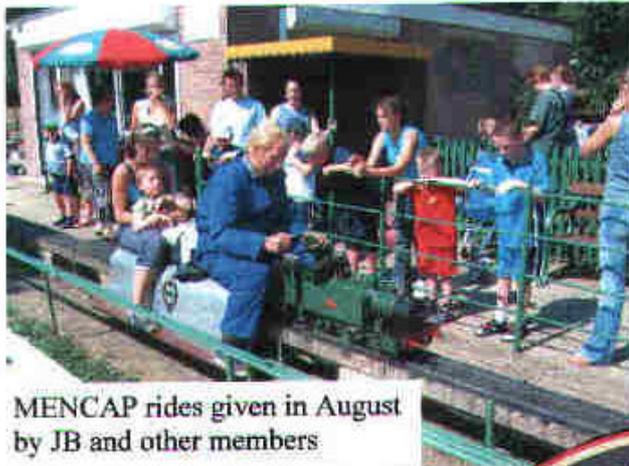




Maidstone Model Engineering Society Christmas 2003 Newsletter



MENCAP rides given in August by JB and other members



Where's your medallion, Geoff?!



Three cheers for our Bernie! Winner of this years Australia Award presented by Brian Thompson at the Southern Federation Autumn Rally, Saffron Walden.



Yankee Doodle Dandy Petel!



So we don't just build locos — Norm (right) and his boy, Paul (left) in Norman's steam car

SEASONS

GREETINGS

SUE'S SPOT

Hi to one and all, and the picture here of my Daddy and me is now especially poignant as he died in September. It will forever be one of my favourite photographs.

Awful Autumn

We also lost three other gents who were part of the Society in September/October, so it hasn't been a very good time of the year. I think it's fairly obvious why there wasn't a newsletter as there sometimes is around then, but also at that time I only had one article. I'm pleased to say that after a bit of cajoling and my terse notice on the Club's Board (No Articles, No Newsletter!) we have, and I hope you will agree, a really super edition this time, packed full of goodies to read. Even a non-member has felt sorry for me and provided something! However, the Editor (me) is still a bit of a lame brain, so I will apologise now for any errors I've missed. Sometimes I do pick them up, but not until I've printed a hundred of something and then have to throw the lot away and start again (oh jolly bother, I say). Now Christmas approaches, speeding up on us all as usual, weather cold enough to freeze off your injectors. Another year has steamed past at amazing speed, so time for my usual look back/look now/look forward/look Father Christmas! Slot.



Australia Award Winner

Yes, Bernard White won this in September 2003, with his 3½ gauge Britannia. So it wasn't all bad news in autumn. A few of us made the trip up to Saffron Walden for the rally, and during the Saturday evening enjoyed a special night ride on the Audley End Railway, with Lord Braybrooke kindly driving us (what a teddy bears picnic in those woods!). Many congratulations to Bernie. Last Maidstone winner was Dearly Beloved (Martin Parham) with his 5" gauge Duchess of Hamilton in 1993. Who, from the Club, will win in 2013?!

Round The Bend

The beginning of the year saw us replacing all the beams and track around the bottom bend. No mean feat, and proudly accomplished well in time for the first public run of the year, plus remedial work as and where necessary on other beams. The track was beautiful, until the extreme summer heat saw the odd kink materialise. Fortunately, it was not bad enough to stop us running, but certainly enough to slow us down at the odd hot spot. We know we weren't the only club to be afflicted, and now of course in the current climate it's not a worry! We have however, paid attention to the track for future.

Charity Begins At Home (or Mote Park)

I'm proud to say that our charity runs this year raised £430 in May for Maidstone & Medway Breast Cancer Care and £300 in August for Macmillan Nurses (cancer care). Also we did a special midweek summer run giving rides to the children from MENCAP, and very humbling it is to see them coping with their disabilities, and we marvel how well their young helpers cope with looking after them

Heywood Society Visit

We had approximately sixty members from this historical society come and see us for the first time. Fortunately the weather was good, we had a good selection of locomotives running, my Juliet amongst them showing what a little 'un could do, amongst all the bigger engines. Graham had his lorry, so there was a super selection of steam on show for them. I think everyone enjoyed themselves, I know I did. They kindly presented us with a plaque to commemorate their visit.



Winter Works

Due to much hard work by a few of our members, the new trolley store will be completed before very long now. The Wednesday Gang proves to be invaluable, and on Sundays lunch can be had in the Clubhouse for just £1 a person while work continues. In the New Year, the traverser improvements and the siding will be commenced. General maintenance around the track and our Club site continues through the next few months (well, it's always ongoing, really). The Club steam loco, the Enterprise also needs an overhaul before the next season.

Safety Issues

The track MUST be inspected and this documented before anybody runs. Don't forget your spark arresters for all steam vehicles. Remember safety at all times for yourself and others, and always, always be vigilant and alert (as the joke goes, we need more lerts). Sadly, despite my pleas for volunteers, preferably in advance, the manning of the station was a struggle at times and again it was thanks to the faithful few that we were able to run at all. What do we have to do for more volunteers? Is it too much to ask? England expects every man to do his duty – at least once a year – and I certainly do (I'm talking about manning the station here before anyone gets the wrong idea). Or just be a trolley dolly (guard) and enjoy the rides. Next run – Boxing Day.

Anniversary Lunch Sunday January 4th at Grangemoor Hotel Maidstone

Just TWO spaces left now so please telephone me immediately if you'd like to come – it will be a super get together, shame to miss it! For the princely sum of just £12-25 for a sumptuous three-course meal – don't miss it!

Club Nights

January is looking back over the year 2003– if you've been about, you should be in it somewhere! Copies will be available, see Martin if you would like one. The February Quiz Night this year, for the first time since we started quiz evenings five years ago, will NOT be won by Paul Clark – as he's running it! So your team stands a chance – just turn up and have fun. March is our Annual General Meeting – did we get it to within half an hour last year – be prompt or you may miss it! It's always good to continue the evening chatting to old (and new) friends. As for the Guest Speaker in April, I'm open to suggestions and volunteers – never fear, someone good will be scheduled. In May, we'll be able to see what you've all achieved in the workshop over the winter months, bring what you've done for us all to admire. Summer then approaches, and the evening runs. Maybe for one of these we'll run clockwise as well – first on the track decides!

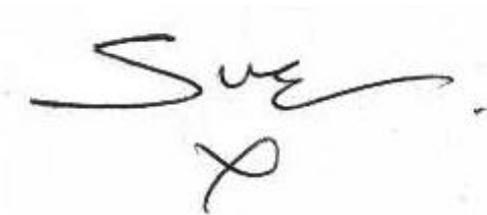
Southern Federation Rally Autumn 2004

Yes, the secret is out, it's to be held HERE and so please ensure you keep the weekend of September 18th and 19th free. Cancel holidays, weddings, birthday parties, visits anywhere – this is not to be missed! It's the Club's 75th year, something to be proud about, so stand ready – more details will be available shortly.

Next Newsletter - 2004

Let me see now, if it's still me after the AGM being Press Officer & Newsletter Mug, I mean Editor, (now I haven't seen a pig flying past lately, but you never know, someone out there in the Society might want to have a bash) then I would like all articles (that means more than one from the entire membership please) by Easter so I can put out a Mayday edition. In fact, I'll take in anything from now. In person, by post, by disk or disc, by e-mail to SueAParham@AOL.com In the meantime, a monster THANK YOU to all the contributors this time.

Have a very Happy Christmas and 2004. Sincerely

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sue' followed by a stylized flourish and a small 'P' below it.



EVERY



PICTURE



TELLS A



STORE -Y:



TROLLEY



STORE

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE ARE, MID DECEMBER

+++++

OBITUARIES

We have sadly lost the following members/past members this autumn:

Dick Hodges, who hadn't been a member for a few years, but was instrumental in building much of the original track.

Dilwyn Herbert, who more recently had almost single-handed painted the guard rail a couple of years ago, and will always be remembered, when he regularly loaded passengers, for handing out sweets to the children in the queue, and telling them stories as they waited for a ride.

Sam Ludford, who had been a committee member in the past, and whose attention to detail and preciseness with the models he constructed was amazing.

We send sincere condolences to their families and friends.

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SALE STATION



Club Badges: £ 1-50 each

Club Car Stickers: £ 1-50 each

Shirt embroidery with Club Logo: £5 each, please provide shirt, see Marie Hawkins or Ann Playfoot. (Editor: I might provide trousers, for a tender behind...!)

+++++

“OLD”

Old is when... Your sweetie says, “Let’s go upstairs and make love” and you answer, “Pick one, I can’t do both!”

Old is when... Your friends compliment you on your new alligator shoes and you’re barefoot.

Old is when... A sexy babe catches your fancy and your pacemaker opens the garage door.

Old is when... Going bra-less pulls all the wrinkles out of your face.

Old is when... You don’t care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don’t have to go too.

Old is when... You are cautioned to slow down by the doctor instead of by the police.

Old is when... “Getting a little action” means you don’t need to take any fibre today.

Old is when... “Getting lucky” means you find your car in the car park.

Old is when... An “all nighter” means not having to get up for a pee.

I expect you all know many more!

TESTING OF HIGH SPEED PNEUMATIC TYRES by R. Attfield

This is my recollection of one of the most interesting design and manufacture projects I was involved with during my time at the Leech Company. Some history of the Company may be of interest and help to illustrate how I became involved.

The Company was formed in 1947, with 85% of the share capital held by two optical wholesaling companies based in London. One of these had a majority holding and George Collis was the Representative Director on the Leech Board. George had many contacts in a wide range of manufacturing industries.

I joined the Company in 1952. By the late fifties, I was manager of a small instrument department making various magnifiers - projection microscopes - biological microscope illuminators and the occasional Ministry contract. The main division of the Company was involved in the manufacture of optical components and assemblies for military and commercial uses.

In a small manufacturing company the job of Manager - at least in those days - would cover many disciplines, often including design and development and, in my case, also the development of special jigs and fixtures for use in the production of glass optical prisms and other components of high accuracy. I had designed a low voltage portable micro projector, and amongst other products, a series of low voltage illuminators. The latter were of interest because the power source we made was a small transformer unit fitted into a metal spinning, which was integral with a 13amp plug. In hindsight, this was probably the forerunner of what is now commonplace.

Our production runs were normally for 500 units against orders placed by the wholesalers, with delivery call-offs of 100 units. In addition, we carried out various other sub-contracts, including mechanical/optical assemblies for fighting vehicle machine gun sights. We were kept quite busy. Every Tuesday a production meeting was held with the Directors at Rochester, and in late 1958, at one of these, I was instructed to accompany Terry Leech on a visit to the Dunlop Rubber Company factory on the outskirts of Birmingham to discuss a special project.

To travel by car with Terry was often an event in itself. He owned a pre 1939 Talbot car, built like a tank, and nearly as heavy as one. Unfortunately, it often required a push start - I am sure this was the cause of my first hernia! When running it appeared to use as much water as petrol, hence a canister of water was always carried. By the time the journey was completed, Terry's parentage was often in question. The journey to Birmingham was quite lengthy, as there was no Dartford crossing and little or no motorway.

On arrival, we were met by an engineer and taken to a drawing office where we were shown plans for an underground test house. From here we went to the actual site where the building was partially completed. We then returned to an office to discuss the project in general and, in particular, what our involvement would be.

The building was to house machinery capable of driving a test wheel at high peripheral speeds and we were to design and build an instrument capable of measuring changes in diameter and form of a tyre fitted to the wheel as it rotated. Because of the danger of a tyre disintegrating, the instrument would be placed behind a one-inch thick glass screen and the viewing would be via TV cameras. The test engineer would be remotely situated, viewing two TV monitors with all other controls to hand. He also would be behind a glass screen.

