



# The NEMES Gazette

NEW ENGLAND MODEL ENGINEERING SOCIETY INC.

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## Editor's Desk

Victor Kozakevich

I'm pleased to turn this space over to our guest columnist this month, Max.

It is obvious, at any NEMES meeting that many members are, like me, 'geezer', and I worry about the future of the club. In reality, what I want is the suspension of time -- I want things to stay as they are, not to change. But change is inevitable.

Industries that formerly employed armies of skilled and semi-skilled machinists and draftsmen have gone offshore, and in the survivors, manually operated machines have been steadily and relentlessly replaced by their computer numerically controlled (CNC) counterparts. Indeed, it was the CNC revolution that made the off-shore outsourcing curse possible.

But the same CNC revolution is reaching down to the home machinist's workshop too. As CNC tools become more accessible, it will no longer be necessary to spend years climbing up the learning curve to acquire the high skills necessary for the construction of an intricate and elaborate model; a fine model could be made after a much more economical expenditure of time and effort.

-Continued on page 2

## Next Meeting

Thursday, June 5, 2008

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 31<sup>st</sup> 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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I think that the day is almost here when the purchaser of a set of castings will also get a computer disk containing all the CNC programs necessary to machine the parts.

Lathes and milling machines will be under CNC control and computer aided drafting and design programs (CAD) will permit model-makers, who are not engineers, to design and improve models as well, or better, than sophisticated engineers could in the past.

At that point, the skill will reside in fitting; assembling the parts and tuning the model, so the model-maker will still be able to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his inert metal creation come to life and start working. I think that it is inevitable that most modelers, after building a couple of models in this way, will not be satisfied with this mode of operation and will then make the effort to become skilled manual machinists too.

At this time, 3D printers are just becoming an affordable option for industry. The historic trend for electronic equipment to become cheaper, and yet more capable, will inevitably result in the migration of 3D printers into home workshops too, opening unlimited horizons in model making.

The advent of the Internet, combined with FedEx and UPS, has already moved model making into the cybernetic age and made an enormous difference. I now have access to innumerable catalogs and I can now find and buy materials that, in the past would have been classed as "unobtainium". Do I need a 3" length of 6AL/4V titanium rod, or a 3/8 x 10 left-hand Acme tap? I can do comparison shopping on the Net, place an order, and have it delivered to my doorstep in a matter of days – sooner if I want to pay a premium. I bought the pedestal (including motor) for my South Bend lathe on eBay for under \$10. It cost much more to go and retrieve it, but that's another story.

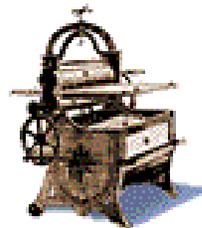
The situation will only improve as small-scale entrepreneurs, working from home, with low overhead costs, realize that they can tap into a market that is concentrated by the web while being geographically widely-dispersed. Already services such as water-jet cutting are available at reasonable prices. As soon as an older generation of machines is marketed, we will see EDM and wire-EDM services and 3D printing offered in the same way.

Even more important, thanks to the Internet, I am now not just a member of NEMES but a participant in a world-wide consortium of model-makers and metal-working enthusiasts. If I have a problem with my Atlas shaper. I am only a few keystrokes away from expert advice. A plethora of web-sites offer me visits (virtually) to the shops of model-makers everywhere and a cornucopia of ideas and information.

I believe that a new generation will arise that will become bored with simply playing games and being entertained by computers and that mankind's irrepressible hunger to make things will reassert itself. I predict that, instead of the craft and hobby of model-making becoming moribund, it will eventually become vigorous and widespread beyond our imagining. I concluded that we are not living in the twilight of our hobby. Rather, we are in the age of silver, and the age of gold is yet to come.

I would love to see some of the fantastic models that will indubitably be made in the next fifty years but, alas, even with all the medical miracles that are about to happen, at my age, it is an impossible dream, so I will have to use my imagination.

