

MAIDSTONE MODEL ENGINEERING SOCIETY

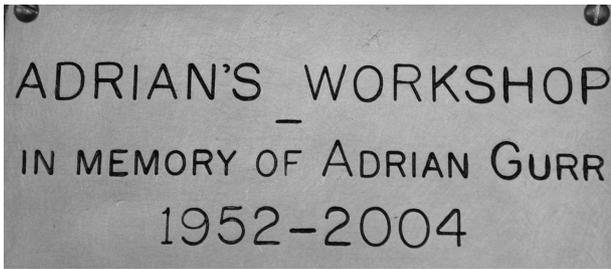
WINTER 2007 NEWSLETTER

Above: Winning Photograph by Charles Darley in the annual autumn competition.

This year's topic: Maidstone Model Engineering Society.

Below: 2nd place tied between Charles Darley (left picture) and John Hawkins (right picture)





In mid October we had the grand opening of our revamped workshop, named Adrian's Workshop in memory of Adrian Gurr, as following his untimely death in 2004 his family made a significant donation to the club, which after much discussion was used towards improving the workshop.



Our current chairman John Hawkins made a short speech before the ribbon into the workshop was cut and the curtain pulled by his mum Elsie, with his sister Pat Town and her younger son Philip watching.



This was followed by drinks and an enjoyable buffet lunch for over three dozen members.



Philip then had a drive of the Enterprise originally built by Adrian, which now belongs to Tom who kindly steamed the engine early for the occasion.

All in all the day went well, and the sun shone for us – perhaps Adrian arranged it so that it would!

“Baudot Line” by Charles Darley



When Sue asked for an article and there was 7 day deadline, I thought: what is of interest?

Then I re-called the Ballad of Eskimo Nell and thought the early lines could be modified to suit a man growing old.

Gather 'round, all you engineer men
Gather 'round, and hear my story.

When a man grows old and his back starts to ache,
And the tips of his fingers drop bolts
When his mind forgets things even why he is going to the loo
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair and stand me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell
About my garden railway and Lady Anne
And I hope you are inspired to dwell

I had been a member of the GAUGE 1 Society and noted that Martin was too, so I also spoke to him about locos. Well, to cut a long story short the “Project” loco languishes in 3 drawers in the workshop with a cylinder half finished and then I found out about G Scale.

An outing to a track near Faversham convinced me that it was G Scale and not G1 that interested me most. Why? Well, because G1 is predominantly main line loco; very expensive to buy and the coaches are also way out of my price range.

G Scale on the other hand is a totally different ball game. Any size of loco so long as it fits on the 45mm track is fine (BTW G! also runs on 45mm track.)

Then when the club visited New Romney Club earlier in the year and I saw their track I thought – video this too, as I had done the Faversham trip. I showed Jean and she too was sold on it ... with the proviso that the track must:-

Be ground level
Follow as far as is practical the edge of the lawn
Not have gravel
Not have wires showing
Not have fixed signalling

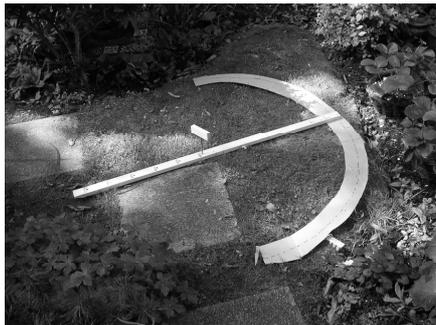
Nearly a month went by and I planned the track to the extent that I knew how much decking I would need to lay the track upon to raise it above grass cut height – all approved with the gardener who does the lawns.



Jean then questioned me as to why I was not making progress. That was it; no more planning action. 50m of decking was ordered – eventually it was upped to 70m, brass screws, biscuit joins “no. 20 size” and let’s get started.



Over the course of the next few days, in fact between the 27th August and 31st August, the entire track was laid. You can see more of this on the web site <http://www.model-engineering-uk.co.uk/> .

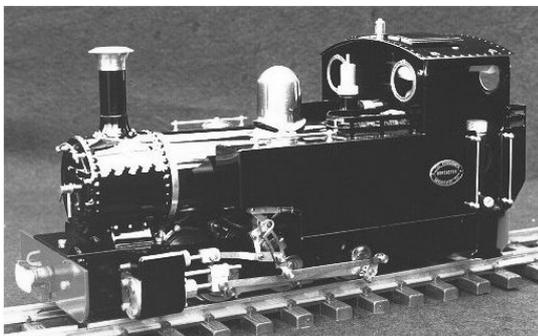


Having built a very simple loco from IP Engineering and run it to test the track and to be sure I wanted to spend more, on the 2nd September I bought a gas fired loco EDRIG. How many times this has gone round the track I have lost count. A few



derailments have resulted in some adjustment to the track; for instance I set a point over the join in the decking – WRONG – this let the point bend and push the alignment out and caused no end of derailments.

Then we have the leaves on the line saga so now I have a nice “witches” broom to clear the track. A tunnel has been built around the back of the shed as a preventative, because it would be a difficult location to keep going into and it can be cleared out properly in the spring.



So what of Lady Anne? I think you might be wondering. Well, I decided that I wanted a second steam loco and saw the ROUND HOUSE website <http://www.roundhouse-eng.com/> and was immediately enchanted with the loco.

What surprised me was that I ordered the kit on a Monday and it was delivered on Thursday. It was to be a Christmas present to me but as the years are rolling on why wait for Christmas – anyway, Christmas is for children and we have a grandchild Eleanor who has spent many happy hour on my

knee watching as I built up the loco, and then when the wheels went round on air she was ecstatic. As the paint job needs to be done as construction goes along I have had to have a few days pause to catch up with trivial things like – putting in an armoured cable to the shed etc. etc., but come middle of next week when the “Spray Booth” that I am also building has fully dried out, I can set to work with the painting.



I have also recently visited the Bredgar and Wormshill Railway, a cute little narrow gauge track, so it may not suit the purest who like the main line UK stock, but for me I was again fired up and have now built a rake of 8 coaches and hope to have them with lights in them and suitable passengers – made in my pottery class.

How nice it would be to put down a temporary track one fine Sunday on top of the Club trolley store and run the loco and coaches... Is that just a dream???

NEVER FAR AWAY by Paul Rolleston

There comes a time when a mans gotta do what a mans gotta do, especially when there's a woman telling him to do it; **'write me an article'**, said Sue. 'Yes Maaam!'

This article should have been ready in time for the spring 2007 Newsletter but it just wouldn't come together and meet the high editorial standards required. This was probably due to a shortage of article writer's elixir (whisky). However, as a dedicated Anorak I will not be deterred but will make do with a good old fashioned 'cuppa'. The results are before you and speak, or groan, for themselves. The chosen background music for this edition is Tubular bells. I have both the original and the orchestral versions of this inspired piece music by Mike Oldfield. I also have a bell of my own, not an ordinary bell but one of some note (yes, it's a pun, get it? Oh! Please yourselves). The 'note' probably has a musical definition like B flat or something but I have no idea what. I am utterly tone deaf and completely illiterate in terms of musical notation. Never mind, more about the bell later, lets press on shall we? Right! Here we go then, hold on tight, the tea is beginning to work. I now already have two subjects worthy of further discourse etc but as always the theme 'Never far away' will be never far away.

So, anyway, whilst waiting for the kettle to boil my attention was drawn to instructions on the side of the box of tea bags. I was thinking, perhaps presumably, who needs instructions on how to make tea? Surely it is one of those life skills that are handed down through the generations - Mother to Daughter and Father to Son as it was in my case. However, being aware of the many different standards of tea that I have drunk over the years as served to me by the aristocracy and nobility at the top end of the socio-economic scale all the way down line to the stinking proletariat at the bottom, I thought I should do some research into what it takes to make the perfect cuppa and pass the information on for the greater good of our movement. Having completed (or gone as far as I can without writing an encyclopaedia) this research my findings astonished me. You would not believe how involved the brewing of tea can be. It really could become a scientific process in the kitchen if you felt inclined to pursue the matter to its pinnacle. So read on. My sources of information were principally books, internet articles and tea manufactures instructions, and these I respectfully acknowledge. Obviously, personal preferences matter most, but whatever is eventually brewed must surely be measured against an established benchmark in order to grade the quality of this our most favourite hot brown beverage.

Now! Before I go any further let it be said that I am not attempting to lay down any rigid rules here. I don't want to start anything that may get as contentious as the '*immeasurable*' metrication conspiracy or the '*electrolyteifying*' de-zincification plot (I believe that these two subjects have now achieved notoriety on a global scale). Hopefully this will be just a balanced blend (like the best teas) of facts and opinions upon which you may draw your own conclusions, and then, please, keep them to yourselves. Right, let's press on. I don't want to overstate the obvious so I'll assume that it is commonly known and agreed that there are three main and essential aspects of tea brewing (the experts agree with this at least), and one optional; ingredients, apparatus, the process, and rituals.

