

PETERBOROUGH MODEL FLYING CLUB



MAGAZINE

March
2013



SPRING FEVER



INDOOR
OUTDOOR
CONTROL LINE
FREE FLIGHT
RADIO CONTROL

SCALE
VINTAGE
UNORTHODOX

RUBBER
DIESEL
ELECTRIC
GLIDER
CATAPULT

INNOVATIVE
EXPERIMENTAL
(even foamies!)

PMFC MEMBERS DO IT ALL!

Produced in conjunction with our website
www.peterboroughmfc.org

EXCELSIOR!

The ring, the turf and the hunt: the muddied oafs and the flanneled fools: they all share the heritage of literature: stories, fictional or otherwise, which exemplify the character of the sport. Accounts of classic motor races, the scaling of mountain peaks or single handed conquests of the oceans have also inspired many to great deeds of their own. In the world of model flying, our specialist magazine Aeromodeller brought us, via O'Donnell, Hipperson and other inspirational writers, heroic accounts of endeavour allied to technical excellence which, like the Eagle Annual that inspired Dave Shipton (see page 8), drove us on to our own individual efforts. I remember reading again and again the account of the DH 88 Comet Grosvenor House as it raced to Australia, although for many years the epic crossing of Rannoch Moor in the Scottish Six Days Trial in Motor Cycle News back in the sixties drew me in a different direction.

Typifying the atmosphere of friendly, "clubbie" competition which (usually) characterises our sport, the stories of Hamish Boots McGillicuddy play an important part in our heritage. Believing, quite wrongly as it turns out, that this would be a slim magazine this month, I have chosen to add my contribution. I promise it won't happen again, but I hope it will leave you with feelings of pleasure...

J.ashmole@talk21.com

New "T" and Sweatshirts: please contact Brian Waterland (brianwaterland@hotmail.co.uk or 01778 343722) if you would like to kit yourself out in Club regalia this year. He does not currently have enough orders to send off, but a few more will make the numbers viable. Decide whether you are S,M,L,XL or XXL, and expect to pay £9 for a white "T" with blue logo or £16 for the blue sweatshirt with white PMFC logo.

We seem to be generating a series of "Feature" events for club members to attend throughout the year: the Free Flight "Picnic in the Park" which was weather affected last year, but which hopefully will grow in 2013 into a regular event, similar to the Good Friday gatherings. Also the new Control Line meetings just up the road at Thorpe Meadow, mentioned on page 20, which should bring together not only the C/L types, but anyone who enjoys an involvement in Real Aeromodelling whatever their speciality. Just come along and watch /annoy/ give unwanted advice/ criticise, or, at a push, get involved. Whatever happens, there is always good humour and scurrilous banter whenever PMFC members get together. Remember that Ferry Meadows is open to flying from 1pm Tuesdays and Fridays. Elsewhere in this edition you will find the details of our monthly F/F Contests at that venue. They culminate in the incredibly popular Flying Aces event, which this year falls on 1st September.

FRONT COVER Good turnout at Bushfield, in January.
(Ted Szklaruk photo)

PAGE THREE MODELS



Jaqui Sephton, with Andy's Slingsby.

The glider, says Andy, was built as a trial to see if it was possible to fly a scale glider indoors and to figure out how it could be judged - reading between the lines in the Scale Rule Book it could be argued that a scale glider would be eligible for Kit Scale if launched by bungee.

It's a Veron Slingsby Skylark Mk1 of 30" span built from a Replikit plan and Outerzone printwood with lightweight "shop" wood (not indoor stock) covered in doped on Esaki tissue, water shrunk then sprayed with thinned non-shrinking dope followed by Humbrol Enamel medium thinned with cellulose thinners. The flying weight is 18gm. The bungee was about two meters of 0.045" tan rubber kindly supplied by a fellow club member and about 8 metres of cotton thread. In the event the rubber was a bit too strong for the model. The only mods made to the plan were the substitution of a 1/32" plywood skid rather than one of 1/16", and the addition of 1/16" incidence on the wing.

Mr Moley's Kryptic Klues: "Pharmacist provides endless comfort for model builder" (5)
(answer on page 14. Yes, really.)

AEROMODELLER:

With the second issue, the new incarnation of Aeromodeller seems to be getting into its stride, with more regular contributors and items being added. The Editor, Steve Higginson, speaks of a “thunderous start” (but you know what Editors are like!) and clearly intends to build upon the momentum generated. He seeks interaction with readers and the letters page will become a forum for all views, even if critical. In this respect, we are all on the same side, as our hobby is clearly diminished without a dedicated National (I should say, International) publication.

Brian Waterland, who, as our PRO has a particular interest in the Press and the way our Club is represented, comments as follows:

When Aviation Modeller International ceased publication, taking the “Aeromodeller” insert with it, many of us wondered if there was a future for that notoriously tight fisted bunch known as “Real Aeromodellers.” Then came the news that AM was coming back BUT the Editor would be American; AND it would cost £5 a copy! The omens were not auspicious.

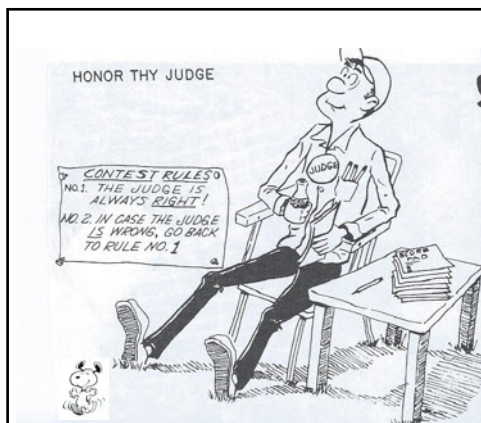
If the definition of a good magazine is one containing several articles you want to read, then this has succeeded. The Editor has not yet strayed too far from AM’s roots and has incorporated regular articles by Bill Dennis, Don Howie and Andy Brough. He has also tried to include a mix of control line and free flight articles together with rally reports and a free plan; those who need something to “chew on” have had a very detailed rundown on compressed air motors and an article on Cox .049 engines. The next issue will include an article on 36inch Hi-Start Glider and a plan of Peter Michel’s “3ft Ruler.”

There has been a little US and Australian content but personally I would like to hear what is happening in the rest of the world as well. I do worry about the inclusion of an engine test written by its manufacturer, and I felt a certain déjà vu about an article on control line stunt tanks but it is early days and after two issues I have been very pleasantly surprised. Long may it continue. ...BVW

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SAM 35 SPEAKS to us all....

When you have finished this magazine, and then the latest “Aeromodeller,” there will be a gap of a couple of months before the next dedicated reading for real aeromodellers comes around. Do not despair. Now that the SAM 35 have ceased to be exclusively vintage, their monthly magazine has a more direct appeal to us all. Sixty pages, regular articles by various luminaries including Andrew Longhurst (rubber), Lindsay Smith (Scale), Peter Michel (Glider), Andy Brough (Power), our own Brian Lever (Control Line) and extensive articles by other contributors including , this month, Brian Waterland on ME Engines. So, if this doesn’t put you off, send £25 to the membership secretary, Alan Chatfield, at 27 Causeway Terrace, Watchet, Somerset, TA23 0HP, and receive twelve issues of a magazine “Dedicated to the Preservation of Real Aeromodelling.” And it’s Foam Free!



