

# Get Over It -It's Just a Piece of Plastic!

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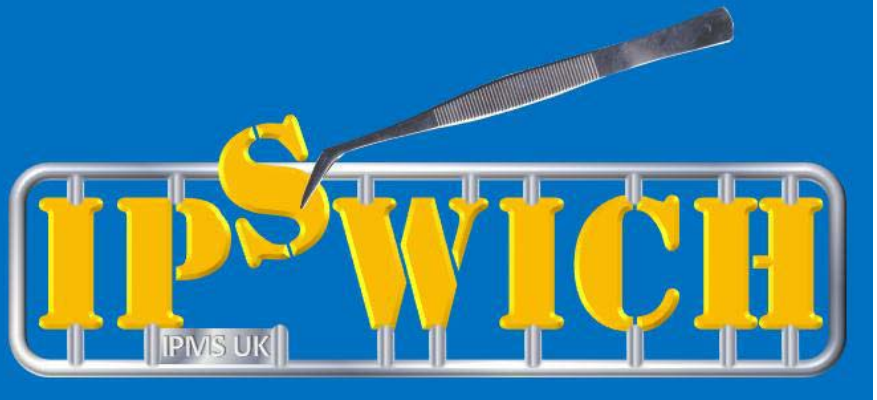
Mike Grzebien

## Next Meeting

**Date:** Tuesday, 28 Jan 2014

**Time:** 7:30 PM

**Location:** Greshams Sports  
And Social Club  
Tuddenham Road  
Ipswich IP4 3 QJ



## IPMS Ipswich Newsletter - December 2013

Sh\*t! It's time to hammer out another one of these already. This is getting ridiculous and proving to be a huge incursion on my shed time. Well it's Christmas Eve, my wife and daughter are working, the house is empty bar two dogs snoring at my feet, and by all rights, I should be taking advantage of the quiet time to head to the shed and put a dent in one of the 17 zillion unbuilt kits I have, but Nah, fackidd! The dogs may wake up soon and if I'm in the shed, the kitchen floor will be flooded in another pool of wee because I won't be there to kick their arses outside. So reading between the lines, that makes at least 3 more excuses why I haven't finished a model this year, or the year before or the year before.....fackidd.

Our December quiz night was an absolute hoot, so if you missed it, too bad. Balchy-boy put together one of the best quizzes ever and we had a rip-roarin' time taking the mick out of each other. In the end Bob T. and John Goddard were the winners, so guess what lucky chaps? You get to be next year's quiz-masters. I can hardly wait.

Don't forget about our club meal on Friday, 10 January at Gresham's. Festivities start at 7:30 PM. This newsletter marks Kev's last installment of Crap Model World, or so he says, so cheers Kev. Now finish that Phantom.

I think Mike said to show up for the club picture at 19:14

No Pops. I distinctly heard 19:41.



In keeping with American tradition, we're a month late getting Charles Landrum and his dad in the newsletter. Perhaps if they showed up on time for the group photo, they could have made the November edition...Nah, fackidd

# The Table – November 2013



At last, Eric builds something we can all recognize, and demonstrates to us that he really can construct a model...with instructions and everything! And not a bit of fluff in sight. We always knew you had a dark side. Yes folks, for funsies he built the Academy 1/35 Centurion III. A real live bona-fide model kit, but he had to go and spoil it by scratch-building the fire extinguisher. You just can't help yourself, can you?

We modellers like our bad guys. They usually have the coolest uniforms, the fanciest weapons and the most eye-catching paint schemes, so François l'Olonnais seems a natural choice. If you believe everything written about this cat, you'd be forgiven for thinking he was French. This dude was evil incarnate. Personally I think the story of his misadventures is a load of bollocks, fabricated by some conglomerate of corrupt Spaniards who secreted away the gold doubloons and pieces of eight supposedly heisted by "l'Olonnais" for themselves. Still, it makes for a good yarn and an equally interesting subject (before dismemberment) from the master sculptors of the Pegaso studio. Jon Page painted this swashbuckling masterpiece to perfection.



Bad guys, cool paint schemes, it's already been discussed. Aaron Scott dazzles us again, this time with the Eduard 1/48 Albatros D III. Time to start competing Aaron (see last month's newsletter) and bring some respectability back to IPMS Ipswich, now that Kev and Dom are also-rans and has-beens.

# The Table – November 2013



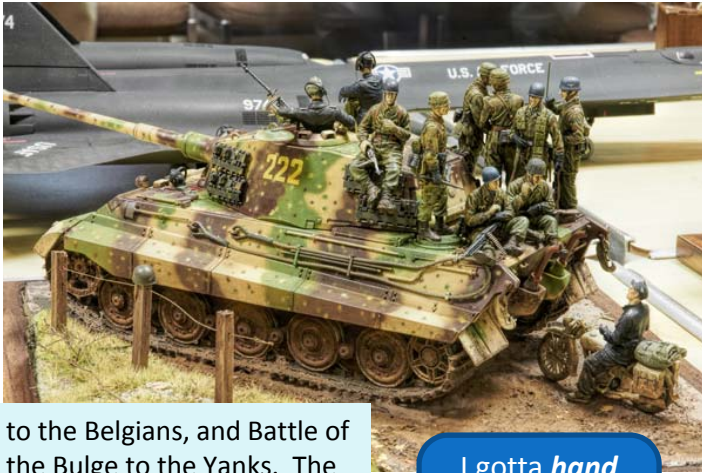
Norwegian fjord, heavy water plant, 633 Squadron. The kids today, don't know what they've missed. You call a 51" flat screen big? I saw these muthas at the drive-in on a REAL big screen. True to form, big Frank goes supersize with this classic Revell 1/32 Mosquito Mk IV. Frank, this evokes all the right memories for me. I love it! Keep churning 'em out my friend. You've got the knack.

To most of us (except Charles) it's an obscure ship in an obscure scale with an obscure name. To Eric it's a 1/192d scratchbuilt USN *Bagley* class destroyer. After much teasing and taunting over Ralph, Eric's highly trained navel lint, we challenged him to build a model of Ralph, and by jove he did! Just like the ship's namesake you are a real trooper Eric.



It's big, it's long, it's black and I know what you're thinking but Kev's not writing this portion of the newsletter, so that's as far as we'll go in our description of Ian's 1/48 Testors SR-71. I worked in a model shop when this kit was first released. We thought it was impressive back then and time has not changed that. As you can see, it took up half of one display table. Like the TSR-2, you're not exactly spoiled for choice when it comes to colour schemes. Will Ian build another one? Nah...you know the rest.

# The Table – November 2013



to the Belgians, and Battle of the Bulge to the Yanks. The scene depicts Königstiger "222" commanded by SS-Unterscharführer Kurt Sowa, s.SS-Pz.Abt. 501, hauling Fallschirmjäger of 1. Fs.Jg.Abt./9. Fs.Jg.Rgt. near Kaiserbaracke Crossroads, Belgium, 18 December 1944. It wasn't until Paul finished his model that he learned Kurt Sowa had lost his hand during a previous engagement, so he plucked him out of his cupola to perform the relevant surgery, and reinserted him.

I gotta **hand** it to ya Kurt, you sure got kutzpah.

I'm zee best kommander in die panzerwaffe, **hands** down!



SS-Usha Kurt Sowa single-handedly commands his Kingtiger.



