



The NEMES Gazette

NEW ENGLAND MODEL ENGINEERING SOCIETY INC.

No. 157

May 2009

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Editor's Desk

Frank Hills

Home Grown Power!

My wife's grandmother died last year. It's not just a shame because she was such a wonderful person, but because she personally experienced revolutionary changes in man's world that few still remember. Growing up in the farm regions of Canada, she remembered what it was like to live without a phone, without electricity, but with an outhouse. "You held it a lot" she would say. But her family did have conveniences. They had running water, if there was enough wind to turn the windmill. They had central heating, as long as they kept the furnace stocked with wood or coal, which ever they could get. And they had hot water, as long as they remembered to fill the tank in the kitchen stove. In her youth, life was much more about the pride, necessity, and the hazards, of self-reliance.

Next Meeting

Thursday, May 7, 2009

7:00 PM. Meetings held at:
Charles River Museum of Industry
154 Moody Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

Membership Info

Annual dues of \$25 (via checks made payable to "NEMES" and mailed to our membership secretary) for the calendar year are due by December 31st of the prior year.

Missing a Gazette? Send mail or email to our publisher.

Addresses are in the left column.

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Editor's Desk

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Today, we hobbyists live in a wonder age. We don't have to count on our contrivances to stay comfortable...or survive. We can have fun creating, or recreating those mechanisms that fascinate us with little worry that they might not work. We can even make a profit on it, if so inclined. There's a guy in Wisconsin making water turbines that generate electricity. No, you don't need to make a damn dam. You just stick this long probe with a shrouded propeller on the end into a stream and you've got enough power for a light or a cell phone charger. Take it camping with you. He sells a kit, but it looks too simple to be interesting. Another guy is selling plans for a solar-powered Stirling engine. He's got it set up with a mount so you can add a generator, a water pump, a fan, or anything your ingenious little heart desires. He's got several of them watering his tomatoes, aerating his pool so he doesn't have to use so much chlorine, and charging the battery on his boat. And, of course there's always the requisite high-tech windmills and stuff. People advertise them like it's something new.

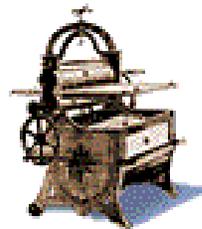
Something I've been seeing more and more in my own neighborhood is solar panels. I don't mean the ones that generate electricity. I mean the ones that have been heating and cooling houses in the Middle East since before Moses was chucked in the Nile. The modern version is a black painted box with a glass panel enclosing the side facing the sun. Mounted on a wall or roof, it has a vent at the top that can be opened into the house or to the outside. On the bottom another vent opens just into the house. When it's cold out, the sun heats the air in the box and convection makes it rise and flow into the house while cool air is

drawn in through the bottom. When it's hot out the upper vent is opened to the outside. If you also open a window at the other end of the house, the convection will create a draft to cool things off. Talk about simple! I have to make one of these.

But doesn't all of this sound like it panders to the couch potato? I like what a father of four did in New York. Sick of his kids sitting around watching TV or playing video games all day, he took an old exercise bike and mounted a generator to it. If the kids wanted to watch TV they had to ride the bike. Video games are hard to play while peddling, so he hooked up a storage battery. The kids liked it so much they started competing to see who could charge up the battery the farthest...even when they weren't watching TV! Then they got on mom and dad's case about using their hard earned charge to watch "*Dancing with the Stars* and got them in the saddle. Good job, kids.

I do think people take such inventiveness too far, however. I understand that an inventor, showing off his wares on YouTube, mounted a generator on his hamster's exercise wheel. Dang thing works, but it's a heck of a way to recharge your laptop.

Next month..."If Your Friend Sat on a Model Rocket, Would You Do it?" or "Look out NASA!"



NEMES Gazette ***Editorial Schedule***

| <u>Issue</u> | <u>closing date for contributions</u> |
|--------------|---------------------------------------|
| June' 09 | May, 25, 2009 |
| July'09 | June, 22, 2009 |
| Aug.'09 | July, 27, 2009 |



President's Corner

Dick Boucher

The Meeting

We have something a little different for this month's meeting. Join us for a talk by a master yo-yo maker:

Hello, my name is Frank Difeo. Owner of Dif-e-Yo Yoyos.

