



Issue 35

19th November 2020

Dear all,

Hope you are all still staying safe and watching some of the golden oldies of humour that you can find around the channels on TV at the moment?

I guess we are going to stay with Covid restrictions for a bit longer yet.

I find it interesting that all we hear is everyone pushing the government to say we can be together at Christmas and not concentrating on ensuring social distancing is being upheld to help make that decision possible.

I have a friend who has been having Christmas lunch using Skype with his brother who has been overseas for several years. We have agreed with the family to plan for being together for Christmas lunch but if we cannot, we will also have Christmas lunch together by Skype.

I have had a relatively quiet week again but took on the task of sorting out about 1200 photos that have got on my iPad one way or another. The iPad was groaning that it was running out of memory. I have been successful in transferring to storage and in the process binned nearly half of them!

Otherwise it's been another quiet week with a few skypes, bit of tidying up of the garden, dug up the dahlias, and again spent some time in the man cave cutting a few more bits of metal for the chassis of the Brighton Belle.

Keep safe

Mike W

Brief club house NEWS

Great news the roof was completed last week and the scaffolding went last Friday. Andrew Brock is issuing a Newsletter in the next few days so read the latest there.

I have spoken with Norman's wife Hazel this week and she tells me that Norman has now moved to The Kleinwort Centre, opposite Beech Hurst, who specialise in integrated discharge of patients to help their return home from a hospital stay as soon as possible.

They had attempted to move Norman earlier but he had developed a virus that had to clear up before he could be moved.

The security will go back into full operation again now that there is no daily activity at the club so my grateful thanks to Andrew S, Andrew B, and Tom Broome for continuing with the security visits.

Mike W.

Did you know that America's first steam engine lost to a horse?

(Found on <https://www.history.com/news/8-things-you-may-not-know-about-trains>)

In 1827, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad became the first U.S. company granted a charter for transporting both passengers and freight. However, the company struggled to produce a steam engine capable of travelling over rough and uneven terrain, instead relying on horse-drawn trains.

An industrialist Peter Cooper, who owned extensive land holdings over the area proposed for a route of a railroad, who could see the potential value of his land increasing offered to design and build just such an engine. On August 28, 1830, Cooper's engine, which he called the "Tom Thumb," was undergoing testing on B&O tracks near Baltimore when a horse-drawn train pulled up alongside it and challenged Cooper to a race. Cooper accepted, and the race was on. The steam engine quickly roared into the lead, but when a belt broke loose it was forced to retire, and the horse crossed the finish line first. However, B&O executives, impressed with the massive power and speed Cooper's engine had proven capable of, made the decision to convert their fledgling railroad to steam. The B&O became one of the most successful railways in the United States, and Cooper (with his newly minted fortune) went on to a career as an investor and philanthropist, donating the money for New York's Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art.

Mike P's musings No.33

Reading Aussie Dave's article about Brown snakes, reminded me of an incident on one of my tours back around the turn of the century. Australians always seem rather blasé about snakes, or the risks they pose, in fact I found them (Aussies), to be quite laid back about many things, and this story will probably ring true to the folks down under.

I was conducting a north-south tour of Australia by bus and train. Starting in Darwin on the north coast, bus to Alice Springs down the Stuart Highway (a two day journey), then on to Adelaide via "The Ghan" railway, finally travelling on to Melbourne by bus.

All of our Australian tours were conducted by driver/guides. We, the tour managers, were not supposed to do tour commentary on the microphone, only introductions and organizational remarks. On the first day of our tour, I met our driver who immediately told me he didn't often drive buses, but usually hauled trucks, (road trains), up and down to Alice Springs. He said he knew the road well, and I assumed he would be able to make the journey interesting. Once loaded and all set, as we drove out of Darwin on day 1, I introduced our driver "Darren", and told everyone that he would provide interesting commentary along the way. Darren promptly took over the microphone and began to speak. He wished everyone a cheery "good morning" and then asked if they had brought a good book with them, because, as he said "the next two days are going to be bloody boring!" My heart sank!

