



## The News Letter of the Burlington Radio Control Modelers Club

Box 85174 Brant Plaza, Burlington, Ontario, L7R 4K4

### Editorial

In this month's edition, I am pleased to present George & Lynn Bartkus's account of their participation in the World's 2000 competition in Interlaken, Switzerland.

The Christmas season is nigh and it is time to think of all the good stuff you're going to give to your family and friends. Let's hope that they will have similar intent and will have already visited your favourite hobby shop and bought you loads of goodies to keep you out of everyone's hair for the remainder of the building season. Merry Christmas everyone and I wish you a happy new year.

As always, I am looking for input from the membership. I can be reached at 416-622-3705 or by E-mail: [cragg@inforamp.net](mailto:cragg@inforamp.net) or S-mail to suite 2010, 820 Burnhamthorpe Road, Toronto, M9C 4W2 or FAX 416-622-4134

### Wings Program

Wings certificates will be issued at the December meeting – but only to those who deserve them.

### Axiom:

The only thing worse than a captain who never flew as copilot is a copilot who once was a captain.

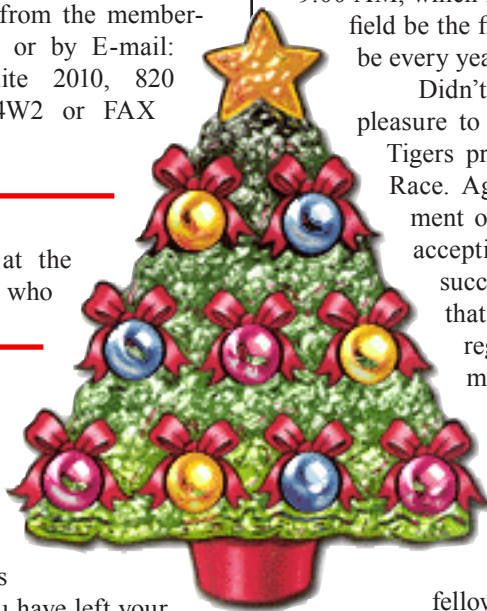
### The President Writes:

Ho, ho, ho, I hope all you little boys and girls have been good this year, and you have left your wish list where the better half can see it. It probably includes some neat things like airplane kits, engines, and radios etc.

I find that in my house it does me no good at all to hint at certain items, my wife has selective hearing when it comes to hobby items. (She says the same about my hearing whenever there are jobs to be done around the house!)

The Christmas Parade is now over. Unfortunately, I was out of the country when this happened, so was not able to take part in the activities. Hopefully, Bill Montgomery had lots of assistance and volunteers to help out with the float. We thank one of our members, Peter Ranchuck, who donated the truck and trailer last year and again this year, along with a driver. Thanks Peter. And thank you Bill for volunteering your time.

We are getting our first taste of real snow now. Guess I had better dig out the skis to replace the wheels, and start bringing



*Next Meeting  
Thursday, December 14  
Social, bring your other half  
Refreshments on the house!*

water to the shed on the weekends for the flying and the hot chocolate.

Don't forget the Frost Fly, on January 1st. The field opens at 9:00 AM, which is the normal starting time. Will Mr. Bransfield be the first into the air again this year, as he tries to be every year?

Didn't we have fun at the last meeting? It was a pleasure to have the members of the Hamilton Flying Tigers present at our meeting for the Great Rubber Race. Again this year, it brought an interesting assortment of craft to the event. We were humbled into accepting the trophy AGAIN for the number of most successful flights to the back wall, but I am sure that Hamilton will be looking to do their best to regain ownership of the trophy in the March meeting when we attend their event. I extend my thanks to Brian Graham, President of the Flying Tigers, for bringing his team to the fun event. When one looked around the room, everyone had a smile on his face, and that is what this hobby should be all about, enjoyment, and camaraderie with our fellow modelers. Believe it or not, this was also a

learning experience for many. When you consider that to make the aircraft fly in a straight line, one must consider many of the principals of flight. Thrust, torque, center of gravity, airfoil, angle of attack, and trimming the aircraft all play significant parts in the proper flight characteristics of the aircraft. Rubber powered flight is probably one of the best teachers for understanding many of the above principles.