It is worth considering why such an elaborate setup was required. To my recollection, the wheel/tyre assembly was over 36 inches in diameter and the test speed was to be the equivalent to that of a vehicle travelling in excess of 400 mph. The outer surface of the tyre would be smooth with no tread. A 36-inch diameter wheel would rotate at over 3,700 rpm - and the energy and centrifugal forces generated during a test run would be high, with a real chance of a tyre exploding.

We sat round a table to discuss what I hoped would be a clear and unambiguous specification of the requirement and the following was agreed.

1. The general arrangement of the instrument would facilitate accurate horizontal measurements. Two

TV

cameras would be mounted on cross slides, fitted to separate independent moving saddles. These, in turn, would be supported and slide on a rigid base of suitable length and section.

2. Measuring resolution of .001 inches, using three different methods:
 - (a) Rule and vernier
 - (b) Means of producing electrical impulses to actuate remotely sited electrical counters
 - (c) Two of the TV lenses to incorporate a means of projecting a superimposed grid of known and calibrated size to allow the test engineer to view the wheel assembly and grid simultaneously on the TV monitors
3. All slide movements to be motor driven, remotely controlled, bi-directional with over run stops fitted.
4. Means of aligning the camera. This was critical but once set would be locked in position.
5. The range of movements was specified.
6. One wide angle and one telephoto lens to be fitted to each camera. The telephoto lens to incorporate a small collimator to produce the superimposed grid.
7. Rigidity of the instrument was essential.
8. We were to liaise with W.G. Pye Ltd., who would supply the cameras and lens changer attachments.

We journeyed our way back to Rochester and next day reported to George Collis. I was not very happy because I already had a full workload and the delivery lead-time of less than six months would be very tight. I voiced my thoughts. His answer was simple and clear. He already had an order from Dunlop - there was nothing to discuss - just get on with it! To help matters, Terry would deal with the lens systems and also take over some of my other duties to give me a clear run on the design - so a start was made.

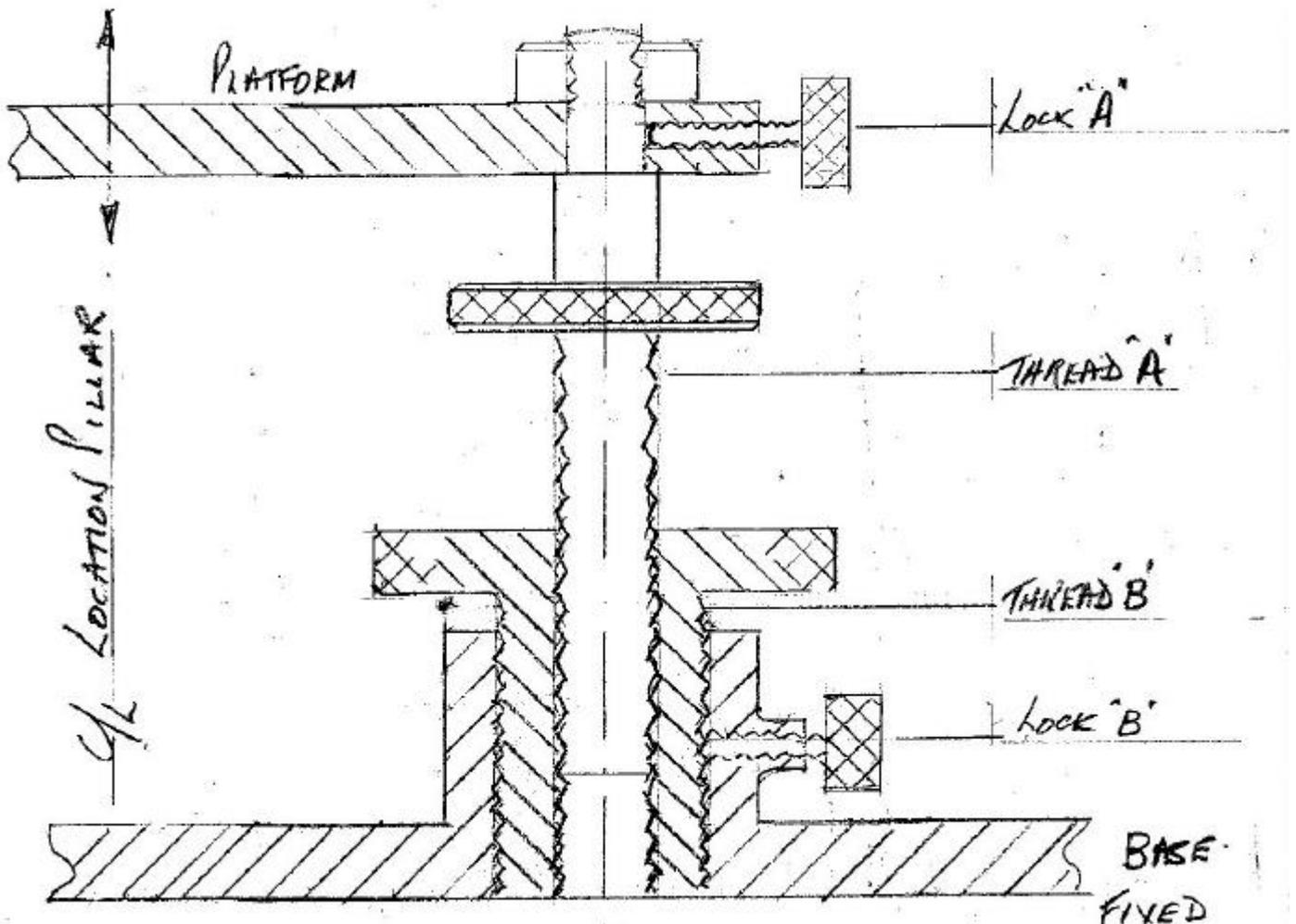
What castings would be required? Who would cast them and, in the case of the bed, how was it to be machined, for it was way beyond our capacity?

Wingets of Strood made all iron castings in mehanite. Maybery, based in Beckenham, cast all heat-treated alloy castings and Litton Machine Tools would machine the bed.

Fracmo was selected for the motor/gearbox drives and a Company, whose name I cannot remember, made the special rule and double length verniers. We also had made for us two ground thread lead screws. Micro switches, I thought, could be sourced later. This was a big mistake and caused me a couple of sleepless nights. A pattern maker in Gravesend made all the necessary pattern equipment. The casting drawings were fully detailed for machining and prints taken from the tracings. Most small items were drawn on A4 paper and photocopied.

As the saddle movements were to be bi-directional, all endplay and backlash had to be eliminated. Duplex thrust bearings were fitted to all lead screws and two-part adjustable lead screw nuts were made.

To give a very fine adjustment to the camera height, I designed a differential screw assembly, allowing a coarse and fine adjustment. This differential screw system is interesting and novel but not new. A sketch and note illustrating its function is as follows:



The principle of the differential screw is a compound of two screws from which a linear movement equal to the difference of the pitch of the two threads is achieved. For example:

Thread 'B' (20 TPI) has a pitch of $.0500''$
 Thread 'A' (26 TPI) has a pitch of $.0385''$
 The difference between pitches = $.0115''$

Therefore, with lock 'A' tightened, rotating thread 'B', one turn will move the platform by $.0115''$
 Thread 'B' advances by $.0500''$ but as it is rotated, Thread 'A' moves backwards by $.0385''$

For our purposes, we additionally incorporated lock 'B'. With this tightened, only thread 'A' would function when rotated, moving the platform $.0385''$ per turn.

An advance of $.0115''$ per turn is equivalent to 87 TPI. By changing the ratios of the threads used, much finer movements may be achieved, e.g. 24 TPI and 26 TPI, giving $.0032''$ or 312 TPI.

Dunlop dealt with the electrically operated counters. We had the task of designing a method of producing the electrical impulses, each of which would represent $.001$ inches. I had designed out endplay and backlash, so it was a simple matter of a compound gearbox with the output spindle being fitted with a suitable cam to actuate two micro switches. Each lead screw had its own gearbox assembly.

Nowadays, our three methods of measuring would not be necessary. However, in the 1950's, there were no commercial electronic linear measuring devices available.

When designing the saddles, pads were incorporated to allow the fitting of micro switches. Burgess had a good range, which I thought would cover all requirements, but I had not studied this in any great detail. It was on final assembly - prior to painting - that I realised there was no suitable small switch for controlling the cross slides. Much telephoning followed, and after a couple of days the Bulgin Company of Barking in Essex sent details of a suitable side operated switch. This was a real lesson to me not to overlook detail or take things for granted. Another lesson was related to the size and weight of castings. The overall length of the gearboxes and bed was well in excess of five feet. My drawing was half scale and I never thought about weight. It required four people to lift the bed casting! In this instance it didn't matter, but it left a mark on my memory for future reference.

The instrument was painted and finally assembled -the special lenses fitted - the micro switches adjusted. It was finished and delivered on time to Birmingham after which we journeyed up to make any final adjustments required. When we left, we felt satisfied we had done a good job - so did our customer, which was pleasing.

Did we make a profit? No, but the experience and lessons learned probably well outweighed any loss incurred.

Design and development is interesting but problems are often waiting to catch you out. Twenty-five years or so after completing the Dunlop project, I designed a special clinometer for a military application - we eventually made 1,000 plus of these.

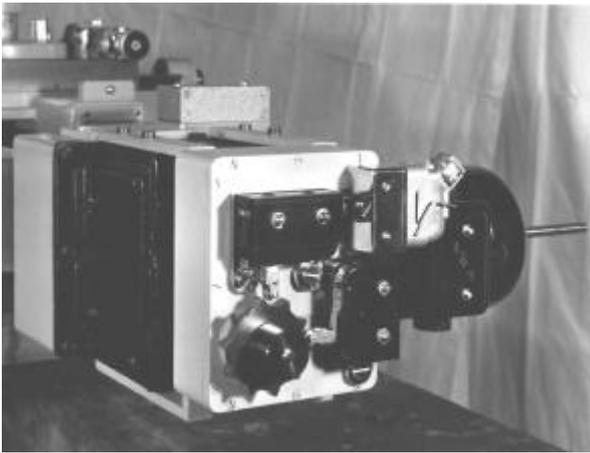
When we came to assemble a pre-production batch, due to the fact that I had earlier changed the design of the main casting, we found it was now not possible to assemble all the detailed parts. Luckily, a change to the pattern equipment allowed us to core in an elongated slot through which we could reach inside the mechanism and so complete the assembly. You have to keep your wits about you!

What we had designed and made was technically very simple, mainly mechanical, with the use of TV cameras a novel feature at that time.

I think you have to place one's achievements into a comparative relationship with what has gone before. I never cease to be amazed at the locomotive engineers who, in the 1800's, invented most of the valve gears that are still used today.

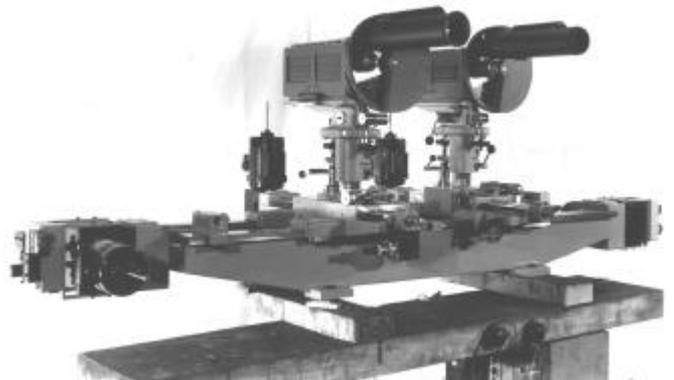
They were clever - they were masters.

(See next page for pictures relating to this article.)



End view showing gearbox with 10 lobed cam on output spindle and the bi-directional electric counter micro switches.