Anyway, to get to my story, one of our day trips out of Alice Springs, was up into the Macdonnell Ranges, which are hills to the north of the town. Our lunch time stop was at a set of billabongs where Darren said it was safe for people to swim. Some clients changed clothes on the big rocks around the edge of the pools. Unknown to me, one obviously shy guy went into the undergrowth behind the rocks to change. He came running out and presented himself with a snake bite on his leg. Someone made a tourniquet to put around his thigh and I quickly dashed to find our driver. Remember, in those days there were no mobile phones, or any phones at all, out there. I asked our driver what we might do, and how near we were to any medical facilities. Darren said I should go and, "Ask the client what colour the snake was, and if it was brown, not to worry about medical facilities because it was already too late!" The

nearest hospital (and telephone) were back at base about 4 hours away. A bit of a dilemma, not to mention the paperwork that would be involved!

Well, the customer hadn't seen the snake clearly, so I decided not to mention about brown ones being fairly lethal, and pretended it was probably harmless, whilst secretly praying it was! Back on the bus, 2 hours later, the poor guy was still ok and alive, so we had "dodged that bullet"! He got lucky...as did I!

Of course, the other visit from Alice was to Ayers Rock, (now called Uluru), not far away as the Aussies say. (450kms).

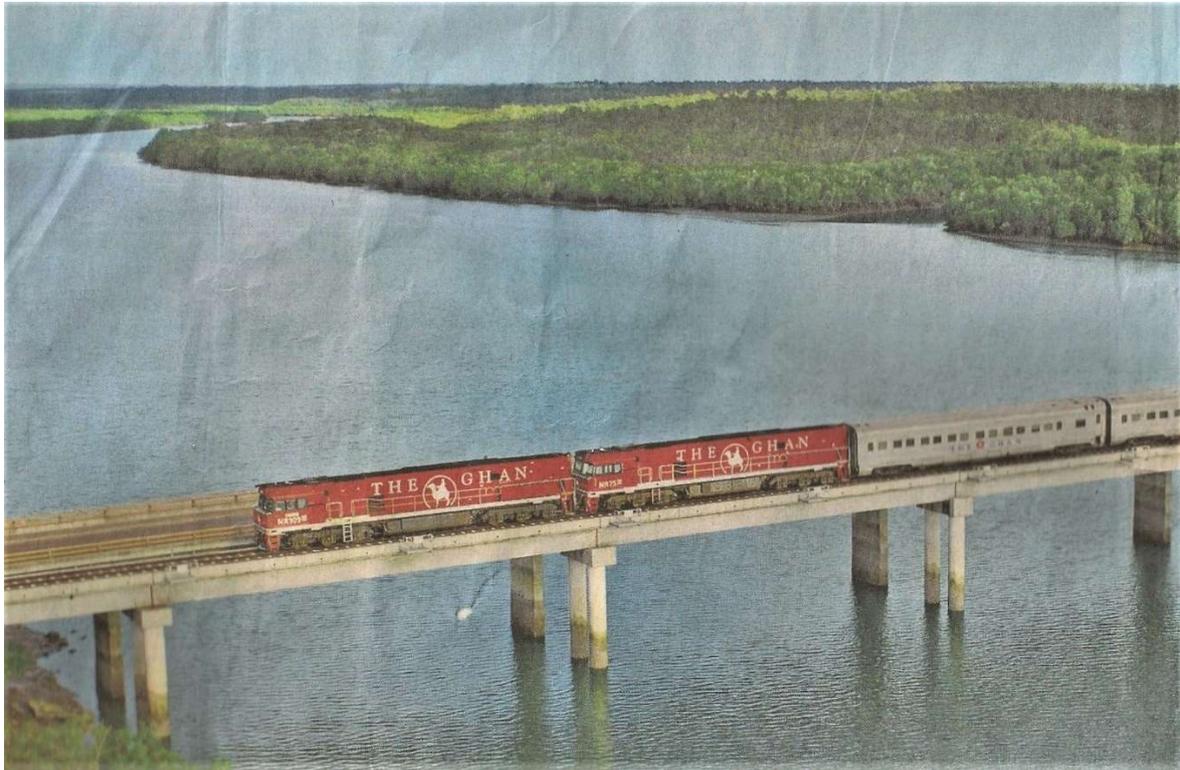


We stayed there one night and in the evening went to see the rock change colour in the sunset, and wait in the desert to view the amazing southern night sky, far from human light pollution. There seemed to be more stars in the southern sky. After a short night's sleep, we then returned again at 5 am for those who wanted to climb the rock.