1) Ingredients

Tea: - China, Indian, Ceylon, loose leaves or bags

Water; Hot, Definitely hot, even for iced tea

Milk; Fresh Cows, powdered, evaporated

Sugar, sweeteners, syrup,

Lemon?

No problems here, it is all quite straight forward so far and in accord with the Experts opinions.

2) Apparatus

Here we are a talking a bit more technical; Heat source, kettle, tea pot, infuser, thermometer, stopwatch, beaker, cup mug, stirrer (spoon, screwdriver, stokers shovel).

As before; No problemo with this bit.

3) The Process

This is where opinions differ widely and wildly amongst so many experts.

Heat the water. What could be simpler? Ha! It should be boiling. No, it should be just coming up to the boil. No, it should stand for a minute after boiling. You should only boil it once. No, it doesn't matter how many times it is boiled. Whilst I leave that point gently simmering on the back burner consider this. Water boils at 100 degrees centigrade at sea level so if the brewing is taking place above (up mountain), or below (down a coal mine) the temperature of the boiling point will vary, won't it. So what is more important, the fact that the water is boiling or the temperature that it is boiling at? Expert opinion seems to be split 50/50 on this. Now, MMES is 40 metres above sea level whereas the Romney club can only be a few metres above sea level in which case, theoretically, due to the atmospheric pressure differences water will boil at different temperatures at each club. Therefore if a higher temperature is all important, tea at the Romney club should be better. Only members of both clubs will ever know where the better cup of tea is never far away. (Perhaps MMES could experiment with a pressure cooker).

Right, moving on to the brewing vessel. Once again expert opinion seems to be divided; brew it in a teapot, no do it individually in the cup (using an infuser or a tea bag). After pouring water onto the leaves, balancing the timely release of polyphenolic compounds but not the high molecular weight chemicals which would give the tea a bitter taste make the brewing itself a stopwatch procedure:- no more and no less than 3 minutes sez one expert, whereas others stipulate 4 – 5 - 7 minutes, another disputable point. Don't you just love experts?

The next stage may possibly come before the previous one. Are you with me? Good. Milk. Should the milk be added to the tea or tea to the milk or to put it another way, do you put the milk into the cup first or second. Here we go again, split opinions. According to one expert school of thought: adding milk to the tea will cause denaturation of milk proteins, and we all know how undesirable that would be, don't we? Whilst on the other hand putting the milk in first causes a lot of friction in my house because it might be too much milk and would therefore necessitate chucking it away and starting again. Sweeten to taste is something I've seen included in so many instructions. This seems to be the easiest part of the process and I could find no argument at all, just a suggestion that some teas may taste better using honey rather than sugar.

4) Rituals

Whose turn is it to make the tea? If you make it yourself then you know that it will be just the way you like it, and probably not the way others like it. Which way do you stir it – I don't think it matters, I could find no guidance at all on this. Dunking – biscuit of the week? Slurping – tea tasters do it all the time, but would it be tolerated at MMES? I don't think so; we would never be so uncouth would we.

I found one experts opinion stated that tea drinkers could enjoy significant health benefits by drinking 4 cups a day, **FOUR??** I should be in perfect health (at least Superman standard) with my consumption rate, but as I am always suffering with something or other I think this theory is questionable.

In conclusion; there are so many conflicting views on all aspects of tea making from growers, shippers, blenders, retailers, tea monitors and drinkers wherein such ranks 'experts' propound their opinions. Resisting the urge to add my own spoonful of wisdom has been difficult, as the experts state 'only proven facts are the basis of any objective research' but as this is my article I am going to completely disregard this and list my own opinions and personal tastes about the perfect cuppa.

- a) It should be very hot, not hot, not nearly hot, not warm, not luke warm, or stone bloody cold.
- b) It should be a rich brown colour, not some sort of insipid over diluted muddy puddle colour.

- c) It should be served in bone china ware not pottery buckets (memo to committee about the clubs china collection)
- d) It should be commented upon honestly; 'I say, this is jolly good' / 'Bloody hell, who made this muck'.
- e) It should not be left hanging as droplets in the moustache, nor in dribbles down the chin or waistcoat.
- f) It should be drunk at leisure, sitting comfortably and relaxed.
- g) But most importantly: Always make sure that a cup of tea is never far away.

It's now time to go back to my earlier years, where I left off previously. I had started my apprenticeship at Chatham Dockyard and I have to confess that dockyard railways were a lower priority than motor bikes, dolly birds, pop music and football. At that time the pirate radio stations were giving much entertainment to the listening public, and a great deal of irritation to the Establishment. On board ships I worked on they were the favourite piped music stations.

Having done my stint of 'afloat' work on ships in dock I returned to the workshops where, apart from learning the trade of fitter and turner, I found myself drawn deeply into the 'Furriner' culture. It was felt by most workers that the appalling pay justified, out of necessity, doing things for themselves at the expense of the defence budget. And we did, Oh! Yes. There was a story that a dockyard 'matey' painted his house in battleship grey and swiped the paint from 'The Yard' a tube full at a time. The tube was the down tube of his bike into which he had jammed a cork a far down as it would go, he then filled the tube with paint, put the saddle back onto the tube cycled home emptied it out and then repeated the operation day after day after day sneaking it out of the dockyard right under noses of the dockyard police. Looking back on events through Ealing Comedy tinted glasses it really was one long farce. The lengths people would go to, to make and swipe things from the yard was unbelievable.

Now, getting back to tea. When I were a lad (apprentice) I was a bit of a live wire, especially whilst working in No. 8 machine shop. For my misdemeanours I would sometimes be upended and ducked if I had really irritated the established fitters. On one occasion I felt that a ducking had been unjustified as it definitely wasn't me that lobbed a stink bomb into their group at lunchtime whilst they played cards and shove halfpenny. I resolved to get my own back on the group involved. Tea break was the chosen event for restoring the offence and punishment score to evens. Well, actually, my act of revenge was possibly a bit drastic as it seriously impeded the consumption of the hot brown beverage that was always joked about as being the only reason that dockyard mateys went to work there in the first place.

The tea break ritual was a very well organised, practised and methodical process. Drinkers were in their starting blocks before the hooter sounded (it could be heard all over the Medway Towns). As soon as the hooter sounded the tea drawer was opened and the teapot that already had tea leaves in it was taken promptly to the gas fired boiler where the water was boiling and as it was pretty damned close to sea level it must have been at 100 degrees centigrade or to be pedantic 212 Fahrenheit as we hadn't made the change to centigrade at that time. Whilst the pot filler was doing his bit, mugs were taken from the drawer and milked and sugared according to the taste of each drinker, tool boxes were positioned as the seating arrangements. The pot filler returned, put the pot on the bench where the stirrer was ready to do his turn. It was allowed to brew for only a minute before being poured into the mugs and then passed around the group who were by that time sat down and had started eating sandwiches, reading papers and playing cards. This was all done in 15 minutes before the hooter sounded again telling the whole yard that tea break finished in a further 5 minutes by which time we had to be back at work after washing the mugs and clearing up any mess. The hooter sounded to mark completion of the 20 minute break. Talk about 'Time Management'. But if something was to upset that routine it was the end of the world, and for me it nearly was the end. Come the end of the day before the go home hooter sounded, everybody was in their starting blocks again queuing up to clock out. But not me. I couldn't see the point, because all motorised traffic had to wait for pedestrians and cyclists to get clear first so me and my motor bike would wait behind.

On Friday, when everybody else had done their 'gone like a bat out hell' thing leaving me alone, I araldited the mugs to the bottom of the drawer thinking that by Monday they would be well and truly glued in place.

On Monday I discreetly tested the results of my sabotage and they were indeed well and truly stuck. Tea break was approaching so I decided to get myself positioned for good observation and also a hasty escape. The hooter sounded, Beaky Bennett grabbed the tea pot and scurried off to the boiler, Clive reached into the drawer for the mugs, and was he shocked? Yes he was. It took them about 5 seconds to work out what and who. I was gone like a bullet out of a machine gun. In my youth running was my best sport, and with the things I said and did it needed to be. After a little while I snuck back to see what was happening. Remarkably, and as attestation of their dedication as tea drinkers, they were all stoically drinking tea out of misshaped enamelled mugs with large pieces of wood stuck on the bottoms. I stood trial at lunchtime. The verdict: whatever was going wrong anywhere, Rolleston was never far away. The sentence: you got it, ducking. I recall reading the words of a philosopher who stated that we should all strive for excellence in one thing only. In my case it seemed to have been predetermined what I should do best, but what would be the ultimate accolade for my deeds? I still await my reward. Whilst helping someone make components for an air compressor, which was a must have piece of equipment for many of us, it transpired that he (Andy) wanted it so that he could run his 5" gauge model railway engine chassis on compressed air to test it. I had no idea that he was into the ultimate hobby. Up to this point in time it had not crossed my mind to even think about making model steam locomotives, despite watching them in Mote Park. Like multiple flashes of lighting my mind formulated the grand plan in seconds. I was being trained to do all the machining and fitting necessary to build a loco so why not. There was a small outbuilding/shed/workshop at home and Dad had said on many occasions that if he had a lathe he could make or mend anything (poor old Mum took this to literally - I'll explain in a later article).

