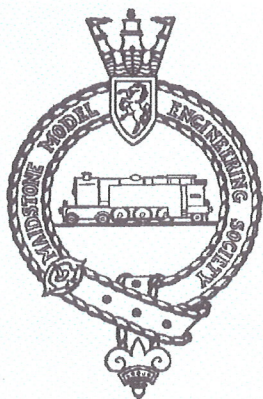


MMES Newsletter



The winning quiz team



Graham's new Foden Wagon



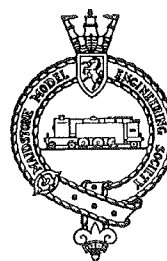
Dave's new B1



Roger's new 45xx

Winter 1998

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* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT :

Tired of only being able to run your locomotive on a Sunday at Maidstone, and then only in the morning because of Public Running? Would you welcome the chance to come and run for your own enjoyment, say, one Saturday a month in the summer? Or a particular afternoon in the week? If so, please let the Secretary know, as if there is sufficient interest then something can be arranged. We wait to hear from you!

DIARY DATES 1999

Friday January 1 st	Video & Crumpet Night
Friday February 5 th	Quiz Night & Chocolate Delight
Friday March 5 th	Annual General Meeting
Sunday March 28 th	First Public Running Day
Friday April 5 th	Guest Speaker & Cakes
Friday May 7 th	Trip on Wealden Pullman, Tenterden
Friday June 4 th	Evening Run & Fish 'n' Chips
Friday July 3 rd	Evening Run & Barbecue (bring own food)
Friday August 6 th	Evening Run & Jacket Spuds
Friday September 3 rd	Preparation Evening (all hands please!)
<i>Saturday September 4th</i>	<i>M.M.E.S. 70th Celebration with Visiting Clubs</i>
Friday October 1 st	Natter Night
Sunday October 31 st	Last Public Run Halloween (dress accordingly!)
Friday November 5 th	Evening Run - Hot Food and Sparklers provided
Friday December 3 rd	Bits & Pieces & Fish 'n' Chips
Sunday December 26 th	Boxing Day Run

All evening get togethers start at 7-30.

All events listed correct at time of going to press.

Any necessary updates/additions/alterations are posted on the Club Noticeboard so please remember to check when you come to Mote Park. Or contact the Club Secretary at any time.

SUE'S SPOT .

GREETINGS ONE AND ALL AND WELCOME TO THE M.M.E.S.NEWSLETTER. MANY THANKS TO ALL THE CONTRIBUTORS THIS TIME. LET'S DO A RUN THROUGH:

BEEN AND GONE

NOT A BAD YEAR. WE RAISED £250 FOR THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND IN MAY. OUR USUAL VISIT TO SUTTON CLUB (VIA THE PUB FOR LUNCH) IN AUGUST. A DOZEN OF US HAD A WONDERFUL WEEK AT BREAN SANDS MODEL MAKERS HOLIDAY AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER. WHY NOT JOIN US NEXT YEAR - IT'S GREAT FUN! THE QUIZ NIGHT WENT WELL, PRIZES FOR THE FIRST AND THE LAST, SO WE'RE HOLDING ANOTHER THIS YEAR. WINTER WORKS ARE NOW COMMENCING AGAIN ON SUNDAYS (WHEN WE'RE NOT HUDDLED IN THE CLUBHOUSE BY THE FIRES DRINKING TEA). THE LIST OF MAINTENANCE REQUIRED IS ON THE CLUB NOTICEBOARD.

SOON BE ON

BOXING DAY RUN ON SATURDAY DECEMBER 26. ENTHUSIASM AND WEATHER PERMITTING WE CAN ALWAYS RUN SUNDAY AS WELL. ALL IT TAKES IS A FEW VOLUNTEERS (I DIDN'T SAY THEY HAD TO BE OF SOUND MIND OR BODY).

CELEBRATION STATION

M.M.E.S. CELEBRATES ITS 70TH YEAR (1929-1999) WITH TWO EVENTS PLANNED. FIRSTLY, A WONDERFUL THREE COURSE DINNER ON THE WEALDEN PULLMAN ON FRIDAY MAY 7TH, OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS AND THEIR PARTNERS. COST IS £40 PER HEAD. ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO COME MUST PAY A DEPOSIT NOW OF £20 PER HEAD. THE REMAINING £20 FOR EACH PERSON MUST BE PAID TO THE TREASURER OR SECRETARY BY THE END OF MARCH. THE BOOKING FORM IS FURTHER ON IN THE NEWSLETTER, TOGETHER WITH THE SUBSCRIPTIONS SLIP.

SECOND CELEBRATION IS A VISITING CLUBS DAY (NOT AN OPEN DAY BECAUSE IT'S NOT OPEN TO EVERYONE) ON SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 4TH. WE WOULD LIKE AS MANY MAIDSTONE MEMBERS AS POSSIBLE TO HELP THE EVENING BEFORE AND TO PARTICIPATE ON THE DAY. WE WILL HAVE A MARQUEE TO DISPLAY MEMBERS MODELS AND WE HAVE ASKED THE MODEL ENGINEER TO ATTEND. ADRIAN IS GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER CAKE TO MARK THE OCCASION. I AM SURE YOU WILL REMEMBER THE SUPERB CAKE HE MADE AND ICED LAST TIME, IT WILL BE WELL WORTH ATTENDING FOR THAT ALONE!

REMEMBER THAT ENTERPRISE CHASSIS?

THE COMMITTEE HAS DECIDED WE WILL GO AHEAD AND COMPLETE THE ENGINE SO THAT WE HAVE A CLUB STEAM LOCOMOTIVE AS WELL AS GOOD OLD GALLOPING GERTIE. DAVE DELLER HAS AGREED TO BE COMPLETION CO-ORDINATOR. WE ARE LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO HELP ON THIS PROJECT SO PLEASE LET HIM KNOW IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ASSISTING. A LOT OF PEOPLE DOING A LITTLE WORK EACH WILL SOON HAVE IT RUNNING. IT WILL BE A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JOHN WHEELER WHO PUT SUCH FINE WORK INTO THE CHASSIS SO FAR.