RECRUITING SERGEANT

We need more competitors for the Electric Precision events held at Barkston on April 27th, July 27th, and September 28th. All you do is to hand launch and fly for 45 seconds: see the “Electric Bowden” article in our club magazine for March 2012 (or on the website.) There is a TROPHY for each event as well as cash prizes. Without greater support, these events may not continue into 2014.

THE DUNSTERVILLE MEMORIAL BOWDEN WILL TAKE PLACE AT BARKSTON HEATH ON JUNE 29TH

SEPTON SPEAKS

On Indoor Model Aircraft Aerodynamics, Peakirk, 1st March

(Extracts reported by JMA)

Stability:

Our objective in flying Indoor scale is to optimise smooth take off, climb, realism in flight, descent, approach and landing.

In practice, our model will be either a) stable, b) neutral [ie. it safely maintains a new flight path] or c) unstable. Our aim must be to make the model longitudinally stable. One major problem is that scale jobs have short tail moments compared with vintage or contest models. Andy asks why scale models should have lifting tailplanes. If they are scale in size, they should be either symmetrical or inverted. This is due to the fact that every wing has a downward pitching moment which would be exacerbated by a lifting tailplane. (This, of course, contradicts Ron Moulton's advice in "Flying Scale Models," which may have been influenced by contemporary F/F contest practice.)

Wing Sections:

We seek a wing section with a good lift/drag ratio and a low pitching moment. Problem is, more lift needs more speed, needs more rubber, equals more weight, needs more speed. A vicious circle.

As examples, Andy showed two sections, Gottingen 795, about 11% thick, and Gottingen 796, 15% thick and similar to Clark Y. Following a "wing section analysis" he concluded that the 795 permits a smaller tailplane and is then most appropriate for scale models. Flying speed matters for points, and it is useful to realise that "the slower you fly, the thinner section you need." Andy's 21 gramme Lacey flew well and at a good scale speed with the Gottingen 795. It must be mentioned, however, that thin sections could compromise the appearance of the wing.

Rise off Ground Take Off:

Potential problems are Longitudinal and Directional (ground looping)

1) To pitch the model up, use some up elevator and/or move the Cg forward. That is, make the model more stable.

2) To avoid ground looping: realise that once a tail dragger begins to swing, the swing will increase. "*Wide track bad, narrow track good.*" This is due to the drag of the wheels relative to their distance ahead of the Cg once the model has begun to turn. So, move the Cg forward. (One could try toe-in on the starboard wheel.)

Although an oversimplification, we could do worse that take on board;

"SEPTON'S CURE-ALL....ADD NOSEWEIGHT."

"The Spitfire gets its manouverability from aerodynamics, the Hurricane from instability ." Topic for another time, Andy?

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How did he score?
Enthused.....24
Bewildered1
Bored.....0
Thanks, Andy!

**RED NOSE CHALLENGE FOR CHILDREN IN NEED
PEAKIRK VILLAGE GREEN
SATURDAY 16TH MARCH 12 NOON**

(Extracts from a Press release, by Brian Lever)

Do something funny for Children in need" was the challenge. Well, I wasn't so sure about doing something funny but perhaps unusual was a better possibility.

With the approval of the Parish Council I shall fly one of my competition C/L models for a period of 12 minutes on the Village Green at the above date and time.

This will require some high speed pitstops involving refuelling and restarting the tuned 1.5cc diesel engine just like F1 Grand Prix cars. In the 12 minutes allocated I shall aim to complete some 200 laps which will be a very tough call. If I am able to achieve 200 and you were kindly to sponsor me at 1p per lap this would raise £2 for children in Need.

To enter into the spirit of the challenge both the pilot and pitman will be proudly wearing their Children in Need T shirts and Red Noses!

If you wish to sponsor our challenge just e-mail to my address:
blever@btinternet.com or contact me at 3, The Park, Peakirk.

Martin Skinner's "Scatterbrain"
With D.C Merlin, metal wheels from carboot, and tank from plastic anti-wrinkle cream container. So, we'll all have one of those handy, then...



**SEVERAL OF YOU WHO HAVE RECEIVED THIS MAGAZINE
HAVE NOT YET RENEWED MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER
THAT YOU ARE NOT INSURED TO FLY WITHOUT PAYING
BMFA SUBS. PMFC CHARGES ONLY £15 FOR A YEAR! YOU
ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HAND A 28 PAGE MAGAZINE BUT
IT WILL BE YOUR LAST: AIN'T IT WORTH IT?**

THE SHIPTON FILES

Dave delves into the past, where we can all find a little of ourselves....

When I was four, I remember sitting on the lawn of my Gran's house marvelling at the sight of my Uncle Stan's latest model aeroplanes and wanting to touch them, which of course would have been a definite No No. I can only remember the detail of one which really set my passion for modelling to come over the years, it was as near as I could tell, a Black Magic or very similar design covered in blue and silver with the words Strato Queen in big gold letters spreading across both wings. Unfortunately, Uncle Stan was killed in a motor cycle accident only months after completing the models. They lay for some time in his room along with piles of balsa, lots of glue and all the associated kit for building. The room always had a distinctive smell which I can remember today; we had spent many an hour in there whilst he made me simple models to play with, and after he died my Dad would take me there and make me chuck gliders and Gran would fetch me one of his Aero magazines to look at to keep me quiet and from under her feet. I often dreamed about one day having a model like his, and probably drove my parents mad talking about them.

Several years later Dad asked me to help him with some bits he wanted from the loft, and I stood at the bottom of his old wooden steps and guided an assortment of large boxes through the hatch and onto the floor. We took them downstairs and started to unpack them; to my sheer delight they contained all my Uncle Stan's old magazines, his balsa wood, glues and all, and the final box contained a beautiful set of wings with the words Strato Queen in gold letters. At this point Dad went back into the loft and passed down the fuselage to complete the model.

Dreams do come true, don't they?

Over the years I made all sorts of models with the materials left to me by Uncle Stan, and enjoyed many a happy hour whittling away at balsa, making planes and cars. Dad had an old army mate called Ernest Berwick who had a model shop in Kettering, and when we went shopping we would leave Mum and my sister browsing the shops, and Dad and I would call in to see him. I would collect all the leaflets from the various kit manufacturers especially K.K, Frog and Veron spending hours trying to choose one that I could put on my Christmas list. My pocket money was almost non-existent as Mum & Dad weren't all that well off, they could however stretch to buying me an Aeromodeller magazine occasionally, which I read from cover to cover many times. The little money that I did have would religiously be saved until I could buy myself a kit to make, the first I can remember was a K.K. Stinson Station Wagon rubber model. As the years went on my craving for models never ceased, and I can remember getting a New Junior Monitor and an AM 35 for my combined Christmas and Birthday present. Sadly it was broken in two on the first flight due to poor communication between pilot and helper: I started the engine and my mate Chris launched the model immediately, only to find Dad had the Laystrate lines in his hand with the handle a foot off the floor, trying to run out the twists. I made many models during these years and had many dodgy encounters, like the time I ran out of fuse and tried to light a Jetex motor with the gas stove and set fire to the model and Mum's curtains, or the time I made a tissue covered R101 which got caught in Dad's roses and went up in a ball of flame when my home made spirit burner spilled over.