Around that time it was all change in my life. I swapped my motor bike for a car and in due course when I finished my apprentice ship I also changed jobs. I went to work for Ford Motor Company as a Toolmaker at the Dagenham plant. The pay was more than a 100% increase and as petrol was only 4/6 a gallon travelling costs weren't a major consideration and with overtime and shift work premiums I was starting to earn a respectable wage. And then we went on strike for 6 weeks, for a pay increase. Experiencing the Trade Unions and shop stewards controlling influence was an eye opener to say the least. I stood helpless to do anything as shop stewards deliberately miscounted votes to go on strike. The miscounting caused a riot but the plant was closed and all workers were sent home. Consequently, my accumulated savings dwindled, many workers left Fords, two committed suicide and when we finally went back to work the Shop Stewards hailed the strike a success. It was not the only occasion that workers suffered at the hands of the unions that purported to look after their best interests. My utter contempt for these unintelligent power crazed tin god petty Hitler union officials has, and always will be, never far away.

I'd better put that on the back burner along with the boiling water whilst I simmer down and turn my attention to Bells, not the whisky, but the large metallic objects. The picture shows my bell which I call Little Ben. Not a title awarded flippantly, but out of respect for its parentage. There is good reason to believe that it is related to Big Ben. I shall tell you the story. A long time ago in Reigate there lived a wealthy family in a large house with servants. I am reliably informed that the family name was Reynolds and that Mr Reynolds was on board the Lusitania returning from a business trip when it was sunk by the Germans in 1917. He didn't appear to survive but as he wasn't on the passenger list under his own name it is difficult to tell. It seems that it was not uncommon for passengers to sail under a false name. Reasons for doing so are very much a matter for speculation, possibly to avoid the long arm of the law, or perhaps to facilitate romantic or adulterous liaisons.



So how did it come into my possession? I do assure you that it was done legally. My wife's Grandfather was the head gardener at Mr Reynolds house and sometimes his sons George (Pat's Dad) and Ted would play in the grounds and could remember the bell being rung to summon the Chauffeur to the house from wherever he might have been otherwise engaged in the grounds.

Many years later, when the house was being demolished, the bell was acquired by negotiation with the demolishers for a small sum and subsequently was installed in Ted's garden, where it eventually became neglected and overgrown with plants and weeds after he died. With the passage of time, possession of the bell passed onto George who made the chapel from which it is suspended, and when he recently moved into a flat it found a new home in my garden.

This bell has an interesting association with a big brother also called Ben who resides in Westminster Palace clock tower. Around the lower edge there is embossed 'J Warner & Sons London 1856' which coincidentally is the same maker of the original Big Ben and the same year of its casting. There are also marks cast into the crown which I can't quite make out. The original Big Ben cracked under the striking hammer and was consequently re-cast by the Whitechapel bell foundry. There is a theory that other bells may have been cast at the same time as commemorative bells, but further research has not been very fruitful, as records seem to be few and far between. Warner's foundry closed in 1910 and quite possibly, at the time, no one thought there would ever be a need to leave records for later historical research. Shame, so on this subject, the facts seem to be forever far away.

To be continued.

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FOR SALE?

Or maybe: The Best Intentions Aren't Always That!

One or two people have thought "I'll donate this bit of equipment/materials to the Club – they can sell it and keep the money as a much needed donation."

PLEASE DON'T!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If you have something to sell, then please feel free to advertise it for sale on the Club newsboard, or give the details to the Secretary to advertise it on the Club website, with your contact details, if a newsletter is due I can put it in that. If you want to bring it to the Club one Friday club night to auction, that's fine – but please take it away with you if it doesn't sell!

When it's sold please feel free to donate the money now THAT will be most welcome.

You're not helping the Club – which is obviously what you want to do - by expecting it to store whatever it is you're getting rid of, when we are trying to home stuff already. We just don't have room for any more. Plus it means someone else in the Club has to do all the work trying to sell it for you.

Money donations are welcome please. Or contact the committee if you feel the Club might want what you are giving away, but don't be upset if it doesn't, and don't bring it down to the Club and just leave it there.

Thanks folks.

THE DOLLS HOUSE STORY by JB



I suppose the origin of the dolls house story could have started in 1970. My late wife was expecting our third child and we were attending a family celebration in Yorkshire. Grandma, on my Dad's side of the family, normally resided in Leeds, but on this occasion we all met in Pontefract (where the cakes come from and that corrupt architect whom my cousin's wife had worked for). Anyway, it didn't take long for Grandma's beady eye to notice that there was soon to be an addition to the family. "I see you are expecting?" "Yes Grandma, we are hoping it will be a girl". This was before the days of scans, now of course ALL can be revealed if one so wishes. Well, that lit Grandma's fuse - "There hasn't been a girl born in this family for 60 years, and you won't produce one" said the old ---. The last girl had been Grandma's daughter, my Aunt Lily, who at that time was about 60.

There had never been any love lost between Grandma and me, she was strict Victorian and very religious. When I was a schoolboy we had crossed swords on occasions and Mother didn't really like her either. As a child I had always lived in Allington and Grandma would visit us from Yorkshire for a week or two in the summer and at Christmas. In the big freeze of 1948 she came for Christmas and stayed for two months as we were snowbound, so relations were almost at breaking point.

I was full of trickery and one summer afternoon, on arriving home from school, I noticed a long line of washing blowing in the wind, so it must have been a Monday. I could see Grandma through the window sitting down reading, so I found Dad's stirrup pump, of which many homes used to have at hand during the war years. In a few moments the window was being showered with water while I was hiding behind a hedge. Grandma raced out to gather in the washing only to find that it wasn't raining at all. She had little sense of humour, had been a widow for many years, often wore black and would probably liked to have had me disposed of. When Mother and Dad came in from work, Grandma related the prank to them looking for support, but Mother thought it was hilarious, me being called 'a little devil' by someone so religious.

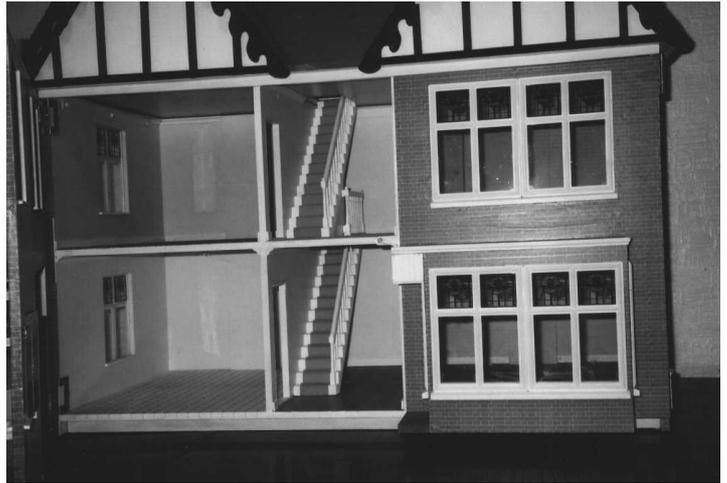
I will get back to the dolls house story because in 1970 we had our third son and in due course, in 2002, he and his partner produced the first girl in the family for 92 years. I wonder what great great Grandma would have said about that.

Now, it's no good making a dolls house for a grandson, but for a granddaughter ---. It was suggested to me that with building locos, I wouldn't have time to make a dolls house from scratch, so buy a kit - sound advice, as it still took nine months, the same time it takes to make a baby.

We of mature years will remember the Hobbies company who have specialised in fretwork designs since 1895. This company based in Dereham, Norfolk, markets a range of dolls house kits, among many other products. These kits, precision cut from MDF sheet, are available in scales of 1/12, 1/16 and 1/24. Usually included in the kit will be all windows and glazing, hinges and magnetic catches, exterior doors, internal staircases and adequate PVA wood glue. For assembly, floors and ceilings are pre-rebated for accurate location, and a dry mock up to avoid a cock up is strongly recommended before applying adhesive. Because of the weight of the model chosen, it was decided to assemble the roof portion as a separate unit for transport, this being attached to the main shell by angle brackets and 4BA nuts and bolts.

If it is thought that internal lighting may be required at a later date, then some forward planning will be needed to install wiring before rooms are decorated. Miniature light fittings are delicate so should not be added until the children are older.

Scale papers are available for coating walls inside and outside and I can offer a few tips for successfully applying external brick paper. Measure up and buy in one batch more than enough to cover the selected walls, much as you would for a room in the home. The paper is quite thin and fragile when wet, so some will get spoilt, if you have plenty spare it won't matter. Don't try to glue on a large piece of paper, but rather horizontal strips up to the window apertures with cuts made on the mortar line. If this is done with care, then like a good wig, you won't see the join. Window frames, pre-glazed and window sills should be glued on after papering. Matt varnish can be applied to the brick paper on completion to make it more durable and resistant to sticky fingers.



