



The News Letter of the Burlington Radio Control Modelers Club

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

Editorial

I have been looking at some of the *Skywords* issues and, although I bellyache about the lack of member contributions, there are, in fact, quite a lot of articles from you. Not that I'm about to quit complaining that you don't send me enough material; it seems to be a case of feast or famine.

If you have photographs from your activities in the hobby years ago, I would like to have them. I would also like to write some more profiles of members. So, if you know of likely candidates or victims, please let me know. I also want articles, pictures, anecdotes from you. Let me have material for your newsletter to Binker@sympatico.ca

Cheers, Lawrence.

Elections & Awards.

This is advanced warning of the upcoming January meeting.

We will elect a new executive at our January meeting as is customary. Hopefully, the current executive will be able to present you with a 'slate' of candidates but this by no means precludes nominations from the membership at large. We need at least two new board members to replace two who will not be standing for re-election.

Also at the January meeting, we will ask for nominations for the Cliff Moore and Herb Stoneham trophies awarded annually. The winners will be selected from the nominees by the exec at their February meeting and the trophies will be presented at the March meeting.

In California:

Gary Arthur sent me some fine pictures of jet models and wrote::

The pictures were from California. I was on one of my regular business trips and I needed to stay over the weekend. I made the best of my weekend by visiting a few of the local air fields. Saturday I went to Sepulveda basin. It is located just south of Van Nyes airport and north of LAX. This is a public RC airpark put on by the parks department. The guys in California have it good. This field is 850 feet long with paved taxi ways and paved start up area. Just the pavement alone cost \$60,000. On weekends there are usually around 50 – 60 guys there flying.

**Thursday, November 25th.
The Great Rubber Race
Challenge:
BRCM V. Flying Tigers**

Surreal Gourmet

This is new information:

The program developed with video shot at Bayview will be broadcast on the Food channel on Monday, December 27th. at 12:30pm, 8:30pm and 11:30pm. The program will also run on Thursday, December 30 at 9:00pm and midnight. Lastly, the program will run on Saturday, January 1st at 2:00pm and 7:30pm.

I have talked to the producer and others of the program and have asked for a VHS tape of the flying stuff as well as a tape of the actual production. I have reasonable expectations that we will get both of these shortly.

Short Story:

A man goes into a library and asks for a book on suicide.

The librarian says; "Piss off, I know you won't bring it back !."



Harry Curzon's F86 Sabre.

My good friend Harry Curzon, who has contributed many articles to Skywords, has built and flown this turbo jet powered model of the F86 Sabre.



Even Harry was a bit nervous at this point. Well, wouldn't you be?

Ed.

THE HOBBY

This from Ivan Wismayer.

From my perspective, anything can be improved, but I enjoy the hobby. I believe that this hobby is a pleasure that I have kindled since I was very, very young. When I lived in Malta, when I was four or five years of age, I remember my dad taking me to a hobby shop in Valetta. I was captivated by the hobby when I saw a gas motor in its shop window. Upon going inside the shop, my eyes, wide open were focused on the stick and fabric models suspended on the ceiling. I remember, my dad building a rubber powered Sparky like model, a display Spitfire and a helicopter. These are what kindled my love of the hobby. As I could afford to buy kits and later engines, I was now 16 years old, I attracted my friend Paul (he, now 52 came with us to Toledo this year) and other neighbourhood kids in the hobby. In the eighties I could afford a little more time and now got into R/C. In 1995 Karl got me to join the club, the rest is history. I enjoy the hobby and especially sharing it with other members. Art has told me his story as Norm did and they all share the same boyhood enthusiasm as I did. You know what, we still have it!

When I can't fly any more, I want to tell my stories and see the faces of this hobby's membership when ever I can. Come to think about it, I doing that already! I imagine that the older members want and are doing just that. They may have lost the ability or the desire to build and fly, but for as long there is life in their veins, they will always want to be with people, especially those that share the same love of the hobby. So whatever we all do for the hobby, it will always be enjoyed and treasured; yes it can always be improved.

