



Newsletter of THE PALMERSTON NORTH MODEL ENGINEERING CLUB INC

Managers of the "MARRINER RESERVE RAILWAY"
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PNMEC Home Page www.pnmeec.org.nz
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TRACK RUNNING

This is held on the FIRST and THIRD Sunday of each month, from 1 pm to 4 pm Summer and 1 pm to 3 pm during the Winter. All club members are welcome to attend and help out with loco coaling, watering and passenger marshalling - none of the tasks being at all onerous.

Visiting club members too, are always welcome at the track, at the monthly meeting, or if just visiting and wishing to make contact with members, please phone one of the above office bearers.

Sender:-
PNMEC
22b Haydon St,

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Coming Events

Monthly Meeting; This will be held on the 24 April at 7.30 pm in the Hearing Association Rooms, Church Street, Palmerston North. This will be the Annual General Meeting.

Mid Week Run at Marriner Reserve Railway : 22nd April between 10 am and 2 pm.
Please contact Doug Chambers beforehand.

Track running at Marriner Reserve Railway:

4th May	1- 4 pm
18th May	1- 4 pm

Open Weekends :

Havelock North Live Steamers	April 18 – 21
Auckland Society of Model Engineers	April 18 – 21
Rotorua MES	April 25 - 27
Thames 10 th Birthday Weekend	May 17 – 18
Manakau Live Steamers	May 31 , June 1 - 2

The closing date for the May 2003 Generator is Friday 9th May

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held on the 24 April 2003, in the Hearing Association Rooms, Church Street, Palmerston North at 7.30 pm. We will require a new President this year as Ian McLellan has indicated that he will step down after this term. Also members should be thinking about whom they think a fitting recipient for the 'Compton Shield' would be.

This is to be awarded to the "Club Member of the Year", elected by the members.

MARCH MEETING REPORT

Cynthia Cooper, Bruce Geange and Chris Morton entertained us with an evening of 'Hornby'. They gave a history of the Company and displayed models of the different gauges made, both clockwork and electric. Short track circuits had been laid out on tables and various types of locomotives were demonstrated. Samples of the different types of track used over the years were displayed and also some locally made track. The three speakers each related what had attracted them to "Hornby" trains.

Books showing the evolving of the range of the clockwork and electric locomotives were available for members to peruse and several of the boxed sets of locos, carriages and tracks were displayed.

PALMERSTON NORTH MODEL ENGINEERS CLUB SHIRTS

There are seven shirts left of the original order of twenty-five.

1 medium, 5 large, and 1 extra large.

If you are interested please contact Cynthia Cooper or Richard Lockett.

FOR SALE

A "Rogers" 'Q' (1878) 2-4-4 tank locomotive in 7 1/4" gauge.

Built in 1998 the loco is a good hauler and capable of sustained running, featuring a deep firebox and large ash pan. Price \$15,000 Enquiries to Ted Carter 37 Fairview Road, Rotorua. Phone 07 348 1924, after 5 pm weekdays. Anytime weekends

See the Buy, Sell & Exchange page on the PNMEC website for further For Sale items.

www.pnmeec.org.nz

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

By Stan Compton

We have all heard of Mrs Beeton with a cake recipe that begins "Take a dozen eggs, etc." Well imagine a recipe that begins "Take two caribou hoofs, put in a large pot, cover with water and boil for two hours.!!!

This was taken from a three hundred-page book published by the Department of Northern Affairs in Canada. I assume to try and improve the diet of some of their native peoples.

Now one would think why bother with the hoofs when you have all those steaks to eat. !! Maybe they were all used up long ago, Dad had spent his money gambling and mum has got nothing to feed the kids on?

We are told "The skin peels off easily, the muscles are soft and very good to eat, the toenails also have some soft sweet meat inside them.!!!!

For desert the suggestion is a pie made from wild berries, rich in vitamin C. But what if the bears got there first?

