



Cornwall Aero Modellers

NEWSLETTER

September 2015

Club Executive

President: Karl Kingston
Vice-president: Rick Besner
Secy/Treasurer: Roger Belanger
Field manager: John Curran
Events: Jack Dikland & Merv Blizzard
News editor: Frank Reaume
Safety Officer: Taylor Pratt
CFI: Karl Kingston

The September meeting was held at Minimax, with 12 members present.

- The treasurer's report was adopted as read. An audit report by Mike Cafferky was also tabled and accepted.
- The proposed sun shelter/lean-to would have to meet very stringent building codes, which would put the cost well over our initial estimate. Accordingly, the club voted to scrap this project, and instead, will look into other means of providing shade for next spring.
- Several club members assisted the ORCC at the "Jets over Iroquois" rally in July, and this resulted in a nice donation to the club treasury.
- The fall workday will be held on October 17th, which is also a Chili day.

- The September float fly will likely be moved to Creg Quay due to low water levels at Guindon park.
 - The club is looking into reserving Schnitzel's restaurant for the Xmas dinner.
 - Nominations for the executive posts will be held at the next (October) meeting. Roger B. no longer wishes to hold the dual role as Secretary and Treasurer, so a new Secretary position is now open to the membership.
 - Anyone with information on available halls, gyms, rec centers, etc. large enough to accommodate indoor flying at reasonable cost, is requested to forward this info to the executive asap.
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The club held its annual fun fly on August 15. Excellent weather and an excellent turnout of members and aircraft.



On August 19, the “senators” put on a fun fly for residents of the Dundas County Hospice. They spent several hours at the field, on a lovely day, watching the aircraft and being treated to a fine lunch.



Congratulations to Christophe Paysant-LeRoux, world champion for the 8th time in F3A precision aerobatics. CPLR won the title in Switzerland last month, at the very same aerodrome where the first F3A contest was held in 1960. He now surpasses the seven titles won by the great Hanno Prettner, to become the most successful aerobatic r/c pilot of all time!



Here is Christophe, holding the trophy, flanked by Tetsuo Onda of Japan (2nd) and Stefan Kaiser of Liechtenstein (3rd).

Editor's nostalgic note:

This past summer, I lost one of my long-time modelling buddies, Jack B, to cancer. Jack grew up in the little town of Arnprior, west of Ottawa, during the depression. When war began, a small airport was built there to train aircrew under the BCATP. As a young lad, he and his friends watched the Moths, Cornells, and Ansons flying around town, inspiring some of them to build model airplanes. A few years ago, he set down his memories of those early days, as best as he could recall:

“By 1948, some friends and I were into models in a big way. I was 13 with a bicycle and a job delivering parcels for a dry goods store, which paid \$5 a week. We had persuaded the local drug store to get model magazines, and waited impatiently for each issue of “Flying Models”, “Model Airplane News” and “Air Trails”.

Initially, we built rubber-powered gliders. In those days, when someone referred to the size of the motor, they meant how many strands of T-56 rubber were installed. Kits consisted of sheets of balsa with the shape of formers, ribs, etc. stamped on to them. Cutting out these parts was an art in itself, and by the time you finished one sheet of ribs, etc. you usually had so many Band-Aids on your fingers that you could not hold the razor blade (double edged). We eventually developed our own version of the Xacto knife by gluing half a blade between two Popsicle sticks, which were then wrapped with thread. Glue was Ambroid, although about this time, Testors came out with Formula A and Formula B, and there was mention in the magazines of some new adhesive called “epoxy”. The covering was silkspan, jap tissue, bamboo paper, or silk (if you could afford it), applied with banana oil or dope, and shrunk in water.