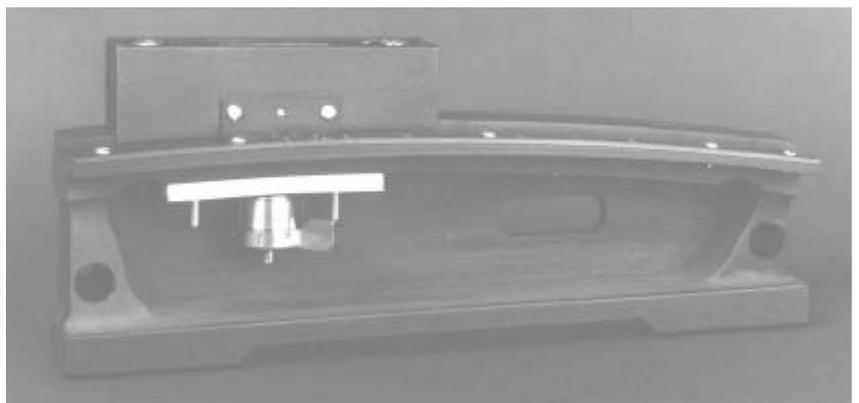
Front view showing camera and lens changer attachments. The micro switches for preventing the saddles from over-running or colliding with each other are clearly shown. The camera tilting mechanism and cross slide thrust bearing housings are also seen.



Rear view showing differential screw assemblies, cross slide motors and gearboxes and the special rule and two verniers. (The cameras were the smallest made by Pye Ltd., which by today's standards were large and quite heavy.)

Side view of special clinometer mentioned at the end of the article clearly shows the elongated slot. As a matter of interest, the outer radius on the castings is 1000mm. This equates to 17.45mm for one degree of movement around the periphery.

Ron Attfield.



BOILER CLADDING *by Ed Nutter*

Marigold gave me a bit of a telling off the other day. He said: “Why can’t you write something sensible and informative rather than all your usual rubbish?” I went away feeling rather offended but got to thinking that perhaps some of my previous articles have been a bit on the silly side.

I said to Marigold, ‘but I don’t really know anything about model engineering or the like to be able to write anything sensible and informative’. Marigold then explained how he had recently clad his new Royal Scot boiler. This was the first boiler he had attempted with a Belpaire firebox. He had put by a series of articles published a while back in the Model Engineer Magazine on the subject of boiler cladding or cleading which he thought would be of help. He remembered how rolling up the tapered boiler barrel was described saying how the taper would have to be induced manually after removing it from the rolls.

Marigold was so excited when he was explaining to me how he produced an accurately rolled boiler barrel cladding complete with the taper straight from the rolling machine. Mind you, when I saw it, it didn’t appear to have much of a taper! He tried to explain to me how he did it - which was Chinese to me - but you the reader might understand (assuming you do read my rubbish!).

Apparently you work out the boiler barrel circumference at both ends using the well-known formula $\pi \times \text{diameter}$, and check it by laying round the boiler a thin strip of card. Divide the circumference of each end of the boiler barrel into equal spaces of about 2”. It’s probably best to use millimetres to do this.

Take a nice large white sheet of card – from the wife’s workroom – sharpen a pencil preferably a 4H. Draw a straight-line long ways down the centre of the paper. This will represent the top centre line of the boiler barrel. Carefully measure the length of the boiler barrel on the top centre line and transfer to the centreline on the card. In turn join up the equal spaces with a straight line and at the ends return a line to the previous always ensuring this is at right angles to the last line drawn. You should end up with a cardboard template of the boiler barrel cleading, which can be wrapped round the boiler and checked for fit. The larger diameter end of the template will have a convex curve whilst the smaller diameter end will have a concave curve.

Using the template mark out and cut out the brass sheet or whatever is being used for the cleading. Marigold uses a small band saw ex B&Q with a fine ¼” blade which is ideal for all brass work. Transfer the longitudinal lines at approx 2” spaces to the inside of the cleading. Roll up in your rolling machine, and to accurately produce the taper, keep the edge of the cleading sheet square to the rollers. This means continually moving the position of the cleading sheet between the pinch rollers which is where the scribed longitudinal lines come in helpful because all you need to do is keep the line adjacent to the roller parallel with it. This is what he did and was very pleased with the result (probably first time lucky!).

Editor: We will greatly miss Ed Nutter and can only hope that from time he will be inspired to send us something (if he is not too busy with haberdashery) from Canada. We wish him every success.



THE CHRISTMAS TEASER CROSSWORD CLUES

THE CROSSWORD IS ON THE NEXT PAGE, NOT THE NEXT SIDE

ACROSS

- 1 Mass transit system. (11)
6 Exhaust container? (8)
10 Musical style. (3)
11 A viscous pigmented substance. (3)
12 Ancient and poetic name for Ireland. (4)
13 Mathematical snake. (5)
15 Remove an `e` to get a girls name. (3)
17 Fictitious policeman. (4)
18 Maker of car in 24 down. (2)
19 Well known for carnival. (7,4)
21 Wild fern. (7)
23 This may be X, Y or Z. (4)
24 You may see this monk`s hooded garment on an oast house. (4)
25 Use this aircraft for joining metal? (3)
27 Force eleven. (5)
28 Location for environmental summit. (5)
30 Cargo carried by `Cutty Sark`. (3)
31 Somewhere to stay. (5)
32 Combine or unite. (4)
33 Tract of open country. (4)
35 Teacher. (5)
37 Brave Bomber? (7)
41 Set to "spring forward" and "fall back". (5)
43 This modern traction wheel arrangement could be used to startle. (2)
44 Venomous serpents. (4)
45 Basis of brandy. (5)
46 Mountain anything but neat. (4)
48 Red HQ. (7)
50 Medway crossing here. (9)
52 Small piece. (6)
53 Battle at this Station? (8)
56 Location of RAF Museum. (7)
58 Designer capable of ungentlemanly conduct? (3)
59 Red deer male. (4)
62 Colour of a short trig. function? (3)
64 RHDR strongman. (8)
66 Garden transport. (5,6)
67 Did Ford mis-spell the name of this car? (2)

DOWN

- 1 Osprey, but by another name. (5, 2, 5, 6)
2 Aircraft, or possibly a native North American people, better known as Sioux. (6)
3 Colour of unseasoned wood? (5)
4 Switched on during Club Nights. (3)
5 Machine tool used by the Army? (5)
6 Remove a letter and turn this garden tool into a WW1 fighter. (4)
7 Unusual. (3)
8 Dark forger. (10)
9 Noble gas. (5)
14 May rearrange your car to get you home. (3)
16 Spirit of Ireland, rather than Scotland. (7)
17 Space dog. (5)
20 A "Great Briton". (8)
21 Container. (4)
22 Administers the law. (5)
24 Sports car. (5)
26 World land speed record holder, or possibly a famous train? (6, 5)
29 Tropical climbing plant with edible tuber. (3)
34 Computer that keeps you dry. (3)
36 Type of cloth. (7)
37 People`s car. (10)
38 Brother of Cain. (4)
39 Negative. (3)
40 If these are seen at the Club track they must be arrested. (6)
41 Used by a Bishop, but is it dishonest? (5)
42 Northern German city, famous for its canal. (4)
47 Early mathematician who invented a `steam engine`. (4)
49 Rearrange this dear to see a popular pastime. (4)
51 Fortified place. (6)
54 Halloween ordeal. (5)
55 An added letter would change this stringed instrument into a wind instrument? (4)
57 Looks after birds. (4)
60 Amalgamated into LNER in 1923. (3)
61 Monitors the market before Jones. (3)
63 Request. (3)
65 Forerunner of the CD? (2)

MODEL ENGINEER

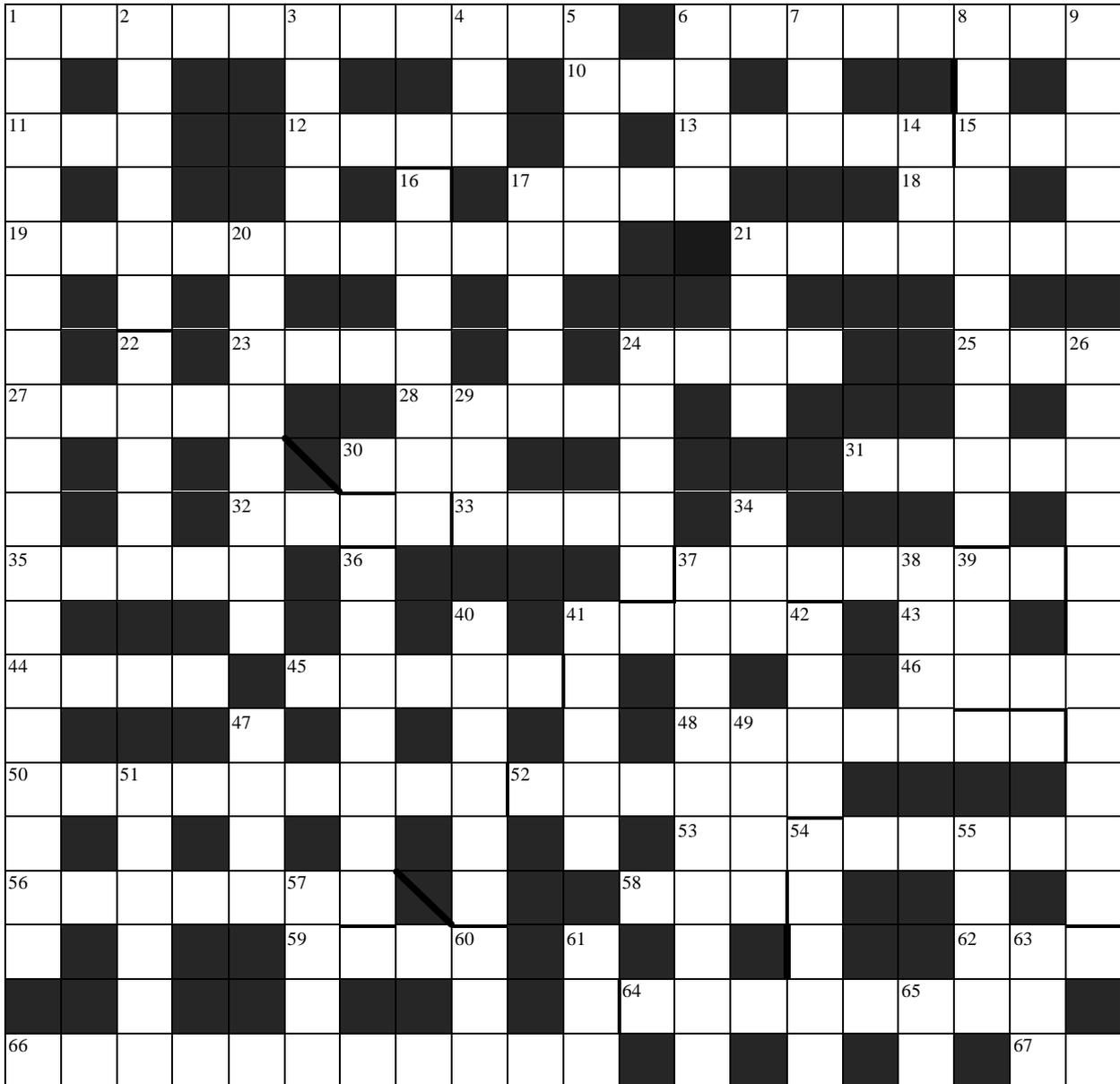
MAGAZINES

It is now over four years since I made a request for unwanted Model Engineer Magazines to complete the Club volumes. We now have a very good collection of bound volumes available for reference (81 to date, and more in the pipeline). It would be nice to tidy up the bookcase before the 75th celebration next year, so here is the current list of wants; -

<u>YEAR</u>	<u>VOLUME.</u>	<u>NUMBERS</u>
1943	88	2180 2184 2186 2187 2189
1943	89	2204 2206 2208 2220
1944	90	2226 2232
1948	98	2433 2435 2454
1949	100	2492
1950	105	we do have a complete set, but in poor condition.
1954	110	2755
1955	112	2799
1962	126	3167 3180
1963	128	3224 3225 3226 3227
1963	129	ANY 3228 to 3239
1964	130	3240 3241 3242 3243
1971	137	3425
1985	155	3757
1986	156	3768
2000	184	ANY
2000	185	ANY
2002	188	ANY

J. Barrow.

The Christmas Teaser



CLUES ON PREVIOUS PAGE

WHAT A S.H.I.T. WEEK by Sue

May I hastily say before I go any further, for those that don't know, that S.H.I.T. stands for Sue's Holidays Including Trains.