The first short section of the climb was about 300 feet and very steep, smooth, and without hand chains! A huge smooth boulder, nicknamed "Chicken Rock", 40 feet across, had to be scaled limpet style. If you were too "chicken" and didn't have the nerve, (or stupidity) to get up there, then you couldn't do the climb. I'll tell you it was scary. Just a handful of my group went up, and I went to keep an eye on them, (that was my excuse). I got to the top, pulling myself up the steep 50 degree climb by the chain which began at 300 feet up. It's all smooth and there is no safety net. Quite a few have fallen off over the years. Leaving at 5 am it was about an hour's hard climb up. The sun

comes up about 6.30am and quickly gets scorching hot, so it was a good idea to be down by 7-7.30am. Nowadays, it's closed to climbers on religious (aboriginal) grounds.

Anyway, to get to the railway part of this musing, the Afghan express was so nicknamed in the 1920's and the name became shortened to "The Ghan" thereafter.



The railway was named after the Afghan camel handlers who ran the camel trains that helped to open up the interior of Australia's untamed centre in the late 19th century. After the railway was completed, the camel trains became too slow and unprofitable, so many of the camels were just set loose and thrived in the outback, and formed huge feral herds. They did so well, that Australia has sold some back to the Middle East and has had to cull about 5,000 this year, to control numbers, shooting them from helicopters, "in accordance with the highest standards of animal welfare". Hmm.

Anyway, as usual....I digress! When I went there, the section from Darwin to Alice hadn't been completed (finished 2004), so we travelled on the original section Alice to Adelaide which had been laid in 1929. The new whole journey from Darwin to Adelaide is 2,979 kms and takes about 3 days on the Ghan, trundling along at up to about 85kph maximum. By plane it's a 3 ½ hour flight, but you would miss so much. Darwin is lush and tropical and often sweltering, whilst the journey to Alice Springs passes through the red heart of the Northern Territory.

Just look at the colour of my photo near Ayers rock, I had no filters or fancy equipment.



Nowadays, the train stops at Alice, on its way south, to be cleaned and have supplies replenished, then it's on to Adelaide across fields passing endless eucalyptus trees, to wine country. My claim to fame is that I did it before Michael Palin. Ha,ha.

The Ghan operates weekly all year round, leaving Darwin on Wednesday and arriving in Adelaide on Friday. The return train leaves on Sunday, back in Darwin on Tuesday. If bookings were up, they hooked on more cars. Simple! I wonder if it ran this covid year?

Just five weeks 'til Christmas....arghhhh!

Stay safe.

Mike P

A Trip on an 'Up and Downer' Part 2.
By John Richardson.



The following morning, I was down on watch by myself as usual, when the phone rang: this was the bridge who enquired "Could we be ready to go in three quarters of an hour?" Provisionally we had been expecting to sail after breakfast, so this left me in a bit of a dilemma, as to whether or not I should go and wake up the 2nd engineer for stand-by. I had never actually prepared the engine for sea by myself but on the other hand, the 2nd had been drinking with the Chief until well past midnight. This meant he would not be in a very fit state to do much anyway and could be pretty well guaranteed to give me a mouthful of abuse if I woke him up, so I decided to have a go myself. The fireman on my watch was quite a useful sort of chap and could look after the boilers on his own, which meant that all I had to worry about was getting the engine ready, putting steam on the steering and running up the turbo 'jenny'.

I attended to the 'jenny' first, which, as the 'Preston' was a D.C. ship, meant that there was none of the synchronization procedure to go through that is associated with A.C. plant; it was simply a case of running up the turbine until the governor took over, ensuring that it was actually producing some voltage and then throwing in a knife switch on the very old fashioned D.C. switchboard. The load would then be balanced between the two using the trimmers on the

field coil regulators. When we were 'full away' at sea, the diesel 'jenny' could be disconnected by throwing out another knife switch and then shut down.

Warming through the engine consisted simply of opening all the cylinder drains so that any condensed water in the cylinders could escape, starting the reversing engine so that it went from ahead to astern and back again about every 15 seconds and then cracking open the throttle, so that between about 10 and 20 pounds of steam showed on the high pressure steam chest gauge. At first, nothing would happen except for the sound of steam and water blowing out of the drains, while the weighshaft which operated the Stephenson's valve gear would move slowly to and fro, taking the expansion links and eccentric rods from side to side with it. After a minute or two however, the engine would give a convulsive movement one way or the other and then, as the reversing gear moved over to the opposite direction, it would kick back again - steam reciprocating engines run equally well either way and are reversed by resetting the valve gear using the reversing engine as described above. These oscillations would get steadily larger as the engine warmed up, until eventually it was making a complete turn or so each way - I never ceased to be fascinated by the sight of all the gleaming steel rods and cranks slowly coming to life.

