



The News Letter of the Burlington Radio Control Modelers Club

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Editorial

From your president and editor

This month, I present an edition largely about a trip to the U.K. which Norm Harris and I took in September. I was going to leave the rest of this page to contributions from the members - i.e. leave it blank. However, here's a story you might find amusing.

Merry Christmas (Binker@Sympatico.ca).

A Story:

Recently, I was Diagnosed with AAADD - Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder. This is how it manifests: I decide to water my garden. As I turn on the hose in the driveway, I look over at my car and decide my car needs washing. As I start toward the garage, I notice that there is mail on the porch table that I brought up from the mail box earlier. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay my car keys down on the table, put the junk mail in the garbage can under the table, and notice that the can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the garbage first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the garbage anyway, I may as well pay the bills first. I take my cheque book off the table, and see that there is only 1 cheque left. My extra cheques are in my desk in the study, so I go inside the house to my desk where I find the can of Coke that I had been drinking. I'm going to look for my cheques, but first I need to push the Coke aside that I don't accidentally knock it over. I see that the Coke is getting warm, and I decide I should put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold. As I head toward the kitchen with the Coke, a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye--they need to be watered. I set the Coke down on the counter, and I discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers. I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly I spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV, I will be looking for the remote, but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I pour some water in the flowers, but quite a bit of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back down on the table, get some towels and

**Thursday, December 8th.
Garage Sale
& Rockets
(if they turn up)**

wipe up the spill. Then, I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day: 1) The car isn't washed 2) The bills aren't paid 3) There is a warm can of Coke sitting on the counter 4) The flowers don't have enough water, 5) There is still only 1 cheque in my cheque book, 6) I can't find the remote, 7) I can't find my glasses, 8) And I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day long, and I'm really tired. I realize this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my E-mail. Do me a favor, will you? Forward this message to everyone you know, because I don't remember to whom it has been sent. Don't laugh -- if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!!

Harold and Art many years ago.



Wilson Park and Arena was the scene of the Flying Tigers model airplane show and demonstration last weekend. The show contained over 300 planes at the indoor show while outside demonstrations attracted excellent crowds during the two days. Model planes, all radio controlled, were put through their paces for the crowds. Above, local realtor Harold Jones, left, a member of the club, checks the Tiger Moth, civilian version, built by city resident Art Titmarsh. The local radio control club meets at Mr. Jones' building at the corner of Woodview and Fairview the last Tuesday of each month.

A tour of aircraft, steam & naval establishments in the U.K. by Lawrence Cragg

On September 8th, Norm' Harris and I left for a two week tour in the U.K. We arrived in London in the morning of the 9th, picked up a rental car and wended our way north. On Saturday the 10th, we planned to go to Duxford where two days of Battle of Britain celebrations were planned. However, the weather was very poor and we decided to go to Duxford the next day. Meanwhile, we would take the opportunity to go to Old Warden to see the Shuttleworth collection and the home



of the Edwardian Flying Machine. The Shuttleworth museum houses a unique collection of aeroplanes spanning 100 years of flight - and every one of them is in flying

condition. It also houses a significant collection of antique cars and motorcycles all of which run. It is a truly amazing collection. The weather remained poor while we were at Old Warden but we did see a Spitfire and a Hurricane (from the collection) take off and, presumably, head for Duxford.

Old Warden is not only the home of the Shuttleworth collection but is also home to local flying clubs. The field layout would give MAAC fits! Although there is lots of room, the flight line is only about 4 metres inside the spectator fence and the "flight stations" are simple cones which are cheerfully ignored. Models are started in what we would call the pit area and taxied out from there in any direction. Just to add to the apparent laissez faire attitude, a free flight area is well within the RC flight area. Nevertheless, all seems to go well without difficulty. We saw some good flying and were most impressed by a large Lancaster - about 3 metre span - which the pilot flew about at an altitude of about 30 cm.

I have video of this which I hope to transform into a DVD of the entire trip.



The weather on the following day was worse! Thick fog enveloped everything. So we went to Duxford in the vague hope that the fog would lift but it didn't. Nevertheless, Duxford was well worth the visit. The "American Museum" is very well done and there are four hangars plus a very large "Air Space" hangar under construction. In the grounds, shrouded in fog, were at least eight Spitfires, five Hurricanes, plus a number of Mustangs, Harvards and a host of others all grounded because of fog. Other aircraft on the grounds included a Comet and other retired British air liners.

Two intrepid guys had two Merlin engines mounted on trailers and they were running them just for the sake of the sound. One of these individuals sat at control panel behind the engine and was exposed to the full blast of the propeller and the exhaust. He was not wearing any eye or ear protection!