Internal walls were all painted with satin emulsion and test pots of various shades are a cheap way of doing this. Commercial roof papers can look rather flat so a more realistic effect is to glue scored strips of thin card on, overlapping to represent tiles or slates.

Mention has already been made about the weight of MDF, so some thought should be given about moving the dolls house completed and being played with. To satisfy this problem, a rigid wood frame was made about 6" high and mounted on four ball castors.

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Itz uman naycha innit by Vic R.

(With apologies to those who advocate teaching phonetic spelling)

Have you noticed that when you have done what you think is an absolutely first class cleaning job on the car or indeed the loco, some criticising b****r comes along, has a good look and then says "you missed a bit".

Additionally, when you have made a superb model or indeed a particularly complicated part for one and are feeling very proud of your achievement, along comes awkward s*d and says, "no, no, no, that's not right, it should be so and so". Or he (invariably a he) just peers very closely, shaking his head and tutting very loudly for quite a time.

I find the best way of dealing with this type of person is to say to him, "well and what is wrong, how would you have done it, and have you actually built a model." If the answer is "yes, and I would have done it like this", my response is "in that case would you be prepared to come along to one of our club meetings and give us a talk on how to do it properly?" Said clever clogs usually then departs at great speed rarely to be seen again!

Well, that's human nature for you.

SQUARE HOLES by E.W. Playfoot

It has taken me all day creating just four square cornered holes. The holes are approximately 3/8" x 1/2" in 3/8" thick mild steel and are to be the spring buckles for my Peppercorn A1 loco and tender. I have at least another twelve to do. Possibly more if I spoil any of them with subsequent machining.

I think this is the first time I have attempted to create spring buckles from the solid. In building my Princess of Wales I created the spring buckles by silver soldering two mild steel angle sections together thus creating a square tube which I then cut up into the required buckle sections.

In building my Mayflower I formed the buckles by milling a channel and silver soldering a back to it and thereby forming a square tube. This time I thought I would do the job properly and create the buckles from the solid thereby ensuring maximum strength.

I am creating the square holes by drilling small holes in each corner (No 53), followed by chain drilling eight holes just inside the outline (drill No.33). I spot the hole positions with a centre drill in the mill using the table dials, then drill. After drilling I mill the outline with a 3mm end mill. A very tedious operation but so far has created four neat holes requiring very little cleaning up with a file.

I am a trained carpenter and joiner and I spent my whole working life in the building industry. I am familiar with all aspects of the building trades and I think I know what can be done along with available machines for certain jobs.

For example: if I wanted to cut a square hole in a piece of timber, working with hand tools I would drill first and square it off with a chisel and mallet. In the joiners shop I would use either a chain mortise machine or a hollow chisel mortise machine. I even still have a portable hollow chisel mortise machine.

It therefore occurs to me that there surely must be tools, or machines which can create square holes in steel. Yet I do not recall ever seeing anything advertised. I realise it can be done by laser and water cutting but these methods are not ideal when a thin strap has to be produced.

I even find it difficult to create accurate smaller square cornered holes and/or slots in steel, because I seldom find that a square section file is accurately square so one has to try and compensate for the file. Neither are the edges of files sharply defined so you end up with a splayed internal corner.

I know we have many engineers in our Society and I for one would welcome a newsletter article on methods of creating square (or rectangular) holes such as required for spring buckles in our models. I look forward to being enlightened on this subject.

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E-Mail/Newsletter/Officers

There are probably many members out there that have e-mail addresses and haven't told the Secretary (secretary@maidstonemes.co.uk). If you currently do not receive a reminder e-mail about the club night each month, but would like to, please send the Secretary an e-mail asking to be added to the e-mail list. Sometimes people forget to attend and then are sorry they forgot (really!).

Just to let you know, and of course e-mail is a good way to contact the society with any questions and you can send articles for the newsletter!!!(Says the Editor hopefully). Don't forget that the club website can be found at www.maidstonemes.co.uk .

MODEL EXHIBITIONS, MY EXPERIENCES AS AN EXHIBITOR

by E.W.Playfoot

The very first time I entered a model in an exhibition was when I was about 13 years old. I think it was a general craft exhibition, which was held at the Town Hall in Tunbridge Wells. I entered a 60" span control line scale model of a Catalina powered by twin ED Racer diesel engines. I think I achieved a *highly commended*.

It was then some 45 years later that I supported our own exhibition (*Maidstone MES*) at our 70th anniversary with my then unfinished Simplex. Then again at our 75th anniversary. As I am a member also of Tonbridge MES I have supported them with their stand at the annual Model Engineer exhibition held at Alexandra Palace.

It can be quite stressful delivering, unloading and setting up ones model. But I feel it is rewarded by a certain amount of satisfaction from having ones creation admired.

However my experiences as an exhibitor this year are very likely to deter exhibitors like myself from taking the trouble in the future.

I have now exhibited with Tonbridge MES at Alexandra Palace for the past three years. The exhibition is organised by Meridian Exhibitions and is sponsored by the magazine Engineering in Miniature. Their exhibitions always look professionally managed with smart individual stands with fascias. The treatment I have received as an exhibitor at their exhibitions has always been polite and courteous. Trolleys and help are available if required. After setting up our models, a steward attaches an alarm cord and signs for them. On collection the steward checks them out and releases them. All done very professionally and courteously, in my opinion.

The Model Engineer Exhibition organised by The Model Engineer magazine is another matter.

The first Model Engineer Exhibition I supported was the 2005/06 show at Sandown Park. I had recently finished my Princess of Wales and decided to enter it in the exhibition. I drove along to Sandown Park; on my own thinking there would be trolleys available along with plenty of help. This was my first mistake.

The paperwork I had received gave no clear instructions where to take my model. So I parked up and walked into the main entrance and asked an usher where to take my model. 'We don't want no models' was his curt reply. Strange, I thought. However, he then suggested that I try the gate at the racecourse side of the stand. I drove into this area and parked on an incredibly steep car park. I walked into the back of the hall and found a booking in desk. My details were checked and I was told to wait for a steward who would assist me with unloading and setting up.

After some wait I found a steward, a very nice chap who was a volunteer I think from Guildford Club. He organised for me to drive directly into the Hall. But there were no trolleys so we had to carry the two boxes up to the second floor via the lifts. I think I was given a receipt for my model and two free tickets for the exhibition days. Following this experience, I adapted a trolley given to me by the late John Winsor, and took this with me on the last day of the show. At the end of the show I boxed up my model with John's help (*your current chairman*), loaded up and drove off. I was not challenged at all by any security staff.

I was not impressed with the Sandown Park show and the apparent lack of security concerned me. I did not think I would be exhibiting in another Model Engineer Exhibition. However, the Ascot Exhibition came along as I was completing my 'Mayflower' B1. David Carpenter was pleading for exhibits in his editorials, so I decided to enter it.

It must have been at least 6 weeks before the event that I sent off the application form. Barely a week before the event I received acceptance and delivery instructions. In fact I chased this up by telephone, as I wondered if my application had been lost in the post. Delivery instructions told me to report to car park number 3 at Ascot, which was the opposite side of the main road to the racecourse. The instructions stated that a representative would meet me and direct me across the road to the main exhibition hall. The only so called representative I met was a parking attendant who held me in a queue of cars for at least an hour.

My turn then came and I was directed across the main road through a checkpoint at the main gate. 'Where is your pass?' I was asked. I explained I had no 'pass' but I had a letter. This seemed to satisfy him and he let me through. I saw the main building in front of me and slightly to the left. I was not quite sure where to go but I drove up the ramp to the left and was directed to one of the main doors to the exhibition hall. I was hastened to unload as quickly as possible, shown where to temporarily place my model and then to return my car to the car park. I needed help, I said. 'Sorry I can't help', I was told, 'Health and Safety' or a similar excuse. However, another assistant did give me a lift of my model boxes onto my trolley and I placed my model boxes just in side where directed. I didn't leave my trolley as it was a bit shabby and I felt sure there would be trolleys and assistance on hand. This was a mistake.

I returned my car to the car park while my wife Ann guarded my models. On returning to the exhibition hall, we queued for some time at the check in desk, which was obviously under staffed. Eventually I was checked in by Mike Chrisp and told where to set up my model. At this point it became painfully clear that I was on my own. There appeared to be no staff available to assist me. Everybody seemed to be exhibitors like myself and I was reluctant to ask any of them for help. I decided the best thing I could do was to return to my car and retrieve my trolley. This I did, towing it across the road like a dog on a lead. I loaded the tender box and display track and took it up to the allocated display stand.

I now needed a hand to get the engine box onto my trolley. For some time I scoured the exhibition hall looking for staff who could help. Eventually I found a youngish fit man who seemed like a member of Ascot staff who agreed to help me. Once I had the engine box on my trolley I was able to wheel it myself via the lift up to floor four, I think it was.