The engine could be left on its own to kick over like this for several minutes, but as it warmed up it would steadily become more energetic, until it might be making a couple of full turns in each direction; at this stage the throttle would be closed in a bit because we didn't want to be turning the propeller enough to start moving the ship and straining the ropes. At around the same time the high and intermediate pressure drains could also be closed as by then they would be blowing mostly steam, although the low pressure ones were usually left open until we were actually on the move - the low pressure cylinder being the largest, took longest to warm up.

The reversing engine itself was a little two cylinder vertical job sited conveniently beside the main throttle, so that both were within easy reach of the man on manoeuvring duty. It was operated by a small valve on the steam supply which was of the quick acting variety, so that it could be started and stopped easily and precisely where required. The engine drove a worm and worm wheel, to which was connected a crank pin and rod that operated the weighshaft as noted above. On the worm wheel which was of burnished steel, two brass plates marked 'Ahead' and 'Astern' were riveted on, 180 degrees apart. To manoeuvre the engine, it was necessary to start the reversing engine running until the appropriate brass plate lined up with a steel pointer and then stop it, at which position the engine was set to run in the direction indicated.

Unlike turbine plant, reciprocating engines could be reversed very quickly – no more than a few seconds being required to go from ahead to astern. This rapid manoeuvring capability made the steam reciprocating engine the popular choice for tug boats and small ferries up until the 1960s, when controllable pitch propellers became commonplace, thereby allowing the all conquering diesel engine to take over this last bastion of the ‘up and downer’.

While the engine was warming itself up, the other main job I had to attend to was the lubrication. Unlike turbine ships, where oil is pressure fed to all the bearings, triple expansion steam engines are lubricated by hand in the same way as railway locomotives or traction engines. There was a small mechanical pump that provided minute amounts of thick steam oil to the high pressure cylinder – this used about two pints every watch. The more important bearings were supplied by brass oil boxes with copper pipes leading down to wherever the oil was required. Each of these copper pipes terminated inside the boxes just below the top and the oil was siphoned down them by worsted wicks twisted into pieces of soft iron wire – the more strands of worsted there were in these ‘trimmings’ the faster the oil would siphon out. Every time we were getting ready to put to sea, the boxes would be filled and the trimmings inserted into the pipes to start the oil flow; at ‘Finished with Engines’ they would be taken out again to save wasting oil. All the lesser bearings and pin joints were supplied from oil cups or even simple oil holes, which would get a squirt from an oil can once or twice a watch. I was amazed that this large engine would happily run all day on just a couple of gallons of lubricating oil applied in this rather haphazard fashion without any bearing ever running hot – at least none ever did when I was there.

Just before the appointed time for departure, the bridge phoned down to ask if I was ready and having received my affirmative answer, the telegraph was tested by ringing round to each position in turn before coming to rest on ‘Stand-by’. It wasn’t a very long wait before I got the first movement which was for ‘Slow Astern’. I duly started the reversing engine running and then neatly stopped it when the appropriate brass plate was lined up with the pointer, before giving the main throttle a quick half turn, which caused the engine to ease smoothly and silently into motion. There was no rev counter to tell me how fast the engine was going but the HP steam chest pressure gauge was marked in red at the pressures that corresponded to the required speeds, so all I had to do was to adjust the throttle until I got the right pressure. The engine was really delightful to handle and although the movements were coming down every few seconds until we cleared the berth I was managing to keep up

with them quite easily; in fact, the hardest part was finding the time to record them all in the movement book, which finished up looking a bit untidy as a result.

Occasionally the engine might stop with the HP piston on top or bottom dead centre, from which position it could develop zero torque and the engine would not therefore start. To get round this problem, the IP cylinder (whose crank was set at 120 degrees round from the HP) could be given steam directly via an additional control called the 'simpling valve' which by-passed the HP cylinder; one puff of steam applied in this way would be enough to start the engine moving after which the main throttle could be opened in the normal way.