A Story

Erven approached the very beautiful woman in the large supermarket and said, "I've lost my wife here in the supermarket. Can you talk to me for a couple of minutes?"

The woman looked puzzled. "Why talk to me?" she asked.

"Because every time I talk to a woman with tits like yours, my wife appears out of nowhere"

Events Calendar 2005

These are an outline of events planned to the end of 2005. Dates are subject to change. 'TBD' = To Be Determined. Names shown in Italics are the coordinators of the event. Note: not all of the 'victims' have agreed to serve in the assigned roles!

If you have any ideas about what you would like to have at the meetings, please let me know. Likewise, if you know of any event that should be included in this list, please let me know.

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|-------------------|--|
| December 9 (2004) | Meeting, social, swap & video |
| January 1 | Frost fly at Bayview
<i>Dale Eldridge & Tony Moore.</i> |
| January 27 | Meeting, AGM & Awards |
| February 6 | Oakville swap meet. |
| February 24 | Meeting, Electric flight |
| March 24 | Meeting, Trophy presentation & Jets
Wings sign up. (<i>Howard McNamara</i>) |
| April 28 | Meeting, Technical sessions |
| May 26 | Meeting, Show & Tell |
| June 10 - 12 | Laddie's Float fly (<i>Laddie Mikulasko</i>) |
| June 17 -18 | Annual Chomos float fly (<i>Charlie Chomos</i>) |
| June 24 | Otterville 14th annual fun fly |
| July 1 | Canada fun fly at Bronte (<i>Ivan Wismayer</i>) |
| July 16 | Scale rally at Bayview
<i>Peter Hagens & Bill Swindells</i> |
| August 13 | Tri-Club rally hosted by Oakville |
| August 27 | Corn roast at Bayview (<i>George Bartkus, Dale Eldridge & Bryan Dixon</i>) |
| September 10 | Flying Dutchman scale rally, Waterloo. |
| September 22 | Meeting, TBD |
| October 27 | Meeting, TBD |
| November 24 | Meeting, Rubber race, BRCM V. Hamilton
(<i>Harold Jones</i>) |
| December 15 | Meeting, Social, swap & video. |

Treasury.

From Tom Gwinnett:

I shall be presenting a 2005 budget for club approval at our January AGM, however you may be interested to know that we are right on target for 2004. By the end of this year we should have about \$8,000 in cash and GICs, plus the membership fees received for 2005.

We are in good shape financially due, in large measure, to those members that do the work around the fields that would need to be paid for were those people not so generous with their time and effort. You know who you are guys; so take a pat on the back from our bank account!

Tom Gwinnett
Club Treasurer

Death of a Star

From Tom Gwinnett.

The SIG Four star 40 was the first low wing kit that I built and flew.

Easy to build and simple to fly, it was the perfect choice, for this aging novice, to build flying skills economically. It did all the usual stuff plus some highly inventive maneuvers, which thrilled and surprised spectators, to say nothing of the pilot.

Powered by a Thunder Tiger 42 GP it started and ran just like the Ever Ready bunny.

It took off long or short depending on the steadiness of hand of the pilot, and always landed; sometimes even where intended, and often on it's wheels.

It failed once when the fuselage broke in half on landing - sorry, arrival. And again when the repair flew in two while in the air, teaching me a good deal about the various properties of adhesives.

But repair was easy and quick and Four Star was set to fly forever: till a week ago.

Whatever my failings as a pilot I always do a proper ground check before trusting to the laws of flight, which are rarely forgiving, but last week I made one last adjustment to the elevator clevis, and took off without that last wiggle of the control stick before starting up. And there of course was the fiend, the rat; the sky-devil waiting to claim poor Four Star as his own. The push rod, nylon with a threaded steel end was just fine where it had been just before I adjusted the clevis, but after, it jammed on the outer tube. Jammed in the "descend" position. Jammed in the "Oh shit! What's happening!" position. Jammed in the "want to take a walk and help me look for it" position.