In which Dave's life becomes transformed by an Eagle Annual...

One year my Christmas sack contained an Eagle Annual which had an article about a group of chaps who clubbed together and built their own light aircraft, a Druine Turbulent. Time for dreams again, I read the article many times wishing that one day I could be in a position to follow in their footsteps and build my own plane.

At the age of sixteen I was still modelling when I was accepted for an apprenticeship with Perkins in Peterborough. I travelled regularly from Corby to Peterborough on the bus passing Deenthorpe Airfield on the way: the field was an old Americal base which housed B17's during the war years but was now used by Stewarts and Lloyds for their executive twin and several privately owned singles . The airfield had returned to the ownership of Deene Estates who rented out the runway and a patch of land for the hangars , what a lovely



place to house my homebuilt that I had in my dreams. A recurring dream, one that kept the memory of the Eagle Annual article alive every time I went past on the bus.

In the next issue, our hero visits Oliver Carley, joins the PFA and gains his pilots licence.

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Useful Website: Did you know that our friend Paul Hearth, late of Peterborough Model Shop, still has extensive stock for sale: as an example, D1000 diesel fuel, costs £3.99 for a 250ml. Can. Solartex, Profilm, are available along with most of the stock that one would expect from a practical model shop. Try www.lincsmodellingsupplies.com Since Paul lives at Cowbit between me and Peterborough, I could arrange to collect items for you.....JMA

News has just reached us of the sudden and unexpected death of Neil Gill, a PMFC member of the recent past known as a very competitive Combat flyer at international level in the 1970's who also went on to a successful career in Power Boat Racing and in Pylon Racing. All PMFC members who knew him wish to pass on their condolences to his family and friends.

CONTROL LINE THEMED EVENING

Peakirk, 12th January



Shamelessly stealing an idea from our friends in Auckland, the Committee decided to try out the idea of an evening devoted to one particular discipline. In the event, all who came were impressed with the array of models on the tables: forty control line jobs in a wide variety of types...Nirvana for any C/L enthusiast.

Brian Waterland took command, providing information on the proposed low-key competition classes that Brian Lever (unavoidably absent) has planned for the coming season. (See page 20 for more on this.) Then he invited each person who had brought models to talk about them, leading from the front, as always.

Following some energetic rummaging in the loft, he was able to show us a "Tutor" a "Talisman", a carrier deck job once used in the Nationals (in which he came third but still contrived to fly **under** the deck), A Mini Goodyear, A Weasel racer (remember those?) and a "Wembley Aerostar" bringing back memories of the pre-Cup Final combat displays (Dave Clark has the plans for this.) Mark Carter revealed his aim to get into Vintage Stunt, using the Australian kit "Super Skylark", a 1950 design with a PAW 29. Pictured here in build, we hope to show the model in its finished state soon.

Steve Turner had an immaculate K.K.Pacer, once flown at the Nats: flimsy, but it "...went like Hell." He also showed a K.K. Demon with an ED Racer, and was asked to repeat his story of his second place at last year's Nats with the Mossie: it is clear that he has yet to come down off that particular cloud, his enjoyment of the moment still shows through.

Mick Taylor, our most consistently successful C/L competitor for very many years, showed his "Rascal", which has won every event it has

entered (always with BVW at the handle), his legendary "Ringmaster", the most killed C/L model ever, with more than a quarter of a million kits having been sold. He describes the O.S.30 four stroke as the ideal motor for this model; required to hand start in Vintage Stunt, but he pointed out that the requirement will be withdrawn for 2013. Also in his display were his "Flying Clown" built for the Fireball Trophy, which he won with an Elfin motor, his "Trexter Invert" (PAW 35) entered ten times at the Nats, finishing first five times, and second five times and beautifully rebuilt after a severe crash in high wind. All these, and other models he displayed, were in immaculate condition, despite their long service.

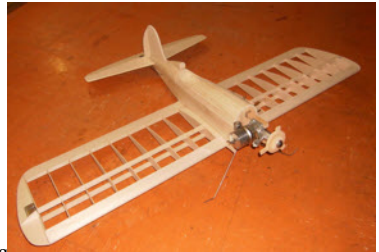
Dave Shipton, returning to C/L having flown with PMFC in the 1960's showed a Mini Peacemaker that he built out of revenge: to injure as many as possible of the gnats that bit him when last at our C/L field!

Richard Arnold claims to prefer the building to the flying: has a "Firestreak" with a Cox TD051, a "Giant King Pin" from Den's Model Supplies (ASP Glow 4.5) and clutched a Replikit Peacemaker lovingly to his bosom claiming that he enjoyed building it so much he doesn't want to break it. "Fly the bl**dy thing" shouted the unfeeling members of his audience. Dave Clark had a Ho Fang -Chung "Dragoon" under refurbishment. (MA Plan 342, 37" for 2.5 to 3.5). Hopefully this evening will provide the incentive to complete the task. Martin Skinner needs to borrow an AM 1.5 for his "Cupid" a very pretty job based on the Loving Wayne "Love" from the 'fifties. Also, awaiting completion. A "Ringtail" from the 1960 Aeromodeller Annual

There were many others. Your Editor showed two Hallam Models "Peacekeepers", the enlarged 2.5 "Rascal" and "...a combat model I bought off a man in a field."

Altogether a remarkable evening. The message is CONTROL LINE FLYING IS ALIVE AND FLOURISHING AT PETERBOROUGH.

...JMA.





HOT AIR The Free Flight Page

By Martin McHugh and Peter Gibbons

Free Flight Contests at Ferry Meadows, 2013

Contests will be held for Catapult Glider, Hi-Start Glider (max 36", three flights to a one minute max) and P20, (see back page for dates) and there will be a set of League Tables to find overall champions. For this, the first five in each event will receive points.

Flying may begin at 2pm, but contest flights will only take place between 5pm and 7.30pm. This is in accordance with a decision made at the AGM, designed to bring people together, as the previous arrangement allowed some flyers to compete and then go home without even meeting their competitors.

A date for the PICNIC IN THE PARK EVENT will be decided upon later.

I am also hoping to bring a portable table for use as a take-off point for all wheeled models, although this is not part of the contest programme, as yet, but I have an idea for a 45 second target time for table launched models.

P.Gibbons

Breaking in rubber for P.30 and Coupe:

Stretch the motor to three times its rest length and hold for five minutes. While stretched, work some lube into the rubber with the fingers. (I use Silicon lubricant bought from Wickes. It is used for lubricating guttering joints.) Leave the rubber to rest for 30 minutes then stretch it to four or five times its rest length and hold for ten minutes.

Tests I have carried out on a 10gramme P.30 motor:

One eighth rubber brand new will take 800 turns before destruction. After breaking in I can take it up to 1000 turns. Expect the rubber to break between 1000 and 1030 turns.

Tests on a 10 gramme Coupe d'Hiver motor:

Three sixteenth rubber brand new will take 350 turns untreated. After breaking in as described above it will take 500 turns. It will break between 500 and 550.

(The above refers to the rubber I buy, known as "Super Sport" from Flitehook or Mike Woodhouse.)

