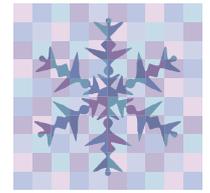


MAIDSTONE MODEL ENGINEERING SOCIETY NEWSLETTER WINTER 2008



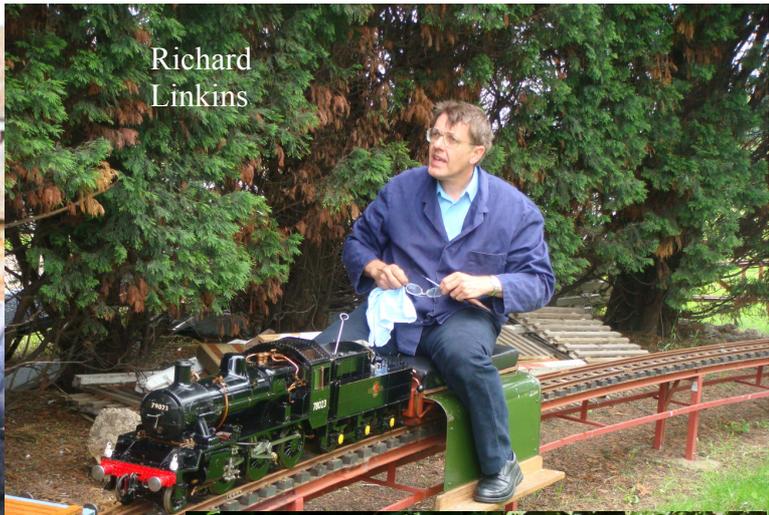
Contributors this issue:



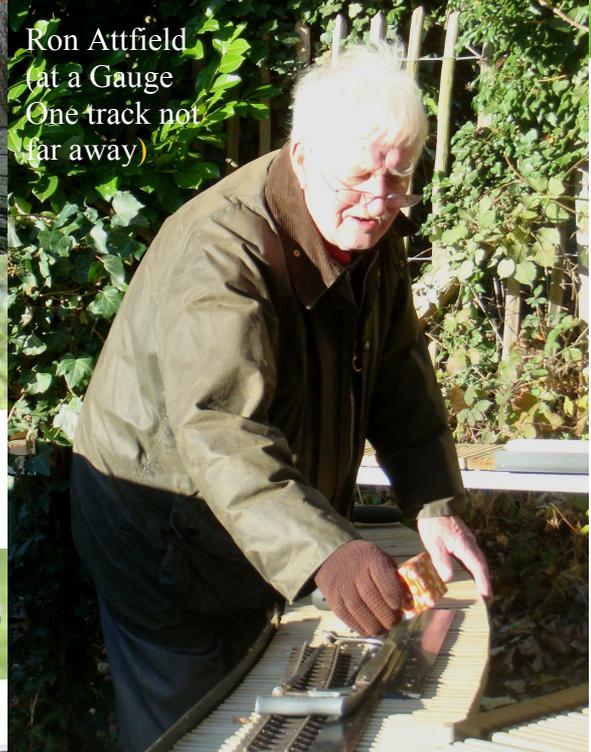
Gemma Hawkins (with her Dad Chris and grumpy Grandad John)



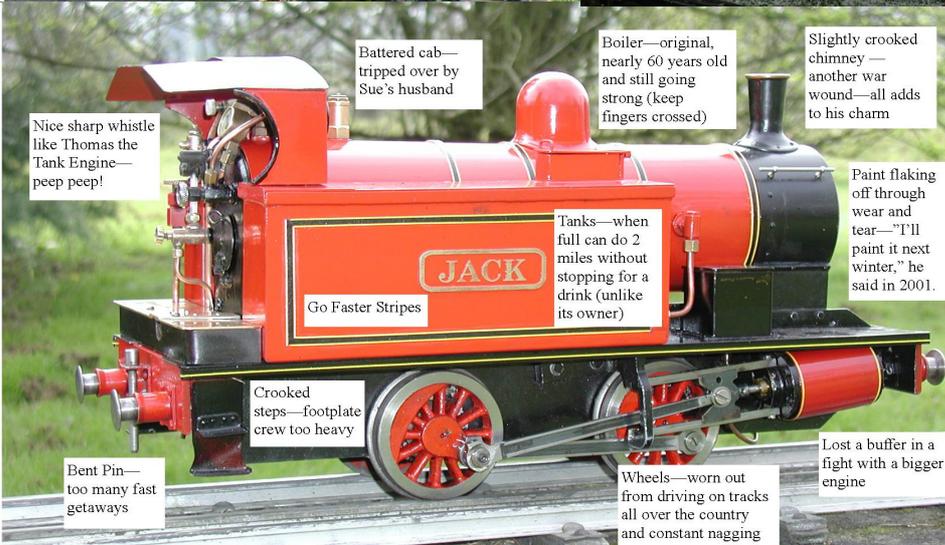
Norman King



Richard Linkins



Ron Attfield at a Gauge One track not far away



Nice sharp whistle like Thomas the Tank Engine—peep peep!

Battered cab—tripped over by Sue's husband

Boiler—original, nearly 60 years old and still going strong (keep fingers crossed)

Slightly crooked chimney—another war wound—all adds to his charm

Tanks—when full can do 2 miles without stopping for a drink (unlike its owner)
Go Faster Stripes

Paint flaking off through wear and tear—"I'll paint it next winter," he said in 2001.

Bent Pin—too many fast getaways

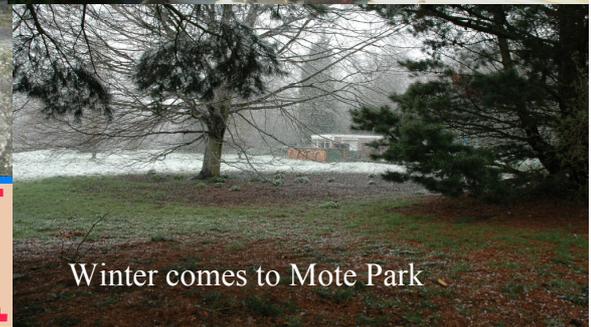
Crooked steps—footplate crew too heavy

Wheels—worn out from driving on tracks all over the country and constant nagging

Lost a buffer in a fight with a bigger engine

JACK THE HANDBAG ENGINE
(owned by Sue Parham of Maidstone M.E.S.)

Littlelec Competitor 2008



Winter comes to Mote Park

THE FIRST HOME OF BRITISH AVIATION.

By Norman King (retired R.A.F.)

Mussel Manor and Stonepitts Farm, Leysdown, and Eastchurch are on the Isle of Sheppey, Kent. This is an isolated open flat landscape, and always has a sea breeze blowing. Whether this was the reason the area was chosen, or that it was owned by Frank McLean, a member of the newly formed Aero Club, (later The Royal), I suspect it was both. Anyway, a group of men with the names: Short Brothers, A.V.Roe, Sopwith, Moore-Brabazon, Grace Brothers, Rolls Brothers, Pitman, Travers, Huntingdon, Cody, Dunne, Egerton, Jezzi, and men from the Royal Navy, Lt. Longmore, Lt. Gregory, Capt. Gerrard, plus others, moved in during 1908-09. This was the birth of the British Aviation Industry and the first site, a factory was built by Short brothers. Also this became the First Royal Naval Air Station. Time and expansion required a planned move to an enlarged site at Eastchurch.

From this site at Leysdown, various designs and constructions were made looking more like box kites, than aeroplanes, test flights being made which involved failures, of a mechanical, structural or a design nature, which resulted in crashes, causing death and injury to those brave enough to be endeavouring to fly the contraptions. Success came on the 2nd May 1909, with the first powered flight, and again on 30th October 1909, when the first circular flight of one mile was made, both by Moore-Brabazon. With the success of constructing an aeroplane that would fly, companies were formed to develop and exploit this at various locations in Britain, where skilled labour was available. For example, Short Brothers at Rochester, Kent, developing seaplanes, and taking advantage of the skills in the Royal Naval Dockyard at Chatham.

The site at Eastchurch was the first home of military flying. In 1912 Royal Flying Corps was formed here and in 1914 the Royal Naval Air Service started, both became on the 1st April 1918 the ROYAL AIR FORCE. Nothing remains at the site and no evidence of aeroplane construction at Mussel (now Muswell) Manor, Stonepitts Farm, or at Eastchurch.

