

1). LOADING AN AXLE:



P01 - Continuing our series on the 12AR No. 1535 bogie axle rollout, here is the entire bogie assembly blocked-up after the front axle had been safely rolled out on the rails.



P02 - The damaged bearing is on the right. On the intact bearing on the left you can clearly see the three holes and the milled grooves that dispense oil to the thrust face.



P03 - We needed to get the 'coal grab' out to transport the scored axle, said wagon 'buried' within the coach stock. With Big Bennett driving and Captain Curly on the gravel, Bennett Junior had come along for a diesel cab ride.



P04 - After several weeks of bundu bashing, the depot tracks, lawns and gardens were wrestled back into a reasonable condition again, displaying the last green of the fading summer. The pictured tree is of the wild olive family.



P05 - Alan gives the confusingly-named 'forward' signal. This shunting hand signal actually means 'move away from me' and it is always with reference to the position of the shunter, not the position or orientation of the locomotive. The Hunslet locomotive is actually moving backwards here.



P06 - A sunny shot of the Day Trip Train at rest - with the good ol' Staff & Baggage Van and water canteen bringing up the rear. We are investigating selling the coach exteriors as mobile billboards to help sponsor operations. (The sleeper coaches will remain in SAR&H livery though.)



P07 - The entire three coach train fits in easily behind the points. Much more than another coach length and the train would have needed to be split as the little Hunslet pluggers does not have the weight to safely stop the coaches on the downgrade into the turning balloon beyond.



P08 - While the shunting was in progress, the other fellows managed to get the damaged axle off the ash pit rails without losing any fingers or toes. Jeandre has just caught and brought in a 'Ferrous Octopus' chain for hoisting.



P09 - They say that if you can catch your fingernail in a groove in a car's brake drum, it needs machining. Well, this axle DEFINITELY needs a spin - Jeandre checks out the grooves. A pity, as this axle had never been turned-down before. The RHS shows the diameter as first made.



P10 - Capturing the approximate depth of the grooves with a set of callipers and a vernier. The axle journals will need to be turned down on both sides and both bearings to have their white metal re-poured and machined to suit - otherwise you end up with a canted bogie.



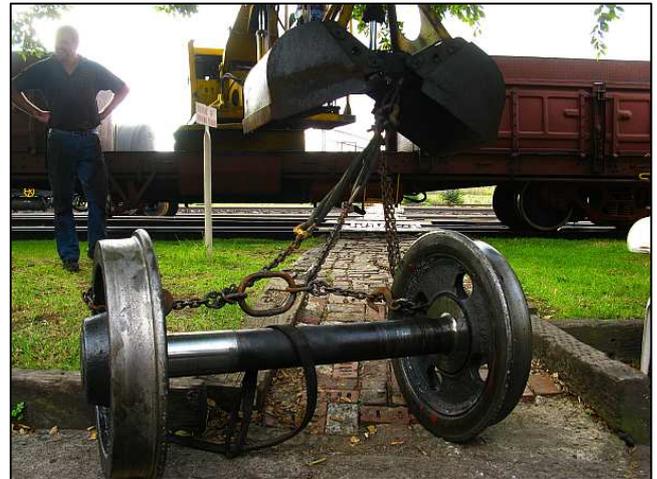
P11 - A partially skinned axle makes a comfy-enough seat while waiting for the shunters to deliver the appropriate hoisting and lifting machinery.



P12 - With the coal handling wagon parked smack over the walkway, Saint Simon swings the coal grab's bucket with his halo running close to ecclesiastical overload.



P13 - Dawie and Shaun hook up the four-legged 'Ferrous Octopus' – which just about fitted because of the holes in the wheels. We do have proper spreader bars downstairs for the bigger counterweighted stuff.



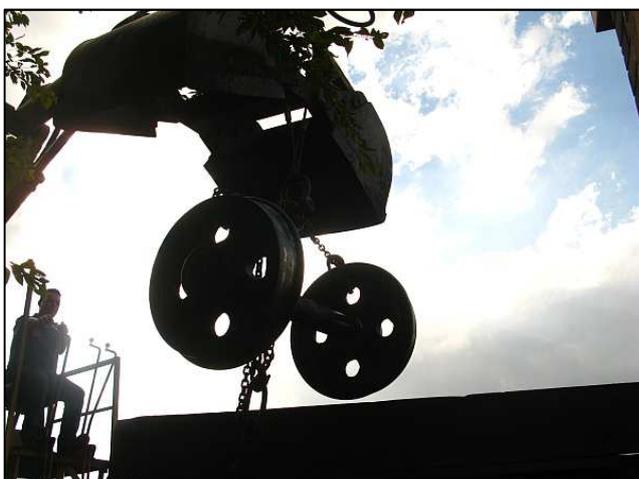
P14 - I took a quick snap of this contraption and then got smartly out of the way as the tension built up – the axle would have to be dragged first. We often use a wire cable sling wrapped around the clam shell grab's impulse bar as a base for shackled chains and slings for hoisting.



P15 - Here! I say, Sir! Please keep off the grass! The first part of this operation was a simple drag to get the axle under the range of the boom to be able to get a safe lift. You can see what a locomotive wheel can do to your lawn!



P16 - Beware of moving axles. The end of the first drag becomes a hovering swing to avoid the sign before setting the axle down again. The slings and the lower chains needed to be removed to shorten the chains for the final lift.



P17 - The final lift went with ease as the weight of the axle was well within the boom's capability for the radius at which it was reaching.



P18 - With the axle safely loaded, the greasers flop down and switch off, as in the background, the gouged ironmongery is pushed off by the shunting crew. I don't know from where Dawie's tea magically materialised.