....M. McH.

Mike Colling, of Sky Hi Products explains: "With an unused motor the molecules are randomly aligned. By stretching the motor by five times its original length and holding, the molecules will rearrange themselves in the direction that the rubber is stretched.."

THE VERY LAST MCGILlicuddy OF ALL!

My original deal with the then editor of Aeromodeller was for a set of three McGillicuddy revivals, making reference to the contemporary flying scene by mixing the traditional characters with current model flyers. He had appeared in “Aeromodeller” 1942 to 1946 and even had his own Yearbook, in 1944. My first attempt, in which the Maestro visits Barkston Heath and takes on Sean O’Wrangle (a barely disguised John O’Donnell) in a Wakefield event appeared in 1987 was reprinted in our Newsletter a few years ago. (I don’t think it made its way onto the Club Website.) This is the second. The third was never completed. So many typographical errors showed up in the published version (I counted about thirty, including four lines completely omitted) that the fire went out, and I could not bring myself to finish the job. Here is the full text of the second story, with corrections but otherwise as written.

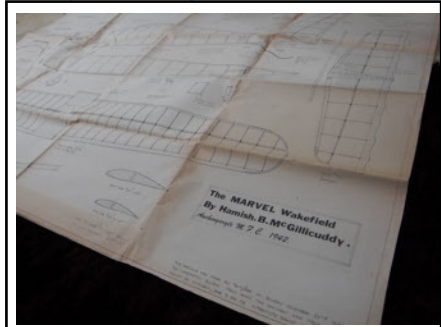
Some time has elapsed since that idyllic day when I visited Old Warden in 1987. Much of the activity was just as described in the text, but some notes of explanation may be useful:

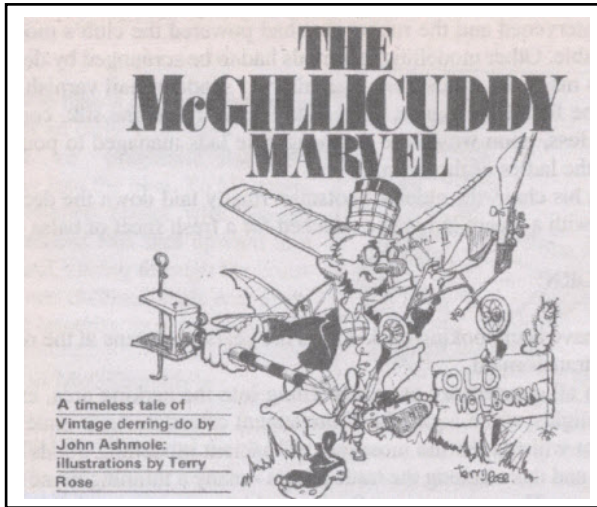
The original writer of the McGillicuddy stories liked to include himself in the tales as a member of the Auchengargle club, in the guise of “Pieface” Jameson. In fact, almost all the “period” names are original characters, but I have added an indirect reference to Ben Twyre, remember him? That was Joe Maxwell (of cambered building board fame) who wrote, thanking me for a “jolly good yarn” and to explain how he used to create his entire cartoons in 3D and send a photograph plus caption to Aeromodeller. (Incidentally, the then Editor C.S. Rushbrooke said he wanted Twyre and McGillicuddy to meet: our story explains why that could never be.) Look out for mention of Ray Malmstrong, (or “Fliar Phil”) the ultimate designer/builder of unconventional flying machines. The “Flying Fish” was very prominent that day, my own clunky Hep Cat with Indian Mills gets a mention, and the “rocket demonstration” back in ‘45 referred to one of the original stories. Even the Wang Ho quote is genuine. Most importantly, this story should be seen as a respectful appreciation of the modelling and writing career of the irreplaceable John O’Donnell who, in 1987, was deeply involved in a controversy concerning the use of turbulators on Vintage wings, and

which gave me the idea for this story.

And as for the model: Terry Rose, late of Greyfriars MFC, has produced the plan, as you can see here. Wonder if anyone has ever had a go at building one?

So, why not leave the Horlicks in the jar this evening, draw off a little Drambuie or even a single malt, and relax for a few minutes of idle reminiscence?





The nearby woods loomed distant through the mist, and early morning rabbits ran to ground. In one corner of the field stood an indolent windsock, intently studying its toes. Rural Bedfordshire, which had once echoed to the hunting horn and the yelps of hounds, and later to the rotary chug of Gnomes and Le Rhones, was slowly awakening to the new day. The gentle village of Old Holborn, oversleeping in the Sunday morning dew, was blissfully unaware that upon the neighbouring airfield which shared its name there was to be played out the climax of a tale of human endeavour and rivalry, which had its origins three hundred miles away and over forty years ago.

For recently, while rummaging through the darker recesses of an obscure cupboard rich with the dust of half a century of aeromodelling endeavour, one Hamish B. McGillicuddy had unearthed a fragment of his distant past. Not a “eureka” type discovery, you understand, more the type of relic that launches the finder into a reverie of musing, with a faraway look upon his timeworn features.

The loyal Drambuie, his pet seagull and as timeless as his master, fluttered sulkily into a distant corner of the workshop realising that it could now be many hours before the next sardine tin would be opened. For between the talented fingers of the little man was held the subject of his profoundest thoughts - a dusty, warped and cracked propellor blade. Just one. And the memories came flooding back. Of a snow-flecked Scottish moorland half way to Muckle Mire, a sizeable knot of appreciative club members (and at the back a few scornful spies from the Teuckle Torrie crowd.) The youthful McGillicuddy - who was yet to earn the pseudonym “Maestro” - felt within himself that strange mixture of pride and trepidation as his revolutionary design made its initial unsteady hand glides. The first slabside with lifting section fuselage to be seen north of the Border. His Auchengargle clubmates said it could not be done, the rubber tension would collapse the longerons, they said. But there it was, spindly undercarriage, single blade folder and all. And it worked. By the end of that historic afternoon the model was climbing loftily, the twisted skein of rubber shuddering in its arched belly, before relaxing into a glide which, although barely adequate for competitive use, would at least ensure the plane would not be lost. “It’s a marvel” said Snooky Munroe with a shake of the head as he pointed his bicycle towards home: and thus the novel design was given its unofficial title.

Then war had intervened and the rubber that had powered the club's model planes became virtually unobtainable. Other modelling essentials had to be scrounged by devious means (such as McGillicuddy's masterly acquisition of an alluring shade of nail varnish as a substitute for dope) or were to be found by chance, such as the quantity of fine silk, courtesy of a foreign visitor, one Herr Hess, upon which the Auchengargle lads managed to pounce to the dismay and frustration of the ladies of the town.

Leaning back in his chair, the elderly Scotsman finally laid down the decaying fragment of the past and then, with a gleam in his eye, reached for a fresh sheet of balsa and a knife.

AT OLD HOLBORN:

Now, while we have been looking back across the years, the scene at the rural airfield of Old Holborn has been transformed.

Motor cars from all quarters are even now filing into the parking area, every driver keenly anticipating the delights of the highlight of the annual calendar. An avenue of tents and stalls has sprung up from which even the most rare of ancient modelling goods can be purchased. Crowds form here and there among the trade stands - many a thinning dome bearing witness to the passage of time. There is even a Society which caters especially for these Antique Modellers; presumably a charitable association concerned with wheelchair access to flying fields, and so on.

