' said the man. 'Observe me, Your Excellency!' Pushing his way past the Bishop, he began striking the bells with his ugly face, producing a most beautiful melody on the carillon. The Bishop listened in astonishment, convinced he had found a sensational replacement for Quasimodo. But suddenly, as he rushed forward to strike the bells again in encore, the armless Frenchman tripped over a mallet and plunged headlong out of the belfry window to his death in the street far below.

The stunned Bishop rushed down two hundred and ninety five church steps to reach the street. A crowd had by now gathered around the fallen figure, drawn by the beautiful music they had heard only moments before. As they silently parted to let the Bishop through, one of them asked, 'Bishop sir, who was this man ?' 'I don't know his name,' the Bishop sadly replied.....**BUT HIS FACE RINGS A BELL'**

The following day, despite the sadness that weighed heavily on his heart due to the unfortunate death of the armless campanologist, the Bishop continued his interviews for the bell ringer of Notre Dame. The first man to approach him said, 'Your Excellency, I am the brother of the poor armless man who fell to his

death from this very belfry yesterday. I pray that you honour his life by allowing me to replace him in this duty. 'The Bishop agreed to give the man an audition, but, as the armless man's brother stooped to pick up a heavy mallet to strike the bell, he groaned, clutched at his chest, twirled around, and died of heart failure on the spot. Two monks, hearing the Bishop's cries of anguish at this second shocking tragedy, rushed up the stairs to his side. 'What has happened ? Who is this man?' the first monk asked, breathlessly.

'I don't know his name,' sighed the now distraught Bishop, 'but...HE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR HIS BROTHER.'

-----

## Boating News

One Metre Racing. Last year was a busy one with an increase in members and boats, a successful if wet Bay Champs, plus having the Townsend Class Nationals in Tauranga at the Lakes. This month we have the VTNZ day open to all classes of radio yachts. Who knows what type of boat will be brought to sail. With Christmas over, the new year has started slowly but Wednesday the 6th February had a good fleet of some 15 boats out racing in fluky winds. Several new boats have been launched in the last few weeks. Tauranga members who went and raced in the Gulf Harbour 6 hour race finished 2nd and 3rd overall a great result. The one Metre Nationals are being held at Kapiti (Wellington) from the 30th March to 1st April 2013 during which several members will be competing. We wish them good luck. Cheers Ken Fox

### Return Address

TMMEC  
3 Waipuna Grove  
Tauranga 3112

TO