THE FOLLOWING LIST SHOWS BOILER CERTIFICATES THAT ARE CURRENTLY IN USE AND HAVE EXPIRED OR ARE DUE TO EXPIRE DURING THE NEXT RUNNING SEASON :

<u>NAME</u>	<u>MODEL</u>	<u>EXPIRY DATE</u>
MR J.BARROW	5" GAUGE 0-4-2 LION	26/04/1999
MR J.BARROW	5" GAUGE 2-6-0 "LOCKWOOD"	05/07/1999
MR P.CHISLETT	5" GAUGE 0-6-0T TERRIER "ROLVENDEN"	06/01/1997
MR N.F.CLARK	4 1/2" SCALE BURRELL TRACTION ENGINE	28/03/1999
MR N.F.CLARK	5" GAUGE 0-4-0ST SWEET PEA	07/05/1996
MR P.CLARK	5" GAUGE 0-4-4T	05/05/1998
MR C.E.P.DARLEY	5" GAUGE 0-4-0T "BAUDOT"	05/05/1998
MR D.DELLER	3 1/2" GAUGE 2-2-2-0 WEBB COMPOUND	17/05/1999
MR D.DELLER	3 1/2" GAUGE 2-6-2 BANTAM COCK	05/07/1999
MR G.HAINES	3 1/2" GAUGE S15	19/04/1999
MR G.HAINES	5" GAUGE 0-6-0 "SIMPLEX"	12/04/1999
MR G.HAINES	5" GAUGE 2-6-0 ASHFORD	12/04/1999
MR G.KIMBER	5" GAUGE 0-4-0 "COFFEE POT"	14/10/1997
MR G.J. KIMBER	5" SCALE FODEN TRACTOR	09/08/1999
MR M.KNOTT	5" GAUGE 2-6-2T FIREFLY	14/10/1997
MR J.LARKE	5" GAUGE 0-6-0 SPEEDY	20/05/1997
MR J.LARKE	3 1/2" GAUGE 0-4-0 JULIET	15/02/1999
MR J.LEWIS	5" GAUGE 0-4-0 SWEET PEA	28/05/1996
MR M.A.LISTER	MINNIE TRACTION ENGINE	18/11/1997
MR R.MANNERING	5" GAUGE SIMPLEX	15/02/1999
MR P.MARTIN	5" GAUGE 0-6-0T SIMPLEX	29/04/1997
MR P.MARTIN	VERTICAL CROSS TUBE BOILER	08/04/1997
MR M.N.PARHAM	3 1/2" GAUGE 0-6-0T ROB ROY "DOROTHY"	28/12/1998
MR M.N.PARHAM	5" GAUGE "DUCHESS OF HAMILTON" No.46229	02/08/1999
MR M.N.PARHAM	5" GAUGE GWR 28XX 2-8-0 No.2889	22/03/1999
MR J.RICE	5" GAUGE COFFEE POT	05/07/1999
MR G.SPENCELEY	5" GAUGE BRIT 4-6-2 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	19/04/1999
MR R.R.STAGG	5" GAUGE MANOR NO.7830	17/06/1997
MR M.STARNES	5" GAUGE LMS 4-6-0 RED FIVE No.5020	30/08/1999
MR J.WILLIAMS	5" GAUGE SE&CR J CLASS	27/05/1997
MR J.WILLIAMS	5" GAUGE 0-4-0T "RUBY"	26/05/1999
MR J.A. WINSER	5" GAUGE 0-6-0T "SIMPLEX"NO.5548	10/04/1995

If your model is on this list and is no longer in use or you have sold the model, please inform the Secretary so that the record can be corrected.

Models that are not in use or are tested by other Societies are not shown on this list.

Members wishing to have a boiler tested by the Society, to the Southern Federation test standards, MUST make prior arrangement with two of the following testers for the test.

Mr.G.Kimber. 4 The Stream, Ditton, Maidstone.	(01732) 845931
Mr.P.Kingsford. 16 Cherry Tree Road, Charing Heath, Ashford.	(01233) 712086
Mr.M.Parham. 9 The Landway, Bearsted, Maidstone.	(01622) 630298
Mr J.Barrow 31 Prince Charles Avenue, Walderslade, Chatham.	(01634) 863915
Mr D.A.Deller 2 Hornbeam Close, Larkfield, Aylesford,	(01732) 841194

"WHEN I WERE A LAD"

by: Paul Rolleston

Some time ago I had the need to visit a doctor on account of severe problems with my arms and hands. The whole idea seemed, to me, to be quite simple;- I have a health problem, the doctor fixes it. After various tests proved I didn't have some awful disease, he concluded "it's yet age mate, nothing I can do, so naff off and send in the next patient".

Holy Myfords I thought, I've got to the top of the long downward slope, I've reached that significant milestone in life where I wished 'I were a lad again'. What was I going to do. I put myself on light duties and had many sessions with 'physioterrorists' and other sadists over many weeks.

By now you must be wondering wots all this got to do with Model Engineering. Well, read on. Many hours spent in waiting rooms gave me the opportunity to catch up on my reading, more specifically, my backlog of M.E. 's (and also time to reflect on how long it had taken me to half build my SPEEDY, which I started 'when I were a lad') My M.E. 's were read cover to cover and my data bank was greatly enriched, the big problem being that as I am now an older man my memory ain't that good and therefore I can't remember most of what I read, so I wasted my time doing all that bloody reading. (If only I were a lad again, with a better memory).

However, a couple of articles did stick, and one of those was headed; FURRINERS (page 587 issue No 4067). The heading was intriguing, and as I read it I gradually made the mental association with what I always understood, 'when I were a lad' and an apprentice at H.M. Dockyard Chatham, were items called FOREIGNERS (or RABBITS). The hours I've spent telling folks about my Foreigners and Rabbits and the explanations as to what they were are beyond counting. Have I really had it wrong over all these years? Are there any other ex-Dockyard 'Mateys' in the club who could enlighten me, and if appropriate for that matter, other readers of M.E. (if we dare risk being shot down by members of the snotty response dep't. Have you noticed those letters in the M. E. postbag column from readers that seem to go out of their way to ridicule someone else's attempt to explain something). What is the origin of this curious word FURRINER, I can't find it in my dictionaries, and why RABBIT? Please tell me. Maidstone 729266.