In All Saints Church, Eastchurch is a memorial stained glass window on the south side, dedicated to Charles Rolls and Cecil Grace, both killed in the earliest fatal flying accidents in 1910. On the south west corner of the crossroads is an impressive memorial to those men involved in the birth of the British Aviation Industry at Leysdown and Eastchurch. This was erected in 1955, the sculptor being Hillary Stratton F.R.B.S.



Memorial to the first home of British Aviation, Isle of Sheppey

©nrk.

M.M.E.S. Annual Sunday Lunch at The Grangemoor Hotel on 1st February 2009
12-30 for 1pm. £17-50 pp(so £35 for 2) by January Club Night + menu choices to Pat.

Fresh Home Made Vegetable Soup of the Day
or
Prawn & Cucumber Salad in Marie Rose Sauce Served with Brown Bread & Butter
or
Fanned Honeydew Melon with Woodland fruits
or
Deep Fried Brie Wedge with Cranberry Sauce

Roast Sirloin of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding
or
Roast Leg of Lamb with Yorkshire Mint Sauce
or
Roast Breast of Chicken Sage & Onion Stuffing
The above main courses are served with Roast Potatoes & Vegetables
or
Deep Fried Fillet of Plaice Served with French Fries & Salad Garnish
or
Creamy Sweet pepper & Olive Tagliatelle
With sweet peppers & black olives in a creamy tomato sauce
Served with mixed salad & new potatoes
or
Cold Ham with Mixed Salad & New Potatoes

Home Made Apple & Raspberry Pie with Cream
or
Chocolate Profiteroles Filled with vanilla pastry cream, coated in chocolate
sauce & finished with whipped cream
or
Selection of Ice Cream, Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate
or
Warm Belgian Waffle Served with Vanilla Ice Cream, Whipped cream
& Butterscotch Sauce
or
Cheese & Biscuits

Coffee or Tea

NAMES:

MY CHOICES: *Starter:*
 Main Course:
 Dessert:

MY PARTNER'S (OR WHOEVER YOU WOULD LIKE TO BRING) CHOICES:
 Starter:
 Main Course:
 Dessert:

A GAUGE ONE MONSTER by Ron Attfield

Having built and enjoyed making larger locomotives I reached an age when lifting and transporting them was becoming more difficult.

I actually enjoyed the making more than the running of the finished model and I wished to continue making live steam locos. Gauge one seemed to be about right after having seen different layouts at various exhibitions.

I joined the Gauge One Association and purchased the "Project" book. This had good drawings and was clearly written. Laser cut frames and connecting rods plus unmachined wheel castings were purchased and about 14 months later a complete loco and tender was up and running on the Romney track. A few adjustments were made and it has always run consistently well. The $\frac{3}{4}$ " bore single cylinder made it very powerful for its size.



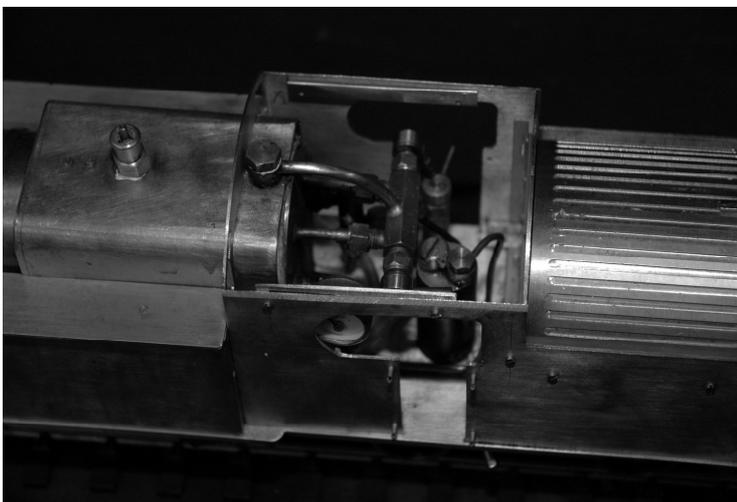
My second gauge one loco was a slightly modified "Dee". The changes were to the plate work and tender shape. The twin cylinder design by JVR was novel and its performance is good. I also fitted modified steam cocks.

What to do next?

Paul Forsythe published a series of designs and I purchased the drawings for a Tilbury Tank and Robinson 2-6-4 coal tank. The latter was big and the cylinder bore and layout was similar to the Project so it would be powerful. I decided to have a go even though I am not clear why this design was chosen – perhaps it was its size, it is a monster.

The official designation of the prototype was class 1B 2-6-4 tank. It became known as Robinson 2-6-4 coal tank. Twenty were built between 1914 and 1917. It was big and powerful in appearance, weighed 96 tons – but it was said it did not live up to its appearance!

Its original function was the movement of coal wagons but it was also used on mixed heavy freight duties.



It was certainly a very large unit and so is the gauge one model at 18 $\frac{3}{8}$ " long weighing approximately 12 lbs empty.

I purchased a pair of frames, coupling rods, dome and chimney plus the 12 unmachined wheel castings.

Quite soon the frames with axle boxes and wheels were finished. To ensure some rigidity during assembly, I made 1 $\frac{5}{16}$ wide rectangular spacers to fit between the two frames, which are long and in places slender.

The assembly was taken to Romney and run round the tightest curve – it derailed. Much time was spent by John Wimble looking at the track and some adjustments were made.

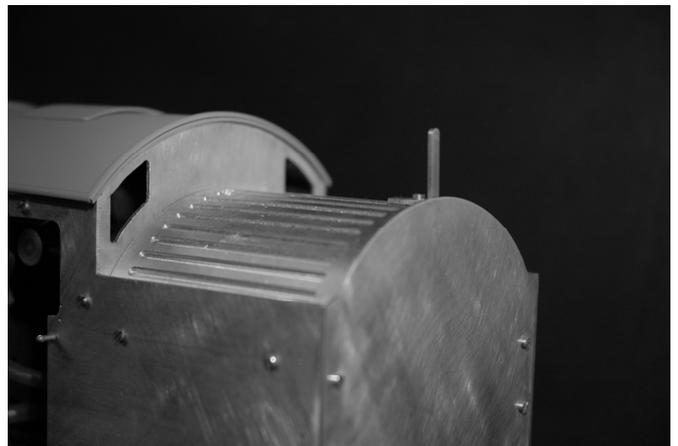
The long wheelbase of the loco was one of the problems. The wheel rims were thinned to the thinnest permissible and the outer faces of the axle boxes of the front and rear axles also thinned. This gave more side movement when negotiating a curve. These adjustments did the trick and I was confident to carry on building. To illustrate the variation of driving wheel overall centres on different locos, the Dee is 90mm, Project 165mm and coal tank 170mm.

The cylinder and loose eccentric parts were straight forward except the cylinder is set on a 7 degree angle to the horizontal. The blast nozzle is screwed into the steam chest cover and also lays at 7 degrees. The exhaust blast needs to be at 90 degrees to the horizontal. A blast nozzle blank was made, screwed onto a mandrel and a small centre made just big enough to locate a No. 56 drill. This was assembled and the front flat of the hexagon marked for reference. The complete chassis assembly was placed on the drilling machine table, levelled with a spirit level, the wheels wedged and the No. 56 hole drilled in situ. A bit of an odd set up, but it worked.

Attention was now turned to the running boards and it was soon apparent how little I had studied the drawings in detail in the beginning.

In plan view each running board has three different widths and the underside valance four sets plus a radius linking each change of set. The running boards were easy but the valance was another matter. At each change of set the valance angle was linked to the next piece using a brass button of suitable diameter. Each piece was secured, soldered or riveted to the running board. In addition to this the rear part of the running boards butt together to form the cab and bunker floor along the centre line of the frames.

The coal bunker of the original prototype was changed several times. The top was originally a curved grid with a part cut out to allow hand coaling. When mechanical coaling was introduced, the curved grid was scrapped and side rails were fitted. As far as the model is concerned, I liked the full curved grid as it covers fully the spirit tank and control.