I've made my living as a toolmaker in the machine-shop trade since I graduated from Trade School in 1970. In 1995, I started a small machine shop, which I operated on the side. I always enjoyed making things from metal and especially anything custom or out of the ordinary.

Sometime in 1999, I became hooked collecting Vintage yo-yos and something that surprised me at the time when I discovered aluminum yo-yo's... with ball bearing axles even!!

I didn't pay particular attention to the metal ones until the economy slowed around 2001 and work became slow in the shop. I started to tinker with making Aluminum yo-yos. As the economy continued to slow, I had more time to experiment with yo-yo making. Well, one thing led to another and I started making more yo-yos and concentrated on improving the way a yo-yo functioned.

My thoughts centered on the string rubbing the sides of the yo-yo and concentrated on making a grooved bearing which led to the patented Dif-e-yo KonKave bearing.

As for the different Dif-e-Yo yo-yo designs, I start with an idea and experimented, first and foremost concentrating on function, and then incorporating visual design to compliment function.

<http://www.dif-e-yo.com>

Miscellaneous Ramblings

Ah, yes, spring turning instantly to summer. I really dislike it. I am hiding down here in my shop today. The temperature is 88 degrees up here in the Merrimack Valley and that is just to darn hot to be outside finishing the spring cleanup on the lawn.

I received my Shooting Star digital readouts from Bill Chernoff last week and have one set installed on my Bridgeport. Last evening, one of the fellows on the locomotive building project got the 8 hole bolt pattern in one end of 12 cylinders. He was impressed as were the rest of the fellows, as he demonstrated how easy it was to locate the holes.

Installation of the encoders was very easy, requiring only an electric drill and a 10-32 tap, taking care to have the rack parallel to the ways.

Saturday I joined 23 members of the New Hampshire Power Of The Past Engine Club to view a demonstration of pouring babbitt bearings for the main, rod big end and valve shaft of a Power Pup engine. The demonstration was very informal and informational, and the bearings came out fine.

Sunday I hosted a meeting of the North East Live Steamers. I had moved Michael's steam tractor out of the winter storage area and after a little encouragement and help from attendees we got it in steam for a great afternoon of impromptu steaming around the back yard.

By the time you read these ramblings, the engine show sponsored by the New Hampshire Power Of The Past Club will be a thing of the past. It is kind of the kickoff of the engine shows for the summer. These venues are a great place to display our work and see full-size engines of the type we model in operation. I know I will be seeing some of you there Sunday.

Dick B.



The Steam Man of the Prairies.

BY EDWARDS ELLIS,

CHAPTER XV.

THE ATTACK IN THE RAVINE,

IN the mean time, the situation of our friends in Wolf Ravine was becoming perilous to the last degree.

Before going to work, on the morning of the steam man's excursion to the mountains, Baldy Bicknell made a reconnoissance of the ravine, to assure himself that there was no danger of being suddenly overwhelmed, while delving for the precious yellow sand.

He saw abundant signs of Indians having recently visited the place, but he concluded there were none in the immediate vicinity, and that comparatively little risk was run in the boy making his wished-for visit to the mountains in the west.

Through the center of the ravine ran a small stream of water, hardly of enough volume to be

used for washing gold without a dam being created. It looked as if this had once been the head of a large stream, and that the golden sand had been drifted to this spot, by the force of the powerful current.

The auriferous particles were scattered over the entire breadth of the ravine, for the distance of several hundred feet, being found in the richest deposits between the ledges and rocks, in the bottom of the channel, where, as may well be supposed, it was no easy matter to obtain.

A short distance back of the "diggings," where the vast masses of rocks assumed curiously grotesque forms, the miners discovered a rude cave, where they at once established their head-quarters. A tiny stream ran through the bottom of it, and with a little placing of the loose boulders, they speedily put it in the best condition of defense.

It was almost entirely surrounded by trees, and there was one spot where a thin man, like Hopkins or Baldy, could draw his body through and climb a luxuriant cottonwood, whose top gave a wide view of the surrounding plain.

The day passed away without any signs of Indians, Baldy occasionally ascending the side of the ravine, and scanning the plains in every direction, on the constant lookout for the insidious approach of their enemies.

Just before nightfall, while all three were at work, a rifle was discharged, and the bullet was imbedded in the tough oaken handle of the spade with which the trapper was digging.