Perhaps there has subsequently been an explanation in the M.E. and I've missed it (or read it and forgotten it) as I am now fairly well recovered from my problem and back at full time work I don't have time to read the, once again increasing backlog of M.E.'s. If only 'I were a lad' again I could ask my Skipper, 'Sorry, was that Foreigner or Furriner, how do you spell the word?'

FOOTNOTE After finishing my apprenticeship I went to work for Ford Motor Company in the Dagenham toolroom where such jobs were known as 'Homers'. Methinks; a more appropriate name.

Paul
Rolleston

SUPERLEC - 8/8/98. A BIRDS EYE VIEW.

We rose at 6-30 for our drive up to the event at the Birmingham S.M.E. track at Illshaw Heath in Birmingham. Leaving at 7-30, the journey of around 160 miles took just over two hours, although the motorways were quite busy, even at that time of day.

Pulling into the site, we were faced with shut gates, decorated with barbed wire on top, and nobody around. I climbed from the car to see if I could open them. I pulled back one gate, nowhere to fix it, and started to drag back the other one. While I was concentrating on one gate, the other one started swinging back, and instead of stopping where it was previously shut, gathered speed and was about to crash into the car. Martin, quick-thinking, rammed the car into reverse, back out into the road, aware of a loaded tractor coming in one direction and a line of horse riders in the other. Distressed and stressed by this, as two chaps approached from the club, I launched forth. "Why isn't anyone on the gate?" I yelled "where's the organisation?" "Tell the president not me" replied the surly one. "I'll see about getting it locked". Well, that'll be an even bigger help to contestants arriving, thought I, but didn't say anything.

We pulled up not far from the unloading point, the chaps in charge welcoming us, and as we sat in the car, Ted and Mike from the Model Engineer came up and had a word as well. As they wandered off, Mr Surly came up. "Right, the gate's locked now," he said, then added nastily and unnecessarily, "and I can do without a load of sarc", then went off. (Mike, who'd heard, said to me a bit later, "D'you put up with that sort of thing?" and I told him it wasn't worth worrying about, people are people.)

We unloaded Duchess and her support gear, then I parked the car in the field next door straight away, so as not to hold up anyone waiting. Superlec was already in full flow, the third contestant sailing round with ease. It was a bright, sunny, hot day. I bumped into George, my mate from Milton Keynes, with 7 1/4" Gunnison. "It's in the station, help yourself", he said. So I did, and my reputation as a keen engine driver was kept intact as I was seen to be driving a loco within five minutes. "I can remember you keep such a good fire, the engine could keep going all night", said George, then added: "Come to think of it, I can remember when it has kept me going all night!" Malcolm was also there with the matching engine named Utah.

A mum with her little child wanted a ride so I trundled off, this time driving Utah, but soon came to an abrupt halt after the first set of points as the passenger cars derailed. Turfing off the passengers, we put them back on once we'd reassembled the trucks, only to derail again a few yards further on. We happily beetled along the straight behind the toilets, only to come to a halt for a third time. This time it was me, I'd got a load of coal bits in my eye which was streaming as well as the engine was steaming. Setting off up the bank, I came to a halt at the top to a lot of yelling, a bogie was off again. I didn't even make it back to the station, crossing the last set of points, disaster struck as the passenger cars skewed everywhere. Good thing I was taking it nice and slow. George and Malcolm hurtled up to take charge, I ran Utah alone back into the station, put her in mid gear, slammed on the brake, made sure she was okay for water and fire, then ran back to the coaches.

It appeared the flange on a set of wheels had broken - which was exactly what spoilt Martins run in IMLEC 1994. He should be safe today then. Nerves a bit shattered after this circuit, I had one more run before handing the engine back. Tom requested me to ask George if he could have a drive. Sensing a win-win situation here, I said only if he promised to tidy his room. He agreed. After a few laps I left him with George, and that's where he spent the majority of the day.

The results were announced of Les Pritchards run. Despite there being a rule of maximum eight miles an hour speed limit, his average speed was 8.69. Fortunately, having broken a main rule, it didn't put him in first position so far, but neither did it disqualify him either. Maybe the dynamometer man didn't do his duty enough in warning him when he was exceeding the magic eight. In any event, the society didn't want to upset anyone, but tried to keep the day low pressure (is that a pun?), safe and fun for everyone.

We decided to have lunch, keeping out of the hot sun. Martin then pottered, getting his engine ready for his go, scheduled at 2-30. I sat on a nearby bank in the shade, chatting to various chaps who came up to talk to me. George appeared, and asked if I'd ever entered IMLEC before, as he had. "I can only liken the feeling of competing as the male form of childbirth", he said. Another fellow came up. "You need to know the tricks of the trade for this", he said, but failed to tell me any. An earlier competitor strolled up. "On the bend before the station, there's a nasty joint on the outside rail, you'll feel it, but don't worry about it", he said helpfully. We discussed if the weight on the front bogie of Duchess was sufficient, and decided it was. I made my way to the steaming bay to warn Martin and discuss how many passengers he was going to take. He decided on twenty, I told him I'd sort it out for him. I fussed round him, gave him sweets to calm any nerves, and left drink in a coolbag in the shade out of the way in the steaming bay. His time arrived and I dashed up to the station to be with the trolleys and book my place behind the man with the dynamometer, so I was within nagging distance of the driver, I told everyone. Extra trolleys and people were assembled, Tom and George helped make up the numbers. Everybody ready, Martin made a faultless elegant start, despite the load, on his initial test lap. Returning, he topped up the tender with water, took two bags of allotted coal, and started the run proper.