In another part of the field those benighted fellows whose enduring penance it is to tie their models on strings and then wrap themselves in a raucous web of angry sound were going through their dizzy morning ritual: those lost souls croaking at intervals the incantation "Mind the lines!" as if to ward off yet further evil. What sins must they have perpetrated in earlier life?

An undistinguished seagull in faded Tartan muffler flew above this introspective throng of humanity with a barely-concealed sneer of contempt for the feeble attempts of mankind to master the skies. It had been a long journey southwards in the rattling shooting brake, but the hungry bird knew that as soon as his master was settled amid the field there would be sardine sandwiches to peck at aplenty. Drambuie perched atop the little control tower and waited.

With winding hook hanging in its customary position upon his highland garb and battered model box firmly grasped under his arm, the hero bustled towards the free flight section of the field.

The area towards which he was heading gave the appearance, from a distance, of a scattering of demented people plagued by a dense swarm of tiny flies, such as those which torment us on summer nights. Upon closer inspection, however, the dots circling and zooming above their heads became free-flying models of a bewildering variety of types.

Delightful little miniatures whose tiny engines made no sound fluttered harmlessly above the crowd. A ponderous red and yellow device, powered by a burbling diesel which had its origins in a far-off Eastern country thumped into the ground. McGillicuddy the purist spied the most un-British tile "Hep Cat" emblazoned shamelessly upon its wings, snorted in disgust and moved on. Nearby, a little knot of camera-bedecked greybeards surrounded that well-known aerobod Raymond Brainstorm, a specialist in weird and unusual designs. He had just finished demonstrating his latest experiment in aerodynamics, the flying washboard (no section, just invigorators) and was now preparing his VTOL Rotary Clothesline (the ultimate development, forget the wing, just fly the turbulator!)

More to the little man's taste was the occasional glimpse of an early Wakefield: beautiful streamliners or pragmatic slabiders gently unwinding into the blue. To his astonishment a fish-shaped object with bloated body and outstretched fins shot upward in a high-revving spiral, slicing through the cruising layers of more civilised craft and even, dammit, had the temerity to enter a smooth, confident glide.



Then suddenly, as McGillicuddy's

offended gaze was drawn upwards by the sight of the flying fish, his jaw fell open and the model box all but dropped from his hand. For he had just seen, also climbing strongly through a cloud of circling models, the familiar shape of his own unique design - the aerofoil shaped fuselage was unmistakable!

He stood, rooted and aghast. Finally, when the intensity of the shock had subsided, another long forgotten memory returned...

The VE night celebrations in the Auchengargle clubroom. The abashed members - Pieface Jameson, Snooky Munroe and the others - cowering in fear of discovery by an outraged McSwindle and the gentle townfolk after the disastrous rocket demonstration. The taunting of an inebriated Drambuie with morsels of sardine placed upon obscure rafters to which the ludicrously uncoordinated bird was unable to fly. And the discovery, next morning, that the club plans archive had been rifled! Nobody at the time had paid much attention to the theft: the search for hangover cures being a more urgent occupation for addled brains.

Only now, hundreds of miles and many years away, did McGillicuddy suddenly recall that the club copy of his first masterpiece must have fallen into alien hands!

(He was, indeed, never to know the full story. How, on that eventful summer night in '45, Scrawny McSwell, a furtive youth much given to skulking in dark corners and bending valued bits of piano wire into into curious shapes, had planned his defection to the Teuckle Torrie crowd. How, in a misguided effort to endear himself to his new clubmates, he had made off with such papers as he thought, at the time, to be important. How the plan, creased, torn, patched and creased again, had changed hands in dark and obscure corners for increasingly thick bundles of used oncers. Such shady and underhand deals were these that even the most kleptomaniac of collectors did not know of the plan's existence.)

But into whose grasping hands had that treasured document finally fallen?

THE SHOWDOWN:

McGillicuddy's jaw set firmly, the chin sharpened and a cold gleam set in his eyes. No, it was not anger. Not yet. Rather it was the sense of determined pleasure which only the seasoned campaigner knows when confronted with one of the great challenges of his career. With a determined tread, oblivious to the mere pleasure-seeking flyers around him, the Maestro strode to the centre of the field.

A little way downwind the pirate model was still gliding. Still gliding? Despite its aerodynamic theory, the Marvel never had much of a glide. Strange.

And striding beneath the model, distant but unmistakable, was an all-too-familiar figure. With whitening hair, faded check jacket flapping in his wake, earth-stained plimsolls (and pausing only to sell some back numbers of *Aeromodeller* to an innocent passer-by) it could only be that inveterate competitor and wheeler-dealer, Sean O'Wrangle! It was he who had somehow acquired the stolen copy!

The Maestro's face set in a smile of grim determination as he hammered his winding stooze into the ground.

The scene was set then, for a showdown between two of aeromodelling's most legendary figures. Later in the day would come the mass launch rubber contest, and personal honour was at stake. Events, however, were to take one further, ironic twist. It was while retrieving his first, gentle trimming flight that the little man happened to pass by the orange and black jap-covered copy of his cherished design, which lay for a moment unattended while its master was occupied in photographing an attractive young lady who just happened to be holding some model or other. Pretending only a casual interest (but in fact keen to see how a tip-up tail dethermaliser had been incorporated into the structure) the Scotsman suddenly bristled with indignation when his eye fell upon a totally unoriginal modification: a turbulator had been added! "Why, it's a cardinal sin of the Vintage movement to do such a thing!" he uttered. Then, pulling himself up to his full, diminutive height (and glancing round to see that nobody had heard his outburst) he determined to play the part of the innocent injured and, on this occasion, to win and to win fairly.

From little misunderstandings are great antagonisms born. You see, when finally laying hands upon that much sought-after document, the first original McGillicuddy plan to be revealed to the world outside of Auchengargle, the fastidious O'Wrangle elected to employ modern technology in the form of a photocopier to make himself a set of drawings upon which to build. And a crease, spanwise and a little aft of the leading edge, showed itself in the final print as a continuous line. O'Wrangle, quietly congratulating the Maestro upon his foresight, took this to be a turbulator...and thus was solved the problem of the mediocre glide!

Now, under normal circumstances the two protagonists, like any other pair of enthusiasts sharing a common interest, would have taken an opportunity to meet and discuss both the model and the acquisition of the plan. On this occasion, however, so hostile was the visage of the Scotsman (believing now that a most ungentlemanly cheat had been perpetrated) that even the forthright O'Wrangle feared to approach him.

The passage of the afternoon was a leisurely delight for the multitude of vintage and scale flyers scattered across the field. Time was of no matter - even the last two or three decades seemed never to have been.

Somehow, unspoken but very real, a feeling, an awareness, spread amongst the people. The growing tension, albeit unspoken, between the two heroes had become known to all until everyone on the field, however unconcerned they may have appeared, was aware of the forthcoming climax. Without showing obvious interest all were alert to the progress of each trim flight whenever one of the curious slabsiders appeared aloft, and everyone present gave his tacit support to one side or the other.