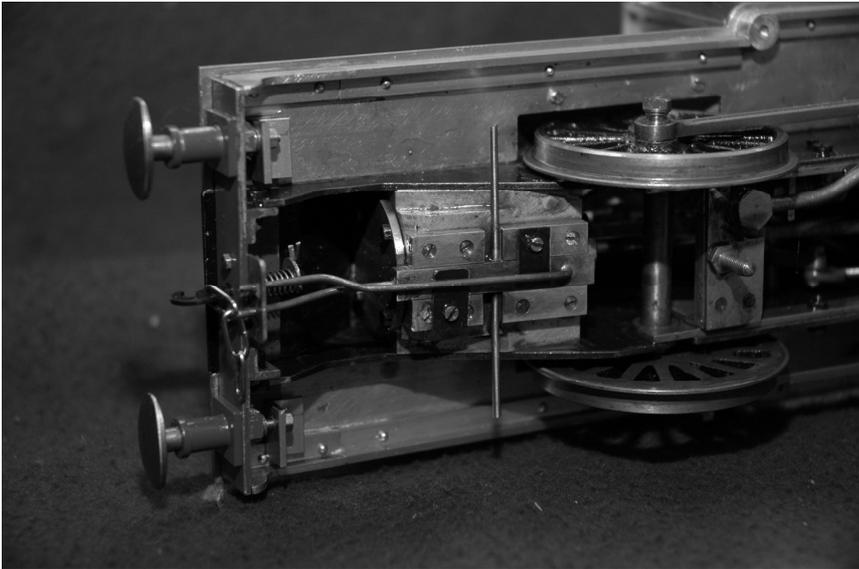


The pseudo grid is made of 1/16" brass sheet with bars and gaps of equal width. The depth of the gaps is 1/32". By not machining completely through, the cover was easily rolled to its correct radius.

The side tanks are 6" long x 5/8" wide x 2" high. In the left hand tank a hand pump is fitted. This has a 3/8" diameter ram and the assembly is a very tight fit in the tank. In hindsight, a 1/4" or 5/16" diameter ram would have sufficed.

When making the tanks, all edges were tinned, 5/8" square spacers laid in the corners and the assembly lightly clamped together, angles were placed in the corners. After fluxing, the assembly was gently warmed with a blow torch, not too hot, and using a heavy soldering iron, soldered from the outside. The tank tops were held in place by spring clips and may be removed by sliding forward.

I now started to think about steam cocks although the drawing did not call for any. With a full boiler as pressure builds, it is surprising how difficult it is to clear hydraulic locks. The Project book had a steam cock design based on a sliding bar with small holes in it to match holes in the cylinder. The bar could be moved endways to cover or uncover the holes. Two coil springs held the bar against the cylinder block. I changed the coil springs to leaf springs .010" thick.



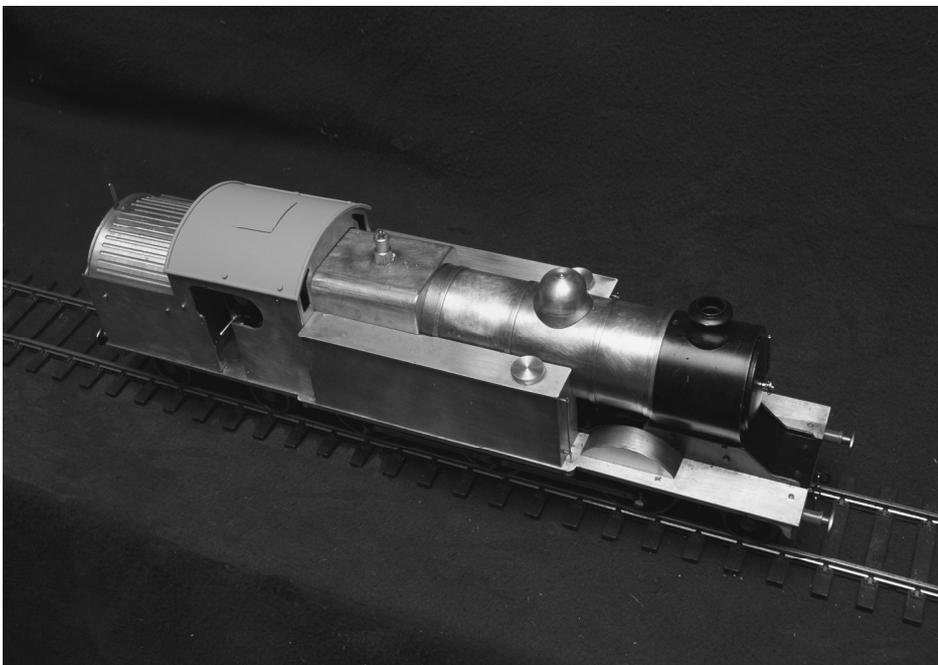
The boiler pressure is 60 PSI. The bleed holes in the cylinder are .0465 diameter producing an area of $.0017''^2$. It follows the force pushing against the springs is very small indeed. Two 1/16" diameter pipes guide the condensate forward and two side arms are fitted to the slide bar allowing it to be moved manually backwards and forwards against the stops.

The boiler is 2" diameter and has 7 tubes 5/16" diameter plus 3 cross tubes 1/4" diameter in the firebox. There was more than a little trouble

soldering the nipples onto the pipes extending from the backhead. These would couple onto the regulator and blower turret.

The boiler steams well and will maintain 40/50 lbs when the loco is running.

The displacement lubricator as specified on the drawing was not to my liking as the space in the cab is very limited. The one now fitted stands vertically, not horizontally. The drawing gave no information regarding the pipe runs. The layout is simple with water feeding to the mechanical pump from the hand pump in the side tank. The outlet from the mechanical pump feeds to the bypass control in the cab and then to the boiler clack valve. The lubricator feed is soldered directly into the steam chest with the pipe in two pieces joined together with an inline connector. This is necessary to allow the disassembly of the parts.



The front and rear spectacle plates have odd shaped apertures and it was important that each side is a mirror image of the other. An odd piece of 1/8" alloy plate was found and to this was fitted a 1" x 1" x 1/8" steel angle. The angle was held in the machine vice on the milling machine table and the plate drilled in three places, using the x & y movements, then tapped. 8BA screws were fitted and the screw heads used as location stops for the spectacle plate which was held in place with small toolmakers clamps during milling. The

plate was turned over and reclamped to allow the opposite aperture to be cut. All non-straight edges were hand filed.

The cab and bunker plating was straightforward and made so by the removal of the rear spectacle plate and eight screws the whole unit can be removed.

The cab roof sits on runners and can be removed by sliding it rearwards. When pushed forwards it is held in place by two springs.

Other than making a meths tank, two sets of steps, a few odds and ends plus painting it is finished.

It would be untrue to say this has been a continuous labour of love. At the end of last year interest was lost for about three months. However looking at the part made loco, it was clear it had to be completed, which I am doing.

The loco has now run in its unfinished state at Romney three or four times. My only problem is learning to control its speed. The offending tight track curve has now been dealt with by replacing the timber track bed with a new section about seven feet long. The Romney members make a terrific effort to maintain their garden railway.

One thing is certain, when selecting my next project I will initially study any drawing with greater care.



JACK TAKES ON LITTLELEC by Sue Parham

When we received details from Peter Langridge at Guildford Club earlier in the year about an efficiency competition for smaller engines, I asked my 3½” aged (well, older than me) Juliet called Jack (known also as “The Handbag Engine” given his mode of transportation) if he fancied having a go. Never one to be knowingly outdone, always game, he wanted at least to show the world (well, anyone attending the event) that he could run non stop for twenty minutes. However, he wanted me to know that my usual over filling of the firebox with so much coal that the door fell open and it spilled onto the footplate and rolled to the ground would not earn us any brownie points. Okay, I know I’m daft to talk to my locomotive (even dafter to think it's replying) but you probably know I am anyway. To be honest, first of all I asked the Technical, Repairs and Renovations Department, being Himself, the long-suffering husband, what he thought. Firstly an overhaul of Jack was needed (yes! At least by entering the competition this would be elevated from near bottom of the “To Do” list of workshop projects) then he said if I wanted I could give it a go. I threatened it was not just the reputation of Jack and myself on the line but his too as he’d put Jack together for me some years ago from a pile of metal bits heading for the local rubbish tip (another story I hope to get to write about sometime). Anyway, collectively we decided: Go for it!