I set up the display track on the table, but I now needed help again to get the engine onto the track on the table. Up and down the escalators I travelled searching for help. Eventually I found the same man who helped me previously. With some difficulty we lifted the engine onto the display track. I positioned and hooked up the tender. I now had to find a steward to sign for my model. I don't think I saw anybody who looked like a steward all the time I was there. I eventually went down to the checking in desk and Mike Chrisp signed for my model and gave me a receipt measuring about 1" x 8". Without this pathetic piece of paper I could not retrieve my model, I was told.

After a good weekend at Birmingham Model Engineering open day, I returned to Ascot on the Sunday evening after the exhibition had closed to collect my model. I parked in the same car park (Number 3) and walked across the road and into the exhibition hall. I had Ann my wife with me along with Tom who had kindly agreed to assist me. We started to box up my models and along came a man who presumably was a steward although I don't remember him having any identity. However, he was quite curt to the fact that we had started to box up my models before having had them signed off. I produced the pathetic piece of paper and he signed the back of the card, which accompanied my model. With Tom's help we loaded all the model boxes onto my trolley and took it all down to the ground floor via the lift. We wheeled it just outside one of the main doors. Ann and Tom stayed with my model while I went to get my car.

I had to then join a queue of cars in the car park. I must have waited at least half an hour before I was allowed to proceed over to the main hall to collect my model. After leaving the car park I crossed the main road and entered the Ascot grounds. I was stopped at the main gate and was asked for 'my pass'.

'I haven't got a pass' I said. Ann was looking after the model release ticket and I had no other paperwork. I was tired, I just wanted to collect my model, load up and be on my way. I was not in the mood to argue. My head exploded and I found myself pressing hard on the accelerator and I sped off to collect my model. Shouts went up and unfortunately I could not access the ramp because it was only wide enough for one car and another car was coming down. By this time several security personnel surrounded my car. I had my window down and one of them grabbed my car key. I fought with him and retrieved it. They then would not allow me to go up the ramp to retrieve my model. So I parked where I was, got out the car and walked up the ramp and with Tom's help we wheeled the model down the ramp to the car and loaded it. Cross words were exchanged with the exhibition organiser to the effect that I would not be supporting another exhibition of theirs. He said that he didn't want my type anyway, so at least the feeling was mutual.

I do realise that I was rather stupid in breaching their security checks. But as an exhibitor I think we should be treated with far more respect than we were. After all, without our exhibits they would have no exhibition. Also, we should have been issued with proper 'passes'.

I shall be very surprised if they hold another exhibition at Ascot. It is just not suitable for a model exhibition and the level of security was ridiculous. I presume that the security and parking staff were Ascot's own who were not at all sympathetic, nor courteous, to us as exhibitors. We were just tolerated. I could see no logical reason for keeping us waiting so long in the car park. I never saw more than a handful of cars loading at the rear of the exhibition hall. On boxing my model and getting it out of the building I fully expected to be able to collect the car and load without any delay. It must have upset many exhibitors and I suspect many will do as I do and stay away in the future.

So my advice to any modeller planning to exhibit his model is to be fully self-reliant and take whatever equipment and help you need to move your model. This will save you a lot of frustration. In the event that you are nominated for an award, be sure and attend the award ceremony or nominate a friend to attend for you. If you don't you won't receive your award. I haven't to date and its now nearly three months since the show.

A sorry tale indeed, particularly as Edgar won a gold medal and the JN Maskelyne Cup, AND has yet to receive either. I might have edited the odd word as Edgar is understandably a bit upset. But this is an account what happened to him, and to be fair, maybe others found the whole experience absolutely wonderful?

#####

NEW MEMBERS

THE FOLLOWING HAVE JOINED US SINCE APRIL 2007:

Robert Barton, student, from Maidstone, model making activities being model kit building, model scratch building and engineering;

Matthew Dorrington, student, from Maidstone, who has done loco work at the Mid Hants Railway in Ropley and N and OO gauge;

Paul Bennett, a chartered mechanical engineer, from Bearsted, starting on model making activities;

Grahame Godding (Harry's Dad), from Maidstone, a project and programme Manager, model making activities a 16mm garden railway and supporting his sons especially Harry in their activities.

WELCOME!

My First Year of Membership (Hmmm, that went quickly!) By Harry Godding

Oh no, here we go again I hear you all say, not another persons life story! Well actually I'm hoping to make this as short as possible so as not to bore you. Many of you will probably first think of me as the annoying little boy who always took pictures of everything and everyone and I must apologise to everyone I annoyed. But soon time passed and in August 2006 I became a member. At first I was a bit shy, then I started to get to know everyone, but there is a limit to how much you can know someone if you only see them every two weeks or so. This was of course as being under eighteen a parent or person over eighteen had to bring me down to the club. So for most of that year I only managed to visit every two or three weeks. I did occasionally help out, I like to think, but the truth is probably very different. It was like this until around May when I was able to go down the park on my own. This is when things really started to take off. I began to know everyone more, began to know how things worked and where things went. And with this new knowledge I started to help out more. And as many of you will know, I started to make cakes for you all to enjoy!

I also find it very nice to be able to help the club by passenger loading; I haven't yet had a go at fare collecting but I'm sure I'll try it some day. At least I'll get a chair and umbrella!!! That's about all that has really happened so far, nothing that actually includes engineering of some sort but I still need to learn how to use a lathe (anybody willing to help me?). Right; now for the future!!! When I have got a bit of practice on the sort of workshop equipment I will need I hope to be able to make a start on a locomotive, preferably 5" gauge. I still like the idea of building a 3½" gauge Juliet I, painting it the same as Sue's and calling it Jill! But what I really want is something that will be able to do some passenger hauling. There are a few designs which I like the idea of, but my two favourites are Speedy and Simplex. Both being something that will be able to passenger haul. I've even seen Edgar's Simplex take two fully loaded trolleys. And that is about it for now, sorry I have dragged on a bit but it is quite hard to get a year into a short space. My last words will most obviously be... Thank you for welcoming me into your society so gracefully and I hope to see many of you down (Or in some cases up) the park soon.

#####

STROKE: Remember The 1st Three Letters... S.T.R. from Sue

My friend sent this to me and encouraged me to spread the word. I have agreed. If everyone can remember something this simple, we might save someone's life. Seriously. Please read:

STROKE IDENTIFICATION: During a BBQ, a lady stumbled and took a little fall - she assured everyone that she was fine (they offered to call paramedics), she said she just tripped over a brick because of her new shoes. They got her cleaned up and a new plate of food - and while she appeared a bit shaken up, she went about enjoying herself the rest of the evening. Her husband called later telling everyone that his wife had been taken to the hospital - (at 6:00pm she passed away.) She had suffered a stroke at the BBQ. Had they known how to identify the signs of a stroke, perhaps she would be with us today. Some don't die. They end up in a helpless, hopeless condition instead. A neurologist has said that if he can get to a stroke victim within 3 hours he can completely reverse the effects of a stroke...totally. He said the trick was getting a stroke recognised, diagnosed, and then getting the patient medically cared for within 3 hours, which is tough.

RECOGNISING A STROKE Remember the '3' steps, STR. Read and Learn! Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer severe brain damage when people nearby fail to recognise the symptoms of a stroke. Now some doctors say a bystander can identify a stroke by asking three simple questions:

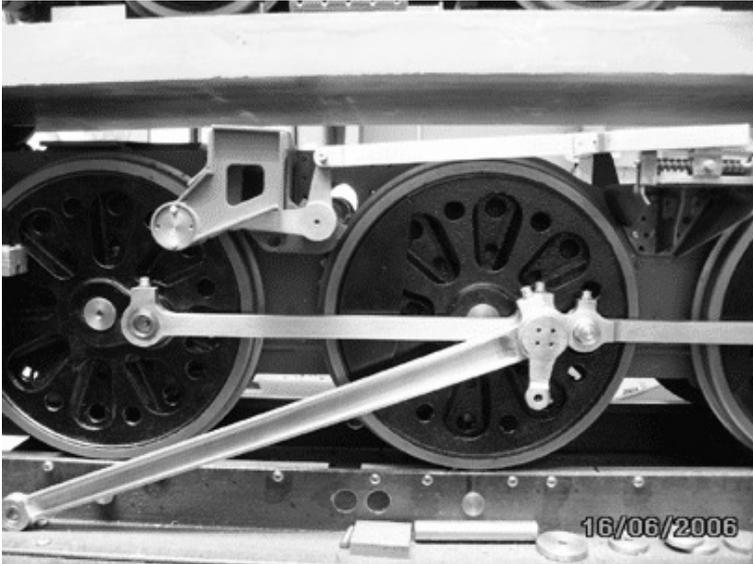
S * Ask the individual to **SMILE**.

T * Ask the person to talk, to **SPEAK A SIMPLE SENTENCE** coherently, e.g. it is sunny out day.

R * Ask him or her to **RAISE BOTH ARMS**.