In the case of O'Wrangle the power and the steepness of the climb for which the builder is well known was clearly in evidence. The fury of the launch was awesome to behold. A bustling run-up of two or three paces leading with the left elbow as a hand restrained the propellor hub; jacket flapping open, loose change jingling, plimsoll laces threatening disaster and spectacles bouncing on the nose. A few paces of follow-through, some wheezing gasps for air, then eyes focused aloft.

If the altitude the model reached during the first minute may have daunted other competitors, the glide that followed was a wonder. Rock steady, gently curving, barely any height was being lost. A wonder, that is, to all around - all save one.

The Maestro, working within an aura of tension and determination which had the effect of keeping the huddle of spectators a respectful couple of yards clear, called upon all his years of experience to find a superior trim. As he was musing over some finer points of adjustment, the errant Hep Cat, deadstick and off-trim, clunked into the grass nearby and Drambuie, despairing of ever receiving a proper meal with his master in this mood, flapped off to see whether it had brought any tasty worms to the surface. Meanwhile the Marvel's centre of gravity was shifted as part of an attempt to minimise wasteful downthrust - but then the uncertain glide suffered still more. Should he try a fresh motor with an extra couple of strands as O'Wrangle had done? But no, he had always been an exponent of the long, steady power run and the habits of half a century could not easily be changed. Patient, fine tuning and conservation of the best rubber was the order of the day.

Now it so happened that after one of its long trimming flights the pirate "Marvel" alighted a little more abruptly than usual in a neighbouring field. No damage resulted for its arrival had been cushioned by long grass, but the propeller assembly found itself jolted forwards and hung limply out of the fuselage, retained only by the twisted mass of pre-tensioned rubber.

Awakened from its afternoon slumber, a green, hairy caterpillar of quite remarkable size espied a welcome cavern of shade within easy reach which it had not noticed earlier. Being well endowed with the spirit of inquiry and having little else to do on such a soporific afternoon, it eased itself forward through the opening of the nose former, peered for a moment into inviting and mysterious gloom, and ventured yet further. It slid smoothly over the dark tissue, wriggled gently over a series of spacers and finally made itself comfortable in a snug little coil which just happened to coincide with the model's point of balance. There it remained, and there for the time being it may be forgotten.

MASS LAUNCH:

The sun sank a little lower. Many flyers had packed away their models now but none left the field except for a brief sortie to the beer kiosk. Time had come to wind for the mass launch finale. Amid the sound of twenty or more winders smoothly turning, owners pulling back against the strain of the rubber and silently keeping count, cameras were focused and angles prepared. The scent of smoldering fuse wafted across the field, and nobody spoke. The very wind seemed tense and waiting. From the distance, one of those howling insects on lines developed chronic whooping cough and died. Then came the moment of launch.

There were other models that flew higher and better that day. There was to be a jovial prize giving when retrieval was over. But none of this mattered to our two protagonists or indeed to the tense and appreciative knot of bystanders who had become drawn into the drama as the day progressed.

Cameras clicked as the score or so of multi - coloured craft diminished upwards into spiralling black dots. Leading them to begin with was the black and orange O'Wrangle entry with its shorter, thicker motor, but as it eased into its glide other models rose more leisurely to even higher altitudes.

Meanwhile on the ground the owners, abandoning their winding rigs, were now all setting off at the trot, hoping to be as close to their precious creations as possible when they landed. A bystander, musing over the dilemma as to whether free flight is a hobby or a sport may well have surveyed the fast - disappearing enthusiasts and realised: it's a pursuit.

Not that the Maestro would condescend to run, of course, for had he not securely taken to heart the wisdom of the legendary Wang Ho: "... too rapid movement is unseemly in men of our status and learning"? He proceeded downwind at a constabulary amble.

Several hundred feet above the watching crowd and a quarter of a mile downwind, exhausted strands of rubber, relieved to hear at last the knock of the propeller stops, slumped against the spacers of their respective fuselages and relaxed. The models were all settling into their glide patterns, some altering direction as they did so. Except, that is, one model, within whose hump - backed fuselage a curious thing was happening. For a large caterpillar of the furry green type had been startled from its slumber by the violent shuddering of a black, snake - like monster above its head. Accompanied by occasional bangs and thumps the uncoiling rubber had thrashed up and down, giving off a fine spray of evil smelling lubricant. Eyes wide with terror, the terrified creature wriggled and stumbled its way to the relative quiet of the space behind the rear motor peg. A location well aft of the centre of gravity.

What Mancunian imprecations escaped the owner of the model as its glide, formerly



so impressive, degenerated into a series of increasingly violent stalls, has never been recorded. Similarly, such surprised whoops of delight (when no-one else was within earshot, of course) emitted by the elderly Scotsman as he ambled slowly downwind - for a full minute longer than his adversary - must remain unreported. There was nothing more to be said. The two rivals had not exchanged a word, not even a direct glance, throughout the whole proceedings.

AFTERMATH:

The only living creature upon the whole of the Old Holborn airfield which truly understood the outcome of the day's events was an elderly seagull, tired, arthritic and very hungry. For Drambuie, intrigued by the incompetent glide of the pirate model, had sought out its landing place amid the long grass of a downwind field and alighted alongside to see if anything was obviously amiss.

Before the eyes of the astonished bird the furry green head of a caterpillar, looking as bemused as any caterpillar could be, appeared in the open space under the tipped - up tailplane. With a single brave leap it flopped down into the long grass and made for safety. The bird, whose stomach was now aching with hunger, darted eagerly forward. But then Drambuie stopped and with head tilted to one side, appeared to be thinking. The gull remained pensive for a moment. Finally, forcing back the instincts of a predator, the aged bird took one last peep at the rapidly disappearing morsel, spread its wings and slowly flapped away...

(JMA 1987, slightly revised 2012)

ON THE AIR

The Radio Control page.

.....by David Clark

There has been much interest in the use of Radio Control assisted flight at Ferry Meadows, keeping to the ethos of PMFC and building our aircraft in the traditional mode of stick and tissue, recreating the designs of our youth. As we are not getting any younger the climbing of trees and paddling in lakes (of which I have scored 3 and 1 in the last year) suggest that The idea of having a little control over the model's direction and landing seems the appropriate way to go. I am in total agreement with others that Ferry is not the place for fast



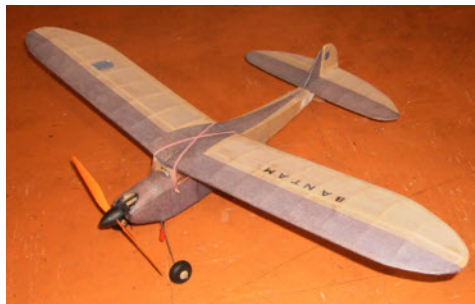
aerobatic models, therefore only the primary controls of rudder and elevator, throttle or motor timer should be allowed. This may have been difficult within the weight limit set by our agreement with Nene Park some years ago, but now we have the technology to fly our models in small fields together with our fellow human beings.

The maximum weight of Radio models flown at Ferry is set at 150 grammes.

So, let's see what we can build with R/C Assist, in the PMFC tradition:

As an example, this 32" reduced Bantam weighs 150 grammes. That makes it about the top limit for radio at Ferry.