So I e-mailed Peter back to say I was interested in competing and he replied I was in. Martin started the overhaul of the engine, scratched his head and wished he’d never started. He found the axles were not square to the frames and additionally the horn blocks were loose in the frames. The eccentrics hit the ash pan Jack didn’t so much need an overhaul, more a complete rebuild – from the start – and new parts. Most of his bits including the boiler were nearing sixty years old. (So Martin is now going to build me another Juliet - don't hold your breath anyone, it may take some time). Still, Jack had run well over the last twelve years, many miles at different tracks all over the country, so Martin just put him back together again, made a new pump handle, touched up a bit of paintwork and the boiler bands and hey presto! We were ready to roll.

My aims of actually running Jack at Guildford before the event, as he'd never even been on their track, or even having an IMLEC style practise run soon fell by the wayside, as the day I'd fixed to go to Guildford for a trial run turned out to be the snowiest of the winter so we didn't even attempt to get there. As we had a fortnights cruise as well before the event I just never got time to have a trial anything.



So come Saturday 24th May I can say I was only sort of ready, but willing to give it a go. My “support team” came along to give moral backing and encouragement, much needed and welcome, my grateful thanks to Pat and Geoff Riddles and John and Marie Hawkins. I had already decided that all I wanted to achieve was:

1. To complete the run and not make a complete idiot of myself;
2. Hopefully to be placed in the middle somewhere in the list of results (I had no illusions about even trying to win).
3. Not to let down Martin, my support team, Maidstone Club, the sisterhood (let’s hear it for the girls! I was the only female in the competition) or Jack.

We arrived in plenty of time for my first run of the two attempts all the competitors had, as the competition was held over both the Saturday and the Sunday of the May Whitsun weekend. Both my runs were on the Saturday, and my first run of the day was at 11-30am. Worried I wouldn't even get round if Jack didn't like the track, for my first run I opted for no passengers, just me on my trolley. "Well," said Himself, "if you're not carrying the weight you better make sure you go for distance". Jack weighed in at 46 pounds, well within the competition weight limit of 50 pounds. Everything was weighed, my trolley and myself in my matching snazzy red (same colour as Jack) overalls included of course.

We were surprised not to see more people in Stoke Park to support the event, there seemed to be one man and his dog and the only reason he was there was to walk his dog and neither had any interest in the goings on at the track in the park. The lack of spectators suited me, jittery as I was.

I went to the designated steam-up area to prepare Jack and took charge of two carefully weighed half pound bags of coal. Bottles of water would be thrust at me as and when needed as I sailed through the station, and any more coal. Mindful of his wife being a messy fireman on occasions, Himself had carefully cut and fashioned a footplate extension from an old pale blue plastic ice cream box so that any coal falling off the shovel would not be lost to the ground (in theory, depending on the bounce ability of the piece of coal). I'm more than capable of being a nervous wreck and I found preparing the engine and steaming up under several pairs of watchful eyes, albeit it a more light-hearted competition than IMLEC, did not improve my blood pressure. Himself lurked and encouraged me with one or two words of wisdom, having been in IMLEC himself a year or so before Jack joined us (that's IMLEC in 1994 at Gravesend with the Duchess of Hamilton, came second, another story).

I was soon on the track and set off, fairly carefully for my first run out into the unknown. Thank goodness for the weather being fine. Rain would not have been a good thing. I managed the first circuit, shot out of the tunnel and downhill past the station, then rocketed round at a pace Jack and I never ever do. I was slightly terrified I had to admit, but I was mindful I had to cover the distance, and that I'd

be hollered at, by and if the Officials thought I was going too fast. As I rounded the top bend where my team were watching, I squeaked at them: "if I go any faster I'll have to change my trousers!" (See how ladylike I am). Jack to his credit steamed like billy-oh, a lot of the time I had the firebox door open to stop the safety valves blowing off steam, but that didn't always knock the pressure back. A bell signified the start of my last lap. As I came to a halt after my last lap, slightly past the finish line by the time I'd managed to stop, Jack was still full of steam, fire and water. I was pleased he had managed the track so well, and without stopping. The



big clock showed that I had completed my twenty minutes. A credit to Guildford that the track was so smooth, not an easy accomplishment for any club. I had managed a new distance record which made the other competitors think; I had completed 8 laps non-stop, which turned out to be the maximum number of laps only three runs, including mine, achieved all weekend.

Still, distance isn't everything and although I thought I'd done well, only using two and a bit bags of coal, this was not the case. Les Pritchard on his Juliet only achieved 4 laps and had greater efficiency than my 0.148 on that run, his was 0.157. Himself kindly took Jack away to clean up (this was a treat, so I didn't interfere, I usually do it) and afterwards I sat down with my MMES mates and Martin.

We talked tactics. I'd have to take more weight for my second run in the afternoon, and in the search for a victim as my passenger, who else but Himself insisted on being the one.

So after lunch it was time to get ready for my second and final run. My favourite Laurie-Len Trolley (so called as Laurie Nichols and Len Connell had constructed one for me in their trolley building days) which is a one bum one (by that I mean it only takes one person, the driver) would not do for two people. So we asked Peter Langridge if he would mind lending us his for my second run and he kindly agreed. Fixing the coupling was a problem, and against his better judgement Martin agreed we would use a long split pin. I steamed up for a second time, no less nervous, particularly with the extra precious cargo I was going to have aboard this time, and we set off. Knowing the track this run, I was prepared to go for it more from the start. However, after the first lap and past the station, disaster struck. Fortunately, I'm inclined to have a hand on some part of my locomotive at all times (I have had one break away from me before, at Mote Park, driving and passenger hauling with Graham Kimber's Wren, that was in the days he was able to sprint so fortunately no harm done, yes, yet another story). I felt Jack suddenly become free, and glancing down, the split pin had come loose and Jack was no longer attached to us and the trolley. "Take the regulator or fix the pin," I shouted to my husband, "if we have to stop then we're done for, I have to keep going!" I had to slow down while we fiddled, no option as reconnection was not an easy task. John Hawkins said watching us from some distance away they did wonder what on earth we were doing with hands going everywhere, but this was no steamy sex scene, no, it was a steamy stressed scene. Some yards later Jack was joined again and I opened up the regulator. I now had to keep an eye on the pin to make sure it didn't work its way out again. We carried on. Climbing up the bank we did suffer from wheel slip, necessitating one of us leaning at times on the engine (allowed in the rules if it didn't happen too often). As I did this once, Martin reached round and knocked the regulator a bit further open. "Keep your hands to yourself, you'll get me disqualified!" I shrieked at him and fretted, this wasn't supposed to be a double act, but did it matter?

We didn't get the bell rung to signify the start of our final lap, so wrongly thinking we were going to have time for another, I put a bit more coal on. This I wouldn't have done, but we found when we got back to the station we had indeed just completed our last lap, they'd simply missed giving us the warning. We came off the track, and Martin took Jack away to drop the fire. He gave me a shout to come and look just before he did. The pin which holds the ash pan in place was sticking right out. The vibration hadn't just worked the split pin out but the ash pan pin too, and the ash pan was now only fastened in place by half an inch of the pin. Had the ash pan dropped out while we were rushing round, it could have caused a nasty accident for us.

This time I'd only managed 7 laps but with the extra weight of Martin and using just under two bags of coal (plus one lump did fall on the ground and I found another wedged in the footplate unused but couldn't talk the officials into allowances) I had elevated my efficiency to 0.32%. Well, I hadn't had to retire and out of 24 positions available (the bottom 4 being retirements) my first run put me at only 18th but my second run, even with its problems, had put me in a more respectable 8th position. The winner was Les Pritchard with his Juliet, for his second run he had let Paul Tompkins drive with himself as passenger. They had managed 8 laps and efficiency of 0.553%.

I probably could have done better but couldn't we all; I achieved what I set out to do, and Jack did me proud. Not bad for a knackered old engine and its permanently tired owner. My thanks to Himself, my support team, Peter Langridge and all those at Guildford hosting the event.

Want to give it a go next year, anyone?!