After around ten minutes of shunting back and forth the telegraph settled on 'Full Ahead' and I guessed that we had swung round and were now on our way back down river. The fireman meanwhile had been busy adjusting the fuel and feed pumps and had by now got all three furnaces lit up in each boiler, so we were generally in good order and gave each other an encouraging 'thumbs up'.

It was now getting on for 8 o'clock and the friendly figure of the 3rd engineer came down the ladders to take over. Normally, the 3rd would have had the 12 to 4 watch but on the 'Preston' he had swapped with the 4th who, for some unknown reason didn't seem to mind it. Seeing that I was on my own he remarked: "It didn't take that idle bastard long to get you trained up then?" referring of course to the 2nd. I replied that he was usually in such a foul mood every morning that I was a lot happier that way. We had a bit of a chat about him then, which was when I learned the bit about him being a Cunard steward. The 2nd himself finally appeared just after 8 o'clock looking rather bleary eyed. I would imagine that most people might think that a word of thanks would be in order, seeing as I had covered his job for the entire watch: they would be mistaken however, for he walked past us both without a word - not even 'Good morning'. He then spent a minute or two examining the log before coming up to me and remarking what a mess I'd made in the movement book and why hadn't I swabbed the plates!

John R.

Andrew Ellis

I can't take any credit for this project. My mother built the shop from a kit. The shelves etc were built from boxes off the local greengrocers stall. Some of the small items were made by her and others were bought over the years at dolls house fairs. The dolls all look a little surprised. It seems from the newspapers on the counter and by the shop door that the King has abdicated. Well I never!!

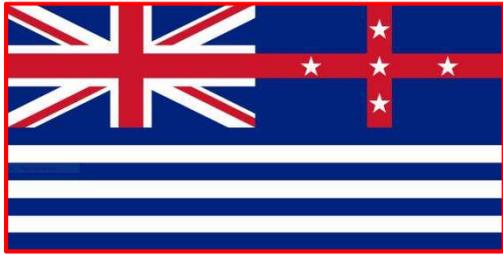




Andrew E

Editors note:- This is only a sample of the shots that Andrew submitted as they had to be large to appreciate the detail. More next week.

News From Afar - 18 Nov.



Monday 16th Nov 20

A visit to our house by young George.

See picture later in issue.

Saturday task.

I keep going into my shed, and there on the bench as usual is 'Ajax' patiently waiting for me, or someone, to get the pipe work of its' lubricator back together.



There were a couple of challenges here. The left hand picture below, in the left hand circle, indicates that there is a fitting apparently missing to join to to the pipe, circled right, which has yet to be trimmed and again has no fitting.

Looking at the pipe shown on the left, I thought that was no way the fitting could fall off of this pipe, so I went hunting. You guessed it, as always it was found in the most inaccessible spot under the loco. How to retrieve it? After some bad language due to the fitting always slipping back down the pipe at the most inappropriate moment and thinking terrible thoughts about the loco, a possible solution came into my head. I tied a noose around it with thin wire as seen in the right hand picture, and dragged it

up the pipe. I left the noose around it as I didn't want the 'b' thing to disappear into the bowels again.