This is the fifth year of this event, where M.M.E.S. members with their locomotives, and wives where applicable, take off to a different part of the U.K. for one week in June, to play trains at tracks in a different part of the country (all arranged by yours truly). It started with just a dozen of us, but this number has doubled, and I have now had to reluctantly cap numbers at two dozen (with fourteen varying locomotives), to ensure everybody gets a good run at our destinations.

Year One was based in Worcestershire, Year Two was spent in Yorkshire, Year Three in Derbyshire, and Year Four (2003) we went to South Wales. We stay on caravan sites so it's self-catering and we can please ourselves time-wise. Generally, it is just breakfast in the vans, the clubs we visit are usually good enough to provide lunch (and how!) for a donation – or even no donation, but we always insist (I never underestimate that these Clubs give up a day of their lives so that we all have a good time, and we all truly appreciate this). Dinner is at a nearby pub to the caravan site so we can all stagger back after a wonderful day out, having enjoyed the local brew.

Caravan sites vary, not easy to find when you want to be positioned within an hour's drive of anywhere you want to go, as too much driving can be a drag. We have had some wonderful ones in the heart of the countryside; but sadly this year's site, although adequate for our purposes (main one being to vacate it for the day) and our needs (pub only a five minute walk), it wasn't quite up to the usual standard. Pat Riddles and myself were looking forward to the promised sea views, which to us meant waves gently lapping round the steps of the caravan, but instead it was get your binoculars, stand on the roof of the caravan, and look through the gap, past rows of caravans, cars, washing lines and rubbish bins to see the sea. Smaller sites, it has to be said, win over larger sites, but sometimes you have to take what you can get to be where you want to go.

The week runs something like this; Saturday travelling, stopping somewhere of interest for lunch, Sunday and Wednesday are usually days free to see other attractions (or full size steam) in the area. That being said, we sometimes can end up at a track on one of these days as well, but I am mindful of the ladies present, who one would like to think their other halves would let them have at least one rail-free day to see something different, like the local stately pile (e.g. Chatsworth when we were in Derbyshire). Sadly, this doesn't always happen but said wives are resigned to it now, and in the main accompany the chaps, relaxing on sun beds, chatting, reading, sewing, just taking it easy in the sunshine and enjoying themselves. Moi? I tend to be more of a lad than a lady, usually first on the track with my 3 ½ Juliet, so I don't get in the way of the big engines, can usually have a good run and then take pictures and video diary of everyone on the holiday for anyone interested, rush around and make sure everybody is alright and having fun, and extract money where necessary to cover the wonderful refreshments. I have to say that the highlight of this year for me was being chased by the Chairman of Llanelli Club (me being the wrong side of 40 – yes, really!!! – that's not something that tends to happen any more) but I won't spoil it by telling you why.

The other tracks we visited in Wales were Cardiff, Swansea, and Newport, and our hearts go out to Newport who are having to move lock, stock and track to a new derelict site and anticipate it being years before they will be up and running again. All the tracks and sites were totally different – that's all part of the fun, plus meeting the various Club members, we certainly had a welcome in the hillsides and those yummy Welshcakes! We did also venture back into England to visit Bristol track one day, a perennial favourite. Swindon track, which was the halfway mark on our journey home the following Saturday, ended another glorious week, all thoroughly enjoyed. We've already booked our caravan site for 2004 – look out Lancashire, here we come!

AUSTRIAN HOLIDAY 2002 by *Richard Linkins*

After many years of taking our holidays in the U.K. and one unsuccessful foray to France, we decided that it was time to venture abroad again. Dorothy and I both enjoyed our previous holidays in the Alps so we chose to revisit Kitzbuhel in the Austrian Tyrol. Our first visit to Kitzbuhel had been wonderful. The views of glorious scenery in all directions were quite breathtaking and I fell in love with the Alps. We had stayed in a small hotel in the meadows on the outskirts of the town and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The only drawback was that the cable car to the Hannenkamm Mountain went past the bedroom window but this was only a problem if you forgot to dress before opening the shutters!

It was John and Alex's first flight and they really enjoyed themselves. Alex is always keen to get on the 'footplate' and stuck his nose in the cockpit as we disembarked. He chatted to the pilot and was last off the plane. After a short coach journey we arrived at Kitzbuhel and were soon settled into our comfortable rooms. Before we had set off on holiday, I had spent some time on the Internet researching steam railways in Austria. I knew that the Zillertalbahn ran from Jenbach to Mayrhofen and that there was a rack railway to the Achensee. We had also seen a steam loco near the Krimml waterfall on a previous visit. However the Internet was rather unhelpful and we arrived with no particular arrangements made.

We decided that a visit to Jenbach would give us the chance of travelling on two steam railways so we set off one morning on the Austrian National railway. The railway runs round three sides of Kitzbuhel and looks like an OO gauge layout when seen from the mountains. The local trains are formed from three coaches worked push pull by a large electric loco. These run smartly between stops and are very clean and comfortable. However I was always slightly nervous when the train was being pushed rapidly round the sharp corners as I could see us disappearing equally rapidly down the mountain if there was a derailment. The local train took us to Worgl, which is on the main line from Germany to Italy and follows the river Inn through Innsbruck. Here we joined an international train, which took us South to Jenbach.

Jenbach is a typical modern station but flanked by the termini of the two steam railways. We went to the ticket office of the Achensee Bahn and were pleased to find that we could book a joint ticket both for it and the Zillertalbahn. The Achensee Bahn operates on the unusual Riggengbach system and was opened in 1888. The locos are small 0-4-0 tanks with typical inclined boilers. The cylinders drive an intermediate shaft above the wheels, which appeared to rotate in the opposite direction from the wheels. The train consists of two coaches with open balconies pushed by the loco. The line winds around the edge of the town through meadows and forest with the engine being worked very hard on the gradients, which are as steep as 1 in 5. The railway climbs nearly 1800ft in 2 miles. The locomotives had a plate spaced off the smokebox door, presumably to insulate the passengers on the coach balcony from the heat. At Maurach the engine ran round the train and then pulled the train for the remainder of the journey to the shore of the Achensee. Here, the train connects with the boats sailing on the lake. We transferred and enjoyed sailing up the lake among the mountains in pleasant sunshine. At the far end we disembarked and lunched on a sandwich at a lakeside café. Before returning down the lake we tried our hand on a pedalo, which was great fun.

Next day we were looking at the available excursions and noticed that a trip on the 'Gisela Bahn' was advertised. We asked for some more details and were told this was a train, which ran on the main line. The train starts from Brixendorf but we could join it at Kitzbuhel and travel to Zell am See. We booked a trip and on the appointed Tuesday morning strolled up to the halt nearest to our hotel. We were greeted on the platform by two ladies in period dress (I am not sure which period) who advised us where our reserved seats would be. Bang on time the train rolled in. It was made up of a mixed rake of dull green bogie and four wheeled coaches, some with end balconies. A clerestory vehicle was marshalled in the centre of the train. The loco was a small Bo-Bo built just before the war. As soon as the passengers had embarked the loco gave a mellow toot on its whistle and we rolled gently out of

the station. We picked up passengers at the main stations and then set off on our journey through the mountains.

The little loco worked up a brisk pace as the Austrian scenery passed by. Unfortunately the cloud was rather low that day, which obscured some of the mountains. We went down the train to the clerestory coach, which had a small buffet in it. This was originally a postal van built in 1910 and still retained many of the letter sorting racks and other fittings. About half way to Zell we made a photo stop and all the passengers were allowed to wander freely across the main line. I can just see that happening on Network Rail. Alex managed to get a look on the footplate (I have lost count how many footplates he has been on). Apparently the drivers volunteer for this duty and help look after the fleet of three vintage electrical locos used. After a very nice ride we arrived at Zell and left the train to take a walk along the lake. The return to Kitzbuhel was by coach.

A few days later we returned to Jenbach to use the second half of our joint ticket and travel on the Zillertalbahn. The main line winds through the mountains as far as Worgl and this makes the journey very pleasant. The main line still carries a considerable amount of freight and there are rail-connected factories at some stations. Between Westendorf and Hopfgarten the line uses a side valley to lose height. There is an 180° curve over a river where the line reverses direction. On the lower section of line it is possible to look back through the pine trees and see how quickly the line is losing height. It must have been a real test for steam locos to climb up the grade. Many of the intermediate stations have double crossovers so that traffic can be kept moving if one line is shut for maintenance or other reasons. At Worgl we joined the main line through the Inn valley again. This line is busy with both passenger and freight trains. Lorries are carried on flat wagons and we saw a loading yard between Worgl and Jenbach. Past Jenbach the line reaches Innsbruck and then continues south to Italy under the Brenner Pass. When we reached Jenbach we went through the underpass to the Zillertalbahn station. This is an independent concern which runs for 20 miles up the wide glacial valley to Mayrhofen. The line looks prosperous and well kept. It runs diesel railcars, diesel passenger and freight trains as well as the steam tourist service. It also runs the local buses. The freight is mainly carried in main line wagons on converter bogies and transferred to the main line at Jenbach.

In the tourist season three return trips per day are steam hauled. On our earlier visit we had seen the largest loco on the line, an 0-10-0 tender tank originally built for the Salzkammergut Lokalbahn. This line closed in the 1950s and the Zillertalbahn bought the loco. The other 'main line' engines on the railway are 0-6-2 tanks. This is a very common type on the 760mm lines and the railway has three of them, many having been built by Krauss of Linz. Two were delivered around the turn of the century for the opening of the line and one of them is a two-cylinder compound. They have Walschaerts valve gear with straight links. The third, 'Gerlos' is a relative youngster having been built in 1930. It has a higher pitched boiler and oscillating cam valve gear. It was in service on the day we travelled. The train was long, about twelve vehicles, many of which were four wheeled with open balconies. There was one completely open 'coach' to allow an uninterrupted view of the mountains. We opted for the first coach behind the loco, which allows a good view into the cab. We had to wait for an up diesel train to clear the section but were then smartly away. The line runs parallel to the main line for a short distance passing the sheds, workshops and interchange yard. There are some end on sidings in this yard to allow the main line wagons to run onto the converter bogies. It then swings away, crossing the river Inn on a long bridge. A new bridge was under construction alongside the old.

'Gerlos' had been coaled to the limit at Jenbach before the journey started. The hinged lids on the bunker were standing nearly vertically and consequently every slight lurch spilled coal onto the track. The crew seemed quite oblivious to this and busied themselves keeping the train moving at a sharp pace. After a couple of kilometres the line began to run parallel with the main road up the valley. There was little fencing, as the Austrians believe that if you are stupid enough to wander onto the track then it is your own fault.

The track was in excellent condition with much of the rail being continuously welded. We crossed a couple of diesel hauled trains, the driver receiving instructions by radio telephone at each passing place. Some way up the valley the railway ran past a very large wood yard, which was stacked high with logs. A siding ran into the yard and a diesel hauled train was being loaded. The driver was

happily snoozing in the cab waiting for the loading to finish. The Ziller valley is wide and relatively flat. The views of the mountains on each side were lovely.

The line winds gently across the valley floor. About three quarters of the way to Mayrhofen the line passes right through the middle of the village of Zell am Ziller and runs right past the local brewery. The gleaming coppers of the brewery can be seen through the windows. Austria still retains many local breweries. I even managed to find a vending machine selling cold local beer in a museum – so much better than the fizzy soft drinks. After a run of just over an hour we reached Mayrhofen. Unfortunately we did not have sufficient time to visit the town before the train set out on its returned journey. However the ride was well worth making. On return to Jenbach we looked around the workshops, again observing just how well kept the whole railway was.