Is it possible Ralph has defected? Disguised as a sea bird in a previous model, he may well have made good his escape. Having migrated to Jan's workbench we see our erstwhile fluff has been diligently weaving his way through the delicate strutting of Jan's 1/32 Wingnut Wings FE2B (late). Of course, Jan steals all the credit for Ralph's hard work and secured a Bronze at Telford for his efforts (struggles even) for his magnificent FE! I bet this is one Wingnut kit that doesn't "fall together".

## Competition Report for November 2013

A good turn-out of people this month, with (I think) nearly 20 people and 8 good models on the table to admire. Covering just about all subjects which is good for the club variety is the spice of life or so I'm told, but I've never seen it in little glass jars in a kitchen yet! (Come on kept up). I think that just about everyone voted so thank you for that, I will let you find out who got the most points in a minute but first what was on the table.

<b>Aaron Scott</b>	<b>Albatros D.III</b>	<b>Eduard</b>	<b>1/48</b>	<b>No</b>
<b>Eric Dyke</b>	<b>Centurion III Tank</b>	<b>Academy</b>	<b>1/35</b>	<b>Scratch Fire Extinguisher</b>
<b>Eric Dyke</b>	<b>U.S.S. Ralph Talbot</b>	<b>Scratch</b>	<b>1/192</b>	
<b>Ian Balch</b>	<b>SR 71A</b>	<b>Testors</b>	<b>1/48</b>	<b>No</b>
<b>Paul Casson</b>	<b>Tiger 2 Diorama</b>	<b>Dragon</b>	<b>1/35</b>	<b>Yes</b>
<b>Jon Page</b>	<b>Francois I'oconnais</b>	<b>Pegaso</b>	<b>75mm</b>	<b>No</b>
<b>Jan Maes</b>	<b>FE 2B Late</b>	<b>Wingnut Wings</b>	<b>1/32</b>	<b>Yes</b>
<b>Frank Bell</b>	<b>Mosquito</b>	<b>Revell</b>	<b>1/32</b>	<b>Yes</b>

Well we have a runaway winner this month, but bearing mind that it's a tank (now that narrows it down a bit) and that they are not that quick it must have blown the other models to pieces! So well done to Mr Paul Casson, ex-tank driver who knows a thing or two about these things don't you know? He (well his model did) got the most votes by a big margin, which makes him the last person to get a model into the Grand Final. It also gives him three models in the final and only person to do so; the odds look good for him to win this year's competition. But as always it's down to you guys and your votes in January to decide.

Anyway the voting went like this:

<b>1/35 Tiger 2 Diorama *</b>	<b>Paul Casson</b>	<b>34 Points</b>
<b>1/32 FE 2B Late</b>	<b>Jan Maes</b>	<b>23 Points</b>
<b>1/48 Albatros D.III</b>	<b>Arron Scott</b>	<b>10 Points</b>
<b>75mm Francois I'oconnais</b>	<b>Jon Page</b>	<b>9 Points</b>
<b>1/48 SR 71A</b>	<b>Ian Balch</b>	<b>7 Points</b>
<b>1/192 U.S.S. Ralph Talbot</b>	<b>Eric Dyke</b>	<b>4 Points</b>

\* Goes forward to the Grand Final in January 2014.

The Grand Finalists so far after 9 rounds for the Model of the Year 2013 are:

March	1/72 Mil Mi 10 Harke A	Brain Wakeman
April	1/48 F14A Tomcat	Brain Wakeman
May	1/35 STUH 42	Paul Casson
June	1970 Dodge Charger R/T	Mark Van Osdol
July - Normal Comp	1/192 H.M.S. Nepal	Eric Dyke
- Born in the USA	1/48 P 51 Mustang	Paul Casson
Aug	Black Knight	Jon Page
Sept	Saxon Warlord	Sonia Maes
Oct	1/72 Horten Ho229	Aaron Scott
Nov	1/35 Tiger 2 Diorama	Paul Casson

So we now have all ten finalists for January next year, but which will be voted as the best model in the club for 2013! Well done to all who made to the final, now all they have got to do is bite their nails until January. Oh and make a few models over the coming months ready for next year's completion.

As for our Scale Modeller of the Year Competition here are the top three in each class after all the rounds. But don't forget that the winner of the Scale Modeller of the Year competition may not be decided until all the votes are in from the Model of the Year final.

- Aircraft 1/50 - 1/144 = No change here this month, Brian Wakeman leads on 31 points with Kev Baxter in second with 26 points and Dom Stevenson in third with 22 points.

- Aircraft 1/49 - 1/10 = Brian Wakeman leads with 99 points from Paul Casson's 54 points, but Aaron Scott and Jan Maes have both moved into third spot with 52 points.

- Armour 1/50 - 1/144 = No change in this class (and there won't be now), Kev Baxter leads (just) from Marc Maes, 9 points and 8 points respectfully.

- Armour 1/49 - 1/10 = Paul Casson has extended his lead to 58 points from Bob James in second spot on 16 points and Darrin Howe in joint 3rd with Marc Maes both on 1 point.

- Ships = No change here as Eric Dyke was all on his own in this class this year, but he has added to his points tally taking him to 76 points.

- Figures = Sonia Maes remains the leader on 80 points but Jon Page's late charge got him onto 32 points. Maybe next year Jon!

- Civilian Vehicles = Mark Van Osdol finished up winning this class with 47 points, from Jan Maes in second place with 22 points and Brian Wakeman in third on 11 points.

- Sci Fi / Fantasy / Misc = Steve Baldwin with just 1 point! (Isn't this winning lark easy!)

- Juniors (any model) = William Wakeman is the only junior member so I guess he must be the winner! William has got 23 points over the year.

**So there you have it the final results, well just about anyway. As always if you have any comments / suggestions or thoughts for next year's competitions or any one off competitions just come and have a chat. As I'm sure is mentioned elsewhere the club night is earlier in the month for December and it's the Quiz hosted by our every own Ian Balch! It should be good so see you there.**

**Bye bye for now, now where did I put that Santa hat?**

**Steve**

# The Meeting – November 2013



In the final hours of the meeting, our own PK photog managed to capture this view of Herr Casson displaying the Kurt Sowa battlefield relic which he purchased from a nefarious web site banned in 140 countries. The removable appendage came in only one possible position, making model building extremely difficult, which is why his lovely Frau Karen now builds all his models, under his strict but loving direction. He is seen in conversation with the elusive Herr Grimmmer who disappeared shortly after this photo was taken and was last seen in Uruguay trying to sell the FAU his stash of unbuilt F-18s.

**DOM IN ALIEN ABDUCTION SCARE!**

I don't know why I'm smiling. That B\*st\*rd builds better than me now.

I can be cool and smug because I build better than Jan now.



Many of you frequently enquire as to Dom's whereabouts and we have been at a loss ourselves to explain his disappearance, so we sent one of our investigative journalists out to get some answers. The chilling findings reveal that months ago Dom was handpicked by extraterrestrial beings to participate in their evil hybrid breeding program. The giveaway came when recent sightings of the aliens formerly known as "greys" began appearing as "purples". That could only mean one thing. Dom got the colour wrong ...again! Hopefully they will beam him back to us soon.