The poor old thing was getting pretty tired I know, but it deserved a better end than that: slain by a tiny moment of carelessness. All the hours of fun it had given me betrayed in one act of impatience to get going, one risky "oh it'll be all right".

I could perhaps make it fly again, but I think instead I'll leave it on the basement rack as a reminder that nobody ever said, "boy I wish I hadn't checked once more".

Sure it's Ugly but ...

From me: Editor & President.

I have an Aeroworks Edge which is a great model to fly - so long as I can keep it flying. At first, I had an OS 90 two stroke in it but that engine was literally shaking the craft to pieces. I changed the engine to a Saito 91, mounted inverted, with a 90° 'manifold' instead of the standard 60° to keep the muffler within the cowl. I'm not sure if the 90° exhaust pipe caused the problem but, whatever it is, I could not keep a muffler on the engine. No matter what I tried, the muffler would work loose. Yep, I tried red loctite, teflon tape and just about anything else I could think of. Even a brand new muffler would work loose.

In utter frustration, I finally resorted to a wire brace epoxied to the muffler. I wound 1/16th wire round a dowel which is a bit smaller than the muffler to give the coil some spring tension. Then, with the wire in place, I covered it in epoxy. Does it work? I don't know since the weather closed in before I had a chance to fly it. But it sure is ugly!



So why won't the ^%\$^%&*^* thing start?

I had a nice new Funtana with an equally new Saito 82 and a nifty remote glow plug point. Nothing I could do would persuade the engine to run. It had fuel and the glow plug was drawing current - or so it seemed. On investigation, the problem was revealed: the nut securing the remote glow plug point had worked loose and was shorting out the glow plug. Arrrrrgh! Whatever can go wrong will go wrong. Ed.

The strange logic of the Inertial Guidance System

The more you read this, the more it seems to start to make sense - or does it?

The aircraft knows where it is at all times. It knows this because it knows where it isn't. By subtracting where it is from where it isn't, or where it isn't from where it is (whichever is the greater), it obtains a difference, or deviation.

The Inertial Guidance System uses deviations to generate error signal commands which instruct the aircraft to move from a position where it is to a position where it isn't, arriving at a position where it wasn't, or now is. Consequently, the position where it is, is now the position where it wasn't; thus, it follows logically that the position where it was is the position where it isn't.

In the event that the position where the aircraft now is, is not the position where it wasn't, the Inertial Guidance System has acquired a variation. Variations are caused by external factors, the discussions of which are beyond the scope of this report.

A variation is the difference between where the aircraft is and where the aircraft wasn't. If the variation is considered to be a factor of significant magnitude, a correction may be applied by the use of the autopilot system. However, use of this correction requires that the aircraft now knows where it was because the variation has modified some of the information which the aircraft has, so it is sure where it isn't.

Nevertheless, the aircraft is sure where it isn't (within reason) and it knows where it was. It now subtracts where it should be from where it isn't, where it ought to be from where it wasn't (or vice versa) and integrates the difference with the product of where it shouldn't be and where it was; thus obtaining the difference between its deviation and its variation, which is a variable constant called "error".

Transport Canada Airspace newsletter

Report from your MAAC Reps

From Bill Swindells.

The annual Zone Meeting was held on Sunday, October 3rd at the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum, with only four BRCM members present. Although I brought along 28 proxy votes, personal support is usually the preferred.

The usual agenda was followed as per meetings, with the minutes of the last meeting being accepted as printed and passed. At the moment for nominations for the position of Zone Director, Henry Zwolak was again this year nominated. Both Henry and the present Zone Director were allowed a few minutes to speak about their case for being voted into office. When the vote was tallied, Mike Taziar won with a large margin.

For RC Scale, both Karl Gross and George Bartkus were nominated for positions on the committee, and Dick Fahey was nominated for a position on the committee for Public Relations. These positions will be decided later at the Annual General Meeting. Laddie Mikulasco's name and resume was forwarded through our Zone Director for nomination to the Hall of Fame.