The twenty-nine minutes he was on the track passed quickly. George and I made idle chat on the way. I clocked one lap at one minute twenty-seven. Martin was careful to put his hand at the side of the tender so everyone could see he wasn't leaning on it (he was one of the few who didn't). A couple of times the dynamometer chap told him he was hitting eight miles an hour and had to slow down, so he did. This meant he was literally coasting and not pulling the load, down hill round to the station. Duchess behaved impeccably, surprisingly only needing one injector this time. She purred steadily and stately around the track, beat as smooth as a sewing machine (not that I use one, perish the thought). The safety valves didn't blow off until he came to a halt, having finished the last lap, and as per the rules had correctly but naively filled the firebox with coal to give the right measurements. I gave him a kiss to congratulate him on completing the run, not noticing that Ted was standing by, about to take a picture for the Model Engineer. "Can you do that again?" he asked. "Of course", we replied, and obliged.

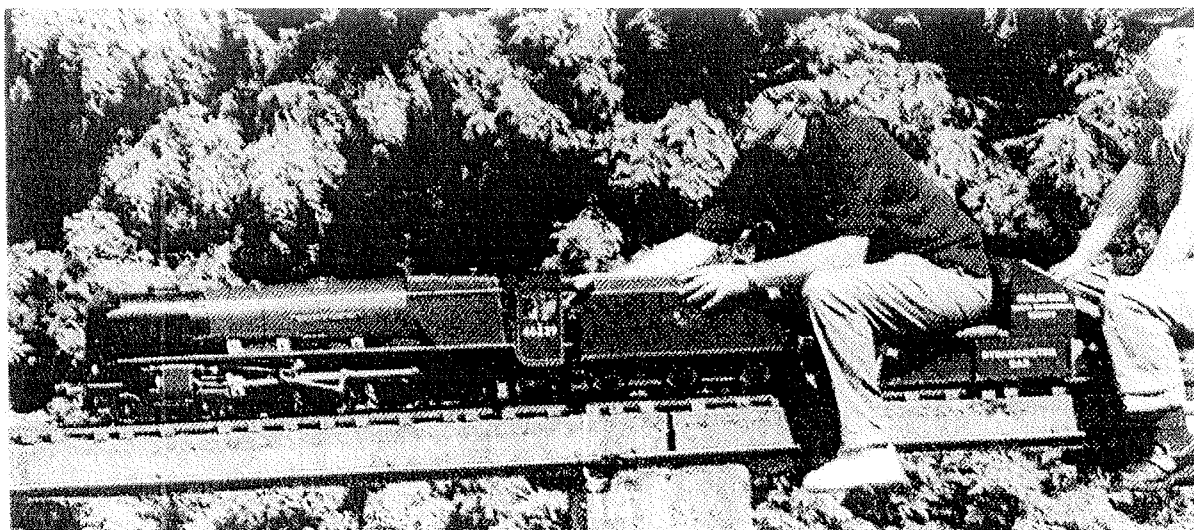
Martin, dripping with perspiration, then pushed the engine back onto its steaming bay. I was waiting with a cool diet coke which he gratefully swigged down. While he was talking and sorting the engine out, I went and hovered near the board for the results. A Birmingham member came out of the clubhouse and gestured to me they were just ready, so I went in to find out the worst. The chaps handed me the results sheet and I was surprised to see the efficiency was one of the lowest - only 1.531%. This was compared to the Jubilee which had managed just over 3% with two less passengers. I dashed out to tell Martin who was also surprised and disappointed, after such a good run.

We watched other competitors more, and also bystanders came up to talk to us. The measurement of the fire was done with a bent bit of wire, and surely could only measure that the fire was a similar level at start and finish just inside the door. I thought I saw one competitor, on finishing, put his shovel in the firebox and pulled the fire back, ready for measurement. I expect I was mistaken. I don't think many had put on much coal ready for final measurements. Hence the results. "I played by the rules, I didn't play the game", my husband said sadly. Now I'm not saying he'd have won, and I hadn't even thought he might either, so it's not sour grapes. Duchess could have done more with less, that's all, and he feels he let the engine down after she gave such a faultless performance. I just thought he'd come in near the middle, not the bottom. It turned out he was eleventh out of thirteen.

But what the hell, hey, it was a fun day. Never meant to be taken too seriously. Glorious weather. Everyone ran well, no major problems, no accidents, which made it especially pleasant. The chaps in charge of loading and unloading the engines did an excellent job. The stalwarts of the society, the few who do so much for so many, deserve a round of applause. And the ladies, ever hardworking with the food and drink, stuck in the marquee, probably never receive the thanks they deserve, but they're much appreciated.

Anyway, I know what Martin's major mistake was - he didn't let me drive. Still, maybe Northampton next year if I play my cards right. Anyway, at least I entered Curly Bowl Competition in Cheltenham on the last Sunday in September. So carry on, dear reader, my version of this event comes up soon.

Sue Parham



PUBLIC RUNNING

Most of you will know that one of my responsibilities as a committee member has been the organisation of Traffic Controllers for public running. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have taken a turn or turns at the Traffic Controller's job, a large thank you to Dylan Herbert for the Money Collection and passenger loading job, indeed when he cannot attend it is usually the exception to the rule. To all who have turned up and helped with fetching and carrying and of course to all the owners and drivers of locomotives without whom there would be no point with Traffic Controlling. I hope that myself or my successor receive the same support in 1999.

The Public Running does provide us with a large part of our income and helps pay for Oxygen and Gas, machining facilities and refreshments, etc. which benefit us all as well as giving endless enjoyment to the public, young and old, and provide some support for charities.

It would be nice to have more volunteers come forward when the list goes up in March, rather than myself have to ask 80% of the time. One thing I have noticed, is that when asking new members, some think that they have to wait to be asked. This is not so, we need all the help we can get, track controlling or helping on the day does give you a chance to meet with and work with fellow club members and in my experience was an easy way to "integrate" into the Society. The job is very easy and if you are unsure, I attend most days, as well as most committee members who only need to be asked, if help is needed.

The Traffic Controller's responsibilities are clearly stated and do not include the lifting and carrying of trolleys, etc., his job is traffic management along with the Club appointed Safety Officer.

Finally, I wish you all and your Families a very happy Christmas and New Year.

