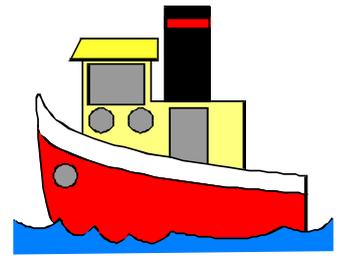




Wheels and Floats



Newsletter No. 343 July/Aug 2015

TAURANGA MODEL MARINE AND ENGINEERING CLUB

The Secretary
P.O. Box 15589,
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.tmmec.org.nz

NOTICE OF MEETING

The next general meeting will be on
Tuesday 4th Aug at 7pm
At Palmerville Station

Next Committee Meeting Aug 13th at 7pm.

Patron:	Noel Pope	
President:	Peter Jones	(07) 543 2528
Vice President:	Bruce Harvey	(07) 548 0804
Secretary:	Bruce Harvey	(07) 548 0804
Co-Treasurers	Clive Goodley	(07) 572 2959
	Owen Bennett	(07) 544 9807
Editor:	Clive Goodley	(07) 572 2959
	goodley@clear.net.nz	

Conveners:	Malcolm George, John Nicol
Workshop:	Bruce Harvey, John Stent, Russell Prout
Track:	Warren Belk, Ken Fox
Marine:	John Nicol
Librarian:	Clive Goodley, Mike Webber
Rolling Stock:	Murray De Lues
Website by:	Clive Goodley, Mike Webber
Driver Training	

Committee:	Warren Belk, Shane Marshall, John Stent, Bruce McKerras Peter Lindsay, John Nicol, Mike Webber
Boiler Committee:	Peter Jones, Paul Newton, Bob Batchelor, Bruce McKerras John Heald
Safety Committee	Warren Karlsson, Bruce Harvey J. Nicol, Malcolm George,

Operators June/July	
19-07-15	R. Salisbury
26-07-15	P. Jones
02-08-15	O. Bennett
09-08-15	E. Evans
16-08-15	B. Fitzpatrick
23-08-15	C. Goodley
30-08-15	B. Harvey
06-09-15	P. Jones

As our President is taking an extended holiday in Europe, there are no Presidents Points this issue.

From our June Committee Meeting, the stainless steel boiler certification problems seems to have been settled, however the way I heard it, there are still a few 'ifs and buts' to be sorted.

Mike Webber is designing the signals for our new layout.

Russell Prout is designing and building the sets of points for the above.

From a special Committee Meeting on 23th June,

There was discussion on the 'Service Centre' which is for traction engines and will be placed next to the steaming bays. It will feature a two metre by one metre slab, probably concrete, although I may be wrong on that, which can be hydraulically raised and lowered for maintenance and servicing traction engines.

A quote for the manufacture and assembly of 12 ridecar bogie and subframes was accepted. It will cost a bomb, but owing to the amount of infrastructure work over the last three years and plenty more in the near future, the standardisation project started four years ago has stalled completely and this has been decided as the best way forward. The brake parts will still need to be manufactured in house.

From our July Meeting,

Our insurance premium is likely to jump considerably owing to the extensive projects completed and in progress, Shane Marshall is looking into this.

Russell Prout is making great progress on the considerable number of track points needed for the new layout, far faster than most, or all of us expected.

Bill English, number two in the New Zealand Government, the Aussie ancestor and, THE KIWI SPIN DOCTORS



Heather English is a retired school teacher now living in Invercargill, she has been an avid amateur genealogy researcher for about 35 years, whilst doing some personal work on her own family tree. She discovered that her great-great uncle, Arthur English, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Melbourne in 1889. Both Heather and her cousin, (Finance Minister, Bill English) share this common ancestor.

The only known photograph of Arthur shows him standing on the gallows at the Melbourne Gaol.

During her research, Heather obtained the old photograph, on the back of that picture is this inscription:

'Arthur English, horse thief, sent to Melbourne Gaol 1885, escaped 1887, robbed the Melbourne-Geelong train six times. Caught by

Victoria Police Force, convicted and hanged in 1889.'

Heather recently e-mailed Finance Minister Bill English explaining her interest in Genealogy and asking for any information that he may have regarding their great-great uncle, Arthur.

Believe it or not, Bill English's staff sent back the following biographical sketch for her genealogy research:

"Arthur English was famous in Victoria (Australia) during the mid to late 1800s. His business empire grew to include acquisition of valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Melbourne-Geelong Railway.