There was no recommendations or proposals put forward for the AGM next March.

The meeting closed and all members were invited to browse the museum at their leisure.

Bill Swindells
47841
BRCM



The Dayton A.F. Museum

Charlie Chomos, Tom Gwinnett, Steve Plonka, Ivan Wismayer, Ted Pritlove and Harold Jones visited the Air Force museum in Dayton, Ohio.



Steve gets up close to a "Tante 52"

The Horror of Blimps by Scylla

Last week while travelling I stopped at a Zany Brainsy store and saw that they had a blimp for sale. It's called Airship Earth, and it's a great big balloon with a map of the Earth on it, and two propellers hanging from the bottom. You blow up the balloon with helium put batteries in it, and you have a radio control indoor blimp.

I'd seen these things for sale in Sharper Image catalogs for \$60-\$75. At Zany Brainsy it was on clearance for \$15. What a deal!

Last night my wife was playing tennis and it was just my daughter and I at home. I bought a small helium tank from a party store, and last night we put the blimp together.

Let me tell you, it's quite a blimp. It's huge. The balloon has like a 3 ft diameter.

We blew it up with the tank attached the gondola with the propellers, and put in batteries.

Then we balanced the blimp for neutral buoyancy with this putty that came with it, so it hangs in the air by itself neither rising nor falling.

It was easy and fun, and then I blew up another balloon and made Mickey Mouse helium voices for my daughter.

My three year old girl loved it. We flew the blimp all over the house, terrorized the dog, attacked the fish tank, and the controls were so easy my daughter could fly.

Let's face it, blimps are fun.

Alas, the fun had to end and my daughter had to go to sleep. I left the blimp floating in my office downstairs, my wife came home, and we went to bed, and slept the sleep of the righteous.

At this point it is important to know that my house has central heating. I have it configured to blow hot air out on the ground floor and take it in at the second floor to take advantage of the fact that heat rises.

The blimp which was up until this moment a fun toy here embarked on a career of evil. Using the artificial convection of my central heating, the blimp stealthily departed my office. It moved silently through the living and drifted to the staircase. Gliding wraithlike over the staircase it then entered the bedroom where my wife and I lay sleeping peacefully.

Running silently, and gliding six feet or so above the ground on invisible and tiny air currents it approached the bed.

In spite of it's noiseless passage, or perhaps because of it, I awoke. That doesn't really say it properly. Let me try again.

I awoke, the way you awake at 2:00 AM when your sleeping senses suddenly tell you without reason that the forces of evil on converging on you.

That still doesn't do it. Let me try one more time.

I awoke the way you awake when you suddenly know that there is a large levitating sinister presence hovering towards you with menacing intent through the malignant darkness.

Now sometimes I do wake up in the middle of the night thinking that there are large sinister and menacing things floating out of the darkness to do me and mine evil. Usually I open my eyes, look and listen carefully, decide it was a false alarm, and go back to sleep.

So, the fact that I awoke in such a manner was not all that unusual.

On this occasion I awoke to the sense that there was a large menacing presence approaching me silently out of the gloom, so I opened my eyes, and there it was! A LARGE SILENT MENACING PRESENCE WAS APPROACHING ME OUT OF THE GLOOM, AND IT COULD FLY!!!

Somewhere in the control room of my mind a fat little dwarf in a security outfit was paging through a Penthouse while smoking a cigar with his feet up on the table, watching the security monitors of my brain with his peripheral vision. Suddenly he saw the LARGE SILENT SINISTER MENACING FLOATING PRESENCE coming at me, and he pulled every panic switch and hit every alarm that my body has. A full decade's allotment of adrenaline was dumped into my bloodstream all at once. My metabolism went from "restful sleep mode" to HOLY SHIT! FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE OR DIE!!!! mode" in a nanosecond. My heart went from twenty something beats per minute to about 240 even faster.