NOTE: Another 'sign' of a stroke is this: Ask the person to 'stick' out their tongue. If the tongue is 'crooked', if it goes to one side or the other, that is also an indication of a stroke. If he or she has trouble with ANY ONE of these tasks, call 999 immediately and describe the symptoms. A cardiologist said if everyone who knows this tells 10 people, you can bet at least one life will be saved.

Merchant Navy Class 35008 'Orient Line' in 5" Gauge by Bernard White



As a young boy between the ages of 7 and 14, I was living on a farm between Harrietsham and Hollingbourne in Kent. Being adjacent to the Southern Railway tracks running between London Victoria, Maidstone East and the Ashford line, I took a great interest in all things railways.

The family moved to Maidstone (also in Kent) in 1949 and I soon joined the Maidstone Model Engineering Society. I set up a workshop in an old coal shed

outside, and saved up and purchased a brand new ML7 lathe for the princely sum of £65.00 including a motor, 3 and 4 jaw chucks and vertical slide - which I still have.

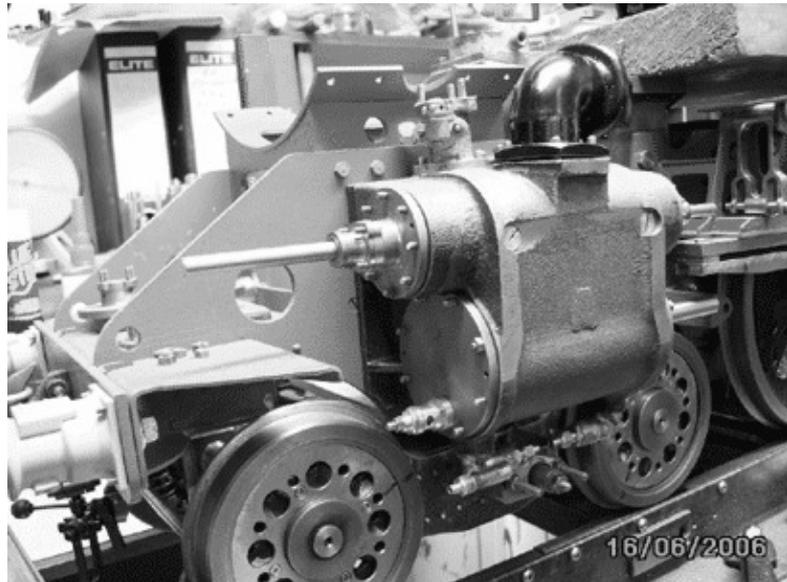
I built a 3½" gauge Juliet when aged 16-18, while working as a junior chemist at Style & Winch Brewers.

But I preferred engineering to chemistry, and transferred to AE Gardeners, Maidstone, and became time served.

Next came 2 years of National Service, and during this time LBSC described a Britannia in 3½" gauge - I was hooked. So I purchased some BR main outline drawings and started on frames, etc.

After many stops and starts over the following years, it progressed very slowly. On

retirement, I made a big 6 month effort and finished in 2000, just in time for the Model Engineer exhibition, where it won a silver medal and the J.N. Maskelyne Trophy. In 2003 it won the Australia Award at the Autumn Southern Federation Rally, and in 2004 also won the LBSC (Curly) Bowl.



But having lived on the edge of S.R. lines and built a 'Brit', Keith Wilson's 5" Gauge loco 'Ariel' took my fancy.



Rebuilt Southern Railway Merchant Navy's are similar to "Brits", which borrowed much from Bulleid's design. I knew 'Ariel' would be a complicated loco to build and would test all my skills, and it certainly has some. As the full-size was an all welded design and manufacture, the model has tested my ingenuity to make the 1/12 scale version look 'welded', if you see what I mean.

Adrian Gurr and I, Maidstone MES members, each started to build a Merchant Navy as parallel projects, but

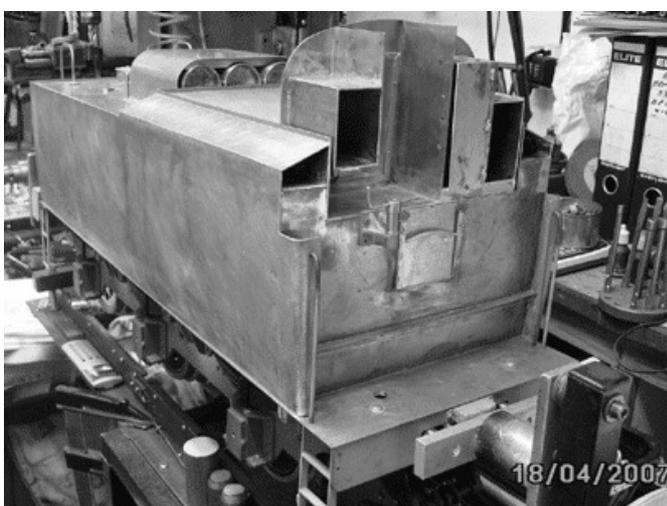
sadly Adrian died of a brain tumour never to finish his. I'm now building mine partly in his memory. Some day, hopefully, his loco will be completed by Tom Parham, another Maidstone MES member who was left the part built loco by Adrian.

I've named my loco "Orient Line" - 35008, as returning from Australia in 1936 as a 4 year old, my parents and I sailed on the 'SS Orontes' which was on the Orient Line.

My Merchant Navy 'Aerial' construction diary is as follows:

1990. Sets of wheels cast to 'open' patterns locally.

1992. Wheels machined to receive inserts (water cut). Inserts bonded and screwed to wheels to produce correct "boxpok" effect. Balance weights added. Tender, bogie and trailing wheels given same treatment.



2001. Main frames, bogie and tender frames water cut to profile as per M.E. drawings. All chassis stays bent and formed on ally formers. Outside motion brackets, outside guide bar brackets etc. All parts hand profiled (each 25-30 pieces) in every case to suit brazing. Assembly fixtures made in each instance. Each unit was No.2 Silver Soldered in one hit on fixtures, sand blasted and primed.

The boiler was manufactured to my own formers, and was silver soldered using oxy/propane. The boiler was tested to

200lb PSI. No problems.

2004. Cylinder castings were to be fabricated, but to cut time and make things easier in the confined space, MJ Engineering castings were purchased. A very nice piece of foundry work they were. These were machined on a Myford ML7 and Senior M1 Mill, bores honed, and my own piston rings manufactured, fitted to main bores; with just oil grooves on piston valves. Bogie and trailing frames were fabricated and brazed in fixtures using oxy/propane.

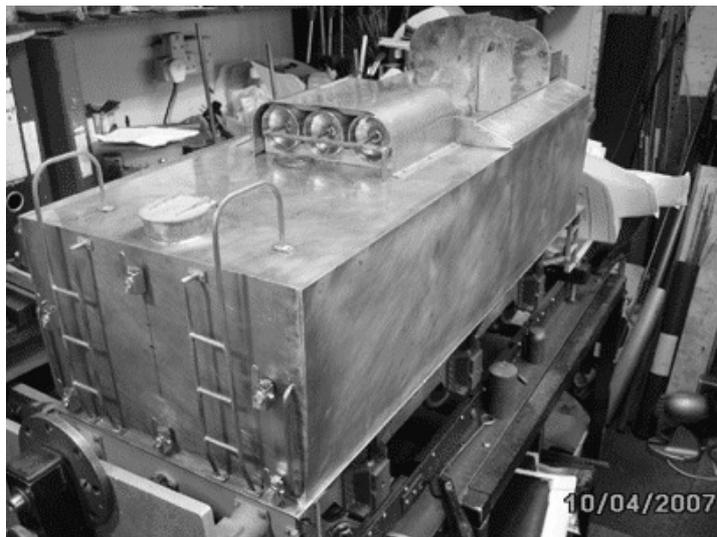
Coupling rods and connecting rods inside and out made from heat treated bright bar (heated in own house log fire). Fixture made to hold all rods on milling machine during manufacture. I think I ended up with more swarf than rods. Both sides of rods fluted using in-house made milling cutter with radii etc. made from tool steel.

Wheel setting to 3 cylinder angles using M1 mill dividing head and slips saved making a large fixture and worked to specification.

All leaf springs are hand made from phosphor bronze 20 SWG strip 3/8 wide.

The axles all run in needle rollers, and expansion links on ball bearings.

2005. Tender chassis completed with full vacuum braking as per prototype.



2007. Tender body: all brass soft soldered with baffle plates etc. This is almost complete, with working cupboards and coal hood to finish. This front section will also lift out to allow driving access.



Four radiant super heaters have been constructed, and the boiler cladding is being assembled. Also the cab and running plates are in hand.

The ashpan is manufactured from 20 SWG stainless steel. This is a very complicated item, all silver soldered with working vent and ash release etc.

It would be nice to think it will be completed this year, 2007, but as you all know, things do upset the best laid plans. But here's hoping, given clearance from 'Management' and continued health.