Beginning in 1883, he devoted several years of his life to government service, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the Railway.

In 1887, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the Victoria Police Force. In 1889, Arthur passed away during an important civic function held in his honour, when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed

The enjoyment of being involved in running trains on Sundays is not just the activities out on, and around the track. I usually spend half an hour or more several times during the day sitting next to the ticket seller. I have been doing this for many years and it is very rewarding, first with the late Ted Bain and now with Malcolm. I love the small children sent to buy tickets, especially the girls, probably having had three of my own there is an automatic soft spot. Girls between about four years old to six years are the most

interesting. Girl one, steps up on to the little platform provided so that they can reach the ticket window, slams a coin on the counter, glowers at the seller, but says nothing, eventually she is asked what she wants, and still says nothing until parent steps up and prompts the girl. Girl two steps up and slams the coin on the counter and confidently demands a ticket in a loud challenging manner. Another steps up and say nothing, does nothing and looks wonderingly at the ticket seller, who looks wonderingly back. Then there is the one who coyly asks for a ticket, but has no money. Another sweetie will step up and ask most politely for a ticket and present the money in a most gentle and polite manner that reminds me there are still clued up parents in the world. Then there are the apprehensive ones, when they do pluck up courage to speak, it is in a small squeaky little voice. Often there is a nervous girl who just pokes her head around the corner of the window and no more. Small boys of course show the same variety of behaviours, but it is the girls who melt my heart. Boys are usually the ones that interfere with the EFTPOS machine and have to press every button. There can be twenty children approach the ticket window during my spell of watching and each one is different. The girls always seem to have sweet little faces, even though not all of the mothers present a pleasing visage.

There is also the hats, girls come in all different styles of hats, I am sure they spend time at home in front of the mirror, seeing which makes them look the cutest.

Out on the track a few years ago after the passengers had alighted, a very polite four year old boy, thanked me in his most respectful manner, "Thank you----OLD man," with emphasis on the old. His mother was most embarrassed, but all I could do was laugh. He was so sincere.

In another instance last year I was dealing with a young Mum with two girls aged nine and six. Mum was sponsoring a sleeper, (one of our fund raising schemes for the track extension) and had come into the lunchroom to fill in the details so we could send a certificate to her. She then told me of her interest in trains since she was a little girl. After I told her that I had been an engine driver and told her a few anecdotes, (I am prone to do that) she was avid for more. I said, "If you have got two days to spare, sit there and I have hundreds of railway stories to tell you." She answered, "I would love to do that". Sweet little six year old in a grumpy voice, "You already have." The girls had been left standing during this time while we were sitting and so I suppose it was fair comment.

My eldest daughter has given me several T shirts over the years, one has emblazoned across the front 'I am not opinionated, just always right.' I not only strongly deny that, I definitely know it is wrong. The other has a simple message; 'Grumpy Old Man.' Again, I deny that is me, but I like to wear it on Sundays as it seems to create interest and rapport with the punters. One Sunday, as I walked near the track a woman in her fifties stopped me and pointing at the message said, 'Your daughter gave you that'. How did she even know I had a daughter?

A year or so after joining the club I was driving a train loaded with passengers and twenty metres after I passed out of the middle tunnel had to stop, there was a baby fair in the middle of the track. It was at crawling age, but not walking. The track had a slight dip at that point and rainwater had collected there. She had a plastic spoon and was happily playing in the water. I picked the baby up and loudly asked, "anyone own this baby?" Being as it is said I am loud even when speaking quietly, surprisingly, or maybe not, there was no response. Carrying the baby up onto the metre high knoll between the two tracks I called, and then shouted, "Anyone own this baby." Again no reply. A Maori gentleman, fiftyfive-ish said, "I will hold the baby while you take the train through." I am sure he meant for me to move the train past that spot and then take the baby again, whatever: I drove on and completed the circuit and let the passengers off at the station. Returning to the spot there was no sign of the baby and the gentleman. To this day I do not know where or how the baby finished up.

My eldest daughter, her of the T shirt story, probably got it right when she surmised that the baby had been left in the care of siblings too young to have that responsibility, and they had left her on the grass some metres from the track and had then gone to one of the two playgrounds either side of the tracks.