I always knew this was going to happen. I always knew that skepticism and science were mere psychological decorations and vanities. Deep in our alligator brains we all know that the world is just chock full of evil and monsters and sinister forces aligned against us, and it is only a matter of time until they show up. Evolution know this, too. It knows what to do when the silent terror comes at you from out of the dark.

When 50 million years worth of evolutionary survival instinct hits you all at once flat in the gut at 200 m.p.h. it is not a pleasant sensation.

Without volition I screamed my battle cry (which is indistinguishable to the sound a little girl makes when you drop a spider down her dress (not that I'd know what that sounds like,) and leaped out of bed in my underwear.

I struck the approaching menace with all my strength and almost fell over at the total lack of resistance that a helium balloon offers when you punch the living shit out of it with all the strength that sudden middle of the night terror produces.

It's trajectory took it straight into the ceiling fan which whipped it about the room at terrifying velocity.

Seeking a weapon, I ripped the alarm clock out of its plug and hurled it at the now High Velocity Menacing presence (breaking the clock and putting a nice hole in the wall.)

Somehow at this moment I suddenly realized that I was fighting the blimp, and not a monster. It might have been funny if I didn't truly and actually feel like I was having a legitimate heart-attack.

On quivering legs I went to the bathroom and literally gagged into the toilet while shaking uncontrollably with the shock of the reaction I'd had.

Unbelievably, both my wife and daughter had completely slept through the incident. When I decided that I wasn't having a heart attack after all I went back into the bedroom and found the blimp which had somehow survived the incident.

I took it to the walk in closet and released it inside where it floated around with the air currents released from the vents in there. I closed the door, this sealing it in, and went back to bed. About 500 years later I fell asleep.

At about 7 am my wife awoke. She had been playing tennis and wasn't aware that we have assembled the blimp the previous evening, and that it was now floating around the walk-in closet that she approached.

The dynamic between the existing air currents of the closet and the suction caused by opening the door was just enough to give the blimp the appearance of an Evil Sinister Menace flying straight towards her.

This time the blimp did not survive the encounter, nor almost, did I, as I had to explain to my very angry spouse what motivated me to hide an evil lurking presence in the closet for her to find at 7 am.

I can order replacement balloons on the internet but I don't think I will.

Some blimps are better off dead.

The Great Rubber Race of 2004

when the Hamilton Flying Tigers lose the challenge to the Burlington Radio Control Modelers

Scoring system:

Number of points per flight. Only flight with highest score counts.

Type of model	Points for entry	ROG	in the air 1/3 line	in air 2/3 line	hit barrier	hit target	bullseye
scale balsa/tissue/foam	4	1	1	1	1	1	3
Sport balsa/tissue/foam	3	1	1	1	1	1	3
cub (stick, MAAC etc)	2	1	1	1	1	1	5
ARF or RTF	1	1	1	1	1	1	3

Awards will be made for first, second and third place overall, and first place in each class.

In the case of a tie there will be one or more “fly-offs”; but for tie-breaking no “entry points” will be awarded for each flight.

An entry fee of \$1.00 per model will be charged for all except the “Cub” (stick) class, which is free. Maximum number of models per contestant = 2. A model can only be flown by its entrant; flying another contestant’s model is not allowed.

Each contestant must register and get an entry number which must be displayed at launch. Each contestant should declare which team he/she is on: Flying Tigers or Burlington.

At the conclusion of the contest, the number of scored points (that is, the highest score of the 3 flights) won by all contestants on a team will be added together. If a contestant has entered two models, only the highest one of the two scores may be added into the team score. “Fly-off” points are not included. To qualify for entry points, a flight must be made.

The Challenge Trophy will be won by the team which has the highest total number of points. In the event of a tie, each team will be represented by the contestant with the highest number of points on that team. A “fly-off” will be determined using the same rules as above.

All protests must be submitted in quintuplicate to the FAT in Lausanne. Allow at least 3 years for processing a protest, and two years more to deal with the appeal.