The full size '35008' was rebuilt in 1957, but unfortunately scrapped in 1965 - very sad. Hopefully its namesake will be steaming in the Southern heartland before too long.

Sunday Lunch on Sunday February 3rd at the Grangemoor Hotel £16-50 pp at 12-30 for 1pm

Fresh Home Made 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 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
Tagliatelle in a creamy oyster mushroom & sage 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

Name:

Menu Choices:

Name:

Menu Choices:

Cash or cheque payable to M.M.E.S. (£16-50 per person) and your menu choices to Pat Riddles (or Sue if Pat not around) BY January Club Night Friday January 4 please.

Here is the comedy selection, from various sources as ever:

Male/Female Differences

NICKNAMES: If Laura, Kate and Sarah go out for lunch, they will call each other Laura, Kate and Sarah. If Mike, Dave and John go out, they will affectionately refer to each other as Fat Boy, Godzilla and Four-eyes.

EATING OUT: When the bill arrives, Mike, Dave and John will each throw in £20, even though it's only for £32.50. None of them will have anything smaller and none will actually admit they want change back. When the girls get their bill, out come the pocket calculators.

MONEY: A man will pay £2 for a £1 item he needs. A woman will pay £1 for a £2 item that she doesn't need but it's on sale.

BATHROOMS: A man has six items in his bathroom: toothbrush and toothpaste, shaving cream, razor, a bar of soap, and a towel from M&S. The average number of items in the typical woman's bathroom is 337. A man would not be able to identify more than 20 of these items.

ARGUMENTS: A woman has the last word in any argument. Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.

CATS: Women love cats. Men say they love cats, but when women aren't looking, men put them out.

FUTURE: A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband. A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.

SUCCESS: A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend. A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

MARRIAGE: A woman marries a man expecting he will change, but he doesn't. A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, but she does.

DRESSING UP: A woman will dress up to go shopping, water the plants, empty the bins, answer the phone, read a book, and get the post. A man will dress up for weddings and funerals.

NATURAL: Men wake up as good-looking as they went to bed. Women somehow deteriorate during the night.

OFFSPRING: Ah, children. A woman knows all about her children. She knows about dentist appointments and romances, best friends, favourite foods, secret fears and hopes and dreams. A man is vaguely aware of some short people living in the house.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Any married man should forget his mistakes. There's no use in two people remembering the same thing.

You Might Be A Copper If....

You have the bladder capacity of five people.

You have ever restrained someone and it was not a sexual experience.

You believe that 75% of people are a waste of space.

Your idea of a good time is an armed robbery at shift change.

You call for a name check on anyone who is remotely friendly to you.

Discussing dismemberment over dinner seems perfectly normal to you.

You find humour in other peoples stupidity.

You have your weekends off planned for a year.

You believe the government should require a permit to reproduce.

You believe that unspeakable evils will befall you if anyone says "God, its quiet today".

Whenever you phone someone, you ask them 'Are you free to speak?'

Your diet consists of food that has gone through more processing than a computer can track.

You're the only sober person in the kebab house.

You believe chocolate is a food group.

Having alcohol at 7am seems perfectly normal.

You have ever wanted to hold a seminar called "Suicide, getting it right the first time".

You believe "Too stupid to Live" should be a valid court outcome.

When you mention vegetables, you're not referring to a food group.

You think caffeine should be available in IV form.

Your prisoner states "I have no idea how I got here" - and neither have you.

You end normal conversations with loved ones with Roger or Acknowledged.

You walk down the street looking at people as potential criminal intelligence submissions.

You believe the carpet bombing of certain areas of your beat is a viable alternative to policing.

You believe that some crimes can be sorted out with a damn good kicking.

Your favourite hallucinogen is exhaustion.

You are the only person you know who ever uses the word 'liaise'.

Your partner tells you off for walking with your hands held together behind your back.

At least once every working day you use the phrase, "The job's ****ed!"

You regularly say, "With all due respect, Sir" but mean nothing of the sort.

You have a nose finely tuned to the smells of cannabis, decomposition and stale body odour.

You think Thursday is the best night to go into town for a drink with your mates.

You nodded and laughed at all of the above, and realised what a sick bunch we all are.

Keep smiling.....

#####

Good Luck, Mr. Gorsky

On July 20, 1969, as commander of the Apollo 11 Lunar Module, Neil Armstrong was the first person to set foot on the moon. His first words after stepping on the moon, "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind", were televised to Earth and heard by millions.

But just before he re-entered the lander, he made the enigmatic remark: "Good luck, Mr. Gorsky."

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet Cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space programs.

Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the "Good luck Mr. Gorsky" statement meant but Armstrong always just smiled.

On July 5, 1995, in Tampa Bay, Florida, while answering questions following a speech, a reporter brought up the 26 year old question to Armstrong. This time he finally responded. Mr. Gorsky had died and so Neil Armstrong felt he could answer the question.

In 1938 when he was a kid in a small Midwest town, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend hit a fly ball, which landed in his neighbour's yard by the bedroom windows. His neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Gorsky.

As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky: "Sex! You want sex?! You'll get sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"

#####

Brains

The relatives gathered in the waiting room of the hospital where their family member lay gravely ill.

Finally, the doctor came in, looking tired and somber. "I'm afraid I'm the bearer of bad news," he said as he surveyed the worried faces. "The only hope left for your loved one at this time is a brain transplant. It's an experimental procedure, semi-risky, and you will have to pay for the brain yourselves."

The family members sat silent as they absorbed the news. After a great length of time, someone asked, "Well, how much does a brain cost?"

The doctor quickly responded, "\$5,000 for a male brain, and \$200 for a female brain."

The moment turned awkward. The men in the room tried not to smile, avoiding eye contact with the women, but some actually smirked.

A man, unable to control his curiosity, blurted out the question everyone wanted to ask, "Why is the male brain so much more?"

The doctor smiled at the childish innocence, and to the entire group said, "It's just standard pricing procedure. We have to mark down the price of the female brains, because they've actually been used."

#####

Engineering in Hell

An engineer dies and reports to the pearly gates. St. Peter checks his dossier and says, "Ah, you're an engineer - you're in the wrong place."

So, the engineer reports to the gates of hell and is let in. Pretty soon, the engineer gets dissatisfied with the level of comfort in hell, and starts designing and building improvements. After a while, they've got air conditioning and flush toilets and escalators, and the engineer is a pretty popular guy.

One day, God calls Satan up on the telephone and says with a sneer, "So, how's it going down there in hell?"

Satan replies, "Hey, things are going great. We've got air conditioning and flush toilets and escalators, and there's no telling what this engineer is going to come up with next."

God replies, "What??? You've got an engineer? That's a mistake - he should never have gone down there; send him up here."

Satan says, "No way. I like having an engineer on the staff, and I'm keeping him."

God says, "Send him back up here or I'll sue."

Satan laughs uproariously and answers, "Yeah, right. And just where are YOU going to get a lawyer?"

#####

The Flagpole

Two Irish engineers were standing at the base of a flagpole, looking up.

A blonde walked by and asked what they were doing.

Paddy said: "We're supposed to find the height of this flagpole, but we don't have a ladder".

The blonde took a spanner from her handbag, loosened a few bolts and laid the flagpole down.

She then pulled a tape measure from her pocket, took a few measurements and announced that it was eighteen feet and six inches.

She then walked off.

Mick said: "Ain't that just like a blonde! We need the height and she gives us the length".

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THE KIDS WHO WERE **BORN IN THE**

1920's, 30's 40's, 50's, 60's, and 70's

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us and lived in houses made of asbestos.

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes or cervical cancer.

Then after that trauma, our baby cribs were covered with bright coloured lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets or shoes, not to mention, the risks we took hitch hiking .

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags.

Riding in the back of a pickup on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and NOT from a bottle.

Take away food was limited to fish and chips, no Indian, kebab, pizza shops, McDonalds, KFC, or Greggs.

Even though all the shops closed at 6.00pm and didn't open on the weekends, somehow we didn't starve to death!

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and NO ONE actually died from this.

We could collect old drink bottles and cash them in at the corner store and buy Spangles and some penny bangers to blow up frogs with.

We ate cupcakes, white bread and real butter and drank soft drinks with sugar in it, but we weren't overweight because.....

WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING!!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day. And we were O.K.

We would spend hours building our trollies out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. We built tree houses and made our own dens and played with matchbox cars.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo's, X-boxes, no video games at all, no 99 channels on cable, no video tape movies, no surround sound, no mobile phones, no personal computers, no Internet or Internet chat rooms..... WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no Lawsuits from these accidents.

Only girls had pierced ears!

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

You could only buy Easter Eggs and Hot Cross buns at Easter time.....no really!

We were given Cap guns, Pea shooters and sling shots for our 10th birthdays,
We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just yelled for them!

Mum didn't have to go to work to help dad make ends meet!

Footy had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!!

Our teachers used to belt us with big sticks or a size 12 pump (trainer) and bullies *always* ruled the playground at school.

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of.
They actually sided with the law!