*Max ben-Aaron*



## ***NEMES Gazette Editorial Schedule***

<u>Issue</u>	<u>closing date for contributions</u>
July '08	June 20, 2008
August '08	July 25, 2008
September '08	August 22, 2008



## ***President's Corner***

Dick Boucher

### **The Meeting**

Our speaker this month will be our own Frank Hills. Frank will be talking to us about his experiments with ramjet engines and some of his rocketry work. He promises he will not be running one of his ramjet engines at the meeting but might be able to give an audio demonstration of the principal of the ramjet engine.

### **Miscellaneous Ramblings**

I have had a good start to the summer season. The really faithful gathered at the Dunstable show despite the very rainy day this year. Norm and I spent a lot of the day under Bill Lopoulos' tent to ward off the elements. Our speaker last month had a full-size Fuller and Johnson gas pumping engine. Strictly I.C. ran a construction article on this engine in Vol. 4 No. 20 April/May 1991. It was nice to see a full-size engine running.

The weekend of May 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> was really busy. Saturday the 17<sup>th</sup> broke raining (again) but Bea and I loaded the little locomotive and associated accessories like my toolbox into heavy trash bags and headed out to the Saugus Iron Works. We also brought along our Webber Baby Q with us, more on that later. We arrived at the iron works at the same time as Ed Rogers who arranged our being there and went in and found Curtis the head ranger. I had met him last summer when the WWII airplanes were at Beverly airport so it was a nice re-acquaintance. The park service had a nice large tent set up for us and we drove right onto the grounds to unload. There were seven fellows from the society that had displays, myself included. By time we were all unloaded and set up, the clouds had cleared and it was a beautiful sunny day. Occasions like this one are a great way to spend a day and I sure wish more of you would join us to show off your creations.

The site itself had undergone a great transformation during the two-year shutdown. New paths with gentle grades for getting back out of the lower area were built. It really made the climb back much easier for us older types. They had also cleaned all the fragmity and purple loosestrife weeds out of the turning cove on the river and had a wharf with a shallop (a small flat bottom sailboat) tied to it. The shallops were used to carry iron ore to the site and carry the merchant bars, the product of the iron works, back to ships in Salem Harbor for shipment to England.

After discovering that my kerosene was really water and so my charcoal that I usually start my locomotive fire with was useless, Curtis brought me some of the works charcoal - the real baked wood charcoal. Soon I had a good fire going in the firebox and had the locomotive running merrily away on rollers. It ran great for five hours. At lunchtime, Bea cooked us some great hamburgers on the Baby Q and that was great.

While all that was going on, the iron guild was busy doing their thing in the middle of the lawn. It still fascinates me to watch them charging their cupolas with coke and scrap iron and limestone and getting molten iron out the tap hole. They had brought along some sand molds for folks to carve their own impressions in and so there were many young folks walking around the site with their iron plaques at the end of the day.

Sunday saw Bea and I at the East Kingston town hall and loading into a passenger van with eight other folks from the *New Hampshire Power of the Past Club* for a trip to the Sanborn Mills Farm in Loudon NH. We arrive at the farm at 9AM and were greeted by the owner, a very successful businessman. The three-hundred acre farm was his getaway. We started the tour going up to where the new horse barn was being built. They did a bit of cheating. There was a very large excavator sitting on that site that had dug the foundation hole. The pile of rocks beside the hole was very impressive and one had to wonder how they ever dug such holes with a horse and scoop in the 1800s. Next we visited the carpentry shop where all the machines were driven by overhead belts. There are five employees at the farm and in the carpentry shop they restore horse-drawn vehicles. Next, it was on to the new blacksmith shop. There are seven forges in there and they give blacksmithing courses. The next

building was the original blacksmith shop. There hasn't been any restoration work done on this building yet and it is pretty much as it stood when last used. The next building was the gristmill. Again no restoration was in progress yet but the future looks good for this also. The mill had three grinding positions, all driven by turbine water wheels. Next we walked about a quarter mile to the herdsman's house. There we saw the oxen and the restored barn for hay and the oxen. The house also was a restoration of an existing building. All the buildings, both new and old, were post and beam structures on granite block foundations.

The last stop was to the fully restored water turbine powered saw mill, cutting four logs into boards and timbers at the sawyer's direction. The timbers for the finished and future projects are milled from logs cut on the farm. Some of the longer timbers have to be cut from purchased logs, as the trees on the farm aren't tall enough. The mill can cut a thirty-six foot log. All in all, that was a great day.