We had a very interesting talk recently at Hereford by a man who was able to acquire a Burrell traction engine in about 1960 when they could be bought at a reasonable price. He told us he heard of a farmer who had three engines in derelict condition, the other two were Fowler ploughing engines both completely covered by brambles. Incidentally, the latter were recovered years later and are now back in use.

The Burrell was found to have no tubes in the boiler, but the local boiler inspector was very helpful with advice, allowing the purchaser to obtain a boiler certificate at a very low cost. The new owner did the work himself aided by his brother-in-law who was interested in the project. I understand their wives were amenable to the idea, which was a great help.

Of course the engine required many hours of hard, dirty work to get it to a state where it could be put into use at rallies etc. Usually, engines were worn-out by the end of steam on the farm, we were told that "The Iron Maiden", used in the film of that name, had hind axle bearings with so much wear that it was possible to put one's hand in on top of the axle!!!! The Burrell was not much better so as time went on it got a complete overhaul.

One day a young man appeared at the engine owner's front door and requested the Burrell to be used to convey him and his bride from the village church to the wedding reception. He had been a steam enthusiast for years, hence the request. Much thought was given and a milk float was located, painted up, fitted up with suitable wicker chairs for the bridal party and coupled up to a highly polished Burrell.

The church is located at the bottom of a hill and the exhaust could be heard through the village as they made their way to the village hall.

"Now", said our speaker, "that was forty years ago and that couple are here tonight and will they stand up."

To a round of applause, our worthy editor and his wife did so, what a lovely bride she made.

Those of you who have visited London may have travelled on the underground railway, the overcrowding is very serious. One line is so deep it is difficult to ventilate and temperatures in the summer can be unbearable. Now I gather the line was designed to carry three trains a day, now thirty are the norm. Put power into a motor and heat is released, add the heat from each passenger and it all adds up.

Money is to be spent but it will take time to correct the problem.

The case where a drive motor dropped off causing a derailment, seems to have been a design failure, hence the brackets fitted to catch a drive motor should the four twenty millimetre bolts come loose.

I have been reading a book on shipwrecks around New Zealand, sent to me as a birthday present recently.

In 1863 a new brigantine of 241 tons, built in Nova Scotia, had a cargo of general goods when it beat its way out of Nelson Harbour in the South Island. The master must have known of an impending gale by his barometer. But no money is earned waiting in port, just the opposite. Turning south after about twenty miles from port, he found that he was in real trouble as the ship was being driven onto rocks on a lee shore.

The young first mate tried to swim ashore with a line but injured his head when he dived in and was brought back on board exhausted.

Meanwhile a party of Maoris had arrived on the beach and with great foresight they began to light a fire and bring food for the survivors. The party of five saved all but one of the crew. They were led by a 22 year old married woman who rushed into the heavy seas and guided the sailors to safety along the heavy rope the master had sent ashore to be fastened onto a large boulder. The first mate had recovered meanwhile and tried to swim ashore but he drowned in the attempt.

The Government of the day decided to reward the Maoris financially and together with a public appeal enough money was raised to buy a gold watch for the woman and a silver watch for each of the men.

Huria became an important woman in the district and many settlers attended her funeral in 1909.

The site of the wreck is now called Delaware Bay.

My eleven year old granddaughter was visiting recently and I was explaining to her that the house we live in was once part of the Ledbury Workhouse where poor people ended their lives. She had no idea such places existed. I told her I found the bowl of a clay pipe in my garden when I was digging. It seems that she was unaware that men smoked tobacco in pipes of any sort. I put the bowl of the pipe on a sheet of paper and filled in the outline of the missing stem. But I don't think that she had ever seen anyone smoke even a modern briar pipe.

What did appeal to her were the fossils of snail-like creatures that lie on my garden path. The path is of crushed Cotswold stone and often these fossils remain perfect in shape after the crushing.