Although we had managed three train rides on our holiday I was keen to fit in one more if possible. During our first visit to Austria we had been on a coach trip near the Krimml waterfalls when a loco had suddenly appeared from behind a house. I later found out that this was the Pinzgaubahn and that it ran between Zell am See and the Krimml falls. I had tried to find some more information about this railway using the Internet but without much success. However, when we had made the trip to Zell am See on the 'Gisela Bahn' I noticed that the railway was still in operation and that there was a poster of a steam loco. However there was no further information, which was very frustrating. I asked for help at the tourist information office in Kitzbuhel and they were most obliging. They found that a steam train ran on Sundays and we could get there in time on the main line. So on the last Sunday of our holiday we set out.

You may remember that there was some very heavy rainfall across Europe during the summer of 2002 – and we were in the middle of it. The rain hissed down all day. The mountains were completely invisible from the main line train. When we reached Zell we were extremely glad of the large overall roof. We had lunch and waited for the train to turn up. The Pinzgaubahn is part of the Austrian state railway system, unlike the Zillertalbahn. The main services are diesel hauled. The steam train is run by the state railway staff but the loco is provided by Club 760, which, I believe, has an interest in a few of the Austrian narrow gauge steam operations. The loco in use was an 0-6-0 tank, an earlier version of the locomotives on the Zillertalbahn. The train was made up of five four wheeled coaches. They did not look as if they had changed in 50 years and were slightly decrepit but at least the roofs did not leak which was the most important point. The train left punctually and ran out of the station on what appeared to be mixed gauge track. After about 1.5 kilometres we passed the railway depot. The countryside on this railway is similar to the Zillertalbahn but with many small barns in the fields. This is a feature of the Pinzgau region and these barns are dual purpose – for the storage of hay and the shelter of courting couples. The line is over 50 kilometres long although the distance as the crow flies is less than 50 and the line wanders up the valley. Apparently, subsidies were available when the railway was built to lines over 50 kilometres and consequently the plans were drawn up so that the subsidy could be claimed.

Despite the rain the ride was interesting. At one point we stopped for water, which was taken from a hydrant. Two lads who trotted about in the torrential rain clad in tee shirts and jeans carried out this task. Wringing them out over the tank fillers could have probably filled the tanks. The engine managed the light load very well and we arrived at Mittersil, about half way to Krimml, without incident. This is as far as the steam train runs. Mittersil is a pretty station with a typically Austrian chalet style building and low platforms. An 0-6-2 tank is mounted on a plinth by the building. The engine was run round the train and while this was taking place we took the opportunity to fortify ourselves with coffee and cakes in a local café. There was a buffet car on the train but its range was very limited. What I took to be some aluminium lagging wrapped around the steam turret on the loco turned out to be the sausage for the buffet keeping warm!

The return journey was just as wet as the outward half and we were quite glad to climb into the warm main line train for our journey back to Kitzbuhel. We were very lucky to be able to make the journey as the next day the main line trains were disrupted by the atrocious weather. In fact considerable damage was done across many central European countries. However the rain could not spoil an excellent holiday.

WIND ON THE DUNGENESS EXTENSION by George Barlow

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With photograph by the author, all taken on 3 May 1954.

When a man takes a job involving outdoor work on the RH&DR, he has to be prepared for wind and if he comes from an inland town, as I did, it takes some getting used to. If it is south-westerly, it sweeps up the Channel, straight across Denge Marsh, blowing almost the length of the Railway and if it is blowing in the next most usual direction, north-east, it comes off the North Downs, with nothing to break its power and strikes the line again from Palmarsh to Dungeness.

We have had many rough days over the years, with even coaches in sidings disappearing overnight; on one occasion the P.W. Patrol discovered a four wheeled 'open' missing from Dymchurch 'up siding, under the Prince of Wales' Bridge. This, of course, proved how wrong was the policy of removing catch points throughout the length of the line and after this incident lockable wooden blocks were fitted to the sidings at Romney and Dymchurch. Of all those tough winds during my 31 years as a driver, two stand out in my memory. They were both on Sundays in the 1950's, within a couple of years or so of each other, leading to incidents which closed the Dungeness section and on both occasions I was driving *Green Goddess* on Turn 3.

The first one was on 2 May 1954. I worked the 12.20 Hythe to Dungeness into a terrific wind with heavy squalls, returning with the 14.00 and I was very pleased to reach the shelter of the trees at Half Mile Curve and relieved that I did not have to go out on the Dungeness road again that day, or so I believed. Bob Hobbs was running *Hercules*, freshly overhauled and painted in Brighton umber livery, and he was on the 14.50 from Hythe to Dungeness, which I followed at 15.30 as far as Romney. When I arrived at New Romney, Reg Marsh, the Stationmaster, was on the platform and, as I came to a stand, he told me that *Hercules* was on her side on Half Mile Curve, but no one was hurt and asked me to run out light engine and bring back Bob and what I could of the train. By this time the few passengers and Mavis Thomas, the guard, had walked into Romney with Mavis bringing in the tablet. I set off light engine to fetch the train with the trees separating us from the S.R. branch, swaying about in a quite fantastic way and the *Goddess* cracking over the innumerable twigs, which were littered over the track.

I met Bob at the back of his train and we walked forward with some difficulty because of the power of the wind, to his engine. *Hercules*, tender and a small brake van were on their sides, the van badly smashed and down the embankment side, the Eaton Railway bogie luggage van was heading down the bank almost at right angles to the track and the splendid old Clayton Pullmans stood firmly on the rails, still coupled to the luggage van. Fortunately for the guard, she had not been riding in the brake van when it overturned, otherwise she would have been very lucky to escape injury. Conditions at this time were atrocious with the tremendous wind and lashing rain and there was little that we could do, except make certain that the boiler of *Hercules* was safe; so we uncoupled behind the first Pullman and brought the rest of the train back to Romney. I turned the *Goddess* and worked the 17.00 with Turn 1 locomotive working the 17.45. The next morning, a lovely bright calm one, we went out early with *Southern Maid* and I took the photographs, reproduced herewith, before Jack Hook, the foreman platelayer, and his gang started work clearing up.



Underside of 4-8-2 Hercules, as revealed after the leading van in the train was blown over in a gale, dragging the tender and then the engine over with it. Well visible are the helical springs of the coupled boxes, and the brake cross and central pull rods.
(Photo: G. A. Barlow)

Bob told me that he had heard a strange noise when he ran onto the embankment at Half Mile Curve and, looking back, saw the brake van tilted over by the gale, running on two wheels. Instinctively he 'downed' the brake handle and reversed the engine and, as soon as the coupling slackened, over went the van, then the tender and engine, Bob throwing himself clear. He was quite unhurt but naturally, shaken up when I arrived on the scene. Quite clearly, in one of the pictures, can be seen how the engine cab roof 'popped off' in true American narrow gauge style. This was because the roof had been raised and mounted on wood in order for it to clear the 1946 Ashford built tender, which had been built too high due to a draughtsman's error.

The real villain of the piece was the light brake vehicle but, of course, other contributing factors apart from the gale, were the elevation on the curve and the high centre of gravity of the tender, which was at its highest, as Bob had coaled-up at Romney before leaving at 14.00 for Hythe and had filled his tank a few minutes before the accident. The elevation on that curve, like most of the curves on the line, was grand for a passenger train doing around 22 mph but no help at all for a ballast train with top heavy skips running at 8 to 10 mph, as we discovered when we operated ballast trains just after the war and *Hercules* would not be running at more than 10 mph when the accident occurred. There were four of these little brake vans, constructed for the 1953 season and they had been adapted from eight seater opens which had been made in order to use up the postwar Clifford Edwards built well frames, intended to carry skips giving a lower centre of gravity than the straight frame skip wagons. As things turned out, these frames were never required for skips but that is another story.

After a head-on collision on the single line near Britannia points in 1952, the Ministry recommended that we should provide some means for the guard to be able to stop the train if necessary. I went with Captain Howey to the Ministry in Berkeley Square and attended a meeting, when Colonel Denis McMullen told Howey, quite firmly, that he must in future run the RH&DR more like a railway. I am sure that Howey resented being advised how to run his railway although he must have known that McMullen was right and, when it came to providing brake vehicles, it was done in the cheapest manner possible. A door-less shelter was built over one compartment of a four wheeled 8 seater 'open', with a trap door in the outer end so that the guard could reach through this door and uncouple the hoses to apply the brake. It worked quite well in practice and I remember Horace Martin stopping me from one of these little vans one evening, when the *Goddess* was galloping through Greatstone in fine style and he had forgotten to ask me to stop.

These little vehicles always known as 'jumping jacks' because of the way they ran through the points, were just about stable enough when the wind could blow through them but when the sides were extended to form the guard's compartment and a roof fitted for the wind to get under, that 'tilted the scales'. Of course, the vans were withdrawn from traffic straightaway, later being converted back to 'opens' and we had a real 'crash exercise' on five of the 6XX Hooper 'semi-opens', Jim Hooper fitting doors in one end compartment, which could be locked in open and closed positions and Bob Hobbs putting brake valves under the seats which were worked by a special key, devised by Cecil Lane the foreman fitter, which as well as fitting the valves through the rimmed hole in the seat, also fitted the door locks.

Colonel McMullen came to see us when the converted 'semi opens' were all in traffic and we performed a few demonstration stops. At this time we had no manager; so Captain Howey, who loved seeing his trains run but could never be bothered with the mundane details of maintenance and operation, just signed the letters to the Ministry that I compiled and left things to me. With the assistance of my friend A.B. MacLeod, I compiled a rulebook at this time, as we had not had a proper one before, although Henry Greenly had made a start on one before he left the RH&DR.

The tender of *Hercules* had to wait another five years before being lowered and the doors shortened, which work was done when it was renewed and painted maroon to match the engine's new livery for the 1959 season. An interesting point is that when three of the 'jumping jacks' were converted to trucks, ballast was put in under the floor, netting covers were fitted instead of hard board roofs and they never ran at the end of a train. We had learned a lesson.

Up to now, I have been unable to pinpoint the second occasion when the wind closed the Dungeness extension, as I did not take any photographs, which I always date, nor did I keep a daily diary until around 1959 but it was in the high season timetable and, I would say, in 1956. The wind this time was quite the strongest in which I ever drove but with no rain.

Leaving the trees at Half Mile Curve on the 12.20 from Hythe, once again, the *Goddess* laboured slowly along the embankment and, as we curved almost south-east for Greatstone, the gale hit the train broadside with enormous strength. On my 'up' journey to Hythe my engine had been skipping along with around 50 psi of steam up the front end in 25% cut-off but now, with a strengthened train, it was 45% with the regulator wide open. It really had to be experienced to be believed and the slow, plodding gait of the locomotive reminded me of the 30 skip ballast trains of a few years before. It had not been possible to adopt the usual routine for a strong south-west wind and get a good fire on by Half Mile Curve; so that I did not have to fire along the Greatstone straight, as with the trees from Romney bending over so much, I had to keep an extra careful eye on the road along this stretch. Quite frankly, I was expecting a tree to come down any moment. I moved across the footplate and fired from the right side, as the small coal was blowing off the shovel before I could get it in the firebox and I did not want it in my eyes and face. The engine's coal consumption was prodigious and I seemed to be firing almost continuously. We had no stops but it took over half an hour from Romney to Dungeness and I do not believe that we exceeded 12 mph anywhere on the section.