On the way home, we passed a large pole barn and one of the fellows mentioned that it was full of John Deere tractors. After a moment someone said let's turn around, so a quick turn around and soon the fellow who knew the owner was knocking on the door of the house, and we were into the barn. It was literally full to the rafters with John Deere tractors and such. The tractors were parked nose to toes, so he could get more in there. They were all in as-found condition, that is, none were restored but still in all it was an amazing collection. In the middle of all of it was a 65 horsepower Case steam tractor. This is the biggest such tractor I have ever seen.

We were kind of tired when we finally got home Sunday evening but it was a great weekend. Check out [www.neme-s.org](http://www.neme-s.org) for Eroll's pictures of the Saturday event.

Well it looks like this will be my last column for a while as it seems as of this writing no one has come forward to take over the editors duties from Victor.

The July meeting will be the traditional poster session and the speaker for August will be Rick

Baker. Rick is a patent attorney and will be talking about the process of obtaining a patent and hopes to have some antique patent models to show us.

*Dick B.*

This photo is from our May meeting, and shows Max presenting the NEMES donation check to Dan Yaeger of the Charles River Museum of Industry.



## ***Treasurer's Report***

Dick Koolish

Balance as of March 19, 2008	10013.81
7 memberships	+175.00
2 speaker fees	-100.00
CRMI donation	-1250.00
April Gazette	-149.14
May Gazette	-194.30
Balance as of May 20, 2008	8495.37



## ***The Steam Man of the Prairies***

BY EDWARDS ELLIS,



### **CHAPTER VI.**

#### **THE MINERS.**

IT was late in the afternoon when the explosion occurred, and it was just beginning to grow dark when the three friends began drifting down the Yellowstone.

This fact was greatly in their favor, although there remained an hour or two of great danger, in case the Indians made any search for them.

In case of discovery, there was hardly an earthly chance for escape.

The log or raft, as it might be termed, had floated very quietly down-stream for about half an hour, when the wonderfully acute ears of the trapper detected danger.

“Thar be some of the skunks that are creepin’ ‘long shore.” said he; “you’d better run in under this yar tree and hold fast awhile.”

The warning was heeded. Just below them, the luxuriant branches of an oak, dipped in the current, formed an impenetrable screen. As the log, guided thither, floated beneath this, Mickey and Ethan both caught hold of the branches and held themselves motionless.

“Now wait till it’s dark, and then thar’ll be no fear of the varmints,” added the trapper.

“Sh I haars sumfin’!” whispered the Irishman.

“What is it?” asked Ethan.

“How does I know till yees kaaps still?”

“It’s the reds goin’ long the banks,” said the trapper.

The words were yet in his mouth, when the voice of one Indian was heard calling to another. Neither Mickey nor Ethan had the remotest idea of the meaning of the words uttered, but the trapper told them that they were inquiring of each other whether anything had been discovered of more fugitives. The answer being in the negative, our friends considered their present position safe.

When it was fairly dark, and nothing more was seen or heard of the Indians, the raft was permitted to float free, and they drifted with the current. They kept the river until daylight, when, having been in the water so long, they concluded it best to land and rest themselves. By the aid of their revolvers they succeeded in kindling a fire, the warmth of which proved exceedingly grateful to all.

They would have had a very rough time had they not encountered a party of hunters who accompanied them to St. Louis, where the trapper had friends, and where, also, he had a good sum of money in the bank.

Here Baldy remained all winter, before he entirely recovered from the hurt which he received during the explosion and sinking of the steamer. When the Irishman and Yankee were about to depart, he asked them where they were going.

“I’m goin’ hum in Connecticut and goin’ to work on the farm, and that’s where I’m goin’ to stay. I was a fool ever to leave it for this confounded place. I could live decent out there, and that’s more than I can do in this blame country.”

“And I shall go back to work on the Erie railroad, at thirty-seven cents a day and board myself,” replied the Irishman.

“If yer were sartin of findin’ all the gold yer want, would yer go back to Californy?”

“Arrah, now, what are yees talkin’ about?” asked McSquizzle, somewhat impatiently.