How do I explain that once the Cotswold Hills were under the ocean?

The A, B, C and M's of it.

(Alison, Bruce, Cynthia & Murray)

A, B, C and M travelled up to Hamilton for their open weekend on 15-16 March. There was a good turnout from around the North Island and there were a variety of model engineering styles on display. There were four traction engines in various stages of construction, several stationary engines and a couple of electric locos. By far the most noticeable however were the very large 7¼ steam locomotives.

Some, but not all, of the attendees were:

There was number One and number Four
And Twenty Seven and Eight Eleven
Ninety Nine in a coat of green
Coasted around after Three Seventeen
Sixty Four Thousand and Twenty Two
Steamed around and steamed on through
Then there was good old Two Thirteen
The cutest loco I've ever seen
Twenty Two in yellow, Forty Nine in red
Worked hard all day before going to bed

Working well was Ninety Seven
Which was somewhat bigger than One Eleven
Three Thousand Five Hundred and One
Did it's best that son of a gun
The smallest loco I saw there
Had the largest number I do swear
Two Hundred and Nineteen Thousand Three Hundred and Forty
Chugged around and was proud and haughty
And some who's numbers I didn't get
Were quit as impressive as any yet.

Cynthia Cooper



"I like this" said Cynthia while driving Dave Giles shay solo.

The Generator

www.pnmec.org.nz

What does it mean? The “**www**” means it is a World Wide Web Page. The “**pnmec**” is the local name of the site. The “**org**” means it is a non-profit organisation and the “**nz**” tells us it is a New Zealand site. So therefore the above line is the world wide web address of the Palmerston North Model Engineering Club Inc. When you type it into your web browser you will be taken to our home page. On the left is a mouse over drop-down menu and for the non-java users there is an index of links to each of the web pages near the bottom of each page so you can't get lost. The names of all the pages on the PNMEC Site are: -

Home.	The welcome page. This is the page you will see when you connect to our website.
Who We Are.	Who the officers of the club are. A photo and how to contact them if you wish to make contact is here..
More About Us.	A bit of information about the club and a map of Palmerston North so you can easily find the “ Marriner Reserve Railway ”.
Event Calendar.	This is a calendar of “ What's On ” in the club for the next 2-3 months. There is a printable copy of the current month available..
Buy, Sell Exchange.	A place to look to Buy, Sell, Exchange, Give away goods etc. A form is available to add or remove your item. Only ME related please.
The Generator.	The Club monthly Newsletter is published here. Each month the latest “ The Generator ” is posted here for your viewing.
Picture Page.	Here we have some photos of a recent event. Currently “ Locomotion 2003 ”. Some photos can be clicked to give a larger view.
Couplings.	This page has links to other Model Engineering Clubs and related model and full size railway, and engineering sites.
M.E.A.N.Z.	A place to go to find snail mail, email and www address's for the all the affiliated New Zealand ME clubs and the MEANZ President and Secretary's email address's. If you find mistakes or need to make changes, a form is available to tell us of these changes.
Gabrielle.	Here there are a series of photos taken during the construction of Brian Avery's 5" Sweet Pea.
Contact Us	Your email client will open a new mail page partially filled in for you.

Please try out our site and check it out for yourself. From the “**Couplings**” page there is a wealth of information available to all who visit. Could Club Secretary's please advise us of any open weekends or special occasions that you think should be on the “**What's On**” page. There are always changing items on the “**Buy, Sell & Exchange**” page. If you have any comments please email the secretary. (There is a link at the bottom of each page for you to do this). Most pages are updated at regular intervals or when information changes.

The **PNMEC** web site is currently maintained by Brian Avery and Murray Bold.

ONE SAPPER'S WAR

By Bren Campbell

The frequent dust storms that blew from two to three days' duration were a living hell with the only consolation being that the enemy could not operate against us. We kept going albeit a little slower and consumed lots of liquid, which kept our innards working more or less normally. The wear and tear on the engine external machinery was extremely high from such conditions with some parts requiring replacement every two weeks.