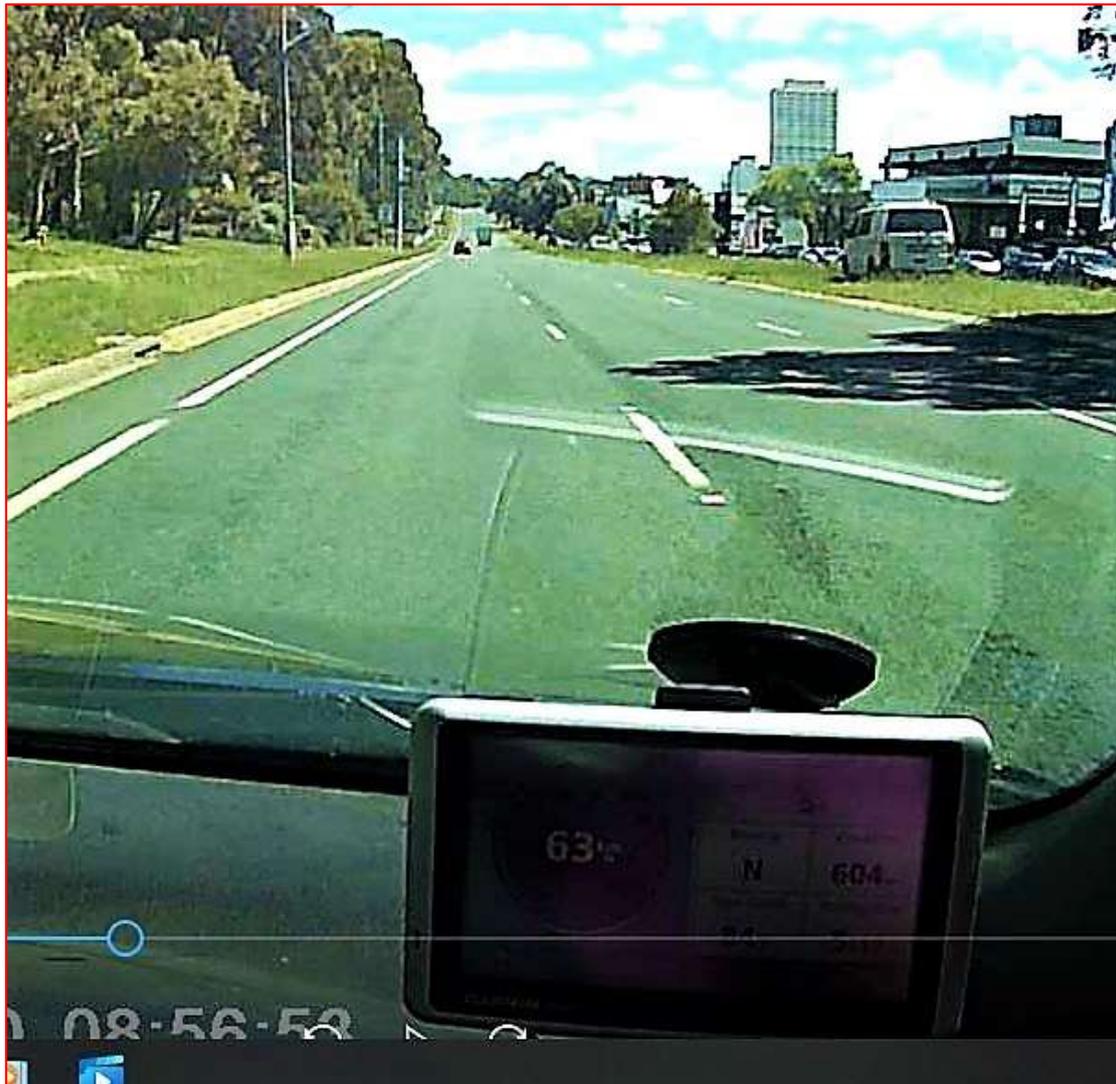
I didn't have a fitting for the end of the other pipe as I had 'borrowed' it from an old pressure gauge I have in my collection. I phoned Paul to see if he had one in his 'bits and pieces' and said I would pop around. We searched his bits with no success so he decided to make another on the spot. Within half an hour the new piece had been fabricated, Clever that guy Paul, and much more machinery and tools than I have.



Above shows Paul in his domain with the Brit. awaiting completion in the background. Soon we hope. When he stops doing stuff for other people. Bottom right fitting soldered and just awaiting finishing touches. There is a 'back story here. When I arrived at Pauls' I could not see his car. I phoned him to see if he was indeed at home. His car is usually in the drive as his garage is

one of his workshops. This time he had managed to squeeze it in, just. I digress. During the call he was seen walking down his drive. Getting out of my car I made a mistake. I realised after completion of the task and getting back to my car and turning on the ignition, that I had a problem as I could hear noises through my speakers. As my phone connects to my car via 'Bluetooth' I realised that I had just made a 36 minute call to Paul without anybody listening. Bugger. Another seniors moment.

Just to add to my misery, on my way to Pauls' I encountered this shown below.



The speed limit here is 60 kph, my GPS says 63 kph. The van in the central corridor is the speed camera. The only question is, where was the camera aimed and what speed was I doing when I noticed it? I may get away with 63 but if I was going somewhat faster? I await the postman....