“What is the good of talkin’?”

“I didn’t ax yer to fool with yer,” replied the trapper— thar’s a place that I know away out West, that I call Wolf Ravine, whar thar’s ‘nough gold to make both of yer richer than yer ever war afore, and then leave some for yer children.”

“Jerusalem! but you’re a lucky dog!” exclaimed Ethan Hopkins, not daring to hope that he would reveal the place. “Why don’t you dig it up naow, yourself?”

“I only found it a month ago, and I made a purty good haul of it, as it was. When that old boss of mine went down with the steamer, he carried a powerful heft of gold with him, and if anybody finds his carcass, it’ll be the most vallyable one they ever come across.”

“Jingo! if I’d know’d that, I’d taken a hunt for him myself.”

“Howsumever, that’s neither yar nor thar. You both done me a good turn when I got into trouble on the river, and I made up my mind to do what I could toward payin’ it back the first chance I got. I didn’t say nothin’ of it when we war on our way, ‘cause I was afeard it would make you too crazy to go back ag’in; but if you’ll come back this way next spring I’ll make the trip with you.”

“Why not go naow?” eagerly inquired Hopkins.

“It’s too late in the season. I don’t want to be thar when thar’s too much snow onto the ground, and then I must stay yar till I git well over that whack I got on the boat.”

It is hardly necessary to say that the offer of the kind-hearted trapper was accepted with the utmost enthusiasm. Mickey and Ethan were more anxious to go out upon the prairies than they had been a year and a half before, when they started so full of life and hope for that vast wilderness, and had come back with such discouragement and disgust.

It was arranged that as soon as the succeeding spring had fairly set in, they would set out on their return for St. Louis, where the trapper would meet and accompany them to the wonderful gold region of which he had spoken.

Before continuing their journey homeward, Baldy presented each with a complete outfit, paid their passage to their homes, and gave them a snug sum over. Like the Indian, he never could forget a kindness shown him, nor do too great a favor to those who had so signally benefited him.

So the separation took place again; and, on the following spring Mickey and Ethan appeared in St. Louis, where they had no difficulty in finding their old friend, the trapper.

He had recovered entirely from his prostrating blow, and was expecting them, anxious and glad to join in the promised search for gold. As the fair weather had really begun, there was no time lost in unnecessary delay. The purse of Baldy Bicknell was deep, and he had not the common habit of intoxication, which takes so much substance from a man. He purchased a horse and accouterments for each of his friends; and, before they started westward, saw that nothing at all was lacking in their outfit.

Three weeks later the men drew rein in a sort of valley, very deep but not very wide. It was on the edge of an immense prairie, while a river of considerable size flowed by the rear, and by a curious circuit found its way into the lower portion of the ravine, dashing and roaring forward in a furious canyon.

The edge and interior of the ravine was lined with immense boulders and rocks, while large and stunted trees seemed to grow everywhere.

“Yar’s what I call Wolf Ravine,” said Baldy when they had spent some time, in looking about them.

“And be the same towken, where is the gold?”-inquired Mickey.

“Yes, that there is what I call the important question,” added Ethan.

“That it is, of the greatest account, as me grandmither obsarved, whin she fell off the staaple, and axed whether her pipe was broke.”

“It’s in thar,” was the reply of the hunter, as he pointed to the wildest-looking portion of the ravine.

“Let’s git it then.”

“Thar be some other things that have got to be looked after first,” was the reply, “and we’ve got to find a place to stow ourselves away.”

This was a matter of considerable difficulty; but they succeeded at last in discovering a retreat in the rocks, where they were secure from any attack, no matter by how formidable a number made.

After this, they hunted up a grazing place for their animals, which were turned loose.

They soon found that the trapper had not deceived them. There was an unusually rich deposit of gold in one portion of the ravine, and the men fell to work with a will, conscious that they would reap a rich reward for their labor.

The name, Wolf Ravine, had been given to it by the trapper, because on his first discovery of it he had shot a large mountain wolf, that was clambering up the side; but none others were seen afterward.

But there was one serious drawback to this brilliant prospect of wealth. Indians of the most treacherous and implacable kind were all around them, and were by no means disposed to let them alone.