# HAPPY DAYS CHAPS, IT'S THE



Special features this Yuletide include:

Swiss shenanigans in  
**THE HILLS ARE ALIVE  
WITH THE SOUND OF...  
TWAT!**

Get religion this  
Christmas  
**A NEW MESSIAH –  
THE GRZEBIEN  
WAY!**

Teutonic  
tutelage  
**"F\*CK ME  
LOTHAR,  
THAT'S  
CONCORDE  
ON THE  
ROOF!"**

Plus more inside

© 2013

## CHRISTMAS SPECIAL REFERENCE EDITION!

*IPMS Ipswich celebrates  
2013, another year of  
boundless enthusiasm  
for talking bollocks.*

Herren  
Englisch  
Dudes, you  
iss gonna  
need ein  
schmaller  
lens I sink!



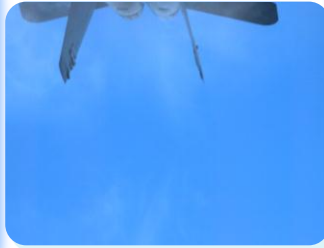
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*N.B. In no particular order...*



I know it's his hat; but no, I'm not David-bloody-Pennington!

Swiss shenanigans in  
**THE HILLS ARE ALIVE  
WITH THE SOUND OF...  
TWAT!**



Reference material,  
modellers can't have enough  
of it. CMW presents a guide  
to getting that elusive 'top-  
shot' for 2018's next project.

Get religion this  
Christmas  
**A NEW MESSIAH – THE  
GRZEBIEN WAY!**

Enjoy stress-free  
modelling by  
embracing His new  
Message.



Unnhh,  
shed.  
Nah,  
fackidd!

Teutonic tutelage  
**"F\*CK ME LOTHAR, THAT'S  
CONCORDE ON THE  
ROOF!"**



Die Stüttgarten Zwei  
have a name change  
and show the Ipswich  
boys a good time!

Ipswich Maritime Festival  
**Why sailors wear their  
pyjama bottoms  
backwards...**

Eric Dyke and Charles Landrum  
explain why they bother and why  
it's best to look at boats in the  
dark whilst drunk. (No they don't!)



Landguard Fort and  
Museum  
**You can't trust the bleedin'  
French/Dutch/Germans\*!**

*\*delete as applicable*



We find out why Willow  
Baxter is lying down on  
the job.

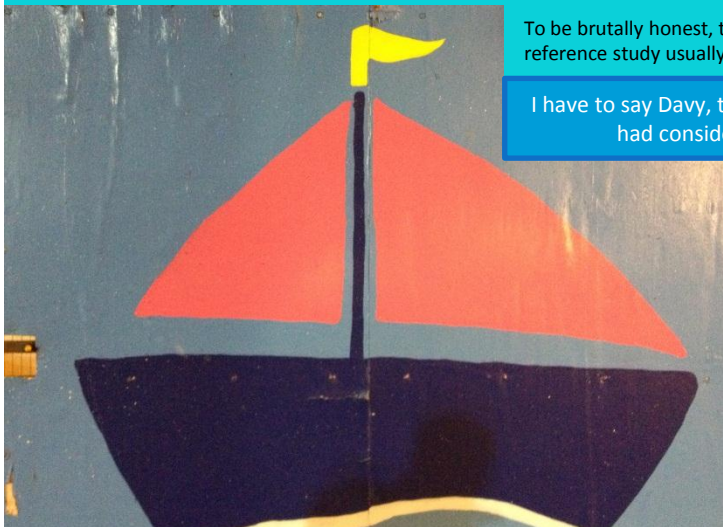
Dad, why are  
ships are so  
boring?

# Ipswich Maritime Festival 2013

In the interests of a balanced newsletter and as Eric and Charles couldn't do it, Mike and Kev decided that the Ipswich Maritime Festival would be a good place to investigate the merits of ship modelling and whilst they were there, gather as much reference material as possible for those with the said affliction...

To be brutally honest, the sign (left) at the entrance to the bar, where all good reference study usually begins, seemed like a worthy introduction to the subject.

I have to say Davy, that was a rough paper round you had considering you're still only 24.

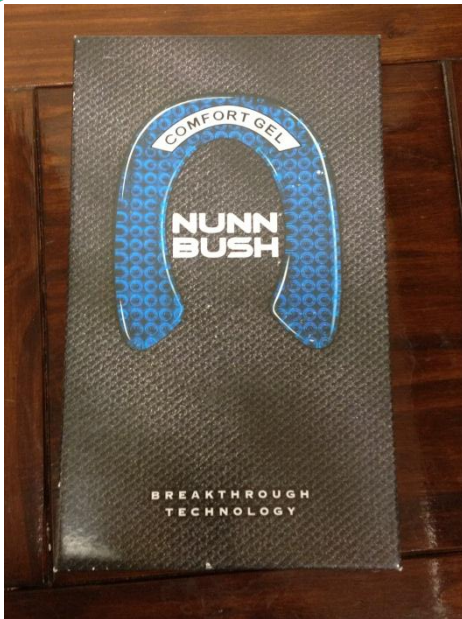


Mike and Kev were greeted at the bar by 2 off-duty 18<sup>th</sup> Century Royal Marines. However, as the evening progressed our 2 members began to suspect that all might not be exactly what it seemed to be with these chaps as they had lived 20 years longer than the average lifespan of an 18<sup>th</sup> century sailor and their lack of scurvy suggested that they might be pipe-fitters from Colchester. Fair play though, you have to hand it to the 'Boot-necks', whatever the century they get the girls (until the girls find out that 'Booties' only love themselves!)



It must be reported that our 2 intrepid gum-shoes hadn't actually gone to investigate *all things* maritime. The Camra Real Ale Festival did coincide with the event. Although when this ale (left) was seen it was thought it was named in honour of the venerable maritime patrol Shackleton, known to many as the 'Growler'. The actual reason was less august. The eponymous Gladis, it transpired, did have a connection to this aircraft. She had served as a WRAF in Comcen at RAF Lossiemouth before turning her hand to brewing. Even then, the young lady was well-known for the 'horticultural cultivation' of her 'nethergate', to such an extent that should one encounter her 'lady-garden' it was shaggy enough to growl like a dog and hence, one should proffer it a bone as if it was poked otherwise it may attack. Ah, Gladis', a hound and a growler, 2 dogs for the price of a Babycham and blackcurrant at the NAAFI bop. Her proclivity for luring young Shackleton crewmen to a suitably moist rite of passage through said shaggy portal was legendary. The punter sat atop the bar (right) did strike the guys as a likely ship modeller; however, in later conversation, he stated that he had been an AEO chasing 'Bears' on 8 Sqn in 1985. Strangely mesmerised, he had no recollection of the intervening decades since he had met a young airwoman when he went to send a signal and she offered him a brew. Well, beer does strange things and they do say that owners take on the appearance of their dogs after a while...



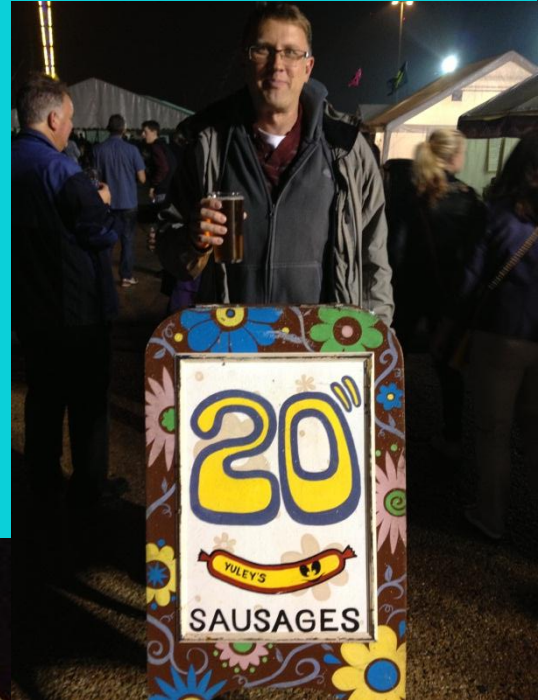


It got worse after Gladis. It is not entirely clear where this 'box' was seen, but let's pretend that it was at the CAMRA festival for effect. We weren't sure whether 'Comfort Gel' was a euphemism for a proprietary brand of KY Jelly, but we didn't want to find out either. We assumed the 'breakthrough technology' was something researched by monks in the Dark Ages on novice sisters after a hard night on the mead, with or without 'comfort gel'!