Small scale jobs designed for rubber power would be very suitable, such as the Dumas "Jumbo" designs from SAMs and the larger of the designs commonly flown at Flying Aces.



Radio Petrel Hi-Start Glider:

Dave Shipton has already printed several plans for this design, which will be used for a duration event at Ferry Meadows this Summer. The plan is to fly this 33" glider on two channel 24Gig radio as a duration/spot landing contest.

For plans, contact Dave, and hand over £2 for club funds. 19

ROUNDOABOUT

Future Planning for Control Line flyers:

Brian Lever has proposed the following events to take place at Thorpe Meadow: they are on Wednesdays, so here's plenty of notice in case some members may have to speak nicely to their employers:

19th June Trainer trophy
17th July Peterborough Rules Combat
7th August Mini Goodyear
11th September Most loops in 45 seconds.
(All events begin at 3pm.)

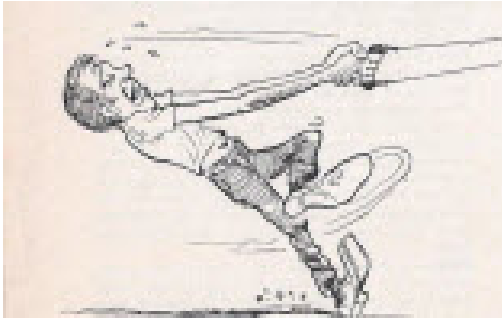
The Trainer trophy is the brainchild of Jim Elsegood and details are in SAM Speaks. Peterborough rules Combat: 1.5 c.c., 7x6 or 7x4 untrimmed props, suction feed. 45 ft. Lines, 10ft cord, 8ft streamer. Two-minute bouts,; every flyer has two flights minimum. Helmets compulsory for pilots and pitmen. (This is a summary only: more details should appear in the next issue.)

Mini Goodyear is to BMFA Senior rules.

Most loops: any model/motor/line length. Timing will commence from launch.

“Several flyers today are competing in a class at or beyond their physical limit.”

(AM 1970's)



“One half of the world just cannot understand the pleasures of the other..”

F.J.Camm, in an Editorial in “Practical Mechanics” for March 1949, on Control Line flying:

“...there is little fascination in it...one wonders why engines are fitted at all since they could be attached, motorless, to a control line or at the end of a whirling arm. Certainly, nothing can be learned from their flights except a certain knack in manouvering the controls. They are, at best, expensive toys.

...I do not feel that this is a form of model flying that should be encouraged.”

ODDMENTS BIN

THINGS I HATE! (Well, dislike strongly): No. 1* : PLAIN WASHERS

What use are plain washers? There are two. (1) To cover up the cock up of a hugely oversize or slotted clearance hole beneath it. (2) To encourage the nut to automatically vibrate itself undone!

Think about it - a nut has a top face with chamfers while the bottom face is left flat to encourage the sharp edges to bear directly on the component thus preventing rotation. The corners “bite” into the component, hence the witness marks we see on engine lugs. NOW, if we interpose a plain washer between the nut and the component then we have two smooth faces in intimate contact just waiting to glide easily over each other. It does not matter how well the nut sticks to the washer, we have introduced a slip face between the component and the washer.

Where vibration is present my favourite nuts are the difficult to get Binx nuts (otherwise known as “stiff nuts”) these are the ones with a saw slot in the side allowing the thread pitch to be slightly distorted. Introducing the screw corrects the thread form but allows it to grip tightly. Forget Nyloc nuts - they are only really good for single use as the nylon is cut by the screw thread and the nylon goes hard with age.

* This, being provided by BVW, could well turn out to be the first of many!

PMFC 75 year Anniversary celebrations:

This coincides with the Nene Park Trust's 25th, and a joint celebration is proposed. The details are yet to be decided. There is also likely to be a PMFC charabanc trip to a suitable venue, as suggested at the AGM. Brian Lever is open to ideas.

Chairman Bernie, as most will be aware, has recently been incarcerated in Her Majesty's Hospital, Peterborough, having been found in possession of some dicky giblets and with other offences having been taken into account. Following a period of confinement he is currently out on parole subject to taking the tablets. We all wish him a full and early return to freedom, and hope to see him released without a stain on his character. Apart from the ones we already know about, that is.

“That which does not kill me makes me stronger.”

WANTED: Dave Clark w/ltm a 1.25” Keil Kraft supersonic spinner with a view to high speed rotation. Any offers?



Now THAT's how to introduce a new model.

Bushfield, Indoor meet- ing January 27th

Right: Jonathan Whitmore says of his "Grosvenor House" *There are probably much better models to start with for a first rubber twin, but this was drawn as a test bed to see how much duration I could get out of small props, short engine nacelles and a scary planform. The finished model was 4.4 grammes and did a nice circuit, but unfortunately before I could really build up to longer flights it was destroyed when it slipped off the stooage during winding!*



More details, photos and the plan of this DH 88 Comet are on the hippocket forum under "dH88 Comet No Cal"



Left :The Ashmole family struggles to climb the learning curve with "Gymslyp," while Dave Clark just gets on with the job.

Below: Kev Tatlow's Moth Minor



PMFC wish to thank Tony Becket and the Mike Lucas memorial Fund for supporting this event.

Results, Gyminie Cricket, 9 gram:

1st.	Brian Lever	79 sec.
2nd	David Leech	72 sec.
3rd	David Clark	61 sec

Results, Gyminie Cricket, 3 gram

1st	Tony Johnson	152 sec
2nd	John Ashmole	138 sec
3rd	Bert Whitehead	105 sec

The next meeting at Bushfield is on April 6th.

PLANS LIBRARY

Thanks to the good offices of Dave Shipton, we now have the following plans added to the “Top of the Wardrobe” collection at Moley Towers. These Vic Smeed jobs may well be suitable for Radio flying at Ferry, if built light:

Tomboy 30”
Mamselle 36”
Poppet 32”

Also, but definitely not for Ferry, I have the rare 60” Connecticut Yankee. (But you have to read the book first!) Contact Editor to see any of these plans.

Videoring of club events: Please be aware that not everyone is willing to be seen, especially if the video carries sound or appears on the Web. As a general rule, please try to get the approval of those who may appear, on any video that goes out on public view.

*Peter Adams,
Martin McHugh,
Tony Johnton and
John Coleman at
Bushfields (guess
which one noticed
the camera!)*



M.M.K.K.: Take wind from the wires, Brian (7)

THE CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Not just one, as it happened but two: Firstly there was the Brian and Bernie show, celebrating BL's 70th birthday with a club auction and a spot prize for BMFA Aerojets, flown the length of the room. In between parties, another auction in which the club raised £320 for Thorpe Hall (see Website Video to hear the usual banter) selling kits and balsa generously donated by David Warren (who has unfortunately become allergic to balsa)



And then came the Christmas quiz:

Brian Lever, again, immaculately dressed in executive suit and trademark long scarf struggling to keep this bunch of unruly schoolboys under some kind of control, and doing his best Joyce Grenfell impersonation (" Don't do that, Bernie!") We were questioned on many aspects of aeromodeling, both past and present. Winner, by a distance, was that class swot, Waterland, who had probably been cramming the night before. (But he was allowed to mark his own paper and we all know what that means, don't we?)

There were about fifty questions.