It took us quite a while to get on to the water bit, and it happened quite by accident. It was summer, and we were building in my cousin's garage. The flies were particularly bad, probably because we had been cleaning fish there the day before. There was, back then, a product called “Flytox” which was mixed with water and applied by means of a hand operated sprayer to the surrounding area and said flies. My cousin was not having the best of days, and at one point, the flies got the better of him. He grabbed the sprayer and filled the air with Flytox. When his rage subsided (he ran out of spray) we discovered that he had literally soaked his latest model, which had been sitting innocently at the end of the bench. The plane looked like a starving horse with the silkspan dripping wet. We wiped it off as best

we could and decided to wait till the next day to see what could be salvaged. I was at his door by 8am and we proceeded to the garage to view the expected disaster. To our astonishment, the model had been transformed into a thing of beauty. The covering was drum tight, and even most of the flies were dead. It was obvious that the spray had tightened the covering and we used it on a number of successive planes before we discovered that it was actually the water that caused the tissue to shrink.

It was around this time that I mustered the courage (and money) to send away for a "1/2 A Flying Outfit" consisting of a Berkley Puddle Jumper airplane kit and an Anderson Baby Spitfire .045 engine, plus all the accessories. The cost was about \$9 and my Mother predicted that I would never receive it. After what seemed an eternity of checking with the post office each day and much to Mother's disappointment, the coveted package arrived. The plane was a 19" profile control-line model and the engine was a thing of beauty. We read and re-read all the instructions only to discover that "all the accessories" did not include a surprising number of items necessary for operation, such as fuel, propeller, battery, etc. The closest source of said items was Ottawa, but it just as well may have been the moon.

Then the gods of modelling smiled on us. A new arrival at school heard of our aeronautical endeavours and introduced himself. His father built model boats and not only knew of, but made frequent trips to hobby shops in Ottawa. The son was keen to try model airplanes, and assured us that if he were admitted to our "Club" (we now called ourselves a club), his father could pick up the needed supplies on his trips to Ottawa. Admit him? Hell, we made him President!

Within a matter of days/weeks I had glow fuel (Ohlsson & Rice) and a 1.5 volt dry-cell battery, along with a 6x3 prop. The "Baby Spitfire" was mounted on a piece of wood clamped in a vise, which we had in our basement, and the "break-in" commenced. After many days of flipping the prop and using up a few batteries, it suddenly roared to life. The smell of castor oil and the sound...oh! The sound! I can still hear it if I close my eyes. It almost drowned out my Mother's screams as she flew down the basement stairs, convinced the house was on fire. I was oblivious to her commands to "turn that damn thing off" and would have endured the wrath of God before doing so (though by now my Mother's was running a close second). The engine ran out of fuel about the same time as my Mother ran out of breath, and she retreated back up the stairs predicting severe damage to parts of my anatomy when my Father returned. Needless to say, all subsequent running took place outside.

Now that we had mastered the engine (the plane had been completed) we proceeded to attempt to fly U-control. We had achieved limited success with our gliders and rubber-powered planes and the prospect of “hands-on control” was fascinating. At first we tried hand launching over tall grass but this was not as easy as we hoped. Our initial flights were measured in degrees rather than minutes, and a complete lap was rarely achieved. It was at this point that someone came up with the idea of taking off from a sheet of Masonite propped up at one end. This proved to be the answer and we were soon able to stay airborne for the duration of a tank of fuel.

By now, all four of us had planes and we flew from the school grounds on weekends. We learned of and joined MAAC and by 1953 were building powered free flights and flying from the abandoned airport at Arnprior. Some of my fondest recollections are of a plane called the Zenith powered by a .09 Cub engine. On warm summer evenings it would take off from the runway, climb to about 300 feet and then glide down to land (if I was lucky) on the pavement. We never managed to get into radio control, as it was well beyond our resources, but we read of it in the magazines, and actually got to see one at a contest at Carp. By 1954, it was all over. My three friends and I graduated from high school and went our separate ways.

I got back into the hobby in the 1980s as I was preparing for retirement. Radio control was now both affordable and practical, so I knew that I could finally be able to build and fly to my heart’s content.”

Not many modern flyers actually build planes anymore, given the variety of ARF kits on the market. But those with many years in the hobby will fondly recall the days of balsa and tissue airframes, rubber-power, free-flight, control-line, small glow engines, etc. I hope that Jack’s story will give the younger crowd an idea of what modeling was like in the “good old days”, when it was all hands on, and learning by doing.