Grzebien might be well over 6 feet tall, but it was thought that this was just plain old bragging about relative proportion and it was unbecoming of an adopted resident of Her Majesty's lands. However, a couple of Catholic nuns did take an uncanny amount of interest in him following this photograph...

Anyway, to show willing (below) here is a picture of some rigging. As suspected, a large amount of alcohol is required to:

- Pronounce the name of the boat and,
- Get over the fact that you would wish to do so.



Despite the boat (below right) listing to starboard slightly, we thought it looked pretty cool – or were we listing to port? Sadly, we realised that there is not really much of a plastic model market for 35' gin palaces that never get beyond Ipswich Lock so the kit manufacturers have let the boys down on that one. Nevertheless, secretly Eric is believed to be creating moulds for just such a range of esoteric kits for a major manufacturer. These moulds are created from the very lint fluff from whence Ralph was spawned i.e. extracted from the depths of Eric's belly button crevice and bonded with the excrescences of Ralph's ear. The masters are then cured in the hot air generated by the various internet modelling fora. This model range's demographic is thought to be Miami dentists, red-neck big-game fishermen aspirants and small boys, who like to tickle trout in their local chalk stream. Good luck on that one Tamiya!



# A NEW MESSIAH – THE GRZEBIEN WAY!

*It's a wonderful life – really? Tired of listening to the greatest story ever told? Does Disney's schmaltz at this time of year and the toy and supermarket advertisements starting in October grip your gonads? CMW reporter, B L Assfamous investigates the latest cult-following emanating from the sleepy County-town of Suffolk: a benign interaction with the world's best hobby, a laissez-faire attitude to what is perceived as important, the ability to accomplish bugger-all in the shed, a gentle meander through modelling life following – the Grzebien Way!*



Is this man the new Messiah? If the trending traits amongst the whole international modelling community on the World stage and a shed in Claydon, just off the A14 north of Ipswich are to be taken at face value, he may very well be. Speaking with a moderately modulated voice and allegedly carrying a 20" stick, if 2 bandy-legged nun's from St Mary's Convent, Ashbocking, are to be believed, the modelling world should tremble. Tremble, for the trumpets of Jericho have turned outward to fanfare the Messiah's new Message. "Unnhh, shed. Nah, fackidd!" Unfortunately, unlike the last bloke who managed to stand on a hill and be heard at the back whilst buying the attention of the crowd with a fish supper, this Messiah's words have rather lost something in translation, mumbled as they were into his shirt on the 23:15 from Liverpool Street to Ipswich after a day's pub-crawl through the Smoke. Nevertheless, garbled and not fully understood by most, it is a message that is spreading inexorably like a pool of vomit around the shoes of a teetering, jack-knifed, drunkard on the steps of the Town Hall, only with a little less splash-back.

What evidence leads us to believe that this man has intervened divinely in the ministrations of the plastic? A scientific survey of the attached picture could not account for the heavenly apparitions circling his head. These cherubim and seraphim are clearly intent on the subject, recording for reference purposes the event of the second coming for a cracking diorama that

spans the breadth of modelling kind, even the train spotters too! A modelling competition of some note was blighted by the Message. Several

modellers had promised models for the event; however, they all abjectly failed to finish the models in time and they were seemingly uncaring. Although scholarly translators adept in focussing crystal clarity onto the rambling utterances of toothless, Norfolk-born, ship-builders have studied its etymology in depth the Message cannot be fully defined. Therefore, the Message has mystery and thus, it has the capability to inspire faith. The formerly righteous are now being embraced in the Message's insidious tendrils until finally enveloped, the fruits of their labour crash, desiccated and neglected, onto the Shelf-of-doom.

Conclusive proof that the new Messiah is the One-true-guru can be seen in the image to the right. An entire year's work went into creating this LAU-7 and the unpainted nose-wheel bay of this 1/72<sup>nd</sup> scale F-4J. But more conclusively, if further conclusions were needed, where there is a Messiah there is an anti-Christ! Herr Jörg Stange, of no fixed abode, near Naseby Services, Northants was noted lately in a small Jägerhof in Remchingen, Germany whilst visiting his Great-aunt Gertrude. As can be seen clearly, the seeds of lust for the heretic 1/48<sup>th</sup> scale had germinated in his loins and spawned forth creating a horned devil, despising of the One-true-scale and pouring vitriol on those who espouse another creed. Despite the fact that the F-4J was his, truth can never get in the way of a good story and this demonic entity is now scavenging those souls whose eyesight is becoming more hypermetropic and driving them into his clutches. Whatever the scale, however, the way ahead is clear: THE GRZEBIEN WAY - "UNNH, SHED. NAH, FACKIDD!"



THE MAGAZINE FOR THE marginally talented

FROM

# KITS TO KNITS

Issue One Vol. One

FREE TO ALL FORMER IPMS-UK MEMBERS


FEATURE:

## GIVING UP

*...without shame!*

## Knitting with the Missus

How to keep it from becoming competitive

Tips for selling off all your kits on 

## RUSSELL CROWE:

"Knitting gives me something else to do with my fists."

## Procrastination

Your old friend visits your new hobby



120-001-54-6

## STILL COUNTING RIVETS?

*We can help.*

[www.kits2knits.com](http://www.kits2knits.com)

## Trading the local Hobby Shop for a Quilting Bee

### Confession:

"How the superior skill of others made me realize it was time for a new hobby"  
—JHM

### Metal or Nylon?

Which needles are right for YOU?

## Top Ten Reasons Why Knitting Is Better Than Modelling

*"Dropping stitches is still better than puttying!"*

### EDITOR'S KIT GIVEAWAY!!



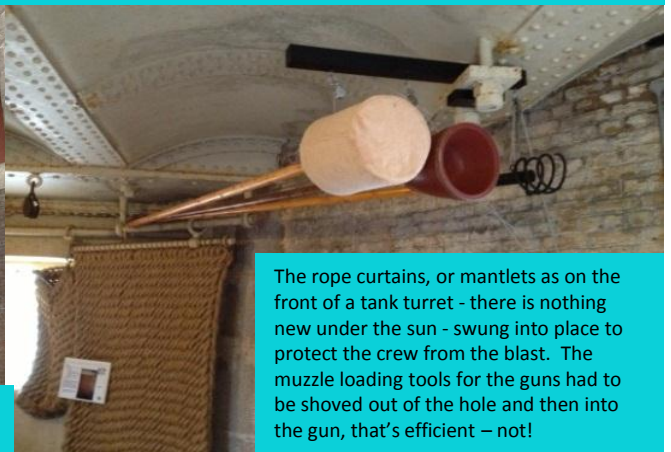
Who are you kidding?  
YOU won't build it, anyhow!