As I tapped down the regulator for Britannia Points - there was no need to brake - I saw Colin Fleetney, the driver of *Samson*, walking towards me. He jumped onto the tender step at the points and shouted that some of his train had blown over and that, at first, he had sent the girl guard back with a red flag to protect his train but that she had been blown over too; so he had put plenty of water in *Samson's* boiler and come himself. He also bellowed that he and the lifeboat crew had managed to put the coaches upright once but that they had blown over again. Approaching Dungeness station, I could see that the last three coaches of Colin's train, all 20 seater 'semi opens', were on their sides. I stopped at the overturned vehicles, climbed off the locomotive and walked towards Wally Watson, the Dungeness Station Master, who appeared at that moment holding on to his hat and leaning back on the wind to maintain his balance. He was pointing, very excitedly, at something behind me. I turned and there was my complete train running backwards. I had automatically put the brake handle in the running position when getting off the *Goddess* and, as soon as the brakes released, the wind had taken over, helped by the gradient on that curve. I ran back along the track and pulled the front loco hose off its dummy to stop the train, absolutely convinced, by now, that I was having a nightmare and that I would be waking up at any moment!

There was nothing else for it, Colin uncoupled *Samson* and ran over Britannia Points, taking my train to form the 13.30. I told Reg Marsh, by telephone, what we were doing and I then ran my machine over Britannia Points, the guard held over the blades with the pricker and I coupled up to what I could of Colin's train, departing at 14.00, tender first, leaving the three overturned coaches on their sides and the Dungeness section was once again closed for the rest of the day. Peter Catt who was off that day saw me at Dymchurch, tender first; so he knew something was wrong and he ran across and I asked him to tell Jack Hook, who lived close to Dymchurch Station what had happened.

Next morning I went out early with Jack and his men, we uprighted the coaches and brought them back, virtually undamaged. The whole incident, which I will never forget, was like a fantastic dream and I remember Colin Fleetney saying to me later in the shed that he and I must now understand something of the wind David Mitchell experienced on that Sunday evening long ago. David Mitchell was the driver of North British Railway No. 224 which went down with the Tay Bridge in a gale in 1879.

TITBITS by Edgar W Playfoot

As many will know, my very close friend Ed Nutter uprooted earlier this year and immigrated to Canada. I do not know what caused him to do this, but he announced his intention to me out of the blue just days before he left. I do keep in regular contact with him but he regrets that he now neither has the time or inspiration to write his usual newsletter articles. I would have thought that such a move would have created a heap of interesting information but I do realise that running his new haberdashery retail outlet venture single handed must be very time consuming.

He did e-mail me a short article just before he left which I don't think has been published and no doubt will appear soon in a newsletter.

For myself, it is now close to the anniversary of my retirement from regular work and I can confirm that the old adage 'how one ever found time to go to work is a mystery' is very true. I still get up the same time and go to bed perhaps a shade later. I do occasionally help with housework and I usually cook a simple evening meal. The garden is now mostly weed free and we have had a superb display of roses all summer following my fertilising, deadheading and spraying. Oh yes, and I have at last painted the outside of the house, the original being untouched for fifteen years.

My Holden S69 GER engine superbly built by Ron Heathcote is still going strong and has given me an enormous amount of pleasure. It sailed through its recent boiler test although I did have a bit of bother with the safety valves. The boiler makes too much steam! Apart from the odd nut and bolt working loose the only work I have done on the engine is to take out the slack on the big end brasses and add a bit of weight to the rear of the engine to help with traction. Incidentally, I read the other day the technical excuse for wheel slip is 'the tractive effort overcame the adhesive effort'.

Having overcome most of the wheel slip and adopted a double trolley at the beginning of the season, it was very disappointing to have to comply with new legislation requiring the carrying of a guard. The opportunity now exists for those clever inventors to get around the problem. How about designing a twenty feet long single trolley to avoid the guard rule!

I have noticed that with the carrying of a guard (if one can be found) reduces the advantage of a double over a single to a maximum of two extra fares. People tend to shy away from the guard sitting at the rear. A third trolley or a guard trolley may be better but for most of our engines the loading is getting excessive.

I should be able to give the S69 engine a bit of a breather next year as my Royal Scot is now ready to be dirtied and I have acquired a 5" gauge Netta for rebuilding, which I am hoping will be more suited to passenger hauling with all those eight smaller wheels gripping the track.

I also hope to have my Princess of Wales Midland Single completed sometime next year. I abandoned this engine a couple of year ago following difficulty in acquiring castings from Reeves and then later due to my acquisition of the Fury chassis, which I have converted to a rebuilt Royal Scot.

I have nearly completed the rebuilding of the Netta tender and will shortly commence the complete dismantling of the engine. The engine is very well used and will require extensive re-bushing but it does have a nearly new professional boiler. For example, the axle boxes are so badly worn that the wheels nearly pass through them (slight exaggeration).

I have made use of the club library and copied all of LBSC's articles of the build of this engine, and thanks to JB for his help in this respect. Generally the engine is built, as the Model Engineer articles, except the wheels of the engine are smaller than specified.

When I viewed the engine at purchase I was puzzled by the small looking wheels which was emphasised by the wheels not entering the splashers boxes. The axle boxes are at the lowest setting which makes this worse; I usually adjust the axle boxes to centre of travel, which should help the appearance a little.

LBSC draws the wheels at $4\frac{7}{8}$ " dia over the tread. The dia of the wheels on the model is $4\frac{7}{16}$ ". I have just acquired a book titled 'The South Yorkshire Joint Railway' which contains a little information of this engine giving a wheel size of $4\frac{7}{4}$ " dia. If this were measured over the flange it would make the wheels nearer scale size than LBSC's size. I was going to change the wheels but now I am not so sure.

The engine and tender is painted in green with black and white lining, which I assume is NER livery. The engine has the number 2117 on the cab and I wonder if this is after a real engine or just fictitious. I would welcome any information on these engines as to date I can find very little.

Well, I must sign off now. It's November 5th and I must get my huge bonfire ready for tonight. I always have a bonfire today, as I don't expect to get any complaints of smoke from the neighbours!

YIZZITT.

WHY IS IT: - That the Good Lord only gave us two hands when, for most jobs, you need at least three.

WHY IS IT: - That a towel gets dirty when all you do is use it to dry yourself when you have just washed yourself clean. (*Ladies are convinced that most men wash their hands on the towel anyway!*)

WHY IS IT: - When you are driving along, following a "heavy" down a narrow winding road, and cannot overtake, as soon as you get to a straight stretch where you could get by, there is always a vehicle coming in the opposite direction so you can't pull out, and as soon as it goes by, the road starts to bend again.

WHY IS IT: - That when a very small component is dropped on the workshop floor it always rolls to the furthest non-accessible point and once a replacement has been made the "lost" bit turns up almost immediately, as if to say "what, me?"

WHY IS IT: - That the point at which an irrecoverable error is made is almost the last job on the component. (*I've got a large scrap box to prove it.*)

WHY IS IT: - That you only discover that there's an error on the drawing when you have just finished making the component. (*Scrap box now overflowing*)

WHY IS IT: - That when you have cut your finger, the next thing to get bashed is that very same finger. (*I've learnt a few new words that way.*)

WHY IS IT: - That the computer always loses the most important item.

WHY IS IT: - That lunch is always ready when you're at the most critical point of the operation, be it machining or calculating.

By a prospective member whose name isn't actually Jonah!

CANADA BY TRAIN, 2002 part two by Pat & Geoff Riddles

An overnight stay and a morning to enjoy the beautiful surroundings of the Rocky Mountains before we left Jasper on the 'Skeena' train bound for Prince George, the 4th largest city in British Columbia. We were travelling 'Totem' class, which included meals and exclusive access to the Park Car, with its panoramic dome, where we were all on the lookout hoping to spot some of the wild life, a bald eagle perhaps, or even a black bear, but regrettably no such luck. The railway follows the ancient native trading routes, crossing the Yellowhead mountain pass and yet another time zone, from Mountain to Pacific. We could see Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, and were soon travelling between the Rockies to the North and the Caribou Mountains to the south. The great stretches of wilderness; lakes and rivers were dotted by settlements, farms and sawmills (lumber being one of the mainstays of the economy for this area). Prince George was just an overnight stop, arriving after dark and leaving early the next morning so no time to look around.

Another day, another train, 462 miles from Prince George to Vancouver aboard the 'Caribou Prospect', so called because much of the route follows the original Gold Rush trail through the foothills of the Caribou Mountains. We passed through places, some of which are old mining towns, such as Cottonwood, where the bridge is 1023 feet long and crosses 234 feet above the river; Quesnel, which was once the Pacific Great Eastern Railway's northern terminus; Soda Creek, named for the fizzy water that comes through a formation of carbonate of lime; Deep Creek, where the bridge is the highest on the line at 312 feet above the creek bed. We hugged the edge of the Williams Lake river valley then followed the San Jose river for about 30 miles before skirting Lac La Hache into 100 Mile House, (the original stopping house was 100 miles from the beginning of the 1860's Caribou Waggon Road). From 100 Mile House we were soon at Irish Lake Summit, the highest elevation on the railway at 3,745 feet. On past Painted Chasm, a bedrock box canyon a mile long and 390 feet deep. Over Clinton Bridge, on the old Gold Trail, unique because it is on a horseshoe curve. Round Kelly Lake, which was once the ice supply for the refrigerator cars and passenger trains, and on into Fraser Canyon (pictured). There the track is 2000 feet above the river and the views were spectacular, with the mountain face on one side, and the sheer rock walls of the canyon spiraling down, on the other. The mighty 'Fraser' is one of the world's greatest salmon rivers and is the chief river of British Columbia. Rising near Yellowhead Pass in the Rockies, it flows 850 miles, first north, and then loops south down the center of the province, to the Strait of Georgia. Having descended some 3000 feet from the highest point on the Caribou Plateau (approx 90 miles with rail grade 2.2%) we passed through Lillooet, with another 158 miles (5½ hours) to Vancouver.



It was a long day and the Caribou Prospect was not as roomy or comfortable as the other trains we had travelled on. It averaged less than 30mph and, as with all the thousands of miles of railway we had already travelled, most of it was single track, which meant stopping periodically to be shunted into a siding, to make way for a freight train. The people in the small townships and homesteads sprinkled along the way depended on the railway for the delivery and collection of goods as well as their travel needs. They would flag down the train in much the same way as we use a request bus stop.

The landscape widened to fertile valleys and the most enormous lakes, such as Seton and Anderson, which were once one lake, until a 3-mile wide landslide some 10,000 years ago. We climbed again to Gates Lake, the summit of the Cascade mountain range, and then down to Pemberton, named after the Hudson's Bay Company surveyor. Climbed yet again to Green lake, the largest in the area, (between Pemberton valley and Green Lake the track elevation changed 1400 feet over 15 miles), and on through the ski resort of Whistler, whose name came from the whistling sound that marmots make when calling to each other. From Whistler we started the descent and the final 65 miles (2½ hours and counting). We followed the Cheakamus River for twenty-five miles before the line snaked through the spectacular Cheakamus Canyon - here the grade is the steepest on the line. As daylight faded and we could no longer see the scenery, the tiredness took over. We did the last 40 miles; with aching bodies and only just about awake. Through Squamish, home to BC Rail's heavy repair shop; round Howe Sound where, had it been daylight, we would have seen the giant 'log booms' being towed to the lumber mills. The track skirted Lions Bay, through the Horseshoe Bay tunnel, built in 1974 and at 4200 feet, the longest on the line, and into Vancouver, with a wonderful view of the illuminated 'Lions Gate Bridge', built in 1936 for six million dollars, by the Guinness family of Ireland because, it is said, Mrs. Guinness didn't want to live on the south side of the city!! At last, Vancouver, 16 hours and 642 miles, we were exhausted but what a spectacular day. A good nights sleep cured all.