"Whar in thunder did that come from" he demanded, dropping the implement, catching up the rifle, and glaring savagely about him.

But neither of the others could answer him, and climbing up the bank, he looked fiercely around for some evidence of the whereabouts of his treacherous foe.

The latter remained invisible, but several hundred yards down the ravine, he caught a glimpse of enough Indians dodging hither and thither to satisfy him that there was quite a formidable force in the valley.

Giving the alarm to his companions, all three withdrew within the cave, not the less willingly, as it was very near their usual quitting time.

"Begorrah! and what'll becom of the shtame man and the boy?" inquired Mickey, as he hastily obeyed orders.

“Jerusalem!” exclaimed the Yankee, in great trepidation, “if he isn’t warned, they’ll catch him sure, and then what’ll become of us? Well have to walk all the way hum.”

As the best means of communicating with him, the trapper climbed through the narrow opening, and to the top of the tree, where he ensconced himself, just as the steam man uttered its interrogative whistle.

The trapper, as we have shown in another place, replied by pantomime, not wishing to discover his whereabouts to the enemy, as he had a dim idea that this means of egress might possibly prove of some use to him, in the danger that was closing around them.

When Johnny Brainerd recognized his signal, and beat a retreat, Baldy began a cautious descent to his cave again. At this time it was already growing dark, and he had to feel his way down again.

And so it came about, that not until he had reached the lowest limb, did his trained ear detect a slight rustling on the ground beneath. Supposing it to be either Mickey or Ethan, he continued his descent, merely glancing below. But at that moment something suspicious caught his eye, and peering down more carefully, he discovered a crouching Indian, waiting with drawn knife until he should come within his reach.

The trapper was no coward, and had been in many a hand-to-hand tussle before; but there was something in the character of the danger which would have made it more pleasant for him to hesitate awhile until he could learn its precise dimensions; but time was too precious, and the next moment, he had dropped directly by the side of the red-skin.

The latter intended to make the attack, but without waiting for him, Baldy sprung like a panther upon him and bore him to the earth. There was a silent but terrific struggle for a few moments, but the prodigious activity and power of the trapper prevailed, and when he withdrew from the grasp of the Indian, the latter was as dead as a door nail.

The struggle had been so short that neither Mickey nor Ethan knew anything of it, until

Baldy dropped down among them, and announced what had taken place.

“Jerusalem! have they come as close as that?” asked the Yankee in considerable terror.

“Skulp me, if they ain’t all around us!” was the reply of the hunter. “How we ar’ to git out o’ hyar, ar’ a hard thing to tell jist now.”

“It’s meself that thinks the rid gentlemin have a love fur us, as me mither observed, when she cracked the head of me father,” remarked Mickey, who had seated himself upon the ground with all the indifference of an unconcerned spectator.

It was so dark in their cave-like home that they could not see each other’s faces, and could only catch a sort of twilight glimpse of their forms when they passed close to each other.

It would have made their quarters more pleasant had they struck a light, but it was too dangerous a proceeding, and no one thought of it. They could only keep on the alert, and watch for the movement of their enemies.

The latter, beyond all doubt, were in the immediate vicinity, and inspired as they were by hate of the most vindictive kind, would not allow an opportunity to pass of doing all the harm in their power.

The remains of their food was silently eaten in the darkness, when Baldy said:

“Do yer stay hyar whar ye be till I come back.”

“Where might ye be going naow?” inquired Hopkins.

“I’m goin’ outside to see what the reds are doin’, and to see whether thar’s a chance fur ‘em to gobble us up hull.”

“Do yees mind and take care of y’urself, as me mither cautioned me when I went a shparkin’,” said Mickey, who naturally felt some apprehension, when he saw the trapper on the point of leaving them at such a dangerous time.

“Yes, Baldy, remember that my fate is wrapped up in yours,” added the Yankee, whose sympathies were probably excited to a still greater extent.

“Never mind about Baldy; he has been in such business too often not to know how to take care of himself.”

“How long do you expect to be gone?” inquired Ethan.

“Mebbe all night, if thar ain’t much danger. Ef I find the varments ar’ too thick I’ll stay by yer, and if

the' ain't I'll leave fur several hours. Leastways, whatever I do, you'll be sure to look out for the skunks."

With this parting admonition, the trapper withdrew.