# Landguard Fort and Museum

Back in the dying embers of the blazing summer, Steve was good enough to organise a Club day out to Landguard Fort, Felixstowe and to the adjoining museum. What an unexpected treat on our doorstep it was too! Full details of the structures can be found on the website: <http://www.landguard.com/short-history-fort> check it out or better still, get along there yourself. Just remember, as our ancestors predicted you can't trust the French, Dutch or Germans (no offence!)



WWII observation towers now shield the view of the earlier gun batteries. The sticky-out knob-end (top left) covering the dead-ground in the dry moat was a new word to many and since we haven't used it since has, therefore, already been forgotten! You can't say we aren't informative in this publication. Caponier, it's a caponier. Telephones and fort volunteers are brilliant!



The rope curtains, or mantlets as on the front of a tank turret - there is nothing new under the sun - swung into place to protect the crew from the blast. The muzzle loading tools for the guns had to be shoved out of the hole and then into the gun, that's efficient - not!



My God, that is one hell of a butt-plug. Sailors would love it, if the Booty gunners\* hadn't beaten them to it!



Mike contemplates this fibre-glass reconstruction of one of the 4 x 12.5", 38 ton R.M.L. (Rifled Muzzle Loaders). The 12.5" shells weighed 800 Lbs and came in three types Common, Shrapnel and H.E.



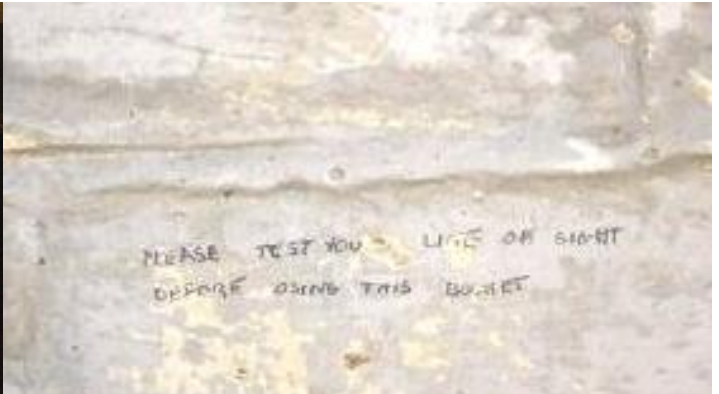
Poor old Bob is gonna cop it later for sure!

Bob T demonstrated majestically the manning of the battlements, his stand-to posture exemplary, if 90° out, his blood thumping with the adrenalin coursing through his steely heart in preparation for imagined, impending combat. He was the living embodiment of the Minuteman tail-logos on one of his favourite USANG unit badges. The irony of standing on a Georgian Fort to the same design as many that can be seen across much of the colonial states of the USA whilst looking like a minuteman was not lost on Bob, who then demonstrated running away bravely whilst avoiding eye-contact lest a thought bubble emerged later in the newsletter.



My God! I am legend; need the Nation tremble? I think not, Sir! Ooh, where's me gun?

\* For our colonial cousins, 'Booty gunners' refers to the Royal Marine gun crews, who manned these weapons. Although in the context above, it could mean the US equivalent of arse-bandits; the author supposes!



“Please test line your of sight before using this bucket”. Ah, futile requests to avoid having to clean up your mate’s piss have long been a favourite of the Services!

It was clearly a man’s world back in the day as this urinal plonked in the middle of the corridor demonstrates. The graffiti (above right) further demonstrates that social niceties were largely ignored during the war and posts were not deserted whilst on watch. Latterly, prior to closure as an active military base, the Fort was a Sector Anti-aircraft Co-operation Post. As Ian demonstrates to Caroline, he could have been born to the job of ‘plotter-totty’ in a previous age; but on reflection, even now he enjoys dressing up at the weekend – as a Marine! Eh, eh we’ve been there this issue?!

Finally, if Felixstowe ever comes under attack again, by massive container cranes, for example, the Fort is well-placed to defend the beach against them!







This is mine and that is hearse! (I've waited all my life to use that pun!)

The cross-section of this sea mine shows the internal workings of the weapon that was used from the Fort to protect the harbour entrance from the 1870s until the early 1900s.

The hearse was used to transport coffins, presumably with dead people in them, to the cemetery. Why it was in the museum was recorded on the notice above it, but I didn't care, I just wanted to use the pun because it was so crap!

I'd be shocked if I knew what my Dad was writing!



These bellows are the very ones used by various internet modelling fora to blow sunshine up each other's arses about how wonderful their crap models are. Clearly, blowing sunshine up

people's arses is the purpose of this publication and none of their business! In one room there was a clear sense that Eric would have passed out in a puddle of wee, devoted as it was to scratch-built models of the many and varied ferries and liners that had plied the waters between and from Felixstowe and Harwich, when the A14 was the A45 and the Orwell bridge was still sand, cement and iron ore. Unfortunately, the picture taken of the boats was rubbish. Sorry!



This model of the George III Coronation Coach and its associated horses took 7 years to build. Respect! And he finished it too, Mike.



Now we're talking! The museum houses many objects of interest; however, of most interest to us were these superb scratch-built models. There were many other excellent models and many large, scratch-built warships in a room entirely dedicated to them. A large selection of models covered the maritime aircraft tested by the MAEE at Felixstowe. However, there were some models on display that required heavy and repeated use of the bellows from the previous page – oh dear!



The first aircraft to be used at this station was a "Baker" monoplane. It featured a device for warping from left hand and rudder both to pilot and to passenger, a feature which was later used in the Channel, at Herwick, Norfolk. The model was made by David Freeman.



Uhhh, shed. Nah, fuckid! Hey, that new bloke has a point you know? And, how come your hair is still dry? You're standing on the bottom! Save yourself you dozy sod. I found this rock to stand on, look.



Save me, for I am a ship modeller in 1/48th.





# THE HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF... TWAT!

*Reference material, modellers can't have enough of it. CMW presents a guide to getting that elusive 'top-shot' for 2018's next project from this year's Swiss Air Force Fliegerschiessen Axalp Live-fire Demonstration.*

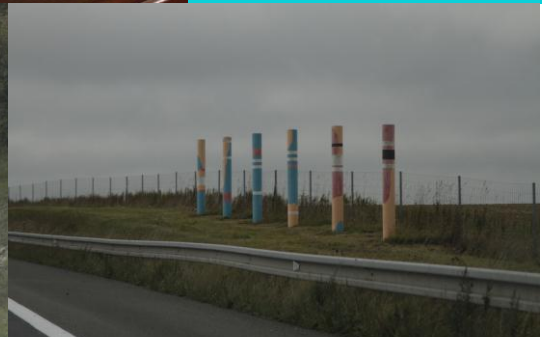
*Yes we know and you've seen all this 'fluff and ribbons' bit before. You're thinking, "This is just another jet-themed, self-congratulatory blow-job about how another one of the boys' road trips went. Another re-hash of that well-known, best-seller, Fifty Shades of FS 36440."*

*Or is it?*

*Well, yes, it is actually. However, here at CMW, realising that we needed a new angle on an old theme the editors made a decision to include never before seen footage and images of lesser known, but equally valid types to allow a more inclusive modelling audience to enjoy the experience...*



