



SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

?? Meetings are held in the Cafetorium of the Alexander Mackenzie Senior Public School, 33 Heather Road, Agincourt, *usually* on the first Friday of each month, Oct to May (subject to change – check the Flypaper) Meetings start at 8:00 PM

For the latest club news, photos and other points of interest please check out our web site at: www.rcfctoronto.ca

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Club Meeting Dates & Contact Info.

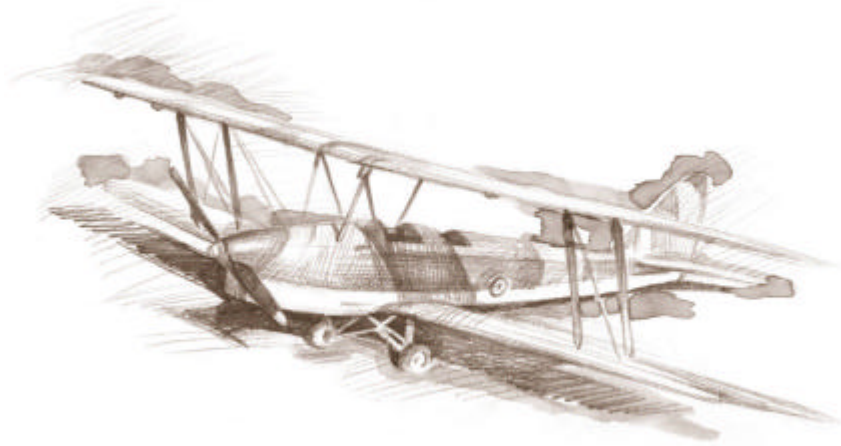
President's Message & Executive Messages.

Beauty Show Winners

P 51 Story submitted by David Parton

Late Breaking News

OCTOBER 2006
NEWSLETTER OF THE RADIO CONTROL FLYING CLUB OF TORONTO



2006/2007 Club Meeting Dates

October 13th 2006 - First meeting

November 10th 2006 - Elections

December 1st 2006

January 12th 2007

February 2nd 2007

March 2nd 2007

April 13th 2007

May 4th 2007 - Beauty Show

Radio Control Flying Club of Toronto 2005 - 2006 Executive positions

| | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|--------------|--------------------------|
| President | Paul Battenberg | 416-694-4414 | paulbat@sympatico.ca |
| Secretary | John Riley | 416-469-3990 | jcmriley@sympatico.ca |
| Treasurer | Guy O'Reilly | 905-927-9021 | guyoreilley@sympatico.ca |
| Field Officer | Tony Camilleri | 905-839-7868 | acamill@rogers.com |
| Membership Officer | Romeo Ramos | 416-752-1021 | pamrome@rogers.com |
| Wings Officer | Nick Chen | 647-295-4443 | nmchen@rogers.com |

Non-Executive elected positions

| | | | |
|------------------|---------------|--------------|-----------------------|
| Editor/Publisher | Roxane Parton | 416-335-8848 | k.parton@sympatico.ca |
| Fun Fly Director | Vacant | | |
| Refreshments | Bill Shedden | 416-439-7454 | bshedden@sympatico.ca |
| | John Taylor | 416-4948320 | pjtaylor@sympatico.ca |
| Program Director | Vacant | | |

President's Message - Paul Battenberg

September 20, 2006

I was down in my basement the other night working on my latest creation when I looked out the window only to realize that it wasn't very bright out. Wow, it was only 7:15 and already the daylight was fading fast. What happened to all those evenings when it was light until 9:00 p.m. The flying season is quickly coming to an end for those of us who only like the warm weather. For others, it just means adding a jacket and soon gloves.

This task of writing a few words for the Flypaper gets increasingly more difficult each time. It's hard to come up with witty things to say each month, so I won't bother trying.

The executive just had a meeting to finalize a few items and set the stage for next year. It would appear that some of the executive will not be seeking re-election next season. John Riley is stepping down as Secretary, Guy O'Reilly would like to take a break from the Treasurer's position and Tony Camilleri wants out as Field Officer. I can't do the President's job since I have done it for the past two seasons. On the non-executive side, Bill Shedden and I want to take a break from cutting the grass. It looks like there is plenty of room for some new blood to step up to the plate and volunteer for some of these positions. Don't get the wrong idea here. The present executive all worked well together this year. There was good co-operation all round. It just happens that a few of us want a rest for one reason or another. Perhaps some of you guys can start thinking about doing one of the above jobs. There is still another month before our annual elections, so please think about it. Also, there have been a couple of other non-executive jobs that have not been filled for a couple of years, Fun Fly Director, Program Director, and Flypaper Editor, (which non-member Roxane Parton kindly agreed to do temporarily.)