As the year draws to a close, so does my tenure as your president. I have enjoyed being your president for the last two years, and it is now time to turn the role over to someone else who can perhaps devote more time to the role in the coming year. Please consider who might be willing to volunteer a little time to the management and direction of the club in the coming years, where we want to go, and who we want to be. We are more than a group of Big Boys with Big Toys. We have a hobby! We have a purpose in life, and we have a goal to enjoy life and make new friends

with each visit that we make to other clubs, fields or events, and to learn. Learning never stops and we prosper from it. Being your president has taught me lessons as well, but mostly I have enjoyed the friends that I have made and the varied experiences that I have encountered while acting on your behalf.

To all, have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and for those who are not of the Christian faith, the Best of the Season to you, and may the coming years bring with them your wishes for health, success and happiness.

Keep flying, have fun, but above all fly SAFELY and have a safe and happy holiday.

Bill Swindells, President

---

## Santa Parade

*This from Bill Montgomery, the chief organizer.*

This year's Burlington Christmas Parade was a great success. On Saturday morning a group of BRCM members helped assemble our float on a low flatbed trailer provided by Denice Transport Co (Peter Ranchuk). The parade left The Burlington Mall Sunday afternoon at 1:00 with our float in position 13 of the 85 exhibitors. The weather was cool and sunny and the crowds stretched for miles. The float arrived back at the mall around 3 PM where it was quickly disassembled and cleaned up. Many thanks to all of the members who took the time to bring their planes out and make this another successful parade.

---

## Your Editor's Progress

*Those of you who have read recent editions of this newsletter will know that your editor is building a P51 and making heavy weather of it. Here's a progress report:*

I have finally got the retracts installed and working. This, I discovered, is a non-trivial exercise but, after much cursing, trimming, padding, etc, I have the legs the same length and approximately equi-distant from the centre line, the wheels pointing more-or-less dead ahead, the retracted legs laying flush with the wing surface and the wheel wells lined with 1/64" ply. Yup, the retracted legs even "point" to where they are supposed to according to the plan.

Now, I am dealing with the flaps which are sunk into the trailing edge of the wing and employ Robarts hinges. I have these roughly done. I.e. the hinge points are drilled and, miraculously, they line up and work without binding. Once I am confident that all is well, I'll sheet the top of the wing and fit the flaps permanently.

This is the slowest progress that I have ever made in building a model. I am torn between giving up and rising to the challenge. So far, the challenge has got the better of me!

---

## Top Ten Blonde Inventions

1. Water-proof towel
2. Solar powered flashlight
3. Submarine screen door
4. A book on how to read
5. Inflatable dart board
6. A dictionary index
7. Ejector seat on a helicopter
8. Powdered water
9. Pedal-powered wheel chair
10. Water-proof tea bag

---

## Coming Events

*These are the events that I know about so far. Updates and/or corrections are welcome. Help!*

- December 14 Monthly meeting
- January 1 Annual frost fly
- January 25 Annual general meeting & election
- February 22 Monthly meeting
- March 1 (?) Rubber match at the Hamilton club
- March 22 Monthly meeting

---

## Interlaken, Switzerland

**The organizers are to be commended. Thank you is not enough.**

*This is from George and Lynn Bartkus. As I edited it, I endured pangs of envy as I recalled motor cycling on winding roads through the Alps. Bloody dangerous but great fun.*

We began our journey to Interlaken on August 14th, 2000 and it was eventful, to say the least. George and I departed from Mirabel Airport and the large boxes that contained George's Focker Wulf 190 caused us nothing but havoc. We had arranged previously, we thought, with the Supervisor of the Special Baggage Department to transport the boxes as sporting equipment. Several hours later, the airline finally agreed to put these strange things on the plane. Arriving in Basel, France, was just as eventful especially as we do not speak their language. Several hours after arriving on the overseas flight we had to chase the "pain in the you know" boxes again. We finally sorted things out and we picked up our rental car and put one box inside and the "coffin looking box" on the roof.

The ride to our destination - the Airport in Interlaken - was fun. The route took us on winding mountain roads and through several long tunnels. We were dreading our arrival at the Airport - expecting more problems - but, to our surprise, the gentlemen who were there setting up were absolutely wonderful and couldn't do enough for us. We certainly needed this after the long ordeal we had just experienced.