Dave Deller.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER DUTIES

ON PUBLIC RUNNING DAYS THE TRAFFIC CONTROLLER SHALL :-

1. ATTEND BETWEEN 2-30 AND THE END OF PUBLIC RUNNING.
2. ENSURE THAT THEIR NAME IS DISPLAYED ON THE NOTICE IN THE STEAMING BAYS.
3. ENSURE THAT THE SAFETY SIGNS ARE DISPLAYED.
4. CONTROL THE NUMBER OF TRAINS UP TO A MAXIMUM OF 8 AND ARRANGE CHANGEOVERS.
5. HAVE SOLE CONTROL OF THE TRAVERSER ENSURING IT IS OPERATED IN A SAFE MANNER AT ALL TIMES.
6. CHECK THAT ALL BOILERS TO BE STEAMED HAVE A VALID BOILER CERTIFICATE AS SHOWN ON THE NOTICE BOARD, VISITORS MUST PRODUCE THEIR CERTIFICATES.
7. ENSURE THAT NO PERSON UNDER THE AGE OF 18 IS TO DRIVE THE PUBLIC UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.
8. NOT ACT AS A DRIVER.
9. ENSURE MAIDSTONE M.E.S. PASSENGER DRIVERS ARE REGISTERED AND THAT NON-MEMBER DRIVERS ARE KNOWN PASSENGER DRIVERS.
10. ENSURE THAT THE STATION IS SUITABLY STAFFED, PREFERABLY WITH:
(A) A PERSON TO SUPERVISE THE LOADING.
(B) A SECOND PERSON COLLECTING FARES.
11. ENSURE TROLLEYS AND COUPLINGS ARE CORRECTLY AND SECURELY ASSEMBLED.

IF IN DOUBT - ASK A COMMITTEE MEMBER !!!

"A SPECIAL WEEK"

by: **Richard Linkins**

A Special Week Sometime in April 1992 we became aware that plans were being made to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the railway in Ashford. The first railway company was, of course, the South Eastern Railway and Ashford was simply a small market town on the main route to Dover which became the temporary terminus of the railway until the route was extended to Folkestone and Dover a few months later. However a branch line was soon under construction towards Canterbury and the Thanet towns and then the S.E.R. decided to site its main locomotive carriage and wagon works at Ashford. The main reason for this was that Ashford was reasonably central on the S.E.R.'s then main line from Redhill to Dover and that land was available at a reasonable price. Later a branch to Hastings was built across the edge of Romney Marsh and the S.E.R.'s bitter rival, the London Chatham and Dover Railway, built a line from Maidstone to a separate terminus on the Western edge of the town. Eventually the two railways settled their differences and all trains used the original station. Thus Ashford grew into the important railway centre that it still is.

The railway changed Ashford from a country market town into an industrial centre. The railway works was steadily expanded to meet the requirements of the growing traffic and the town grew to house the workmen and many others who made livings from the business generated. At the peak more than 2,000 people were employed in the works alone and many more in the other railway departments. Ashford stands alongside Swindon and Crewe as having been greatly expanded by the coming of the railway.

Ashford works was the birthplace of some very fine locos. The most handsome were undoubtedly Wainright's 'D' class built in the early years of the century. We can still enjoy looking at the last of the class in the National Railway Museum at York, where it is resplendent in the gloriously complicated South Eastern and Chatham Railway Livery. However in my opinion the best locomotives designed at Ashford were the 'N' class moguls, the first of which appeared in 1917. These incorporated all the main features included in the B.R. standard locos years before any other railway brought them all together; a great credit to Richard Maunsell and his team.

Anyway, enough of this eulogising over the products of Ashford works. What I had set out to describe was the week of celebrations that Ashford Borough Council had decided to organise to celebrate the arrival of the railway. Unusually for a democratically elected body they had devised a programme which included many items of interest to the railway enthusiast, not just poetry readings and folk singing. The week opened with a special train from Victoria carrying dignitaries in period costume. They were met at the station by vintage buses. On the first weekend there was a large model railway exhibition, an open day in the old railway works and a Victorian fair on the green of the adjacent old railway village of Newtown. The fair included some old fashioned fairground rides and a showman's engine; many of the local people were also in fancy dress. The open day in the works was quite a surprise because I thought that the works had closed in 1981; in fact it still houses a plant repair depot and there were several large breakdown cranes available for inspection, together with many items of track repair equipment. We were also able to see a demonstration of wheel tyring and turning.

Outside stood the 'P' class from the K.E.S.R., built at Ashford of course, and inside was Bulleid pacific 'Taw Valley' taking pride of place among the cranes.

We missed out on the evening events during the week but the second weekend dawned fine and warm to welcome the return of steam trains to the Ashford to Hastings line. My Father, John and I had booked a trip on the Saturday and we set off to the station just before lunch. The up platform was packed with people waiting for trains to Hastings and for the shuttle to the Chart Leacon work open day. We joined a diesel train to Hastings after watching 'Taw Valley' bringing a train in, then dropping back into the old works for servicing.

At Hastings we waited on the platform for 'Taw Valley' to arrive. A green 'Crompton' was parked in a siding and the atmosphere was redolent of the 1960's. 'Taw Valley' pulled in, ran round and, after admiring her and taking a couple of pictures, we joined the train. Shortly, we were away up the gradient through Ore with the echoes bouncing back from the houses on the surrounding hills. We were soon moving fast and many people were out to watch the spectacle. There was even an open top bus parked by one of the crossings near Brookland with photographers on the top deck, but we only caught a glimpse, as 'Taw Valley' was romping across the ground. The train slowed for the speed restriction at the bridge across the Royal Military Canal but we accelerated again up the steep grade through Hamstreet and Orlestone station. All too soon we were approaching Ashford, and the platform was still crowded!

Later in the day I walked down into the fields near South Willesborough to photograph the last train of the day. I had forgotten the speed at which 'Taw Valley' travelled and the picture was rather blurred as she streaked across the bridge over the East Stour; I expect the driver was keen to get home for his tea.