President's Message - Paul Battenberg con't

Today I heard from my contact with the city regarding our future at our present spot. He informed me that there will be some work going on along Passmore, which is the laying of sewers, but he stated that there have been no applications for any development of our area at this time. I feel confident that we are safe for at least one more season. We do have another spot in mind, but it seems pointless to develop it prematurely only to find that we may have our present field for even longer. I keep hearing comments from people who say that our field is the best one around, so why would we want to leave before we have to.

We have had a good flying season this year with a Frozen Finger Fun Fly, a beauty show, and two regular Fun Flys, both of which were well attended, with lots of food and drinks and prizes for a few lucky members. I would like to thank all those who assisted in making them successful.

That's all for this month. Hope to see you at the next meeting on Friday, October 13th. At this time we still don't have any entertainment, so feel free to bring anything to the meeting that might be of interest.

Paul Battenberg

From the Membership Officer - Romeo Ramos

We are now at the tail end of our flying season, and we had 140 members who paid this year.

Something new this year were students coming out with war birds as trainer planes. I haven't tried it myself, but our wing's director (Nick) thought it flew stable enough for a newbie to learn.

Being on the executive this year made me realize that running a club is not as easy as it looks. I will stay on , however, if the club wishes me to do so.

From the Field Officer - Tony Camilleri

Bill Shedden and Paul Battenberg have shown the club members the meaning of dedication.

The grass was manicured without fail throughout the entire season. Many thanks guys and I am sure I speak on behalf of many members.

Redundantly, I announce that the portable toilet was removed on Aug 31, 2006, immediately following the last fun fly of the summer season.

Apparently this caused some surprise and concern with certain members. I apologize for the inconvenience that was caused by the removal but I had decided not to make it obvious to all of the members that there were problems with the supplier throughout the entire year.

Perhaps the incoming Field Officer will select a supplier who does not need to be hounded weekly to get the unit serviced.

I shall not be seeking or accepting any executive position in the coming year. I am otherwise too busy.

Happy Landings.

Nicholas Chen - Wings Director

Hi Guys,

This note is to advise all of you guys that student training is finished for this season. Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings are now open to all members for regular flying.

Roxane Parton - Flypaper Editor

Hello everybody

It has been a great pleasure creating the flypaper every other month for you.

If no one else is interested in taking over, I would be more than happy to continue giving you your club news and facts for another year.

If anyone would like add anything to the flypaper in the future, please feel free to e-mail me.

Thanks

2006 Beauty show Contestants : Congratulations to all the winners



1) Engine Size - .50 cu. in. & Under

1st. Place Leslie Mitchell 2nd. Place Andrew Kelly

2) Engine Size - .51 to 1.00 cu. in.

no entries

3) Engine Size - Over 1.00 cu. in.

1st. Place John Taylor 2nd. Place Curt Jones

4) Best Unfinished

Dave Parton

5) Best of Show

Bill Shedden

P-51 Story

Old aviators and old airplanes never die, they just fly off into eternity.

This is a good little story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow when he was 12 years old in Canada in 1967. Some of you may know a few others who would appreciate it.

It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a Mustang P-51 was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some US airport, the pilot had been tired. I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man, his wavy hair was gray and tossed. looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century. His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal (Expo-67, Air Show) then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up. Just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!" I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked -- I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard-built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others' faces, there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did.

Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds, we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not. There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose---something mighty this way was coming.

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"Listen to that thing!" Said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two-thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellish fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we'd just seen. The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead Kingston." "Roger Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show!

The controller looked at us. "What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself!" The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3000 feet, stand by." We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze.

The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze, her airframe straining against positive Gs and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air. At about 400 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with an old American pilot saluting, imagine, a salute.

I felt like laughing, I felt like crying, she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded. then the old pilot pulled her up. and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at it's best. That America will return one day, I know it will.

Until that time, I'll just send off a story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who wove a memory for a young Canadian that's stayed a life-time.

Submitted by Dave Parton



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Late Breaking News !

We are presently working on the possibility of renting a Video Projection Thingamabob so we could watch a video on a VCR or a DVD on a DVD player and project it on the screen at the front of the meeting room. If it all comes together I will send out an email to everyone before meeting night.

Paul Battenberg