And so on to our next port of call; Newark. Externally, the museum is a crumby place dominated by a Vulcan bomber and a Shackleton bomber. Once inside the hangars one is treated to a very well presented collection of interesting aircraft and engines. They include a pristine Bristol Centaurus - an 18 cylinder, sleeve valve 53.6 litre radial rated at 2,690 HP at 2,900 RPM. Aircraft on exhibit include a Harrier, a Gannet (surely the ugliest thing ever to fly), a Hunter, and a Supermarine Swift.

After Newark, we went to the Midland Air Museum in Baginton near Coventry. The collection there is quite small and I fear I don't remember much about it. And so on to the RAF museum in Cosford. They

housed a dual cockpit Meteor (rare) and an experimental aircraft used to resolve design issues with the Lightning. This aircraft had two sets of tail feathers: one with the elevator mounted high on the fuselage and the other with a low elevator. The former was advocated by the RAE while the latter, successful design, was favoured by English Electric who ultimately built the Lightning. The collection includes a Spitfire, a Mosquito, a very pretty Gnat and a Bach-

steize Fa 330 single seat autogyro which was towed behind a U-boat, an HE 111, a Stuka, an old Blenheim and a Defiant (remember that useless thing?). They also had a TSR2 and a number of experimental jets including one that looked almost like a Blackbird. Outside exhibits included an RAF Comet and two Viscounts (don't know why). There wasn't enough there to keep us all day so we went to nearby Telford to see the Iron Bridge built in 1779. Telford is a quaint little town with houses built on a steep hillside.

The following day, Wednesday, we broke our planned itinerary to see the steam trains running from Bridgnorth to Kidderminster. We inhaled lots of coal smoke and steam then compounded the sins by consuming a huge "English" breakfast served in an attached restaurant. The whole operation is run in the style of 1950 or so complete with a genuine ticket office and everything else one might have found in a typical train station in that era. I made the mistake of video taping the train leaving the station from my vantage point ahead of the train: I had forgotten the incredible noise produced by a steam engine under power and up close. Completely enveloped in steam, I don't think I heard anything for another two hours!

After our sojourn at Bridgnorth, we drove to Cheltenham to meet my friend Harry Curzon. Harry is a full size pilot as well as an accomplished model builder and pilot. He has written articles for the Burlington Radio Control Modelers newsletter as well as review articles for a variety of English model magazines. It was my pleasure to introduce him to Norm Harris and then for the three of us to go to dinner in one of those picture book, ancient pubs for a good meal and great conversation.

On the following Thursday we went to the steam museum in Swindon. This was the site of a huge manufacturing operation that used to produce five steam engines per week during WW II. The site is now divided into a museum and a large shopping centre in quite a unique way: the shopping centre still retains the style of a steam engine factory complete with two or three complete engines and several well preserved pieces of heavy machinery. The whole is blended to make a unique and very pleasant environment. The museum is equally fascinating and shows, among other things, the shear muscle power required in factories of that type in the mid twentieth century. There are, of course, some pristine examples of steam engines on display in a setting appropriate to their age.

And so to the Museum of Army Flying in Middle Wallop (no, I'm not kidding) which presented an interesting contrast to all of the other museums displaying aircraft. In

air-force museums, aircraft tend to be displayed as things of great beauty; they are polished, shiny, elegant creations which disguises their true purpose which is to kill people and/or destroy infrastructure. The Museum of Army flying is much more realistic in this sense; there is a lot of mud, quite a bit of blood and the overall flavour is that of a junk yard. Think muddy trenches and destroyed equipment all around. I left there with the notion that the English have been at war one way or another for at least 500 years.

Now on to Yeovilton to see the annual air show at this big Royal Navy station. On the way we pass Stone Henge so we may as well have a look at that and wonder, as thousands have before us, what the heck it is all about and how did they do it. This was still Friday and the air show was not until the next day, Saturday. So we went to find our hotel which we had reserved from Harry's house. We found it, walked in and walked right out again: neither of us wanted to stay in what amounted to a beer soaked flop house! In contrast, we found a charming guest house in a nearby village built in an old bakery of about 1600 vintage. We spent an uneventful night there and set off for the air show early next morning.

Arriving at Yeovilton at about 09:00 we found ourselves in a huge crowd of people waiting for the gates to open at 10:00. There must have been 200,000 people there. In fact, people were still trying to get in at 14:00 such is the popularity of this annual event. The station houses a first class museum which provides an excellent conducted tour of an aircraft carrier. This is very well done and is complete with simulated catapult launches and landings - with a noticeable thump on the floor as the aircraft touch down on the deck. Best of all, from my perspective, the museum has Concorde number 2, the aircraft which was used for the extensive flight testing program in England. Accompanying the Concorde were the Fairy delta used for high speed testing of the Concorde's ogee wing and the Handley Page HP115 used to in low speed flight testing of the fundamental Concorde design. I wasn't expecting to see the Concorde and the sight of it literally took my breath away.