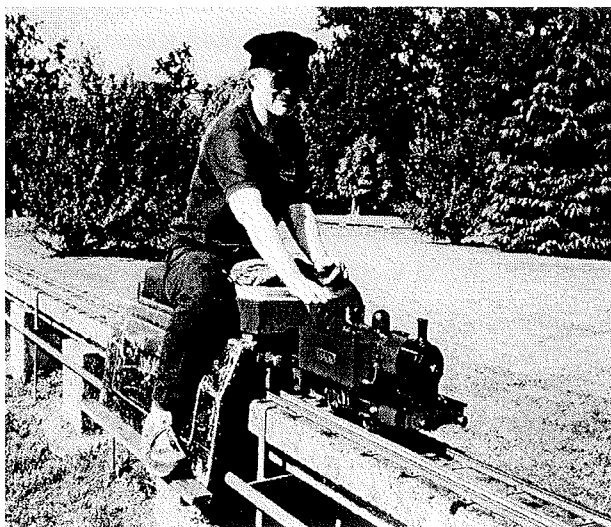
John and I left home early on the Sunday and made our way down to the Military Canal bridge. There were quite a number of people out even in this fairly remote spot. The B.R. Standard Class 4, 4.6.0 was rostered for the Sunday trains and we managed to catch her on the first up trip. She drifted over the bridge and then barked her way up the bank, looking splendid in the morning light. We then spent the afternoon at the Chart Leacon open day. This is the depot where many of the multiple unit trains used in Kent are maintained. The yard and workshops were packed with items of interest and sales stalls. There were all types of diesel and electric locos, carriages and wagons, including the Metropolitan Railway electric loco 'Sarah Siddons'. The replica 'Rocket' was giving rides and both 'Taw Valley' and the King Arthur 'Sir Lamiell' were in steam. In fact there were so many exhibits we could not get round them all.

There was one event left, the first steam hauled train on the South Eastern section since the end of steam in the 60s. I slipped out from home at 9.30 that evening and made my way to the station. There, in the up platforms, were two steam hauled trains headed by 'Taw Valley' and the Class 4. Smoke was drifting up either side of the station bridge, a quite unforgettable sight. I hung over the bridge parapet soaking up the atmosphere until about 10 o'clock when the special departed for London. We were treated to the sight of the two locos moving forward together, a wonderful end to a memorable week.

Richard Hibbins

CURLY BOWL CHELTENHAM 26/9/98 *(written by Miss Sour Grapes)*

I'd been encouraged to enter this competition by Nigel and Alf, the qualification being ownership of an LBSC designed engine. To win, perfection and prestige paintwork were not essential qualifications - the competition was for the engine which personified LBSC. So, encouraged by this, I'd entered my 3 1/2" gauge, bright red, Juliet, named Jack, and was one of six competitors.



The day dawned grey and rainy. Martin and I set off from Pontins Holiday Camp at Brean Sands, near Burnham-on-Sea in Somerset. There was a gang of twelve of us from MMES staying there for the model makers week, which had just started, visiting different tracks in the area every day. Our team had considered following to support me, but given the foul weather I told them I wouldn't expect to see them (which no doubt came as a relief to them). Plus we were having to leave at eight on a Sunday morning as I was supposed to check in at nine, although the competition didn't start till ten.

As we surfed up the M5 through continual rain, passing Bristol, we saw the speed camera on the opposite carriageway flash a couple of times, obviously catching a couple of unsuspecting motorists exceeding the limit. The deluge hadn't ceased by the time we pulled up at Cheltenham Club, just after nine. We went round and dutifully unloaded onto the designated steaming bays, which seemed some distance from everything else - and I was the only one there. There were a few people milling about the station area in the distance.

Despite the continuing rain, it was decided to start the competition, with me going first. I suggested that I steam up not in the steaming bay, but on the track, under the station canopy. This idea was accepted with alacrity by all concerned, who had no wish to stand out in a downpour with me. We trundled down to the station and there I started preparing the engine for its trial. The track was only a foot off the ground and the only way I could easily oil everything was by laying down, which amused everyone. Martin was hovering in the background the whole time with the video, under strict instructions not to interrupt/interfere unless asked. Jack was soon in steam, the rain not letting up for an instant. The judges were ready for me to do the first circuit. As I pulled away from the station, I was gratified by a sudden round of applause and cheering from the bystanders. A couple of Cheltenham members were kindly running ahead of me sweeping the track free of falling leaves and rain. For a few minutes I felt quite honoured. I completed my first lap, and then it was the judges turn, with the rain still bucketing down.

The judges each did one lap, all keen to appear with plenty of steam, which they did, and the eldest and senior judge had the last round as the rain became torrential. I was a bit annoyed that when he came back the water was barely at the bottom nut of the water gauge.

The track was now mine to play with until the next contestant was ready. Determined to prove what a good little engine Jack was, I took off immediately so the axle pump could start putting water in the boiler. It was a bit of a juggling act with such a small engine and so little water, but the engine proved it could steam well against the odds, and round and round I went for ages, not stopping for a long time, until the water tanks were empty. This impressed everyone except the judges, who had now moved on and had only been interested in what happened when they were in charge. Granted, they had all bought it back with plenty of steam and varying amounts of water, but it isn't really a one lap engine, it likes a good run. After a second spell of continuous running, the next contender was ready and it was time for me to come off. I went back to the bays, miles from anywhere, to drop the fire, not a soul in sight. So I then took my engine back to the station area and plonked it under cover on a table, after treating it to a liberal spray of WD40. Typically, the rain was now slackening off. I then saw there was a couple of steaming bays by their main entrance being used, with a plastic sheet erected to make a roof. Why this hadn't been organised in the first place I don't know, with only six entrants two steaming bays were adequate. Perhaps they're misogynists, I wondered.

I was sad that nobody from MMES had turned up in support, but the weather was lousy and we now had to kick our heels for the rest of the day, watching the other competitors, so it wouldn't have been much fun. A lad was next on, the rain now abated. We had a cup of tea, at least there were a couple of chaps on the teapot all day. We went up into their signal box, food was being prepared for lunch and I brightened up. Then I realised the food was only for the three judges and Ted and Mike from the Model Engineer. I couldn't believe that a club could lay on a major event and not provide any food for anyone else, especially competitors, but this was the case, and shame on Cheltenham. Anyone would have been prepared to pay something, but we were forced to take to the road and finally found a petrol station where we could buy a sandwich.