Our parents got married *before* they had children and didn't invent
stupid names for their kids like 'Kiora' and 'Blade'

This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers, problem
solvers and inventors ever!

The past 70 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned

HOW TO
DEAL WITH IT ALL!

And YOU are one of them!
CONGRATULATIONS!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to
grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated our
lives for our own good.

And while you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how
brave their parents were.

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors,
doesn't it?!

PS -The big type is because your eyes are shot at your age.

Sue's Spot

Greetings everyone; all ready for Christmas, are we? No, me neither! And here I am, late again, have been endeavouring to get this newsletter out since early November. I have had to plead, threat, beg or borrow (I'll try whatever gets results) in order to persuade a few good souls to give me something to go in it. Well, that's my excuse and I'm sticking to it. So thanks to all our contributors, they are why there is a reasonably sized newsletter to read!



Sue - Sleepless in Seattle

So here is a quick rundown of the last few months, for those that have missed events at the Club. May Club Night John Mallichan gave a very interesting nuclear talk, which was a really different topic for an evening. At the end of the month we had visitors from Beech Hurst, Canvey and Sutton Clubs, many thanks to my catering team for the day of Elsie Gurr, Joan Linkins and Ann Playfoot. June Club Night served up chilli con carne and Jacket potatoes for the evening run, and we had our annual visit to Canvey Club and were looked after handsomely as usual. In the middle of June there was attempted vandalism, some dear souls had tried prising up the track and breaking into the Clubhouse (fortunately without much success). We had an informal word with a chap in blue that we know and so not much trouble after that, although obviously the police can't be around where and when you need them, I feel it must have helped having the occasional visit by a car with a flashing blue light on the top.

Tom and Edgar



July Club night saw a barbecue with the evening run but a few of us missed that one as we were supporting Tom Parham and Edgar Playfoot who were representing Maidstone, and John Linkins and Brian Remnant, also members



of Maidstone but representing Romney as they all competed in IMLEC at Llanelli....no, our boys didn't win but put in a good effort. As you may have heard, Tom turned up to run on the Sunday to find his loco had been damaged, but thanks to efforts put in and Llanelli club pulling out all the stops, he still ran in the face of such adversity, so really deserves a special well done (okay so I'm biased! But I think it's deserved). Back here, the Tour De France rather upset any public running on that Sunday, due to lots of pedalling in our neck of the woods. The following weekend saw the ever successful Family and Friends Saturday, when they can come down and have a go

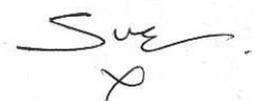
(supervised, of course). Our club nights throughout the summer (did you say: summer? What summer? The weather was a bit variable, wasn't it, with no heatwave as promised) are always evening runs with different victuals – August was pizzas and salad. In the middle of August we had our run for the mentally handicapped and thanks to Dave Deller, Geoff Riddles and Mike Wallace for steaming up to give the Mencap children rides. When you see handicapped children it makes you realise how lucky you are. For August Bank Holiday we had a charity run, this time in aid of Multiple Sclerosis and raised £300. This was to thank member Dr Richard Cook who arranged for a milling machine at Guys Hospital that was no longer required to be donated to the Club. I believe Guys used to have a workshop in the basement and perhaps it was where Dr Frankenstein or Dr Jekyll worked.... Speaking of the workshop, we're obviously keen that this doesn't become a dumping ground. If you have equipment/tools/materials to offer please contact the committee first, at the moment we are looking for a dividing head and a rotary table. John Hawkins (Mr Chairman) is the Man in Charge of the workshop.



September it was fish and chips and cheesecake with the evening run, and in October the winner of the Photo Competition was Charles Darley, with chairman John Hawkins and another picture by Charles in joint second place. Well done chaps. We had a last minute trip to Beech Hurst Club – hadn't meant to be last minute, but I won't go into the story here – and again thanks to them and for the lovely tea they laid on, much appreciated (diet? What diet?). The last members run of the season would have me say the following: that if you're the one moving the trolley traverser then make darn sure there is not an engine approaching before you pull the lever and if someone tells you to pull the lever when there is a train approaching (particularly when it's mine), don't do it, just kick him in the shins... So the season ended on a damp note due to inclement weather and as winter begins to bite we can start to list and work on the jobs that need doing. Perhaps I should have a few words of congratulations and thanks – firstly, to Permanent Way Pete (Kingsford) who has overseen the track and ensured running on it has been as smooth as possible. Secondly, I've been told Gus & Son (Keith) spent many hours working on Fast Franc (my nickname for it), the SNCF petrol loco built by the late Frank Deeprise and now owned by the Club, and thanks to their time and efforts it runs really well. I hear all three Club locomotives are in working order now, excellent. In fact it would be wrong for me not to thank on all members' behalf those who work tirelessly for the Club. If someone deserves a particular mention in despatches please let me know. Talking of thanking, personally I'd like to thank North London SME for putting me on the cover of their September newsletter; I just hope it didn't lose them too many readers. I'd also like to thank them for inviting us to the events we attended, and for Sue's delicious flapjacks! Oh dear I'm digressing. Where was I - oh yes winter works. We will cast a couple more beams in case of need. Painting in lots of places around, in and out is required, de-cluttering of the club buildings – a lot of things must go, we just have not got room to store them.

Then of course the trolley store needs clearing ready for the toilet installation – this is the part where I start begging: Please, please, we need monetary donations as this is going to cost more than the club has got – although obviously not all the cash is needed straight away. Roy Harman has kindly found the appropriate money box in the form of a toilet, put the money in and flush it away! – This is in the clubhouse. Of course, our Treasurer Peter Roots always accepts any cash - and cheques too. To update you on progress; yes, there has suddenly been a technical hitch, by Maidstone Borough Council. At the last minute suddenly Health and Safety etc has reared it's - now oversized in my opinion – head, just because our contractors did a second courtesy call to them saying; “we know you've agreed to it all, but just to let you know we're about to start”, and well, you don't want to know what that has begun. Suffice to say our contractors are trying to sort this out, which is of course adding to our bill, and we're keeping in weekly contact with them. So you could say work is currently in lieu, or not in loo perhaps I should say.....

Is there anyone out there who would like to run the February Quiz Night? Can't remember if Wallace and Gromit said they would again or not... it's my age you know. Someone volunteer to me please, if not you might have to put up with me doing it again... Hope to see many of you at the annual Club Lunch that weekend. I suggest you note your menu choices on the menu list in the middle of this newsletter as your copy, and complete the loose sheet menu (with the same choices!) and get that to Pat so she can organise what you want. The other loose sheet in the newsletter (I speak as if I've remembered to put them in, so here's hoping) is for you to send your annual subscription to Peter Roots. You are respectfully reminded that subs are due on 1st January each year – and what a good opportunity to include something extra towards the toilet installation! (Look; I used to be a Bank Manager and now I'm officially retired I miss chasing people for money!) Next newsletter edition is due out in May, but you can submit articles any time. Nominations are welcome for committee and officer positions, which must be in writing by the end of January and each have a written proposer and seconder. Both JB and Peter Kingsford plan to stand down from committee, you'll be missed chaps, thank you for your years of committee service. Well, enough from me, it just remains for me to say: Have a wonderful Christmas and a happy and healthy new year. Keep steaming!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sue' with a stylized flourish underneath.

DIARY DATES

2007

Friday December 7: The Norman King Show: Norm talks about Steam Lorries

Wednesday December 26: Boxing Day Run

2008 (a leap year)

Friday January 4: Bits & Pieces & Crumpets

Friday February 1: The Great Quiz Night

Sunday February 3: The 6th Annual MMES Sunday Lunch at the Grangemoor Hotel

Friday March 7: The Annual General Meeting

Sunday March 30: Public Running Season commences (and clocks go forward)

Friday April 4: Bring & Buy Anything & Fish & Chips & Cheesecake £6

Wednesday April 16: Members Playtime Run

Friday May: 2: Guest Speaker & Cakes

Wednesday May 21: Members Playtime Run

Friday June 6: Evening Run & Pizza & Salad £2 per head

Wednesday June 18: Members Playtime Run

All evening events start at @ 7-45pm.; evening runs can be a bit earlier.

*It will be appreciated if everyone attending each Club Night will **donate £1** each towards the cost of the refreshments provided/evening entertainment – some nights are more if it's more of a meal that is laid on and you are having your share of it).*

ANYTHING ANYWHERE ELSE KNOWN ABOUT SO FAR IN 2008:

January 18-20: London Model Engineer Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace London (*no club coach*)

February 16-18: Model World at the Brighton Centre

April 26-27: Model Engineering Show at the Milestones Museum Basingstoke

May 3-4: Trevithicks Industrial Dartford Celebration, Central Park, Dartford.

July 12-13: Guildford MES 41st Model Steam Rally & Exhibition

October 17-21: Midlands Model Engineering Exhibition at Warwickshire Exhibition Centre

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

Finally,
Hope '08
Is truly great
For everyone!