*It was 04:00, that's bleedin' oh-dark, double-oh to you landlubbers and still we thought of Eric. Not in the way you would normally think of someone at that time of the morning, obviously; that would be Fifty Shades of Gay! It was Ralph who said, "Hello!" on the ferry actually; he'd stowed away in one of the lifeboats on this beautiful ship's model for a holiday from the tedium of Eric's sweat-shop come shed in Wivenhoe and its relentless stench of lino and balsa cement. It was the only way he could afford a holiday bless 'im, Eric doesn't pay him much! Anyway, Mrs D seemed quite happy to be able to talk to normal people again, although she did express that the choice of holiday venue was a bit, "Busman's..."*



The objective may have been the Swiss Alps; unfortunately, that meant driving across most of France. For all you car modellers out there, here is a fantastic diorama idea. We called it, "Day 17 in northern France" in the style of that ridiculous Mack'em accent on Big Brother. Mile after mile of utterly tedious péage miraculously interspersed with random crap art – with a car on it. The only saving grace about the trip through France was that it followed the front-line of WWI and we could pick out the battlefields as we went. That, and we were so bored that random crap art revitalised us like a game of I Spy does with a 5 year old. It was like the French were admitting, "We're shit and we know it!" Bless 'em, If only we'd had time to divert to Cambrai and Dijon on the way it would have been exciting, but check-in times and ferries dictated otherwise.



I get a kick from Champagne! As can be seen here, France's No1 export (apart from retreating Germans) did not live up to its glitzy reputation in the flesh. Although, Kev was so punch-drunk and tired having driven through the night to reach half-way, the pasty-sized pain au chocolat seemed to make him laugh in despair at the desolation!



Finally cutting the corner through southern Germany brought renewed dangers. If you look carefully at the bonnet of this car it was obvious that *Fritz* was manoeuvring for guns in our 6 o'clock, but Kev slammed on the brakes and he overshot and flew right by. We had the sense that anyone on this road with that sort of marking on his car would probably not be a stranger for long as Poles and Dutch and all manner of foreign spotters with aviation stickers plastered on their bumpers would prove.

**THE PLAN.** Scale Wildgärst, elevation 9500'! As can be seen from what is believed to be a former flight simulator model in the aircrew feeder at Meiringen Air Base, the plan was simple: get up very early in the morning, strap on a heavy bag of camera gear, water and food then climb the equivalent of sea level to the top of Ben Nevis, but add on another 300'. Repeat to a lesser extent on the following 2 days by only doing a slightly smaller than Helvellyn sized climb on the northern side of the Axalp valley; but, you get a bus and chairlift to make it easier on the Show days.



Monday



Alternatively, try a different angle, but make sure a gurning chimp in Terminator sunglasses stands in shot leaning into it so that nothing looks straight.



But first, we had to see a man about a route in! Spookily the year before on another part of a mountain, a man had approached Kev and presciently asked Kev where he was an air traffic controller. Taken aback at this fellow's perception and deductive powers, Kev answered; adding, how did he know that? "ATC is written on your bag!" came the reply. D'oh! Anyway, Philippe, an air trafficker at Sion Air Base, proved to be great guy and fellow enthusiast. Having come to England on tour and been shown around the base Kev works at, Philippe agreed to reciprocate that autumn and guide us on the mountain and show us where to get good images around his base. So a visit over the mountains was in order to where they speak French. unnhhh!

#### CMW PHOTOGRAPHY GUIDE:

Choose your subject carefully, compose the shot from the middle of a busy road, with the light in just the wrong place and fill the background with as many power lines, cars and other distractions as possible. Having got that shot move to another unique item and then ensure that someone drives their shitty jeep into the frame just before you are ready to shoot.

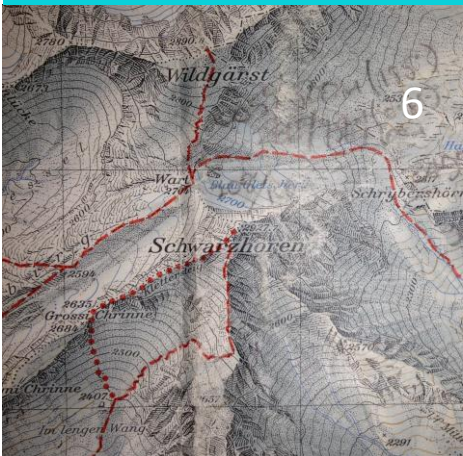
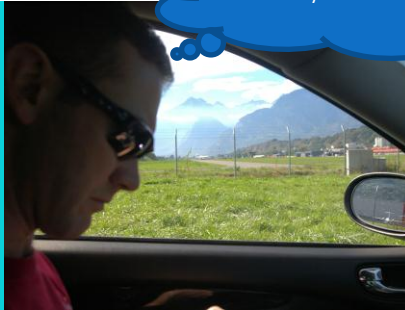


Having been shown the best places to obtain your priceless images, make sure that when the 'Special Tail' that you had no idea existed roars into the air you are jammed through the rear split window of your car's tailgate awkwardly, which gives you 2'6" extra height to see over the blind spot behind the HASs, but does not allow you to pan with the aircraft. Satisfactory artistic blur and pre-cropped images will result every time. As promised, to be more inclusive, who would have thought that a Super Cub with presumably a Lycoming, 4-blade Hartzell propeller and extra silencing could be so interesting? A great conversion project for all you glider-tug pilots. An Alouette II Llama with 'big donk' Artouste was next, but like this 3-axis microlight thingy, getting hold of kit in 1/72<sup>nd</sup> scale is nearly impossible. Heller 1/50<sup>th</sup> scale – pah! Or, "Bof!" as they'd say in Sion.

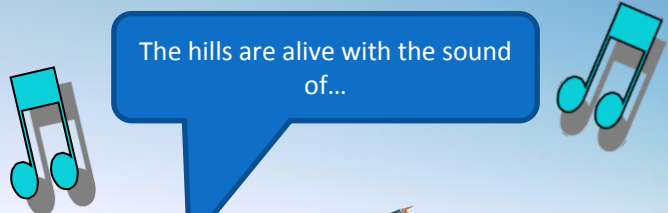
If this was Swiss fairy tale, I'd think they were taking the piss!

As Ian studied the map, it became clear that our route in may have been taking the piss from a Swiss fairy tale somewhat!

1. Furka-Grimsel! Well, we thought Ian's last girlfriend wasn't that bad if 'Grimsel' was the Swiss contraction of Grim and Damsel, and you can't speak about my wife to me like that!
2. Anyway, it turned out that 'Grimsel' wasn't particularly nice anyway.
3. Apparently there was an insistence that we should go the Furka route, Grimsel or not! We decided to go via the Furkapass having heard there wasn't a
4. Visp or Nufenen her Niederwald (German literal translation 'down wood'). Well, 'wisp', 'nuffin' or 'down' it clearly wasn't Gladis' Nethergate, and twos-up or not it sounded like gaol-bait to us!
5. As we got onto the Swiss OS map, our route in took us just south of Pfanni, which due to the sweat and friction had been rubbed off, presumably leading to the flow of 'Pfannibatter' to the south.
6. Fortunately, as we had Im Lengen Wang in our pocket, we avoided Wart at 2704m, otherwise we might have ended up with Schwarzhorn, which, is believed to translate as, 'gangrenous penis?!'



The hills are alive with the sound of...



At no point had Kev realised that he was travelling with the Sound of Music Shi'ite Arab Appreciation Group (SodMShAAG) or the Gay Blades of Baghdad as their Sunni mates call them playfully. Either way, we'd made it to the top of Wildgärst after 2 years of preparation and many miles of training. And, it did feel GREAT!