Sunday 15 November - A P.S. Enterprise Day

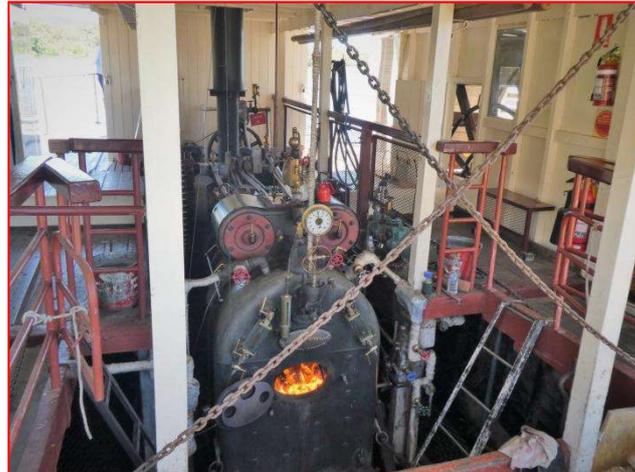


We are so popular, dancing girls greet us on our arrival. In sailor suits even.



Not quite the truth. What did greet us was the scourge of warming lake water.

Blue Green Algae.



Some general pictures. A good day. Fine weather, no wind and as some would say comfortable 28 C.

I was engineer for the day and when moored at the pier, on the footplate it got up to 38C. Not quite so comfortable, but I think the hottest it got down there one summer was 52C. Getting dangerous.

Monday Work.



We managed to get the basic frame up for the kiosk pergola or whatever name you like to put on it. I say managed, as the wind got up somewhat and kept giving us 'challenges'.

Wednesday 18th November, 2020



We, that is Keith, Darryl and I, managed to get the posts concreted in and half the sheets up today. It has caused a problem. As it was 26C today and hotter putting the sheets on, once we got to this point everyone sat in the new shade to find out how good it is, and that was that. We just sat and enjoyed looking at our work in the cool. We think we will do the other half Monday starting early when it is cool. It will only take less than two hours.



The other issue is pictured left.

John O partly obscured, it telling the operator that the 'slasher' will not cut concrete shown at John's feet. The skid has come adrift also to take pity. No harm done in the long run.

Young George.



'George' is a young Huntsman spider which are seen sometimes inside and outside our house mainly in the warmer months. George (I don't know why, but we have always called them George from years ago) shown here is small, they can get to the size where they would cover the palm of my hand.

<https://www.minibeastwildlife.com.au/resources/huntsman-spiders>

Huntsman spiders belong to the family Sparassidae and occur throughout Australia. Encounters with these large harmless spiders are a regular occurrence throughout Australia. Huntsman spiders are wandering hunters that use speed, agility and power to capture their prey. Moths, cockroaches, beetles, crickets and other spiders are their usual prey.



Keep the light on when you go to bed tonight, they may be watching you.

Below is not for those with arachnophobia.

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=huntsman+spider+australia&docid=608012763654849065&mid=5FFC2C273F988B8376115FFC2C273F988B837611&view=detail&FORM=VIRE>

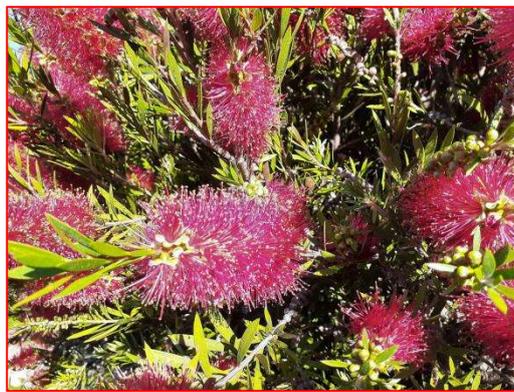
Paste the link above into your search engine if it won't open here.

'Something Totally Golden'

This article has been saved for the next issue due to to the current size of this edition.

Stay well.

David - Canberra - 18th November 2020



Some of my 'Bottle Brushes' have just come into flower.

Special Trains.

The days of diesel locomotives are slowly coming to an end as they are being phased out of rail networks around the world. The UK has joined in the search for an alternative replacement locomotive and one option it is pursuing and testing is a new type of engine that could help decarbonise railways, the Hydrogen Powered Train. .



The first train powered by hydrogen in the UK was designed and developed by engineers from the University of Birmingham and British Rail and Porterbrook. The train is called the Hydroflex and the public got its first sight of it in June 2019 at the Quinton Rail Technology Centre near Stratford-upon-Avon. The train at that time had on board a Hydrogen power system producing enough power to take the train between 50 and 75 miles.