On the second day after their labor, a horde of them came screeching down upon them; and had it not been for the safe retreat, which the trapper’s foresight had secured, all three would have been massacred.

As it was, they had a severe fight and were penned up for the better part of two days, by which time they had slain so many of their enemies that the remaining ones were glad to withdraw.

But when the trapper stole out on a visit to his horses he found that every one had been completely riddled by balls. The treacherous dogs had taken every means of revenge at hand.

“Skin me fur a skunk, but we’ve stood this long as we ought to!” exclaimed Baldy Bicknell, when he returned. “You take care of yourselves till I come back again!”

With which speech he slung his rifle over his shoulder and started for St. Louis.



***For Sale***

### ***Rockwell Milling Machine***

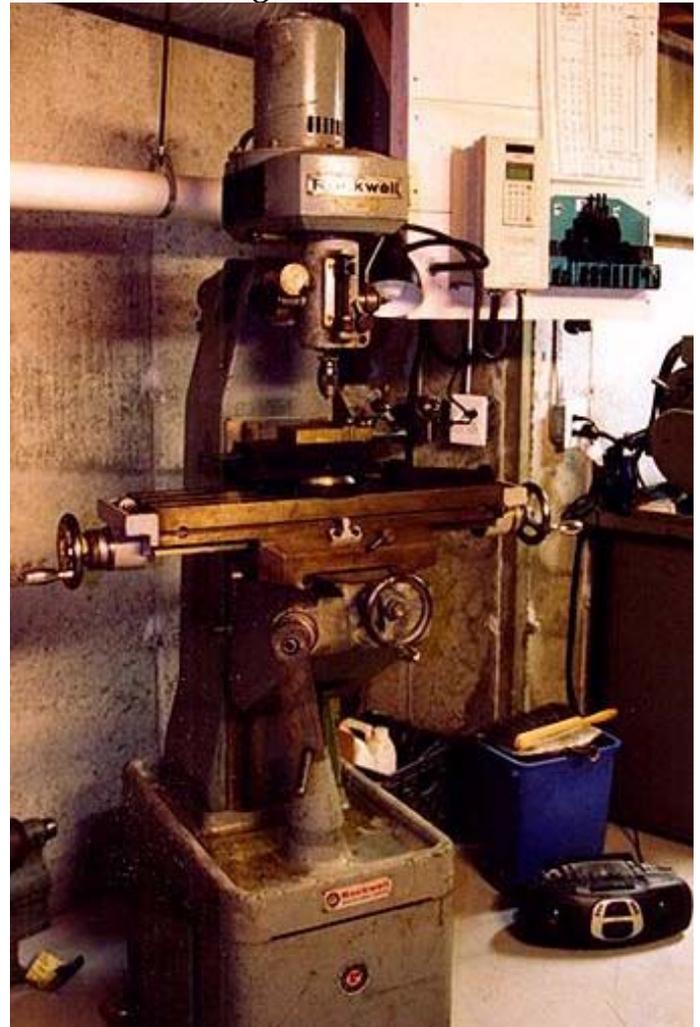
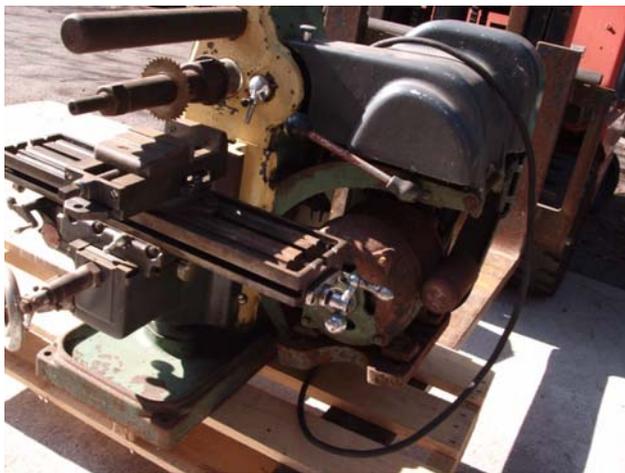


Table is 24" x 6½", working area about 13" x 6", with 3 tee slots. Quill moves about 3" down. About 12" of Knee travel. There is some backlash in the table, the X is .004 or so, the Y is about .014. 3 phase motor. 5 speed pulley. Takes R8 collets in the spindle. Has a brake on the spindle. Comes with a clamping set and some R8 collets, but no vise.