Tuesday; Practise Day.

Er, TWAT!



Kev, having donned every piece of dry clothing and 2 head-overs to keep warm after the exertion of the climb, ended up looking like some fat bastard from a Stowmarket dating agency. For sheep.

**Camera Guide:**

*The action didn't take long to start after the first couple of hours. So, big lens, low ASA to prevent excessive graining, keep the f-stop middling to get that head-on depth of field and trust your panning skills to capture the image with the slightly reduced shutter speeds constraining you.*



*Ha, losers down there on Tschingel. You might have had 4 hours more sleep, a beer tent and toilets, but you're shooting into sun and the shadows of our mountain.*



*Yeah, this is not going work. Twat!*

*That's only a 300mm on there, but this is CMW, what did you expect, results?*



*Ooh gun pass! That's what we're here for. 1.4x or 2x converter, yeah whatever. Twat! They're miles away...*



***Here come the Gripens and the FA-18s. Oh dear, they aren't really coming over here much Hmm, twat!  
Here we go, here we go! They're coming this way, ready, ready... Twat! Too close, too fast - 420kts!***



***Ah there we are, round the corner, top-side: panning, panning there's the shot... Twat!  
Finally, there we go top shot! Twat! Can't see a thing, it's covered in fluff. Oh, apart from it does look  
like the engineers have been out with the black-ink, felt-tip markers on those panel lines... Twat!***



Wednesday; Air Show Day 1 – Cancelled.



Despite hundreds of miles of training, the boys were properly broken the next day; they took one look at the ropey weather forecast and avoided the hills gratefully. No guesses where they ended up, the Swiss Cranwell. For a nation that has never been at the forefront of international

armed struggle (lucky them), the statue at the Main Gate was grandiose if uninspiring. For someone who had spent a lifetime going into work past signs declaring 'The purpose of this Station in peacetime is to train for war!' the mission briefing of the Swiss Air Force could only be imagined... "Good morning gentlemen. *Situation:* Richy-rich, same old, same old. *Mission:* To defend, with our lives, naked, rhythmic gymnastics! I say again, to defend, with our lives, naked, rhythmic gymnastics!" *Execution, general outline:* fly around a bit?!...



*The perfect reference shot! Fence post nicely in focus, Jug-lugs in soft focus so that he doesn't scare too many Grimsels when he uses this image as his on-line profile avatar and the jet framed ideally for the Aerobatic SIG boys; a little out of focus, obviously, so that they can discuss hard or soft demarcations...*



*Here's one for Jan, he flies RC aeroplanes. This ADS-95 UAV was being dragged back to the hangar from airside. Getting that perfect reference shot can sometimes be a case of right place, right time! Clearly this wasn't.*



*You've all seen those looneys hoisting their cameras on the end of a pole. If you are one of those looneys, make sure that when counting to 12 waiting for the self-timer to work that you hold the pole straight and steady; you wouldn't want crooked results running downhill. Again, looney with a step-ladder? Carry one to avoid those barbed-wire strands going straight through the subject. Carried away with your motor-drive? Note that despite the building, Swiss FA-18s rarely use reheat on departure.*



*Not much one can do about the ATC wagon getting in the way; I always wanted to know what colour the main gear was on a PC-12 though. Hello! Break out that High Planes AU-24 / PC-6 because this aeroplane on the greyest of days is giving us all the reference we need, hot damn! Well, maybe not...*

Wednesday; Airshow Day 2 - cancelled.

Met. Sitrep: Skoshe taffing abdog! Translation: weather marginal with the terminal area forecast indicating that it is going to get absolutely dog-shit later. Airshow, Day 2: cancelled. Result! We picked the best day to get up the best hill. Now to crown the week off with some close-up action for Ian, who hadn't stood this close to reheat in his life, poor lamb!



*Okay, we should all know that 'ace' aviation photographer Katsuhiko Tokunaga suggests that the least amount of atmosphere between you and the subject is best, only in Japanese. So get close. Nowhere in Europe allows you to get closer with unrestricted views of the front-line fast jets than Switzerland. Make best use of the opportunity. The pilots at Meiringen chose to use reheat for the crowds of disappointed spotters; that and they were running downhill. Note the low fence, which is just at eye-height when standing on this side of the boundary stream. Step-ladder, not on your life, you looney!*



*However, the opportunity may present itself to move away from the madding crowds to higher ground. Take that opportunity, but always be aware of your surroundings and the problems which may result if you fail to do so.*

*It pays to stick around when the crowds diminish. There is always the chance of grabbing dynamic images of aircraft in the circuit on recovery. What? Downwind, 3000' descending break, twat! Furthermore, stay 30 more minutes at Emmen and we'd have seen 2 x Ju52 making a low pass; instead we saw them whilst driving through rush-hour, just flipping diamond!*

My ears are bleeding, but at least that's keeping my neck warm!





Met was spot on, for once, and with the cold front passing through the area that afternoon, we decided that having stood for 2 hours in horizontal rain after lunch waiting for the afternoon wave to depart and then cancelling, there was only one thing to do: to the pub!

Oh yes Sherlock my friend, you remember us. Ignore me all you want, deny it if you dare, but last year that bloke sat on your lap and you fiddled with him! And, he liked it...

Ja sicher, Ermintrude. It is true, that Sherlock Holmes; rampant nonce, everyone says so!



Mmmm (ooo)!

Bugger off, the lot of you; that's slander!



Debrief:  
Photographed Swiss Hornets? Check!  
Avoided being total spotter-spazzers? Er, check?!  
CMW Christmas Special in the can? Check!  
Checks complete. Cheers until 2015

# Deutsche Technikmuseum Sinsheim

*“F\*CK ME LOTHAR, THAT’S CONCORDE ON THE ROOF!”*



Have any of you heard of the Deutsche Technikmuseum at Sinsheim; other than Jörg and Lothar, obviously? You have? Well, why the hell didn't you tell everybody else about it then?

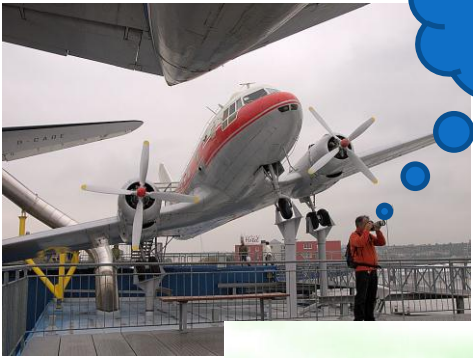
When visiting the Scwäbischen Zwei, the boys were presented with the options for a day out by Lothar: a drive around the Black Forest if the weather was nice or a visit to a museum. As the day dawned grey and a bit miserable, we got in the car for a magical mystery tour of pure delight, as it turned out. As we approached the outskirts of an industrial town having driven cross-country, our attention was immediately sparked when we saw a completely paint-stripped Mig-23 hanging, knife-edge, by the side of the road. “Cor blimey!” we said, “How cool is that?” We turned the corner past a non-descript concrete clad building, our attention still fully drawn by the Mig, but on looking to our front again as the vista opened out into a car-park, Kev, in the front seat, blurted out, a trifle obviously, “Fuck me Lothar, that’s Concorde on the roof!” A knowing grin split our friend’s face, having already told us that there was a Concorde, but not how it was displayed. Even the lovely Sylvia, whose English is about as good as our German, also picked up on the evident, if indecorous, excitement. Knowingly, bless her, she chuckled and resignedly commented, “Here we go again, boys and their aeroplanes.” It was as if she had seen this behaviour before in the company of grown men...