It hardly rained at all in the afternoon, but stayed cloudy and damp. We returned to the track after eating in the car, friends of ours were competitors four and five. We found Alf was preparing to go on, but having problems. He was having trouble with his balls. The ball was stuck in his tender so he couldn't pump water into the boiler. Once that was fixed, he steamed up to find the ball in his whistle was stuck and the whistle was continually blowing. Nigel from Erewash as competitor number five, started to steam up to give him time to fix the problem and Martin and I tried to assist Alf. Once on the track, Nigel had problems and couldn't get any water in the boiler. He took his loco round four times before he could hand it over to the judges. Alf was soon ready to come on, but alas, had no whistle working at all, and the engine ate oil, emptying the lubricator frequently. The last competitor, after a long period, finally got on the track, a nice looking Britannia with two working whistles (adding insult to injury for Alf). It was pretty obvious that the judges were well struck by this loco, although the regulator seemed a bit tight and sharp - Martin has video of two judges slipping it to a standstill on the top bend. The Britannia stayed on the track and the winning Princess Marina (competitor number three, who I haven't even mentioned) was pushed up to the presentation area.

The two best looking locomotives had won first and second, sadly proving looks are everything. The lad was in third place, which meant Alf, Nigel and I were joint last (or fourth, if you look at it kindly). I was so downcast I couldn't get back to the car fast enough.

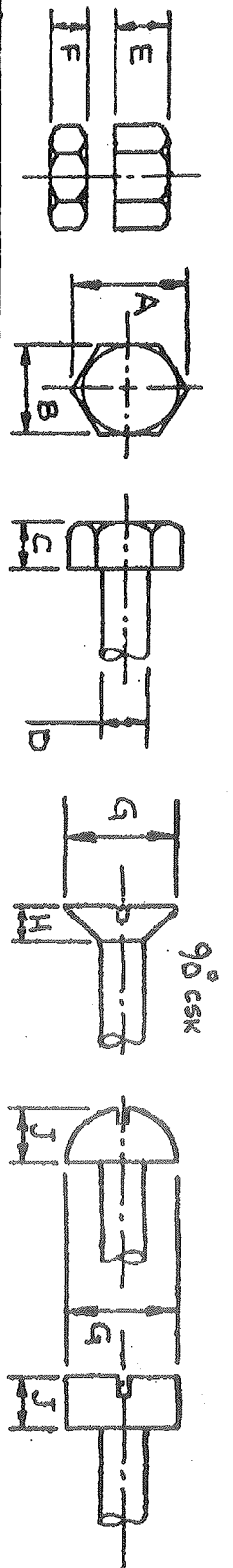
I had hoped to make third place on the character, history and performance of my little engine. Mike from the ME rushed up to see us just as we were about to drive off, and generously said Jack would nevertheless get a good report.

Driving back down the M5, I mulled over my run. My engine had been changed as little as possible from how it had been originally constructed (Martins words which can be interpreted as "Don't let them think it's my standard of workmanship, I can't be bothered to do much to it, I've got my own engines to do"). Despite my nagging the whistle was not operating how I would have liked, not shutting off properly and so gently whistling softly to itself while in steam ("It's just happy!" was how my other half explained this one). The way the engine had been constructed had made it difficult to oil the axle boxes properly at any time, so the loco had soon developed a rattle while going round and round. And there weren't any of "Curly's blobs and gadgets", it was just a straightforward Juliet with slip eccentric valve gear and an unfinished cab. Whatever your engine looks like, however it performs, when it's your own it's special. I was proud of it particularly because it was mine. But I was sad and wishing I hadn't entered and been so disappointed.

But don't worry, I've got over it now!

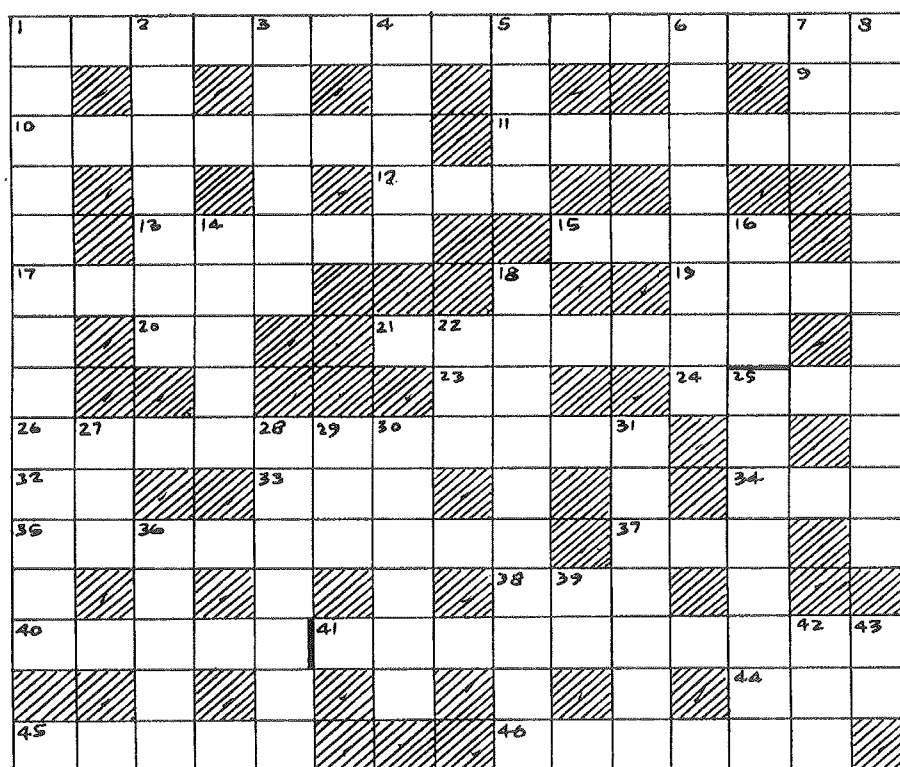


Sue Parham, pictured with Nigel Thompson and Alf Manktelow - "The Losers"