The rest of the week went very smoothly. We checked in at a hotel in Matten, a little town near Interlaken, and we could actually walk to the airport. The people in the hotel and everyone we met treated us very kindly. Wednesday morning we set off to tour Germany. We traveled the autobahn and this was interesting with no speed limits but the road is not very scenic so we decided to take a secondary route; traveled east and ended up in the Black Forest. This was so beautiful, the roads were up and down mountains and there were several places to pull off and have a picnic or take pictures. The European's seem to be big on roadside picnics and we enjoyed this experience as well - sitting in the woods, having our own little wine and cheese party. This was more enjoyable and relaxing than going to restaurants. We ended up staying in a beautiful town situated beside a lake - and there were many people walking, ethnic music and many lakeside restaurants. The town was very old and the streets were narrow and only one vehicle at a time could go through. The hotel that we stayed in for the night was very quaint and the owners treated us like royalty. The rate of 120 Deutsche marks (\$110.40 Cdn) included a lovely breakfast consisting of fresh European breads, cold meats, cereal,

boiled eggs, juice and fresh coffee made for each table. We only stayed one night then proceeded to drive south through beautiful vineyards and ended up in Austria where we stopped at a quaint little restaurant and, of course, we had to test their beer – just to make sure it was good. We proceeded to go back to Switzerland and decided to take a secondary road as they are more scenic than the highways.

The road we chose was very scenic and we went through Passes in the mountains that were only open in the summer. The road was so narrow and winding that if you met a bus or some other large vehicle, you had to pull over and let them go by. There were no guardrails and we were up so high that in some places we were above the snow line. The mountains were so beautiful; there were cows and goats grazing everywhere; the only sound you heard was the clanging of the large bells around their neck.

There were beautiful waterfalls created by melting snow or ice from the Glaciers. The colour of the water was grayish green from the minerals it flowed over. The ride through these mountains was probably one of the best parts of our trip as we drove through many little villages nestled in the mountains. Some of the hotels were built at the edge of mountains with their patio section jutting out and the ground was several thousand feet below. We stopped a few times to take some pictures and take in the scenic beauty that you cannot describe. It is a “must see” for yourself. We had planned to stay overnight in the mountains but ended up back in Interlaken before we knew it. We checked into the same hotel that we stayed in the first night we arrived. The owners of this hotel were wonderful and made you feel like you knew them for a long time. The lady was so nice that we took her some flowers to say thank you and we were invited to their private patio and met their sons and of course, had a cocktail with them. We just loved the area and everyday you saw something interesting – such as a horse and buggy transporting people for sight seeing or as their taxi. We also saw someone walking his sheep (like we would our dogs on a leash). A block away there was an open-air theatre where they had three live William Tell performances during our stay. Part of the celebration for this play is parading cows – with head dresses that looked like baby Christmas trees – and goats and deer all wearing bells. These were brought down from the mountain as part of the celebration. This was a sight to see.

The Airfield where the competition was to be held was very interesting as well: the Hangers were bunkers covered with grass and had sheep grazing on the roof. You would never think this was an Airport, if you flew over it, everything was very well hidden. This was the setting for the gathering of the rest of the Team from Canada, it was so nice to see familiar faces like Karl Gross, Peter Masefield, Peter Hill, Bill Logan and Jack Humphries. Everyone flew in to Switzerland to different airports at different times but we all rendezvoused at this very beautiful setting for the competition. We all marched in the Opening Ceremonies proudly wearing our “Canada Shirts”. The ceremonies were very well organized and all of the events went as smooth as could be. The team from Canada was very well received and we handed out Canadian Pins and Flags during the week and promoted our Country for the next World Competition in 2002.

The World’s 2000 Committee had several Social Functions planned for those who wished to attend. They started out with a Boat Cruise which was wonderful and very social – you could not help but meet people. When the Cruise returned they had some of their Ethnic groups perform – dances, singing, and a “Cow Bell Band” This was very enjoyable for everyone as we immediately got the flavour of the country and the people. The people in this country could not do enough for you. Even though most of us did not speak their language they made every effort to communicate with you.

The other events provided by the Committee were a Tour to City of Berne and a Tour to see beautiful waterfalls – and a magnificent view of the Lake Thun and Lake Brienz (they call them Thun See and Brienz See). A Tour to Jungfrau on the trains up the mountain was incredible – a must for anyone to do. No words or photographs could ever do justice to the view from the “Top of Europe” as they refer to it. When you reach the top (after a three-hour train ride) you are at an elevation in excess of 13,000 feet above sea level. You can walk through a glacier, view the scenery, take a ride on a dog sled pulled by beautiful huskies, or throw snowballs at each other in the summer when the temperature at the bottom of the mountains is in the 80’s. The ride down the mountain is also wonderful (also taking approximately 3 hours – you change trains on the way up and down as the tracks are three different sizes). The history of the building of the railway is very interesting. It is an incredible engineering feat through these mammoth mountains. Another interesting sight while on the train ride down are the different types of rivers (run-offs) from the glaciers. You go over a bridge to see where the rivers meet – one is dark gray in colour and the other milky white. This is caused by the water running over different types of soil and rocks depending on how much lime etc. is in its path.