**The Club 80th Anniversary Dinner on the Kent and East Sussex Railway on
Saturday May 30th 2009.**

This is becoming a tradition, held every ten years, and I had the pleasure of attending the 1989 and 1999 dinners on the Kent and East Sussex Pullman. It is always thoroughly enjoyable and a special treat.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE IF YOU INTEND COMING as we have only booked a limited number of seats and it is first come first served. It being an expensive time of year at the moment with Christmas coming and payment needed early January for the Club Lunch on 1st February, I will not hound you for the money till March; you may pay me at the AGM on March 6th but by Sunday March 29th at the latest please.

The cost is £65 per person, which is £130 per couple (cheques payable to M.M.E.S. to be handed or sent to me, Sue, please). It might sound expensive but actually it is well worth it to enjoy a steam train trip to the lovely Bodiam and back while savouring a sumptuous six course meal while we admire the scenery. For those attending please note you need to be at Tenterden Town Station by 7pm for the departure at 7-30pm on 30th May.

Likely menu for The Wealden Pullman:

Assorted canapés
Complimentary glass of Sparkling Wine or Fresh Fruit Juice

Chef's Home-made Soup of the day with warm bread rolls

Button Mushrooms in Stilton and Garlic Sauce served with speciality bread

Sorbet

Individual Rack of Lamb with Redcurrant and Rosemary Jus served with a Red Wine and Shallot Sauce
with a selection of seasonal vegetables and Chef's potatoes

A selection of Home-made Sweets from the Trolley

Cheese and Biscuits

Coffee and Petit Fours

All meals are freshly prepared on board the train and they are happy to cater for any dietary requirements. Please note these must be advised to Sue at the time you pay for the booking i.e. March or earlier.

In keeping with the Pullman tradition, gentlemen are requested to wear a tie, so smart dress please everyone.

Tear off slip to return to Sue:

Please include me/us on the Anniversary Dinner on the K. & E.S.R on May 30th :

Name(s).....
.....

JOKES SELECTION

1. Two antennas met on a roof, fell in love and got married.
The ceremony wasn't much, but the reception was excellent.
2. A jumper cable walks into a bar. The bartender says,
'I'll serve you, but don't start anything.'
3. Two peanuts walk into a bar, and one was a salted.
4. A dyslexic man walks into a bra.
5. A man walks into a bar with a slab of asphalt under his arm
and says: 'A beer please, and one for the road.'
6. Two cannibals are eating a clown. One says to the other:
'Does this taste funny to you?'
7. "Doc, I can't stop singing 'The Green, Green Grass of Home.'"
"That sounds like Tom Jones Syndrome."
"Is it common?"
"Well, 'It's Not Unusual.'"
8. Two cows are standing next to each other in a field.
Daisy says to Dolly, "I was artificially inseminated this morning."
"I don't believe you," says Dolly.
"It's true, no bull!" exclaims Daisy.
9. An invisible man marries an invisible woman.
The kids were nothing to look at either.
10. Deja Moo:
The feeling that you've heard this bull before.
11. I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day.
But I couldn't find any.
12. A man woke up in a hospital after a serious accident.
He shouted, "Doctor, doctor, I can't feel my legs!"
The doctor replied, "I know you can't - I've cut off your arms!"
13. I went to a seafood disco last week...
And pulled a mussel.
14. What do you call a fish with no eyes?
A fsh.

15. Two fish swim into a concrete wall.
The one turns to the other and says, 'Dam!'.

16. Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft.
Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.

17. A group of chess enthusiasts checked into a hotel and were standing in the lobby discussing their recent tournament victories.

After about an hour, the manager came out of the office and asked them to disperse.
"But why?" they asked, as they moved off.
"Because", he said, "I can't stand chess-nuts boasting in an open foyer."

18. A woman has twins and gives them up for adoption. One of them goes to a family in Egypt and is named 'Ahmal.' The other goes to a family in Spain; they name him 'Juan.' Years later, Juan sends a picture of himself to his birth mother. Upon receiving the picture, she tells her husband that she wishes she also had a picture of Ahmal.

Her husband responds: "They're twins! If you've seen Juan, you've seen Ahmal!"

19. Mahatma Gandhi, as you know, walked barefoot most of the time, which produced an impressive set of calluses on his feet. He also ate very little, which made him rather frail and with his odd diet, he suffered from bad breath. This made him ... (this is so bad, it's good)
A super calloused fragile mystic hexed by halitosis.

20. And finally:

There was the person who sent twenty different puns to her friends, with the hope that at least ten of the puns would make them laugh.
No pun in ten did.

Sometimes it DOES take a Rocket Scientist!!

Scientists at Rolls Royce built a gun specifically to launch dead chickens at the windshields of airliners and military jets all travelling at maximum velocity. The idea is to simulate the frequent incidents of collisions with airborne fowl to test the strength of the windshields.

American engineers heard about the gun and were eager to test it on the windshields of their new high speed trains. Arrangements were made, and a gun was sent to the American engineers.

When the gun was fired, the engineers stood shocked as the chicken hurtled out of the barrel, crashed into the shatterproof shield, smashed it to smithereens, blasted through the control console, snapped the engineer's back-rest in two and embedded itself in the back wall of the cabin like an arrow shot from a bow.

The horrified Yanks sent Rolls Royce the disastrous results of the experiment, along with the designs of the windshield and begged the British scientists for suggestions.

You're going to love this.....

Rolls Royce responded with the following one-line memo:

DEFROST THE CHICKEN!!

Oh Lord

In the year 2008 the Lord came unto Noah, who was now living in the UK, and said:

'Once again, the earth has become wicked and over-populated, and I see the end of all flesh before me. Build another Ark and save two of every living thing along with a few good humans.'

He gave Noah the CAD drawings, saying: 'You have 6 months to build the Ark before I will start the unending rain for 40 days and 40 nights.'

Six months later, the Lord looked down and saw Noah weeping in his yard, but no Ark.

'Noah!' He roared, 'I'm about to start the rain! Where is the Ark?'

'Forgive me, Lord,' begged Noah, 'but things have changed. I needed Building Regulations Approval and I've been arguing with the Fire Brigade about the need for a sprinkler system.

My neighbours claim that I should have obtained planning permission for building the Ark in my garden because it is development of the site, even though in my view it is a temporary structure. We had to then go to appeal to the House of Lords for a decision.

Then the Department of Transport demanded a bond be posted for the future costs of moving power lines and other overhead obstructions to clear the passage for the Ark's move to the sea. I told them that the sea would be coming to us, but they would hear nothing of it.

Getting the wood was another problem. All the decent trees have Tree Preservation Orders on them and we live in a Site of Special Scientific Interest set up in order to protect the spotted owl. I tried to convince the environmentalists that I needed the wood to save the owls - but no go!

When I started gathering the animals, the RSPCA sued me. They insisted that I was confining wild animals against their will. They argued the accommodation was too restrictive, and it was cruel and inhumane to put so many animals in a confined space.

Then the County Council, the Environment Agency and the Rivers Authority ruled that I couldn't build the Ark until they'd conducted an environmental impact study on your proposed flood.

I'm still trying to resolve a complaint with the Equal Opportunities Commission on how many disabled carpenters I'm supposed to hire for my building team. The trades unions say I can't use my sons. They insist I have to hire only accredited workers with Ark-building experience. To make matters worse, Customs and Excise seized all my assets, claiming I'm trying to leave the country illegally with endangered species.

So, forgive me, Lord, but it would take at least 10 years for me to finish this Ark.'

Suddenly the skies cleared, the sun began to shine, and a rainbow stretched across the sky.

Noah looked up in wonder and asked, 'You mean you're not going to destroy the world?'

'No,' said the Lord. 'The British government beat me to it.'

With the recent news about tazers coming into use in this country, it seemed appropriate to include this little anecdote – source unknown, received by e-mail.

A Tazer Warning from the U.S.A.

My wife Toni is fond of saying that my last words on this earth will be something akin to, "hey y'all, hold my beer and watch this!" Well, I have outdone myself once again. No doubt you will see this true story chronicled in a LifeTime movie in the near future. Here goes.