In going out, he made his exit by the same entrance by which all had come in. He proceeded with great caution, for none knew better than he the danger of a single misstep. He succeeded, after considerable time, in reaching a portion of the valley so shrouded in gloom that he was able to advance without fear of discovery.

He thoroughly reconnoitered every part of the ravine in the immediate vicinity of the cave, but could discover nothing of the Indians, and he concluded that they were some distance away.

Having assured himself of this, the trapper cautiously ascended the side of the ravine, until he reached the open prairie, when he lost no time in leaving the dangerous place behind him.

He had no intention, however, of deserting his friends, but had simply gone in quest of the steam man. He comprehended the difficulty under which they all labored, so long as they were annoyed in this manner by the constant attacks of the savages, and he had an idea that the invention of the dwarfed Johnny Brainerd could be turned to a good account in driving the miscreants away so thoroughly that they would remain away for a long enough time for them to accomplish something in the way of gathering the wealth lying all about them.

He recalled the direction which he had seen the puffing giant take, and he bent his steps accordingly, with only a faint hope of meeting him without searching the entire night for him.

Baldy was shrewd enough to reason that as the boy would wish some water for his engine, he would remain in the immediate vicinity of the river until at least that want could be supplied.

Acting on this supposition, he made his way to the river bank, and followed so closely to the water that its moonlit surface was constantly visible to him.

The night was still, and, as he moved silently along, he often paused and listened, hoping to hear the familiar rattle of the wheels, as the youngster sped over the prairie.

Without either party knowing it, he passed within a few yards of Duff McIntosh, the hugh trapper, whom he had known so intimately years before.

But had he been aware of the fact, he would only have turned further aside, to avoid him; for, when the two trappers, several years previous, separated, they had been engaged in a deadly quarrel, which came near resulting fatally to both.

At length the faint rattle of the wheels caught his ear, and he bent his steps toward the point where he judged the steam man to be.



Tent Sale!

Tent Sale Sat. June 27 2009

9:00 AM to 3:00 PM

New England Brass & Tool Inc.

50% to 75% off

On discontinued items and overstock!

Including

Fowler measuring tools; Bison Lathe Chucks;
Adapters; Lathe Mandrels; Vises;
Toolholders; Reamers, Cutting Tools;
Drills; Squares; Micrometers; Calipers...
and much more!

New England Brass & Tool Inc.

75 Pond Street Winchester MA 01890

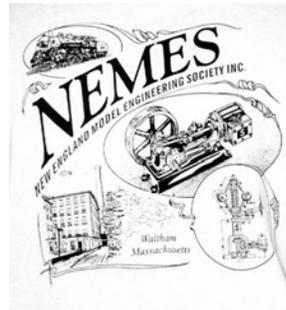
781-729-7672 Bob@BrassAndTool.com

From Boston

I-93 North to exit #33, Rt 28 Winchester, Fellsway, cross back over I-93 and take South Border Rd. to Winchester, 2.2 miles. At first set of traffic lights, proceed straight down hill to second set of lights. Go through lights, leaving large Town Hall on left. Proceed to rotary in center of town. Go half way around to Church St. Follow Church St through two sets of lights to Cambridge St. Turn Right on Cambridge St and go through next set of lights until you come to a Hess gas station. Turn right onto Pond Street and we are 7th house on right, with a big fence out front #75 Voila!!!

From Rt 128 (US 95)

Take Exit #33 A Rte. 3 South, Winchester. Route 3A is Cambridge St. Proceed 2.5 miles on Route 3 thru three sets of lights, past a Bonnell Ford Agency on left. Then take a Left onto Pond Street at HESS Gas station. We are 7th house on right. #75 on a gated fence.



NEMES clothing



For Sale

NEMES Shop Apron



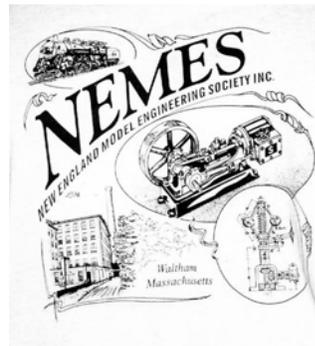
Look your best in the shop! The NEMES shop apron keeps clothes clean while holding essential measuring tools in the front pockets. The custom strap design keeps weight off your neck and easily ties at the side. The apron is washable blue denim with an embroidered NEMES logo on top pocket.