Our final few days were spent relaxing in Victoria, on Vancouver Island (no more trains). It is known as the 'City of Gardens', and is Western Canada's oldest city. It began in 1843 as a Hudson Bay Company Trading Post, was named in honour of Queen Victoria and is very proud of its British heritage. We visited the world-renowned Butchart Gardens. Started in 1904 by Jenny Butchart, when she wanted to 'beautify' a worked-out limestone quarry site left behind from her husband's pioneering efforts in the manufacture of Portland cement. As well as the most exquisite sunken garden, there were amazing Japanese, Italian and Rose gardens, covering 55 acres. Apparently, they use 1,000,000 bedding plants in some 700 varieties, to ensure uninterrupted blooming from March to October - must try that at home!!! We decided that whilst we were there we would try to see the Orcas that we had heard and read so much about. We chose to make our trip in one of the small cruiser style boats that took about twenty people, and set off from Victoria, across the Juan de Fuca Straits, to the coast of Washington State on the US side.



(Pictured: Vancouver Steam Clock)

There is only one species of Orca but geographic isolation has created different unique races. Along the Washington and British Columbia coast there are two distinct races, Transients and Residents, who differ in their social habits, range, diet and to some extent their physical appearance. The Transient Orca, as its name suggests, does not stay in the same area. They are at the top of the ocean's food chain and feed off a variety of marine life as they travel, sharks, seal lions, otters, penguins, dolphins, birds, squid, octopi and have even been known to take deer from near the waters edge. They work as a group when hunting and can bring down prey as large as a great blue whale. Old time sailors named Orcas 'Killer Whales' after watching the transient ones during their hunting and eating times. There has never been an actual confirmed report of a human being killed by an Orca in the wild.

Resident Orcas have been the easiest for scientists to study because they tend to stay in a certain area. They are known to have matriarchal pods that are generally made up of generations of females

and their calves. It was one such pod we were hoping to see. We were accompanied by several marine scientists, who knew the area they were likely to be in and were confident that we would see them. Crossing the Straits was a very windy and bumpy ride but we were assured it would all be worth it. There were about half a dozen small boats out looking, each in contact with the other by radio. A sighting was made, the Orcas were travelling down the coast, and off we all went. The boat was positioned (without the engine running, bobbing about vigorously in the swell) about half a mile in front of the pod so that we could see the Orcas coming towards us – it was an awesome sight, dozens of these magnificent creatures swimming past our small boat. Everyone was so excited, trying to get his or her photos whilst not actually missing anything and at the same time trying to stay on their feet. We had all forgotten that we had felt ‘a little green’ just minutes before. It was essential not to disturb the



Orcas (pictured) with the engine noises therefore once the complete pod had passed, the boat circled out very wide to get in front again, something we did several times. Individual pods have their own dialect, as humans would have accents from various regions, and it is through this dialect that members of the same pod recognize each other. We were listening to the Orcas, on the hydrophone, but they were not having much to say. It seems they ‘talk’ more when they are feeding and rarely have much communication when travelling - sound familiar?

We spent the remainder of our time in Victoria strolling in the sunshine, through the old town, or along the waterfront from James Bay to Chinatown; driving to the top of the Malahat mountain for yet another splendid gourmet lunch, this time, at the Aerie Resort; visiting the Cherry Point vineyard (and, of course, sampling the produce); exploring in the Royal British Columbia Museum; having afternoon tea in the sumptuous ‘Bengal’ lounge of the old colonial ‘Empress Hotel’; or, just sitting by the Inner Harbour in the quite of the evening. All too soon we were leaving Victoria for the return ferry to Vancouver. One last look at the Lions Gate Bridge and a stroll in Stanley Park before heading off to the airport and home. The nature of this holiday meant that we only scratched the surface of Canada but it was enough to give us a feel for the country and plant the seeds for a return visit one day.



Pictured: The Riddles at Aerie.

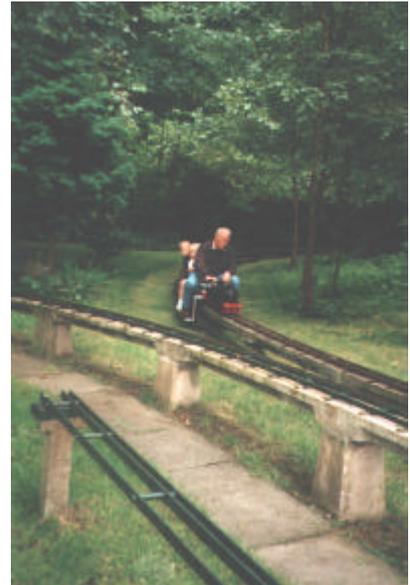
The Wonders Around Wigan by Anonymous (but we all know who!)

My First visit to the Wigan Club was made with the assistance of a motoring atlas – ALAS. Up the M6 and keep an eye open for signposts to Wigan. Sharp turn right – ease off the accelerator – traffic ahead!

From watching Saturday sport on TV I knew that Wigan (besides steam) had a penchant for rugby. Lo and behold, after an hour of going more and more slowly deep into the heart of the town there it was: Wigan Rugby Club – now – right or left? Then a voice from the passenger seat said: “Don’t you think it would be a good idea to find our hotel for the night before it gets much darker?”

Yours truly normally obeys her instructions and we found the hotel Bel-air. After a good meal we retired for the night. After partaking an equally good breakfast, we took a stroll for the morning paper and to our surprise and pleasure found that almost all the folk we passed greeted us with “Good Morning!” or “Nice Day!” Strolling back to the hotel we asked a passer by: Could he kindly direct us to Haigh Park? “See those gates over the road, go through them and you will come to Haigh Halt”.

After walking THREE MILES up hill (the park is three miles long and two miles wide) we had then found the Wigan and District M.E.S. Club Track. DON’T FRET – we now know the quick way or ways! Mind you, don’t go too fast, one way has thirteen steep ramps in the road, but the other way has ONLY three (directions to be disclosed for anyone wanting to visit, as well as those going on the M.M.E.S. 2004 Holiday next June).



As for holiday information, there are many excellent places to visit within relatively short drives. Ladies – ever shopped at the famous LORD STREET at Lytham-St.-Annes? Or tripped the light fantastic at the Tower Ballroom in Blackpool? There are many places within a short drive well

worth a visit. What about the famous WIGAN PIER. Something there to interest both lads and lasses. Like canal boats. The Leeds and Liverpool Canal is only down the hill from the club site.



For loco drivers you will, I am sure, find the track most interesting. Keep an eye on your pressure gauge – you will need a good head of steam.

On my previous visits there has always been a good supply of tea to keep us going.

All we need now is the weather!

THE NEXT PROJECT (continued)

WAINWRIGHTS SE&CR 'C' CLASS in 5" GAUGE

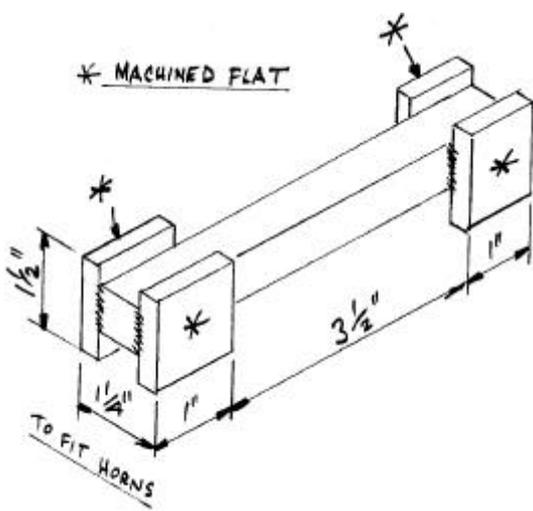
The tender as mentioned in a previous article was built before the engine and is now complete apart from some minor details and paintwork. Those familiar with SE&CR livery will know that the lining on Wainwrights was quite complex with thin red and yellow lines bordering a wider stripe of pale green and a main colour of darker green. The overall length of the tender in 5" gauge is a little over 24" representing 22' 7" in full size. The water capacity of the prototype is 3300 gallons with space for 4 ½ tons of coal in the bunker. In addition it was usual for more coal to be piled on top of the water tank.



'C' CLASS No. 592 at SHEFFIELD PARK

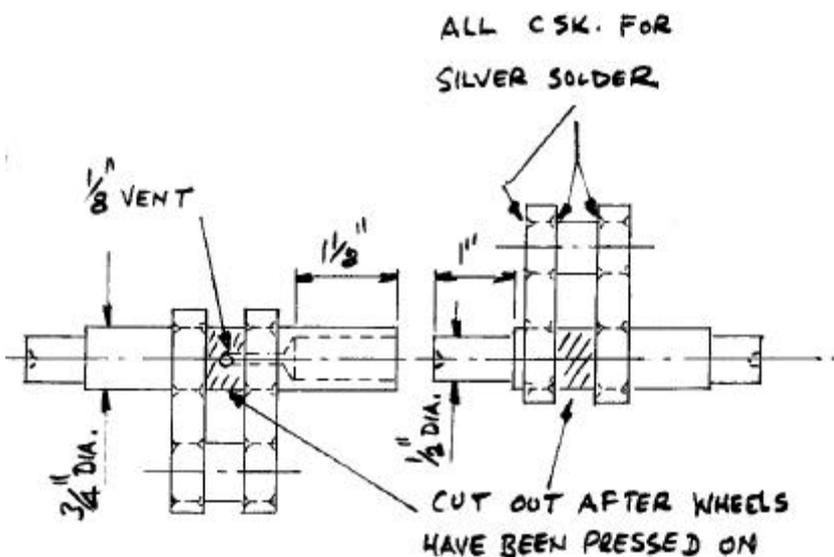
At last construction has started on the engine, which will be about 29" long. The frames have some very distinctive cutouts through which the inside motion can be seen. Because of these cutouts and to retain some stiffness in the frames, the thickness was made 3/16" instead of the more usual 1/8". It is recommended to normalise the frame steel if BMS is being used, before milling out large chunks. This was done by heating to dull red heat at one end of the plate and gradually progressing along the whole length.

This process has paid off, as up to now, no distortion of the frames has been noted, even after extensive machining. As no castings were available, the horns were made from ½ MS angle bar silver soldered at the corners. These were soft soldered into position on the frames before riveting and make a much stronger job. To ensure correct alignment of the horns and frames, three gauge bars were welded up from odds and ends and machined true in the mill to axle box width. The gauge bars were slotted in to hold the frames aligned while the buffer beam angles were positioned.



The angle bar used for attaching the beams to the frame must be perfectly square so needs to be skimmed in the lathe or mill to ensure that this is so. Once again soft solder was used for holding the angles in position on the buffer beam before riveting. I find this makes the task of setting up the frames easy, as any slight adjustments can be done for a good fit. Springbok split axle box castings were used on this model, obtained from Norman Spink who provides a first class service. Carrying on with the correct alignment theme, I now tackled the axle box machining. There are many ways of arriving at the dead cat position, so I used the fixed jaw of the milling vice as datum, and bored all the axle boxes on the same setting,

remembering of course that three are RH and three LH. I used $\frac{3}{4}$ diameter silver steel for the axles, obtained from our friend at Folkestone who supplies raw materials at a good price, and the dogs like a visit to the Warren nearby. The crank axle was made in two halves with a socket and spigot joint in the middle as shown in the sketch.



The crank webs were silver soldered to the shaft and crankpins with good countersinks on both sides for the fillets. In addition three grooves were cut through the web holes to allow the silver solder to flash to the other side of the joint. When silver soldering steel, oxidation of the surface is a danger before the required temperature is reached for the joint. By directing heat to the largest mass of the joint first, this can be minimised. My first half axle had to be discarded because of this, you learn the hard way.

The socket and spigot joint was assembled with Loctite 601 after thoroughly degreasing and with the eccentric sheaves in position. This operation is a bit of a nail biter as once the joint is together, you have only a second or two to get the quartering correct. In the case of this engine, the LH crank leads, which means that when rotating forward the LH crank is 90 degrees clockwise in front of the RH crank. The socket half of the crankshaft was gripped truly in the 4-jaw chuck, then packing placed between the horizontal webs and the lathe cross slide. The headstock was locked in this position by engaging the back gear. A try square or anything else that is square can be used to hold the other webs vertical for the few seconds while bonding.

To be continued next year. J.B.