Last weekend I spied something at Larry's Pistol and Pawn that tickled my fancy. (Note: Keep in mind that my "fancy" is easily tickled). I bought something really cool for Toni. The occasion was our 22nd anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my sweet girl. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/purse-sized Tazer gun with a clip. For those of you who are not familiar with this product, it is a less-than-lethal stun gun with two metal prongs designed to incapacitate an assailant with a shock of high-voltage, low amperage electricity while you flee to safety. The effects are supposed to be short lived, with no long-term adverse affect on your assailant, but allowing you adequate time to retreat to safety. You simply jab the prongs into your 250 lb. tattooed assailant, push the button, and it will render him a slobbering, goggle-eyed, muscle-twitching, whimpering, pencil-neck geek. If you've never seen one of these things in action, then you're truly missing out - way too cool!

Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. I loaded two triple-a batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button. Nothing! I was so disappointed. Upon reading the directions (we don't need no stinkin' directions), I found much to my chagrin that this particular model would not create an arc between the prongs. How disappointing! I do love fire for effect. I learned that if I pushed the button, however, and pressed it against a metal surface that I'd get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs that I was so looking forward to. I did so. Awesome!!! Sparks, a blue arc of electricity, and a loud pop!!! Yippee ... I'm easily amused, just for your information, but I have yet to explain to Toni what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave.

Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two triple-a batteries, etc., etc. There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently (trusting little soul), reading the directions (that would be me, not Gracie) and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh and blood target. I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie for a fraction of a second and thought better of it. She is such a sweet kitty, after all. But, if I was going to give this thing to Toni to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong? Was I wrong to think that? Seemed reasonable to me at the time...

So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, Tazer in another. The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant; a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a loss of bodily control; a three-second burst would purportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water. All the while I'm looking at this little device (measuring about 5" long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference, pretty cute really, and loaded with two itsy, bitsy triple-a batteries) thinking to myself, "no darned way!" ...darned way - trust me, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best.

Those of you who know me well have got a pretty good idea of what followed. I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side as to say, "don't do it buddy," reasoning that a one-second burst from such a tiny lil' ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad (sound, rational thinking under the circumstances, wouldn't you agree?).

I decided to give myself a one-second burst just for the hell of it. (Note: You know, a bad decision is like hindsight--always twenty-twenty. It is so obvious that it was a bad decision after the fact, even though it seemed so right at the time. Don't ya hate that?).

I touched the prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and HOLY S**T! DAaaaauuuuuuMN!!! I'm pretty sure that Jessie Ventura ran in through the front door, picked me up out of that recliner, then body slammed me on the carpet over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the foetal position, nipples on fire, testicles nowhere to be found, soaking wet, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position. Gracie was standing over me making meowing sounds I had never heard before, licking my face, undoubtedly thinking to herself, "Do it again, do it again!"

(Note: If you ever feel compelled to mug yourself with a Tazer, one note of caution. There is no such thing as a one-second burst when you zap yourself. You're not going to let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor. Then, if you're lucky, you won't dislodge one of the prongs 1/4" deep in your thigh like yours truly.) SON-OF-A-BITCH that hurt!

A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was a relative thing at this point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape. My reading glasses were on the mantel of the fireplace. How did they get there??? My triceps, right thigh and both titties were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, as my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs. give or take an ounce or two, I'm pretty sure.

By the way, has anyone seen my testicles? I think they ran away. I'm offering a reward. They're round, rather large, kinda hairy, and handsome if I must say so myself. Miss 'em . . . sure would like to get 'em back.

A lesson to be learned from typing the wrong email address!!!!

An Alberta couple decided to go to Florida to thaw out during a particularly icy winter. They planned to stay at the same hotel where they spent their honeymoon 20 years earlier. Because of hectic schedules, it was difficult to coordinate their travel arrangements. So, the husband left Calgary and flew to Florida on Thursday, with his wife flying down the following day. The husband checked into the hotel. There was a computer in his room, so he decided to send an email to his wife. However, he accidentally left out one letter in her email address, and without realising his error, sent the email to the wrong person!

Meanwhile, somewhere in Houston, a widow had just returned home from her husband's funeral. He was a minister who was called home to glory following a heart attack. The widow decided to check her email expecting messages from relatives and friends. After reading the first message, she screamed and fainted. The widow's son rushed into the room, found his mother on the floor, and saw the computer screen which read:

To: My Loving Wife
Subject: I've Arrived
Date: January 17, 2008

I know you're surprised to hear from me. They have computers here now and you are allowed to send emails to your loved ones. I've just arrived and have been checked in. I've seen that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow. Looking forward to seeing you then!!!! Hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was.

P.S. Sure is freaking hot down here!!!

MY FIRST DRIVE ON A STEAM TRAIN by Gemma Hawkins

In my vocabulary the words to describe your first time driving a locomotive are: amazing, wonderful and fantastic!

Let me tell you about the first time I drove a steam train.

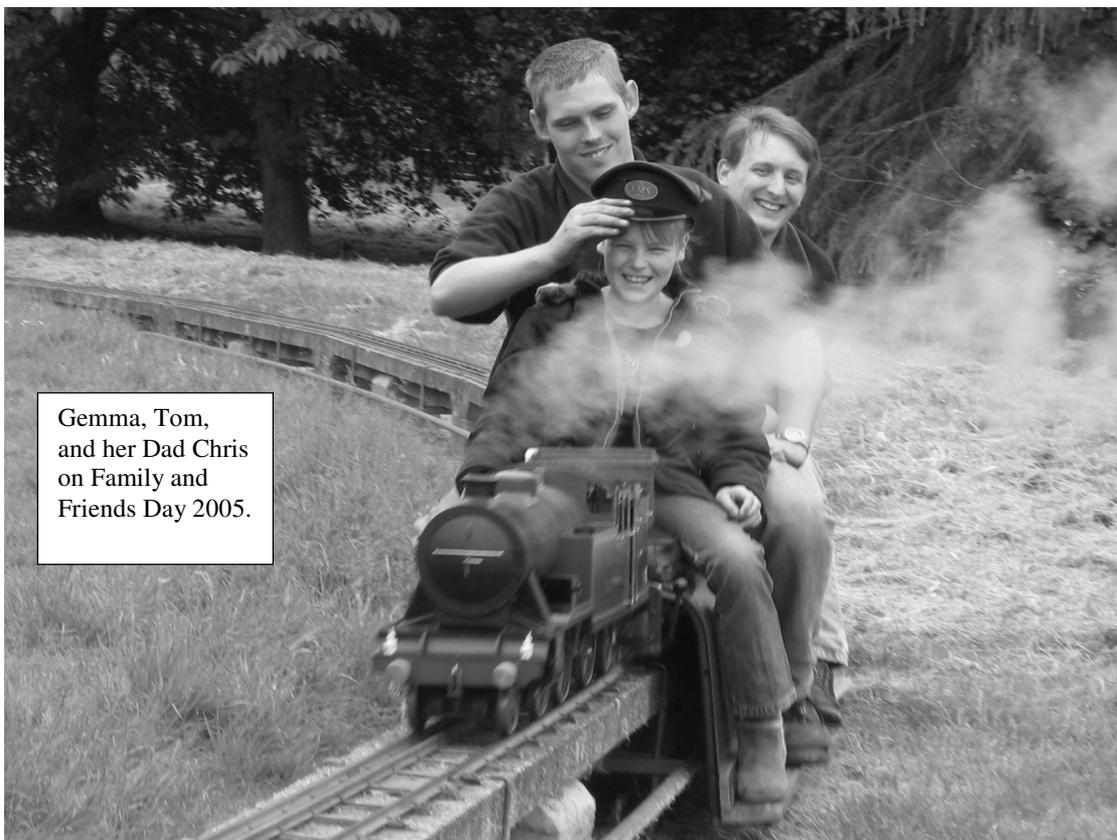
It was a quiet, early Sunday morning, the blazing sun just peeking through the clouds, the dew on the grass from the night before and that countryside smell. Lovely.

Anyway, dad and I caught a lift from granddad (a.k.a wobbly John! Peggy) just to get to the club early for dad to play around on the Duke (boys and their toys). I helped dad as usual to set the loco up. The time passed and eventually the engine was on the track and ready to go. Dad went round the track once or twice then asked me for an oil can and a cloth, this I quickly saw to and then sneakily sat at the back of the trolley for a ride.