Brian goes to an outdoor show and wins an aluminium dinghy . He brought it home and his wife looks at him and says, "What you gonna do with that. There's no water deep enough to float a boat within 160 kms of here."

He says, "I won it and I'm gonna keep it." His brother came over to visit several days later. He sees the wife and asks where his brother is. She says, "He's out there in his tinnie" ,pointing to the paddock behind the house.

The brother heads out behind the house and sees his brother in the middle of a paddock sitting in the tinnie with a fishing rod in his hand . He yells out to him, "What are you doing?" His brother replies, "I'm fishing. What the hell does it look like I'm a doing?" His brother yells, "It's people like you that give people from Australia d a bad name, making everybody think we're stupid. If I could swim, I'd come out there and kick your backside!"

Convention Stuff

The convention committee has been working hard in organising the 2016 National Model Engineering Convention and Hobby Expo being held from Thursday 7th Jan to Monday 11th Jan 2016. Registration forms are available on our website (www.tmmec.org.nz) for downloading and printing or at our club rooms. Registrations are starting to flow in including some from Australia and one from Scotland. We are also expecting some registrations from USA and Canada. The committee encourages club members to register as soon as possible. There are no discounts to club members as the expenses have been passed on at cost. Please forward your completed forms and your cheque (or you can pay by internet banking) as soon as possible to: The Secretary, TMMEC, PO Box 15589, Tauranga 3112 or hand to Clive Goodley".



Someone loves us.



Russell Prout driving his own loco.

Hi,
Thank you very much to you and please say thank you very much to the railway club that you belong to, they could not have been kinder for sending a badge to me.

I have attached a photo of me wearing my hat with my badge collection on it. I am looking forward to riding on your live steamers railway tracks.

Thanks again, Regards, G H S Bronlund.

Two elderly gentlemen from a retirement village were sitting on a bench under a tree, when one turns to the other and says: 'Slim, I'm 83 years old now and I'm just full of aches and pains. I know you're about my age. How do you feel?'

Slim says, 'I feel just like a newborn baby.'

'Really!? Like a newborn baby!'

'Yep. No hair, no teeth, and I think I just wet my pants.'

Photos from Peter Jones from our trip to Glenbrook, better late than never.



- (1) Owner and restorer Ian Jenner uses a price timber jack to lift the front of the vehicle. Brother Colin rolls the front bogie back to the centre of balance
- (2) The jigger is then rotated to face the opposite direction.



Will You Live to see 80? Here's something to think about. I recently picked a new primary care doctor. After two visits and exhaustive Lab tests, he said I was doing 'fairly well' for my age. (I just reached 70). A little concerned about that comment, I couldn't resist asking him, 'Do you think I'll live to be 80?' He asked, 'Do you smoke tobacco, or drink beer, wine or hard liquor?' 'Oh no,' I replied. 'I'm not doing drugs, either!' Then he asked, 'Do you eat rib-eye steaks and barbecued Ribs?' 'I said, 'Not much, my former doctor said that all red meat is very unhealthy!' 'Do you spend a lot of time in the sun, like playing golf, boating, sailing, hiking, or cycling?' 'No, I don't,' I said. He asked, 'Do you gamble, drive fast cars, or have a lots of sex?' 'No,' I again replied. He looked at me and said, 'Then why the heck do you want to live to 80?'

There will be no more boating news as Ken Fox, who has provided that service for many, many years has now resigned from the club. A big 'thank you' to Ken.



5) Service stand for a 5" gauge loco very nice 2" traction engine and trailer.

6) A

Two youngsters enjoying the day with 1250. Rya Tawa and junior member and first sleeper buyer Oliver Duncan.

Fire!

A fire fighter was working on the engine outside the Station, when he noticed a little girl nearby in a little red wagon with little ladders hung off the sides and a garden hose tightly coiled in the middle. The girl was wearing a fire fighter's helmet. The wagon was being pulled by her dog and her cat.

The fire fighter walked over to take a closer look. 'That sure is a nice fire truck,' the fire fighter said with admiration.

'Thanks,' the girl replied. The fire fighter looked a little closer. The girl had tied the Wagon to her dog's collar and to the cat's testicles. 'Little partner,' the firefighter said, 'I don't want to tell you how to run your rig, but if you were to tie that rope around the cat's collar, I think you could go faster.'

'The little girl replied thoughtfully: 'You're probably right, but then I wouldn't have a siren.'