About the size of a Clausing, but I think it's a heftier machine... In a basement with a ground level entry, so it'll be easy to get out and onto your trailer. Asking \$1200. Call Mike Boucher at (978) 345-7741 for more info.

### ***Atlas Mills, 9" South Bend, & more***

2 small Atlas milling machines. Both are bench top models, but one comes with Atlas floor standing base. One is apart and has no motor. \$400 for the pair. Also have several other items. 9" South Bend Lathe, small 12 ton hydraulic bench press, 12 inch radial arm saw, 8 inch table saw, small jointer. John Rex, Chelmsford MA (978) 256-0931. Call anytime



### ***Faceplate, taper attachment, face shields***

I have some "stuff" needing a new home: 11 inch faceplate threaded 1-1/2" x 8tpi. 2 turning shields, good frames and arms, lenses are scratched. Most of a taper attachment, I think from a South Bend heavy 10. These are pretty well in the "no rational offer refused" category. If you are interested, email me at [SCushman@Compuserve.com](mailto:SCushman@Compuserve.com) or call me during the day on my cell phone 617-851-6746. Steve Cushman

## Shaper Work CD

Put out in 1944 by the New York State education Department this 326 page manual is chock full of valuable tips and information on using the King of Machine tools....The Shaper. Covered is everything you need to know about the care and feeding of the shaper, use of the shaper, even how to sharpen tools for the shaper. Scanned and saved in Adobe Acrobat format. The CD now has a lot more info on it, and the price has increased accordingly. \$10.00, shipping included.

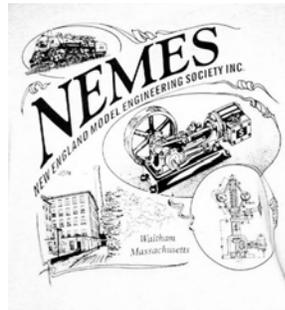
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180 Middle Road  
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[errol.groff@snet.net](mailto:errol.groff@snet.net)

## 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

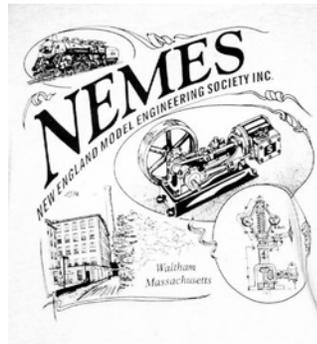


## NEMES clothing

### 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](mailto: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](mailto:thebracketts@verizon.net) or (508) 393-6290.

*Bill*

June 5<sup>th</sup> Thursday 7PM  
NEMES Monthly club meeting  
Charles River Museum of Industry  
Waltham, MA  
781-893-5410

June 15<sup>th</sup> Hot Rods, Muscle Cars & Tuners &  
Antique Aeroplane Show  
Owls Head Transportation Museum Owls ME  
<http://www.ohtm.org/>

June 13-15 10:00-3:00 Father's Day Meet  
Pioneer Valley Live Steamers  
Southwick MA.  
<http://www.pioneervalleylivesteamers.org>

June 15<sup>th</sup> 9:00am The Flea at MIT  
Albany Street Garage at the corner of Albany  
and Main Streets in Cambridge  
<http://web.mit.edu/w1mx/www/swapfest.shtml>

June 28-29 Orange Show  
Orange Airport Orange MA

June 29<sup>th</sup> Ford Festival Model Ts to Mustangs  
Owls Head Transportation Museum Owls ME  
<http://www.ohtm.org/>

June 22 NSOCC Show  
Topsfield Fair Grounds  
Ed Rogers 781-233-3847

The Owls Head Transportation Museum  
has invited NEMES members to show at their  
Summer Spectacular Show on July 26.

<http://www.ohtm.org/>

Here are a few pictures from the NEMES website.

## Bernardston, MA



## Saugus Iron Works