Various track side events called for attention. One was an evening raid by the occupants of two Feisler Storch aircraft that landed beside the track. The two crew members alighted from each aircraft leaving the motors idling while they proceeded to bury landmines beneath the track. They were observed by a Bren gun carrier patrol which sped towards the scene causing the party to flee to the awaiting aircraft, one of which stalled its motor, so all boarded the second and flew off. Mines disposal soon cleared the area and order was restored. While I was not witness to this event I was to admire this example of a short take-off and landing aircraft before it was taken away intact by an airforce recovery team.

Another trackside obstacle was a 500kg enemy aerial bomb that had like many failed to explode. Observers had seen it drop from a low flying twin-engined aircraft, hit the ground fairly flat and bounce over and over until coming to rest about twenty yards from the track where it remained for some days and we were instructed to proceed 'dead slow' past it. We kept to the far side of our engine cabs as we trundled past, feeling sure that we could detect it expanding. Much to our relief bomb disposal eventually attended to it.

Enemy activity against the railway supply route was most intensive on bright moonlight nights and our journey times between Similla and Masheifa were slowed accordingly. Out and back trips usually took two days, but in bad times, four days on our engines was not unusual. After the first twenty-four hours our eating habits would go haywire and large quantities of sweet tea and coffee became our main sustenance. Train crews were issued with four days rations at the outsets of their journeys and we supplemented these with tinned foods out of our most gratefully received food parcels. Our thanks went out to all those mothers, wives, sisters, girl friends, clubs and societies back home whose tinned saveloys, beans, stews, spaghetti and soups were heated up on boiler backheads and diesel engine exhaust manifolds.

However on such nights when danger was seen to be lurking we would slow down to a walking pace and listen for aircraft engines. If they were too close for comfort we would stop thereby eliminating the telltale exhaust steam from the engine and get about a hundred yards away and listen and watch until the threat had receded.

On such bright nights the railhead would be under a succession of attacks and we would make a final five or six mile approach very slowly to the outer limit of the station yard where we would stop and watch with apprehension the apparent mayhem going on. We were well aware that daylight would reveal very little damage. We were always amazed over the way the enemy aircraft seemed to fly blissfully through the incredible amount of flak being thrown up at them. High and low flying aircraft would be met and followed by a barrage from heavy and medium AA guns and Bofors quick-firing guns and pass out of range to fight another day. On drawing into the railhead one noted all the likely humps and hollows, slit trenches and bunkers for ready reference in anticipation of the inevitable bombs and aircraft nose and tail guns raking the ground with their tracer bullets ricocheting off in great arcs. During a lull we would take a brief spell while a railhead crew took charge of our locomotive, cleaned the fire, serviced and turned the engine and reversed the two 4000 gallon water batteries. When ready we would hastily resume duty, couple onto our return train and roll out of there exceeding the speed limit to reach the psychological if not actual safety of the wadi twelve miles distant below the escarpment.

Back at the base camp at Similla our commanding officer had winkled out a recreation hut for the company. It was a prefab arrangement about the size of a school classroom erected by unit personnel in short time. We were forbidden its use until a five foot deep slit trench had been dug right around it, thus a party of us was directed to dig the trench with the carrot that if it was finished to the satisfaction of the C.O. the company could have the use of the facility that night. We commenced the formidable job with picks and shovels and characteristic moans and groans. By 1600 hours the trench was down to one foot, then a lone twin-engined fighter bomber made a low pass dropping a stick of 25 kg bombs and firing its nose guns as it crossed the camp. We flung ourselves two deep into our unfinished trench, the men at the bottom feeling relatively secure but the top layer feeling decidedly vulnerable. The trench was completed to the Major's satisfaction and we enjoyed a spacious wet canteen and games room.

To be continued.