The immediate concern that springs to mind with Hydrogen is airships and fire but in trains there is minimal risk and it is emerging as a viable safe means of transport.

The process is quite simple and the power is generated using a fuel cell comprising of an anode, a cathode and an electrolyte membrane. The stored Hydrogen passes through the anode, where it is split into electrons and protons. The electrons are then forced through a circuit that generates an electric charge that can be stored in lithium batteries or sent directly to the motor. What is left of the hydrogen molecule reacts with oxygen at the cathode and becomes waste water. At present the hydrogen tanks, fuel cell and batteries are stored in a carriage but these would ultimately be stored underneath leaving the space free for more passengers.

Why do we need them when the UK has over 40% of its track electrified and potentially carbon neutral if we use a renewable source of energy?

An assessment was made of 20 lines in the UK and Mainland Europe and it has been estimated that it can cost between £750,000 to £1 million to convert a single Kilometre of track.

Hydrogen-powered trains come out less expensive, because they do not require the expensive track conversion and the locomotives could be created by converting existing diesel trains. This is especially beneficial in rural areas where there are more miles to cover, but fewer passengers to justify the expense.

The environmentalist raise issues against the “Green” claim such as the amount of water used at the mines to extract Lithium but there is a feasibility study going on looking at the possibility of extracting it from the sea using solar power. One other issue is that to produce Hydrogen requires electricity so to be truly green it needs to be using offshore wind farms and solar panels.

One physical problem with using Hydrogen is that although it is very light and can be compressed but its ratio of storage volume to miles is greater than diesel at the moment but there is also research going on to increase this compression.

There are many discussions and decisions to be made but Alstom are selling their Hydrogen trains in Europe at an approximate cost of £5.19m per unit. In March 2017 Alstom completed their test run of the Coradia iLint at 80 km/h in Germany. In September 2018 the train entered passenger service in Lower Saxony with a service running between the cities of Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven, Bremervorde and Buxtehude. The Coradia iLint trains can run for about 600 miles on a single tank of Hydrogen giving it a similar range to that of a diesel train.

Alstom have already sold 41 of these hydrogen-powered trains in Germany and following the successful trial operations in Germany, Austria in September 2020 entered the regular use of Hydrogen Passenger trains using Alstoms Coradia iLint trains. The new trains will have a top speed of 140km/h.



The Austrian OBB intends to test the train on its regional lines in the south of the country where they could replace diesel trains.

The USA is also studying the use of Hydrogen trains but in their case for freight which is far more technically challenging because of the much greater loads involved requiring more hydrogen, or more efficiently compressed Hydrogen to carry the same load the same distance that diesel fuelled freight trains currently manage. It is accepted that the challenge is high but the rewards would be higher especially if all the diesels could be replaced by cost effective mass produced locomotives and with great social benefits.

But watch this space there are solar powered trains out there as well!

Mike W

Puzzle corner.

Lorema's last week's challenge.

Find the 25 British birds.

1. Dunnock. 2. Kite. 3. Chaffinch. 4. Siskin. 5. Blackbird. 6. Wren.
7. Peewit. 8. Grouse. 9. Puffin. 10. Sparrow. 11. Nuthatch. 12. Goose. 13. Owl. 14. Heron. 15. Goldfinch. 16. Egret. 17. Swan.
18. Robin. 19. Osprey. 20 Crow. 21 Buzzard. 22. Rook. 23. Kestrel. 24. Blue Tit. 25. Lark.

Lorema's this week challenge. Cryptic Towns and Cities:-

To get the mind rolling a couple of examples:-

a	There are no ends to a hairdryer	Airdrie
b	Nearly the Colonel's 12 inches	Saundersfoot

1	Has a letter to spare	
2	Crank Miss Rantzen	
3	Cranium stuck in a rabbit hole	
4	Professor of rollers	
5	A chocolate bar without for instance	
6	A person who is leaving	
7	Peoples rock	
8	A complete ham	
9	Ships people	
10	Tying meat	
11	Latest fortified wine	
12	Religious skull	
13	Tend fire	
14	Pushed down heavy weight	
15	Where the steer(bovine) crossed the river	
16	Almost speechless in front of the French chips	
17	Mothers Garden entrance	
18	Witches attempt to meet	
19	Sounds like a vehicle followed by a golfer	
20	Is this Piggott's town	

My thanks go to all who keep sending me the material.

If you have something for the NEWS please contact me

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