The organizers had set up a very large tent where they had lunch, dinner and beverages during the day and, in the evening, they had “live entertainment” and dancing for everyone. Of course the Conga Line is very popular as anyone can do it. This was a great way to meet people from all over the world. Karl Gross, Peter Masefield, George Bartkus and myself attended every function and we met many new people and made many friends and we invited everyone to visit Canada in the year 2002. We hope that everyone we spoke to will qualify or come as supporters to see our Country.

The World’s 2000 Committee administration volunteers did a great job on producing Newsletters every day from the information provided by different countries. They also provided the use of an Internet Service so that anyone that wanted to communicate with friends or relatives could do so.

The Closing Ceremonies were, of course, very sad as now “it was over.” But it was very nicely organized and the speeches were very well done.

The Banquet was held at a beautiful dining room in the Local Casino, in Interlaken. The food was plentiful and delicious.. They also provided an entertainer who had everyone’s attention for at least two hours. He was a fabulous entertainer – appropriately flying Radio Controlled aircraft. All in all, the Country of Switzerland did a bang up job on the administration, competition and organizing many social functions for their guests.



---

## The Great Rubber Race ~ Scores

Thanks to Dick Fahey for this score chart from the great rubber race between **us** – the Burlington Radio Modelers Club – and **them** – the Hamilton Flying Tigers R/C Club.

### Us!

Art Titmarsh	Dart	8 hits
Charlie Chomos	Red & White Butterfly	8
Ivan Wismayer	Comet	6
John West	West Wind	3
Dick Fahey	Rearwin Speedster	2
Gord' Watson	Gee Bee	1
David Hoover	Sig Tiger	1
Norm' Harris	Pigs Platter (?)	1
Andrew McQueen	FW 190	
Doug' McQueen	Piper Cub Cruiser	
Karl Gross	Piper Cub Red	

**Total** **32**

### Them!

Mart Klepp	Rogallo	3 hits
Terry Tupper	Arrow	3
Stew' Watson	Hopefill	2
Shayne Tupper	Lancer	2
Dieter Huisman	Baby Ace	
Brian Graham	Sig Parasol	
Brian Graham	Top Secret	
Mart Klepp	Tiger Moth	
Dwane	Arf	

**Total** **10**

---

## A Story

*This from the usual source ~ Ernie Fryer*

A woman was thinking about finding a pet to help keep her company at home. She decided she would like to find a parrot. It wouldn't be as much work as a dog, and it would be fun to hear it speak.

She went to a pet shop and immediately spotted a large beautiful parrot. There was a sign on the cage that said \$50.00. "Why so little," she asked the pet store owner. The owner looked at her and said, "Look, I should tell you first that this bird used to live in a whorehouse and sometimes it says some pretty vulgar stuff." The woman thought about this, but decided she had to have the bird anyway.

She took it home and hung the bird's cage up in her living room and waited for it to say something. The bird looked around the room, then at her, and said, "New house, new madam." The woman was a bit shocked at the implication, but then thought "that's not so bad." When her two teenage daughters returned from school the bird saw them and said, "New house, new madam, new whores." The girls and the woman were a bit offended but then began to laugh about the situation. Moments later, the woman's husband, Keith, came home from work. The bird looked at him and said, "Hi Keith!"

---

## Brick Layer's Accident Report

*This is a very old story but remains one of my favourites. As I had some space to fill, I thought I would share it with you. Here it is:*

Dear Sir: I am writing in response to your request for additional information. In Block #3 of the Accident Report, I put, "Poor planning" as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully, and I trust the following details will be sufficient:

I am a brick layer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of brick left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which, fortunately, was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded bricks into it. I then went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of brick. You will note in Block #11 of the Accident Report that I weigh 135 pounds. Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and broken collar bone. Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately, by this time, I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain.

At approximately the same time, however, the can of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately fifty pounds. I again refer you to my weight in Block #11. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles and lacerations of my legs and lower body. The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks and, fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks, in pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty bottomless barrel hanging six stories above me, I once again lost my presence of mind.... I let go of the rope.

---

## Lastly

*Yet another "Ernie-ism"*

Before you criticize someone, walk a mile in his shoes. That way, if he gets angry, he'll be a mile away - and barefoot.