Who, we were asked, made the first successful R/C flight across the channel? What model, what motor? (It was as early as 1954, a Radio Queen with an ED Hunter. Yes, most of us probably do remember.) What discipline was PMFC most successful at in the 1970's and 1980's? (C/L Combat Peterborough Rules were adopted as far afield as Genk in 1988) And what C/L competitions are planned for 2013? (That info. is on page 20.)



It says suitable for an eight year old, so let's take this slowly, folks

Comic sans went into a pub. The barman said "We don't serve your type."

WHAT? RADIO CONTROL INDOOR RTP?



In the regrettable absence of a suitably underclad dollybird, Graham Gostick models the box.

A single line tethers the model, connected to fuselage with guide at wing tip, as per C/L models.



Could this be the future of indoor RTP? Scale jobs, up to, say, 25" span, with miniature R/C taxiing realistically, flying at varying speeds, possibly using a designated "Carrier Deck" landing strip, perhaps even looping? More than one could fly at the same time, so combat would be a possibility.

This is not a caption contest! (Just as well, knowing you lot!) It's to illustrate the article on the next page. Now, what can that bee?



IN PRAISE OF...DEPRON

Written, with all the fervour of a convert, by Ted Szklaruk

DEPRON and chips, please!

You can insulate walls and floors with this stuff, make model dolls' houses and even have your local chippy serve you the country's national dish in this wonderful material.

What is it?.....DEPRON

Depron foam is a closed cell polystyrene sheet that is extremely lightweight, rigid and moisture resistant.

Originally developed as a floor insulation material, Depron has now found widespread use within the food packaging industry and a growing interest among model builders.

I was never very good at building any conventional stick and tissue models when I was a lad and now that I am some 50 years older I am still not much better.

My faith in building stick and tissue models would often fail me especially when I broke them. Doom, gloom, disappointment, these words were all synonymous with building and flying my fragile balsa creations until the day I met my Messiah and Aeromodelling salvation...

Who? The wonderful Ian Middlemiss . (*)

Why? Because Ian showed me Depron!

DEPRON has a grain just like balsa, you can put it in an oven and bake aerofoil curves, you can sand and carve it, bash it and beat it, ill-treat it and dump it in the lake at Ferry and it won't go soggy and you can still fly it afterwards.

Hallelujah, I was saved!

I had now seen the light at the end of the tunnel, and I was converted by his teaching of Depron.

He showed me more...

He showed me outrageous lithium power, pager motors, outrunners, ESC's, Fet timers, tiny propellers, connectors and A4 Pdf plans of Ultimates, Jufs and Bumps to build that fly really well.

No longer is tissue just to be used for covering wings...

He, that is, Middlemiss, saith we should follow Him with our computers and print intricate designs on tissue to adorn our wings and fuselages and that it be Klear and not dope that we use as dope is another name for drugs and such drugs should be banned as they will burn holes if used on our sacred DEPRON.

I dope no more and have saved weight for Epsom ink and Klear is lighter than paint and dope.

I fly better and longer using DEPRON than I ever did previously with my stick and tissue models.

No longer do I suffer the Dives and Stalls of a rubber motor unwinding and changing the CG point for I have the power of electric which is FET, constant and clean.

No longer need I endure the wails and tortured screams of others around me as that last one turn too many breaks the Tan being twisted on their idol stooges.

I build and fly DEPRON models where others fear to tread lest theirs be damaged by young and grubby mits. My DEPRON Voodoo 25 powered Tom Tit biplane survived being flown by over two hundred school children at a Ferry Meadows Open Day despite the wings frequently being ripped off and the fuselage getting crushed. UhU-Por worked more miracles than the loaves and fishes that day and a lot of enjoyment was had by all.

I am converted to using DEPRON in models and can thoroughly recommend this material to anyone thinking of building with it.

Have faith and try it!

Ted



In a conversation with the Head of English, we were discussing whether any war poem of real value had come out of the '39 to '45 conflict. Not many, was the verdict. My vote was for "Naming of Parts", but he pulled rank with this one. You may be familiar with it, but it's worth another look:

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*Pilot Officer Gillespie Magee, RCAF 1922- 1941.
(Killed over Tangmere, buried at Scopwick, Lincs.)*

ERRATUM: This magazine being a one man show, the occasional mistake may creep in. Mick Taylor has pointed out, (most politely, most politely) that I missed out a line from his item last time. After "160 degree swing of the bellcrank" please add "using plywood stops to ensure equal movement each way. Make the elevator horn pushrod hole..." I apologise for this, especially in view of my comments on page 12 about about how my work was once treated.

The website version of the magazine has been corrected. By way of compensation, here's a photo of Mick's impressive display at the C/L evening.



Thanks once again to all our contributors. This reflects very well on a club of fewer than sixty members. I did not mean to write 28 pages, but it "just grewed." Assistance was also provided by: Jane Austen,(2) Mark Twain, (2) W. S. Gilbert (2) R.Kipling. and, for the philosophers, Nietzsche. Sorry, Bert, but it's the Bard's day off! MMKK answers available via e-mail request. (As if you really care!)



DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

“Life is a quick succession of busy nothings.”

Club Nights (starting now at 7pm):

March 8th...Oundle

15th Peakirk (Mark Benns on building an indoor rubber model.)

29th Good Friday 10am at Ferry Meadows, then evening at Peakirk

April 6th Indoor flying at Bushfield. 10am to 1.00 pm.

Free Flight contests at Ferry Meadows:

P20, Catapult Glider and Hi-Start Glider events:

May 7th

June 4th (These are all Tuesdays: each event will be postponed to
The following Friday if weather is unsuitable.)

July 2nd

August 6th See page eleven for details.

Scale events:

May 25th Nationals (Sat evening) Aeromodeller and MA Designs

May 26th (6 pm) Open event for any scale model

July 20/21 Scale weekend at Old Warden

August Nationals, 24/25 F/F scale 6pm (see Bill Dennis for this and May events, 01623 882620)

Sept/Oct (tba) Selby Trophy, Barkston Heath.

Impington Indoor, March 17th.

Indoor Scale Nationals, April 21sst.

For PMFC Control line club contests, see page 20.

Inter Club Contests, Barkston Heath: (all Saturdays, dates provisional.)

April 27th...Up to 50" ST Glider

Cloud Tramp

K.K.Senator

Up to 40" Cabin Power ratio. Also, electric precision.

June 29th... Any Kit Glider

Any Kit Rubber

Any Kit Scale

Any Kit Cabin Power Precision, Also the Dunsterville memorial Bowden

July 27thHL/Catapult Glider

Mini Vintage Glider (Max 60")

Mini Vintage Rubber (Max 24")

BMFA 1/2A Power Also, electric precision.

28th Sept... Vintage/Classic Glider

<25" Rubber

P30 Rubber

SLOP (Max 3.5c.c.) Also, electric precision.

Oct 26th... Any K.K.Glider

Any K.K. Two-wheel Rubber

Any K.K. Two-wheel Power

Frog Senior Rubber.

Points contribute towards the overall Club championship...

Remember: All that is needful for Gr*nth*m to prevail, is for the good men of Peterborough to do nothing.

Old Warden:

May 11/12th

July 20/21st

Sept 7/8th