Contact Rollie Gaucher 508-885-2277

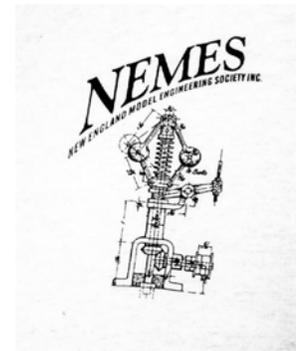
NEMES Tee Shirts

NEMES tee shirts and sweat shirts are available in sizes from S to XXXL. The tee shirts are gray, short sleeve shirt, Hanes 50-50. You won't shrink this shirt! The sweat shirts are the same color, but long sleeve and a crew neck. Also 50-50, but these are by Lee. The sweat shirts are very comfortable!

Artwork by Richard Sabol, printed on front and back:



Rear



Front

Prices:

| | Tee Shirts | Sweat Shirts |
|-------|------------|--------------|
| S - L | \$12.00 | \$22.00 |
| XXL | \$14.00 | \$24.00 |
| XXXL | \$15.00 | \$25.00 |

Add \$5 shipping and handling for the first tee shirt, \$1 for each additional shirt shipped to the same address. Sweat shirts are \$7 for shipping the first, and \$1.50 for each additional sweat shirt.

Profits go to the club treasury.

Mike Boucher
10 May's Field Rd
Lunenburg, MA 01462-1263
mdbouch@hotmail.com



**MARK
THIS
DATE**

Upcoming Events

Bill Brackett

To add an event, please send a brief description, time, place and a contact person to call for further information to Bill Brackett at thebracketts@verizon.net or (508) 393-6290.

Bill

Calendar of Events

May 2nd Connecticut Antique Machinery Museum
Spring Power Up
Kent Ct. John Pawlowski President P.O. Box 1467,
New Milford, CT 06776
<http://www.ctamachinery.com/SpringPowerUP.html>

May 2nd NHPOTP engine show
RT 113 Dunstable MA
Robt Wilkie 207-748-1092

May 7th Thursday 7PM
NEMES Monthly club meeting
Charles River Museum of Industry
Waltham, MA
781-893-5410
<http://www.neme-s.org>

May 17th Spring Steam-up
Washakum Live Steamers
Holliston MA
<http://www.steamingpriest.com/wls>

May 17 9:00am The Flea at MIT
Albany Street Garage at the corner of Albany and
Main Streets in Cambridge

May 19-21 9:00-5:00
EASTEC at Eastern States Expo
West Springfield MA
800-733-4763
www.sme.org/eastec

May 23-24 Bernardston Show
Rt 10 off Rt 91 Bernardston, MA
Vickie Ovitt 413-648-5215

May 23th American Precision Museum opens
<http://www.americanprecision.org/>

May 23-24th Spring Auto & Antique Aeroplane Show
Owls Head Transportation Museum Owls ME
<http://www.ohtm.org/>

June 4th Thursday 7PM
NEMES Monthly club meeting
Charles River Museum of Industry
Waltham, MA
781-893-5410
<http://www.neme-s.org>

June 14th Custom Vehicles & Antique Aeroplane Show
Owls Head Transportation Museum
Owls ME
<http://www.ohtm.org/>

June 19-21st 10:00-3:00 Father's Day Meet
Pioneer Valley Live Steamers
Southwick MA.
<http://www.pioneervalleylivesteamers.org>

June 21st 8th Annual Van Brocklin Meet
Washakum Live Steamers
Holliston MA
<http://www.steamingpriest.com/wls>

June 21st 9:00AM The Flea at MIT
Albany Street Garage at the corner of Albany and Main
Streets in Cambridge

June 21st NEMES display at the
North Shore Old Car Club
Topsfield Fair Grounds, Topsfield, MA enter main gate
Ed Rodgers (781) 233-3847

June 27-28 Orange Show
Orange Airport Orange MA

June 28th Big Three Car Meet & Antique Aeroplane Show
Owls Head Transportation Museum
Owls ME
<http://www.ohtm.org/>

June 27th 9:00AM-3:00PM Tent Sale
New England Brass & Tool Inc.
75 Pond St. Winchester, Ma. 01890