The air show is held in a carnival atmosphere with a collection of fast food stands and amusements of one kind and another for the benefit of the children. Notwithstanding all that, this being the 65th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, it was not surprising to see the show include a Lancaster bomber accompanied by a Hurricane and a Spitfire. That was but a small part of a very full day of flying which included a Tornado, a Sea Vixen, a gaggle of Harriers (noise!), RN Black Hawks & Falcons, a beautiful exhibition of a 747 - 400 being flown by a true maestro, the RAF Red Arrows, and more. I tried to get some video of this but found that I was missing



too much of the show so I gave up. At the end of the day, all we had to do was get out of there with some 200,000 others. That took at least one hour which Norm and I spent on my cell phone trying to find accommodation. Every place seemed to be fully booked and we were getting desperate enough to settle for anything. In the event, we found a place which turned out to be the best of all.

Our next port of call was the Bournemouth Aviation Museum which is a small museum



located on the Bournemouth airport. We met one of the enthusiastic volunteer staff who gave us a private tour of the place. The exhibits include a magnificent Sea Fury; surely the best looking radial engine fighter of all time. The highly polished, deep blue paint-work is complimented by a beautiful, polished five blade prop and a bright red spinner. Gorgeous! Then, surprise, what should land other than the one and only airworthy Sea Vixen that we had seen flying at Yeovilton only the day before. We met Brian Grant, the pilot who introduced himself as an "O.P." - an Old Person! He has 8000+ hours flying Hunters and 2000+ hours flying the Sea Vixen and a fine head of white hair. He also flew the Hunter at Yeovilton. I don't know how he ever found time to raise a family.

Next: Southampton where the Spitfire was hatched and there is a museum specializing in the history of the Spitfire and its designer. The museum was closed while they were moving some exhibits. Fortunately, a lady saw us and let us wander around provided we didn't get in the way or sue them if we fell over anything and got hurt. It's a tiny place dominated by a huge Sunderland flying boat donated by Ansett. This tiny place houses a Sea Vixen, a Vampire, a Schneider trophy seaplane, an absolutely gorgeous Spitfire and a library where I could happily spend weeks.

Enough of aircraft, let's go look at a submarine. So off to Gosport we go to see the Holland - a submarine that sunk in 1913 and was fished out in 1981. We also took a tour of the Alliance - a fairly large diesel boat. To each his own but I would far rather be up there looking down than down there looking up.

And so to Ports-

mouth to tour Admiral Lord Nelson's Victory and the 1860 steam ship Warrior. The Victory, "laid down" in 1759 is a really magnificent ship and it is kept in pristine condition.

The rigging is an incredible maze and one can but wonder at the human organization required to sail such a complex vessel. It carried a crew of 821 into the battle of Trafalgar. The steam ship is an interesting mix of sail and steam. It has a whacking great, two cylinder steam engine and, if I remember rightly, muzzle loading cannon.

Next stop: Hendon and the RAF museum. This is quite close to my birthplace which I visited. It hasn't changed much excepting the front garden which, like many English houses, has been paved to provide an extra parking space. The museum has an impressive collection of aircraft ranging from the Bleriot XI to the Eurofighter. A Tempest, Mosquito, Mustang, Harrier, Me262, Bf109G are just some of the aircraft on display. The bomber hall was closed unfortunately. We could only peek at a Lancaster and a B24 from a not-so-good vantage point. A lot of this museum was closed due to litigation chill; it is now necessary to provide 24 hour staff in every building in case one of the visitors keels over - an impossible goal when the museum relies on volunteers to run it.

And so to our last call: the de Havilland Aircraft Heritage Centre where the Mosquito was born and the original prototype takes pride of place. In my mind, I always think of de Havilland as being a small company that made Tiger Moths and Gypsy engines when, of course, they built the world's first jet liner and a series of twin boom jet fighters as well as the Trident airliner. Then there was the beautiful Comet and a host of other pretty aircraft like the Rapide. This is an interesting although poorly funded museum. Norm Harris particularly enjoyed it since it he once worked for the company and has a number of current associations among the museum staff.

And so ended this memorable trip. I took Norm to his ancestral home in St. Albans then went on my merry way to impose upon friends from decades ago. I did make one other pilgrimage to Old Warden when they put on one of their rare sunset displays: they only fly their very old aircraft at sunset when the wind has died down. My friend and I arrived about 14:00 to find a Hurricane having fun with low passes and touch and go landings. Yes, there was a Spitfire flying as well as an Avro 504 and a Bristol fighter from WW I. The line up on the field was unbelievable with aircraft from every era on display and ready to fly. Unfortunately, the Lysander developed a hydraulic problem and didn't fly. Old Warden and the Shuttleworth collection undoubtedly took the prize; it is the best of them all.

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