We went round a few times then dad asked me if I wanted to drive the steam train - that must have been why he kept telling me what everything was and what they were for. So I gladly took up the offer and moved up in front of the engine, nervous but excited. Dad handed me a cloth so I didn't burn my small fingers and off we went. He kept helping me out - when help was needed.

It was amazing, absolutely wonderful, we rushed through the station, I didn't want it to end (that rush of joy) but it had to. We went round twice more then I handed the loco to dad (for any smarty pants out there I didn't pick up the engine and hand it to my dad, I shuffled down the trolley). My thrilling moment was over but there were many more opportunities ahead of me, like the time Tom trusted me with his loco.

Do you remember that far back, when you first drove?



Gemma, Tom,
and her Dad Chris
on Family and
Friends Day 2005.

Was it great for you as well?

Well, it was fantastic for me and thanks for reading.

Steam in the Harz Mountains

I am not sure what started me thinking about taking a holiday in Germany but a good friend and work colleague often talked about the holidays he took using the European rail network and this attracted me. Our first long rail trip abroad was to Nice in 2007 where Dorothy and I celebrated our silver wedding, but we left the boys at home. I arranged the trains and found a hotel and it all worked out very successfully. When it came to our 2008 holiday I decided to investigate what Great Rail Journeys had to offer. My parents had travelled with them on the Glacier Express several years ago and had been very pleased. So I had a look at the website. Not many of the holidays included steam trains but the Harz Mountains and Rhine Gorge trip did and we decided to book for all four of us.

We joined the Eurostar to Brussels at Ebbsfleet station and I enjoyed the trip along the high speed line back to Ashford as we had not travelled this way before. We arrived in Brussels on time and transferred to the Thalys to Cologne. Again the train ran on time and it was fascinating travelling through new countryside, especially the Ardennes. Our first nights stay was in Cologne and after dinner we went for a short walk around the city centre. The cathedral, old buildings and Roman museum were all very interesting but it was the rail bridge over the Rhine that impressed me most. Cologne is a through station so the bridge carries both passenger and freight traffic. It is the busiest rail bridge in Europe and every time you looked at it there appeared to be three trains on it, ranging from ICE (German Inter City Express) trains to coal hoppers.

Next day we joined the ICE service to Hannover. This was the best of all the trains we travelled on. The journey passed quickly and it wasn't long before we arrived in Hannover and transferred to a coach for the last part of the journey to Wernigerode. As we drove through the Harz Mountains we caught glimpses of the narrow gauge railways, but no trains. We booked into the Hotel Wernigerode and after unpacking and having dinner I thought I would sneak out and have a look to see if there was anything to see. I must admit that I did not really know what to expect. I had seen some pictures of the railway and a few video clips and expected to see a railway a few miles long. I left the hotel and within a couple of minutes was on a modern foot bridge which spanned both the narrow gauge and standard gauge tracks.

I was taken completely by surprise, about a quarter of a mile away was the terminus of the railway and the loco shed with several engines outside it. I set off to get a closer look and was not disappointed. The station was completely open even though it was evening, and I was able to get on to a viewing platform right next to the loco shed. There were about 10 tank locos there, two 0-4-4-0 Mallets and the remainder 2-10-2s. Several of the latter were in steam and sizzling gently. There were no other people about, just a light on the steam raiser's cabin. I soaked up the atmosphere and then returned to the hotel for a beer.

Next day I managed to find out some more information about the Harz Smalspur-Bahnen (HSB). It is metre gauge, runs over more than 85 route miles, and extends over most of the Harz region. There used to be another 40 miles of track but the partition of Germany after the Second World War split the network between East and West. What survives today was in the East; that in the West was closed. Until the Iron Curtain came down there was a lot of freight traffic but tourists are the main business now. The railway has 25 steam locos, 6 railcars and several diesels. Most of the trains are hauled by the steam locos. In the high season there are at least 7 steam departures from Wernigerode each and most of the HSB routes have at least one steam train.

Two days on the HSB were included in our holiday. The first was to the summit of the Brocken, which is the highest point in the Harz. We walked from the hotel and joined the train at Wernigerode Station. The train was made up of 8 bogie vehicles, all in very good condition. We left on time and threaded our way through the town past the main repair depot. The line climbs past houses through the outskirts of the town for some way and then into the forest, eventually arriving at Drei Annen Hohne where the branch to the Brocken splits. It is about 12 miles to the summit and the *average* gradient is 1 in 33. The engine worked hard as the track wound round the mountain gaining height and it was most exhilarating.

The engine hauled the train with apparent ease. There were very few cinders raining down and hardly any blowing off. The top of the mountain was covered in mist but this was counteracted by a hearty snack of soup and sausage. We then had a tour of the museum which charts the different parts of the mountain's history. The line up the Brocken was originally built mainly for tourists. In WW2 there was a German radar station at the top and the Russians had a listening post there during the Cold War. It has now returned to being a tourist line. Just before we departed, the two Mallets arrived from Wernigerode on a special. They positively romped into the station and it was hard to believe that they are more than 110 years old. The train back to Wernigerode was rather crowded but the trip was enlivened by the youngest of our party visiting the toilet compartment and gravely informing us that "it was just a hole in the floor and you could see the track". What an experience!

The next day we were taken by coach to Quedlinburg to ride on the Selketalbahn. The first part of the route has only recently been converted from the standard gauge and is reasonably level but the latter part has gradients as steep as 1 in 25 and our 2-6-2 tank only just kept its feet. At the end of this journey we transferred by coach to Eisfelder Tahmuhle for the return ride to Wernigerode. For me this was the highlight of the trip. Another 2-10-2 was hauling 8 vehicles over this switchback route and was complete master of the work. The engine was running bunker first and had a wagon converted to an open coach next to the engine. This was empty because of the pouring rain so John suggested I video from the balcony of the second coach. This was an impressive location but the rain running down the camera lens did rather obscure the picture! On this journey we were treated to the sight of three 2-10-2s together at Drei Annen Hohne. This happens every afternoon in the summer when trains converge on the three lines.

The motto of the HSB must be "No Half Measures". The trains run quite fast round sharp blind corners with absolute confidence. Mind you I would not want to argue with 65 tons of German engineering. A lorry tried it recently but the engine won!

Overall it was an excellent holiday with some wonderful memories.

I have to thank Dorothy for again putting up with my choice of holiday.

Richard Linkins



Wernigerode Loco Yard



Climbing to the Brocken



View from the Brocken!



Going Well

Steam in the Harz Mountains by Richard Linkins - pictures

CONSTRUCTION OF OUR TOILETS IN THE FORMER TROLLEY STORE NEXT TO THE CLUBHOUSE – AS AT THE END OF NOVEMBER 2007.



TWO LOOS NO TREK!!!

Many thanks to all our contributors without whom we would never have got this far, whether it be money, parts, time or skills, in particular Edgar Playfoot and Dave Deller and of course my man Martin Parham who had to do the paperwork, design etc to make it all possible.

SUE'S SPOT

Good Day My Friends!



Well, after much begging I have some articles for this overdue newsletter, so much to your relief I will not be filling the newsletter with my travels this year, although I could, as it's been an interesting year, as well as entering Jack into Littlelec in Guildford in May, there was the Steam Dreams trip to Edinburgh via York by Sir Nigel Gresley (the A4 steam locomotive of course) in early July, in autumn going to the Galapagos and Peru and travelling to Machu Picchu on the Hiram Bingham Orient Express (pictured), well I do realise you don't want to hear all about me! You might have had to if Gemma, Ron, Richard and Norman hadn't come up trumps. In fact, apologies to Gemma as her article arrived the day the last newsletter went into print, over six months ago, so it must seem ages since she wrote it! While I think of it, welcome to her baby brother Michael James, the latest member of the Hawkins Model Engineering Clan!

So I will unscramble my brain and try and recall events since the last newsletter, or even before, as for starters I need to thank Charles Darley for running the February Quiz Night. For once all those at Paul Clark's table didn't win, this year's winners were Graham Kimber, Mike Prescott, Vic Reynolds and Peter Roots. Alas the Big Event of the year for Maidstone, the Radio One Weekend in May with Madonna headlining was a disaster for us financially as nobody seemed to be our side of the Park let alone wanting a ride on the Sunday, so despite the fine weather, and us public running all day for once, we took very little money. In fact the weather generally has not been good this year and takings reflect this, being well down, just when we needed the money for the club toilet installation. The fact the icecream kiosk nearest us wasn't open most of the year I am sure made a difference to the number of passengers too.