SIZE	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
A	0.48	0.42	0.37	0.33	0.29	0.25	0.22	0.2	0.18	0.15	0.14	0.12	0.1	0.1	0.08	0.07	0.07
B	0.411	0.362	0.321	0.28	0.245	0.219	0.191	0.171	0.15	0.13	0.115	0.102	0.089	0.082	0.068	0.061	0.055
C	0.173	0.153	0.136	0.118	0.103	0.092	0.08	0.072	0.063	0.054	0.048						
D	0.236	0.209	0.185	0.161	0.142	0.126	0.11	0.098	0.087	0.075	0.067	0.059	0.051	0.047	0.039	0.035	0.031
E	0.208	0.183	0.162	0.148	0.13	0.115	0.1	0.09	0.078	0.067	0.06	0.053	0.046	0.043	0.034	0.031	0.026
F	0.152	0.134	0.118	0.103	0.089	0.079	0.068		0.054								
G	0.408	0.361	0.314	0.278	0.247	0.216	0.189	0.168	0.152	0.125	0.11	0.107	0.092	0.078	0.061	0.061	0.056
H	0.099	0.089	0.077	0.071	0.065	0.058	0.051	0.047	0.043	0.035	0.032	0.030	0.028	0.028	0.025	0.021	0.019
J	0.163	0.145	0.126	0.11	0.099	0.085	0.075	0.066	0.061	0.05	0.043	0.040	0.036	0.030	0.024	0.024	0.021
TAP	10	17	24	29	32	37	43	46	50	53	55	57	62	65	70	72	74
CLEAR	B	3	13	20	27	30	35	39	44	48	50	53	55	56	60	65	67
NEAR STD. HEX A/F					1/4	7/32	3/16	3/16	5/32	5/32	1/8						BWL.

CROSSWORD BY *John Barrow*



ACROSS

- 1 This clue sucks, so put a stop in it (6,5,4)
- 9 Doodle-bug turns back (2)
- 10 Rotating in min gear provides smooth finish (7)
- 11 A small deposit will secure a Co-title arrangement (7)
- 12 Frozen water (3)
- 13 36 down sometimes comes in this form (5)
- 15 Casting material, used in the laundry perhaps ? (4)
- 17 Stir up cattle with a small loss, secures rope (5)
- 19 Alias Titfield Thuderbolt (4)
- 20 Double diamond (2)
- 21 Cross this section and arrive in France (7)
- 23 Not off (2)
- 24 Have a sob for the Aussi natives (slang) (4)
- 26 One who makes threads (5,6)
- 32 Musical note (2)
- 33 Electrically charged atom (3)
- 34 Bifurcate leaves a green open space without end (3)
- 35 Lily's big sister can be found on the east coast (9)
- 37 Useful space in the bed (3)
- 38 A taxi is at the end of the engine (3)
- 40 Devoured (5)
- 41 A crazy reason to get a prime mover (10)
- 44 Twisted arm puts the pressure on (3)
- 45 Take a flyer to drill a hole (5)
- 46 Young cat (6)

DOWN

- 1 Fix this to your saddle to go up and down (8,5)
- 2 Secured (before machining) (7)
- 3 Stirring up Tuna I'm surprised that a little machine turns out (6)
- 4 Source of peat that is short, guides the engine (5)
- 5 Elax mixture lets the wheels go round (4)
- 6 LBSC's loco starts with I.C. fuel and ends with 34 across (8)
- 7 Tip up to make a hollow (3)
- 8 LBSC's unfinished masterpiece is a heavenly body (7,4)
- 14 Find casting equipment hidden in a dell (5)
- 16 Nothing (3)
- 18 Curly's bird lays no eggs (6,4)
- 22 Not cold (3)
- 25 Taking an old penny from a paid rebel generates steam (8)
- 27 Put Mac up, he acts eccentric (3)
- 28 Big ears fixing device (7)
- 29 Small gear (3)
- 30 Release, uncouple (6)
- 31 Actually used to secure not cloth, but a machine (7)
- 36 Hard stuff sometimes bought in the bar by M.E's (5)
- 39 Little mother turns up in the morning (2)
- 42 Convenience vehicle, for carrying locos perhaps ? (3)
- 43 Short lady at the end of the poem (2)

A SOLUTION TO THIS PUZZLE WILL APPEAR ON THE CLUB NOTICE BOARD AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Club members are still invited to donate unwanted past issues of the Model Engineer magazine as revised list below. Completed volumes have now been bound and are kept in the Clubroom.

John Barrow

<u>YEAR</u>	<u>VOL</u>	<u>No.</u>	<u>YEAR</u>	<u>VOL</u>	<u>No.</u>	<u>YEAR</u>	<u>VOL</u>	<u>No.</u>
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		2449	1955	112	2799			3226
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		2453	1958	119	2991	1963	129	any
		2457			2995	1964	130	3240
1948	99	2466			2999			3241
		2468			3001			3242
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1949	100	2492			3010			3253
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1950	102	2543			3019	1970	136	3396
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		2558	1959	121	3037			3399
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1950	103	2563			3047			3401
		2582			3050			3402
		2586			3051			3403
		2587	1960	122	any			3404
1951	104	2589	1960	123	any			3405
		2590	1961	124	3111			3406
		2592			3115			3407
		2593			3119	1971	137	3413
		2596			3121			3420
		2597			3122			3423
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		2637	1962	126	3157			3693
		2638			3158			3695
		2640			3167			
1952	106	2641			3169			
1952	107	2679						

1984 onwards Vol.152 onwards - any

(The "Give us your money" page:)

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Please complete this slip and give or send it to our Treasurer Peter Roots, 97
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I enclose herewith the sum of £.....(£20 or £10 for retired members) as my
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in the personal accident insurance for 1999. To be covered by this insurance,
you must ensure this is received by the Treasurer by the date of the A.G.M. on
Friday 5 March 1999, or it will be too late and you will not be covered.

name

date

address

WEALDEN PULLMAN DINNER BOOKING FORM

Please complete and return to the Secretary, Martin Parham, or the Treasurer.

Please reserve me seats on the Wealden Pullman for evening dinner on
Friday May 7.

I enclose a cheque payable to Maidstone Model Engineering Society in the sum
of £.....(Deposit £20 per person, with the rest payable by the end of March).

name

date

address