NEVER FAR AWAY

By Paul Rolleston

Before I get well into this episode I would like to add a correction to the first part regarding the attractions available at the Gillingham Strand because I missed one. Apart from all that was mentioned previously, there was also a Bandstand. Not an item of great interest to small boys at the time when there were trains to watch instead but it did play its part towards satisfying my obsession with the iron horse. It really was a parent thing, but trips to the Strand to listen to a band never provoked any objection from me because there was not only the obvious attraction that appealed to me; the miniature railway, but also the en-route opportunity to train spot whilst we ambled along the cinder path between the railway and Woodlands Road cemetery.

I appreciate that readers who are unfamiliar with the geography of this small boys little world may find it hard to visualise what I can see in the eye of my memory and therefore so many of the words will inevitably describe the scene before I can get down to the events that actually took place. On our way we would stop at Gads Hill to see Granny and quite often she would come with us all done up in her going out garb.

What a sight we must have looked if we could be seen against the contrast of an early 21st century family outing. Mum in whatever dress she had made, Dad in Grey 'bags' and cream shirt with rolled up sleeves, us kids (me and me bruvver) in khaki shorts and like dad cream shirts with rolled up sleeves and sandals whilst Granny was quite a spectacle as she looked just like Grandma from a Giles cartoon in her best black garb, long black frock, black jacket, black hat, black shoes, big black handbag, the only thing that wasn't black was the brown fox fur wound around her neck. As far as hair was concerned, it was short back and sides all round for all the train spotters, AND we walked there cos we didn't ave no car in them days.

Right, that's sorted that out, and time to move on a little bit now to the next significant event. As previously mentioned, I had my first train set when I was four and when my little brother became of age he, likewise was initiated into the club on his birthday with an 'O' gauge clockwork set. He then had an OO gauge battery electric two rail Triang set at Xmas of the same year. Together with my Hornby mains electric 3 rail set there was quite a mixed bag when we had all three running. For some unknown reason any thought of some element of compatibility didn't enter into the scheme of things when Dad bought these train sets. Does everybody understand what is meant by '2' & '3' rail systems? Sue, Is there room in this crammed full newsletter for me to explain? No, I didn't think there would be. If you don't know, any member of the clubs 'Intelligencia' would, I'm sure, be only too pleased to explain.

In due course my brother lost interest in trains and therefore all trainset matters focussed on my 3-rail set and at a later Xmas I was given what amounted to another train set except that it was all individual pieces. The centre piece on the chest of drawers in my room on Xmas morning was the Duchess of Montrose, flanked on each side by carriages, track sections, points, buffers and a 'Railer' (a very useful accessory) and a superb triple circuit controller that Dad had made with hand wound resistors, overload cut-outs/buzzers, lights and switches (pictured here).



On Saturday morning shopping trips into Gillingham we always managed to get into Bakers Model Shop in Canterbury Street to look in the display cabinets and watch a layout in operation. The

January sale in that shop was amazing and I could have spent hours looking (and many shillings as well) at the bargains. Alas, pocket money didn't stretch far enough, but dad would do what he could with a contribution and we would always have some small bargain to take home.

The day dreams I used to have about my next engine, extra track and rolling stock and for how many hours was I sat at the kitchen table drawing the most amazing, but impractical, track layouts and working out track shopping lists. These days I could plan track layouts on my PC with Virtual Railways Programs, if I had time.

Anyway, back to the good old days, it was around this time that Airfix construction kits appeared in the model shops, my first ever kit was of a Fairey Swordfish and I think it cost 3 Shillings. Later there were line-side buildings such as houses, a windmill, a pub, a signal box all of which added so much more to train sets, I still have some of them in varying stages of brokenness. It was during this period of Trainsetamania that dad built what was called in those days a 'baseboard table' in my bedroom. It took up nearly half the room and accommodated every bit of train set that I had. It was marvellous; Trainiacs came from all over the place with their engines and rolling stock to run on my layout. It was every thing to this small boy, and also an indulgence for Dad. As I lay sleeping in bed my own private railway was never far away.

Whilst writing the first episode, I explained that a particular Railway memory (The Railway Children) was jogged as I listened to Scheherazade. I have since been methodically playing other items from my dear departed Dads collection of classical music with a view to keeping what I liked and passing the rest on. The current item being reviewed does not, unfortunately, evoke any railway memories whatsoever, just my imagination creating a mental image of two geezers on a stage taking it in turns to look down each others throats whilst bawling their lungs out to the accompaniment of some bozzoe who seems intent on cutting a violin in half with a rusty saw (sorry Dad) so I will press on as best I can with stimulation coming only through the affects of beer.

So, anyway, right, time for another beer, that's eleventeen sho fhar, time to find some appropriate inspirational music, here we are then, the soundtrack from Starlight Express. Did you see it? Steam triumphs over all else. The first time I saw this amazing production I was taken as a treat, just me an' the missus, and I really wasn't aware, as we took our seats in the theatre, of the breadth and depth of Iron Horse involvement, it was all about trains and nothing else. Because of the way that the stage and track was arranged, all around the theatre and on different levels, wherever I could have sat the trains were never far away. From the soundtrack, quote: 'The arrival of the Royal Train, pulled by the Prince of Wales, battling through the wrong kind of snow will be delayed due to staffing difficulties'. I think his Lordship; Lloyd-Weber, was having a dig at our railway system. A couple of years later it was planned to see it again as part of the annual family bash and a block booking was made for all the Inlaws, Outlaws (and me). I was eagerly looking forward to a second wonderful experience but right at the last minute I had to give my ticket away due to a difficult kitchen refit job going sadly wrong and the timescale implications made it imperative that I work on through the weekend.

However, my boys really enjoyed it and I was pleased that they thought it was good enough to see again, so we planned a another trip but decided to go as just us family and spend a few days in London, stay in a modest hotel, see some sights and for the grand finale we would watch Starlight Express. It was a baking hot summer and the air conditioning in the hotel could not cope which made nights uncomfortable. We saw sights of all kinds including the 'London Eye'. Seeing it was as far as that went, we couldn't get a ride on it, booked up for months ahead by tourists. Humpphh!

To cut a long story short, we arrived at the Apollo theatre in plenty of time and took our place in the queue and waited and waited and waited. Eventually it was announced that the performance

was cancelled. There was no explanation. What a let down. Sadly, I will never see it again because the production has now come to an end (Dr Beechings Axe?).

So, anyway, we scurried across to Leicester Square to see 'The Perfect Storm' instead, good film but no trains. On that occasion the exception applied; Trains could not have been further away.

Recently I have had to take an objective view my life's collection of memorabilia for the purpose of reducing what will have to go into storage whilst I try to realise an ambition to build my own house. This has necessitated a reluctant change of attitude towards previously hoarded items, I have had to become a member of the throw away society that is now so much the way of life today. Long gone seem to be the days when things were kept in case it was useful (or even useless). I wonder, has there been a resultant demise of inventiveness over the years?

In the course of this exercise my collection of 'Model Engineer' magazines have come under review, but in doing this I couldn't help skimming through most editions and I was struck by the expressions on the faces of drivers behind their engines. It was as if the photographer had looked for the look as well as the model. They had expressions on their faces that seemed to show one of many different feelings that could all be grouped under the heading of emotions, there were looks of; - determination, affection, concentration, satisfaction, respect, but I wonder if in the course of getting to that point they have sometimes felt completely opposite feelings towards what may well have been the result of a lifetimes efforts, or are they perhaps simply thinking that a railway is - never far away.

To be continued.

(If anybody wants my collection of M.E's please let me know 01622 729266)

Editor: I'm sure JB and Paul have liaised already!

"The Christmas Teaser" – Crossword Answers

Across (1) Underground (6) smokebox (10) rap (11) ink (12) Erin (13) Adder
(15) Ann (17) Plod (18) AC (19) Notting Hill (21) bracken (23) axis
(24) cowl (25) MIG (27) storm (28) Kyoto (30) tea (31) hotel
(32) ally (33) moor (35) tutor (37) Valiant (41) clock (43) BO
(44) asps (45) grape (46) Etna (48) Kremlin (50) Rochester (52) morsel
(53) Waterloo (56) Cosford (58) CAD (59) stag (62) tan (64) Hercules
(66) wheelbarrow (67) Ka

Down (1) Union Of South Africa (2) Dakota (3) green (4) urn (5) drill
(6) Spad (7) odd (8) blacksmith (9) xenon (14) RAC (16) Whiskey
(17) Pluto (20) Isambard (21) bowl (22) court (24) Cobra
(24) Golden Arrow (29) yam (34) Mac (36) worsted (37) Volkswagen
(38) Abel (39) not (40) sparks (41) crook (42) Kiel (47) Hero
(49) read (51) castle (54) trick (55) lute (57) RSPB (60) GER
(61) Dow (63) ask (65) LP

DIARY DATES 2003 – 2004

Friday December 26:	Boxing Day Run
2004	
Friday January 2:	M.M.E.S. Look Back over 2003
Sunday January 4:	MMES Xmas/New Year/75 th Anniversary Lunch at Grangemoor Hotel
Friday February 6:	Quiz Night with crisps and sweeties to aid brainpower
Friday March 5:	Annual General Meeting at Mote Park
Sunday March 28:	First Public Running Day (British Summer Time starts)
Friday April 2:	Guest Speaker
Wednesday April 21:	Members Afternoon Playtime Run – clockwise running
Friday May 7:	Bits & Pieces & Fish'n' Chips
Wednesday May 19:	Members Afternoon Playtime Run
Friday June 4:	Sue's Birthday, I mean, Evening Run, Party Food <i>and</i> Birthday Cake!
Wednesday June 16:	Members Afternoon Playtime Run
Friday July 2:	Evening Run & Pizza
Wednesday July 21:	Members Afternoon Playtime Run – clockwise running
Friday August 6:	Evening Run and Barbecue (Bring your own food)
Wednesday August 18:	Members Afternoon Playtime Run
Friday September 3:	Evening Run & Fish 'n' Chips
Wednesday September 15:	Members Afternoon Playtime Run
Thursday September 16:	Preparation for Open Weekend
Friday September 17:	Preparation for Open Weekend
September 18/19: (Saturday/Sunday)	MMES 75 th Year Celebration Weekend/Open Days SOUTHERN FEDERATION AUTUMN RALLY AT MOTE PARK
Monday September 20:	Clearing Up Morning
Friday October 1:	Guest Speaker
Wednesday October 20:	Last Member Afternoon Playtime Run of the year
Sunday October 31:	Last Public Running Day – Ghosts, Warlocks and Witches please!
Friday November 5:	Evening Run and Chilli Spuds
Friday December 3:	Bits & Pieces and Crumpets
Sunday December 26:	Boxing Day Run

EVERYWHERE ELSE SO FAR: December 29-31 2003 Nexus M.E. Exhibition at Sandown Park,
2004: January 23-25 London M.E. Exhibition at Wembley Exhibition Centre,
February 13-15 Brighton Modelworld at the Brighton Centre,
March 20 Southern Federation AGM at STEAM Museum Swindon 2pm,
March 27-28 Northern Association M.E Exhibition at Risley Conference Centre, Warrington
April 24-25 Don Young Rally at Isle of Wight MES,
May 7-9 Harrogate M.E Exhibition at Harrogate Showground,
May 15 Southern Federation Spring Rally at North West Leicester SME,
May 22 Southern Railway Rally at Worthing & DSME,
June 5-6 Guildford Golden Jubilee Weekend,
July 10-11 IMLEC at Kinver & West Midlands SME,
July 17-18 Sacrewell Miniature Steam Gathering at Peterborough SME, Guildford TE Rally,
September 11-12 Birmingham National Locomotive Rally.

All evening events start at @ 7-45pm. Please note that very occasionally events/dates may change, or be added. The Club Noticeboard Diary List is kept as up to date as possible. Or visit the Club website at www.maidstonemes.co.uk. If in doubt, please check with us. But we don't claim to know everything!

That's it folks!