The Foundryman, Noel Shelley, who has been doing the rounds of model engineering societies with his demonstrations, paid us a couple of visits, in April as Guest Speaker, and this being so well received he came back in June to an additional club night. This time we had a demonstration from him, actually firing up his mobile furnace and casting some nameplates. Later in June our

oldest member Reg and his wife Lou came for Sunday lunch, always nice to see them, thanks to Pat and Geoff for providing the transport for them to and from Hastings.



The Wednesday gang continue working well at the club, doing so many large and small items of work, like maintenance, cutting back the undergrowth etc. Many thanks to them all and a special vote of thanks to Gus (Gerald Spenceley) for all his hard work on Fast Franc, the SNCF petrol powered club locomotive that has needed quite a bit of attention to get it running right, as it had not run for some years when it came into our possession. This engine belonged to late member Frank Deeprose who built and ran it at Mote Park, and some years after his death it was sold to the club. We did struggle a bit finding Duty Dogs (I beg your pardon, I mean Traffic Controllers) this year, although my threatening behaviour one spring club night did bring forth a few volunteers who feared for their lives otherwise. Sadly, as usual, at the club site we suffered from vandalism – track damage, graffiti, lights smashed, fence kicked in, seat broken, smashed bottles to clear up on a regular basis and other rubbish.

Our ever popular – increasingly so, it is nice to report – Club Annual Sunday Lunch, this time our 7th one, is at the Grangemoor Hotel on Sunday February 1st. Don't forget to let Pat have your menu choices and money by January Club night, that's Friday January 2nd 2009.

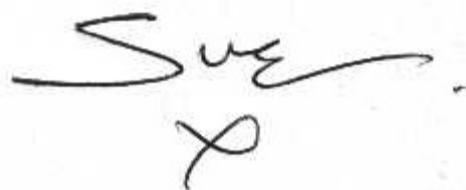
The Big Project for the club, the loos being installed in our former trolley store, progresses. Never straightforward, additional bureaucracy along the way is sorted, the cess tank is in, fittings are being installed, the plumbing and electrics are in course and the flooring will be done soon. We must thank Romney Club for their kind donation, they remembered that Maidstone helped them when they started up and felt now was the time to aid us. Much appreciated. So we will have a bit of a do to celebrate the completion of this much-needed facility for members, when we start public running in 2009, on Sunday 29th March. Everything should be finished by then, it can be known as The First Flush of Spring! March 29th is also the latest day when I require the monies for our 80th anniversary dinner on the Kent and East Sussex Railway, taking place on Saturday May 30th.

What else do I have to tell you now... that the Club does not accept commercial boiler tests on engines. If anyone out there has some old pictures of the club then we would appreciate seeing them and making copies for the Club. My thanks to newsletter contributors this issue and this year, including those friends that e-mail funnies to us (I never remember who sent what). My apologies for any errors. Articles for the next issue are required by Easter Sunday (April 12th 2009) please, and maybe someone might like to take over newsletter? Just let me know! If I'm still doing it in 2011 then I'll have been Press Officer for 30 years.....of course, I was only five when I started.....

On that note it's probably time I departed and got stuck into the Christmas spirit! (Be it Gin and Tonic or Pinot Grigot!)

All the very best of the season to each and every one of you.

Keep healthy.
Have a great Christmas.
And have a Happy New Year,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sue', with a large flourish extending to the right and a small 'x' mark below it.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following into the club:

Brian Douglas, retired electrical technician, from Rochester, model making activities clocks and steam locomotives;

Mick Cranfield, retired, from Maidstone, no model making yet;

Cerys Morrison, student, from Maidstone, supporting Tom (Parham, her boyfriend) and learning to drive locomotives;

Cecil Pollock, electrician, from Dublin, who has general model making activities;

Jordan Higgins, junior member, from Bearsted, model making activities OO gauge and steam engines.

M.M.E.S. DIARY DATES 2008-2009

Friday December 5:	Bring & Buy & Fish 'n' Chips 'n' Cheesecake £6 per head
Friday December 26:	Boxing Day Run
2009	
Friday January 2:	Bits 'n' Pieces 'n' Crumpets Night
Sunday February 1:	MMES Sunday Lunch at the Grangemoor Hotel, Maidstone, 12-30 for 1pm.
Friday February 6:	Natter Night with Chilli Con Carne/Cheese Jacket Potatoes £2pp
Friday March 6:	Annual General Meeting
Sunday March 29:	First Public Run of the year (British Summertime starts) and First Flush! Grand Opening of the MMES Toilets at noon.
Friday April 3:	Wallace & Gromit Quiz Night
Wednesday April 15:	Members Playtime Run
Friday May 1:	Guest Speaker
Wednesday May 20:	Members Playtime Run
Saturday May 30:	Decadal Dinner & 80 th Celebration on the K.. & E.S.R Tenterden
Friday June 5:	Evening Run and Fish 'n' Chips 'n' Cheesecake £6pp
Wednesday June 17:	Members Playtime Run
Friday July 3:	Evening Run and BYOB (Bring Your Own Barbecue)
Wednesday July 15:	Members Playtime Run
Friday August 7:	Preparation evening for:
Saturday August 8:	MMES 80 th Anniversary and Specially Invited Clubs Open Day
Wednesday August 19:	Members Playtime Run
Friday September 4:	Evening Run and Pizza & Salad £2pp
Wednesday September 16:	Members Playtime Run
Friday October 2:	Guest Speaker
Wednesday October 21:	Last Members Playtime Run of the year
Sunday October 25:	Last Public Run (British Summertime ends)
Friday November 6:	Bits 'n' Pieces 'n' Crumpets Night
Friday December 4:	Bring & Buy & Fish & Chips & Cheesecake £6pp
Saturday December 26:	Boxing Day Run

Most Friday evening events start at @ 7-30pm; evening runs can be a bit earlier. Wednesday Playtime Runs from about 10-30am. Donation of a minimum £1 per person (if no sum is stated) for evening meetings, please, it goes towards club costs, and should you feel generous more is always welcome at anytime. Meetings may change if necessity demands it.

The small print: Please note that events/dates are likely be added before the next newsletter. Be aware that dates may change and sometimes events get cancelled and we may not know. A copy of the diary dates is kept on the clubhouse notice board and updated from time to time. If in doubt, please check. But we don't claim to know everything! Feel free to contact the Secretary for any details or information on MMES meetings. The Club website is at www.maidstonemes.co.uk

SOME OF THE EVENTS KNOWN ABOUT ELSEWHERE THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO ATTEND:

January 16-18: London Model Engineering Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace

February 13-15: Brighton Model World at the Brighton Centre

March 14: Southern Federation A.G.M. at Mizzens Farm, Woking Miniature Railway Society

April 4-5: Taunton M.E.S. Model Engineering Exhibition

May 8-10: Harrogate Model Engineering Exhibition at the Harrogate Showground

May 3-4: Vale of Aylesbury Miniature Railway Gala

May 16-17: Southern Federation Spring Rally at Llanelli & DMES, then Open Day on 17th

May 30-31: Vale of Aylesbury Traction Engine Rally

June 6-7: Sweet Pea Rally at Sheffield S.M.E.E.

June 13-14: Harrow & Wembley M.E. Open Weekend

June 27-28: M.S.R.V.S. Traction Engine Rally Tewkesbury

July 4: Chingford Open Day

July 4-5: IMLEC at Bristol S.M.E.E.

July 18-19: Guildford MES Model Steam Rally & Exhibition

July 25-26: City of Oxford S.M.E. Dreaming Spires Rally

August 21-23: Bristol Model Engineering Exhibition at Thornbury Leisure Centre

August 29-31: Harrow & Wembley M.E. Open Weekend

September 12-13: Birmingham National Locomotive Rally (their 20th?)

September 19-20: Southern Federation Autumn Rally at City of Oxford S.M.E. then Open Day on 20th

October 16-20: Midlands Model Engineering Exhibition at Warwickshire Exhibition Centre

And finally from Paul Rolleston (I missed putting this in the last issue):
Spot the mistake (no prizes!).