Not only was Concorde on the roof, but as can be seen from the header picture, a Tu-144 and a Tu-134 ‘Crusty’. That was not all by any means: aircraft from a Piasecki H-21, to a Pembroke, to a CL-215, to an L-39 and an array of other types including airliners and Soviet era fighters sprouted from metal posts set on the roof. At the entrance, we were confronted by 3 enormous halls and after stepping inside and paying a very reasonable £10, we spent the next 4 hours in the wet-dream bedroom of a 50 year-old teenager! Kev’s camera went into melt-down as frenziedly he tried to capture items of interest for the membership: a Fokker for Jan, a PAK-38 for Marc, an FW-190 and Bf-109 for Mike, more German tanks than was healthy for Paul, Bob J would have a fit with these Shermans, uniforms for Sonia, an aerobatic team Mig-15 for Julien, more exotic motors than Colchester Car Auctions for Steve and Mark, any number of Bikes hanging from the walls for Dom and Aaron, but not many boaty things for Eric, so we got him a steam train – because he remembers them. There was just so much stuff! And, that was just inside...

It would be ridiculous to try to caption everything; therefore, in no particular order, here is a selection of shots that if you know what it is, it is already of interest and if you don’t and you are interested, then it gives you an excuse to talk to those who do know next time. Larger resolution images are available if anything strikes your fancy for a project you may be considering, or like Mike, have been stuck on for 5 years waiting for a photograph showing that particular bolt on the underside of the airframe of the most obscure marque of the most esoteric type. Enjoy, we did; those boys really can really show us a thing or two about exciting museums – Teutonic tutelage indeed!

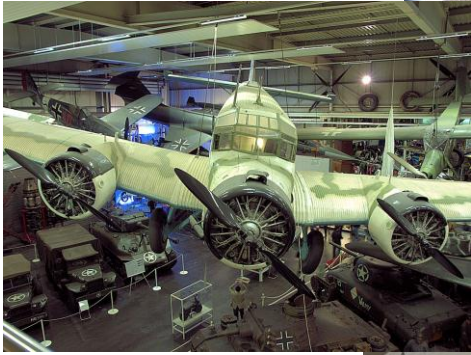


I don't believe it,  
it's those idiot  
Brits from the top  
of the hill!



Hey Kev, did you see  
that Polish gob-shite  
from Wildgärst on the  
roof?

















Where the hell is Kev going to start?



Elvis is in the APC, Mr Presley's M113, allegedly.





Initially disappointed about the perspex reflecting light everywhere and the state of German 'yoof' if they would try to damage a Panzer, Kev pondered less when a child slotted a Euro in the machine and took it for a drive and trained the turret around!

Many images were taken of this 'Stug with an 'H' thing' that Paul built in May. Just to check he did it right, you understand.

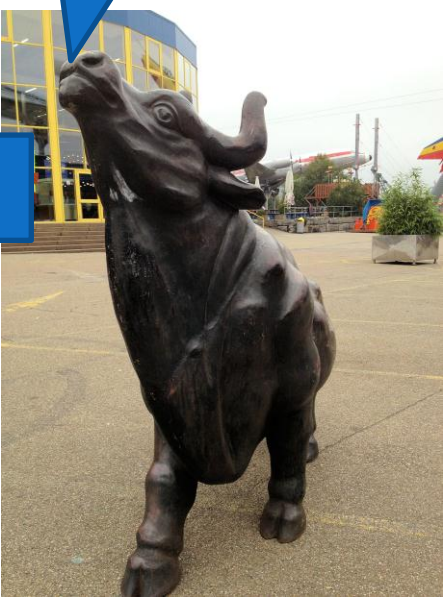


The surrounding area is clean; no bullshit, this is one of the best museums you'll ever visit!



Oh look, he's collapsed; don't laugh Ian. Lothar, quick take a picture!

Museums are all about enlightenment and inspiration, but from where does their inspiration spring? It was good to see that the curating staff had been to Telford last year and nicked our idea of Marilyn for their very own; how humbling! You would think, however, that if they could mechanise a Panther on a plinth and make a Venom FB50 hanging from the ceiling 'fly', they could blow a fan up Marilyn's chuff to make her dress billow?



# Stüttgarten Zwei Re-branded

Having visited the German Branch of IPMS Ipswich 3 times now, it was noted, belatedly, that Lothar doesn't really live anywhere near Stüttgart e.g. someone who effectively lives in Norwich might take offence at being named a 'conehead' or 'Stowmartian'. Similarly, if one were to call Joker, from the Newcastle Branch a 'monkey-hanging bastard', a certain offence might be taken at one's lack of geographical accuracy. Therefore, at a Branch sub-committee meeting in Siggy's Jägerhof (below) it was decided that a re-branding exercise was long overdue. Henceforth, with deference to the geographical and historic area where the boys live, readers who have got that far will have noticed that we are already calling the chaps the '*Swäbischen Zwei*'. Why? Because they live in Schwabia and it's harder to say when drunk; therefore, funnier!

That's right Mr Baxter, I have 2 reaped more souls along the 1/48<sup>th</sup> Grzebien Way...

Don't look at his eyes, he'll have me building 1/48<sup>th</sup>! Ah, too late!

Our Mike, who art in Shed. Nah, fackidd of course you aren't. Help me through, your will to do, as they are banging on. Give me the strength to carry on and forgive them for rabbiting about models - again; in bloody English!

He's so dreamy!

Oh no, they're at it again...

Ian might not have seen the Grzebien Way, but he has been on that internet forum with the bellows again if that smile on his face and the sunshine streaming from his bottom is anything to go by!

A visit to a loft/shed at a secret location 'somewhere in Germany' displayed shockingly that the Grzebien Way is fully established at this location and that BL Zeebub Stange has harvested this poor soul long ago...

The end! Merry Christmas and a happy new year to everyone!  
**TOP TIP:**  
**DO NOT DRINK AND DRIVE!**



# THE HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH A SELF-CONGRATULATORY BLOW-JOB. WHAT? TOO MUCH?!

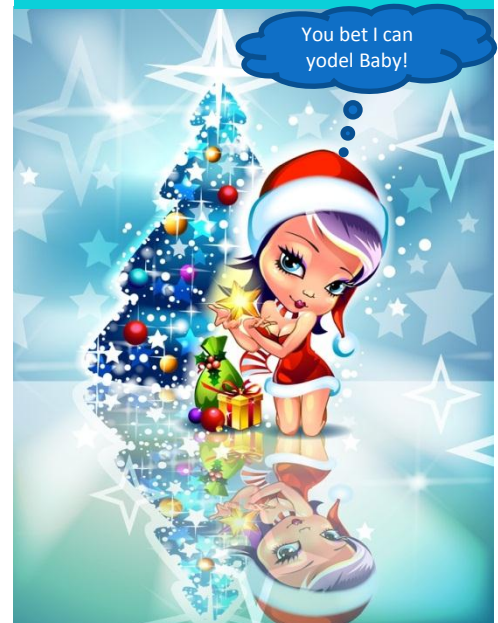


*Oh, go on then as it's Christmas... Here's the self-congratulatory blow-job that was mentioned.*

*Ian got some lucky shots on top of the hill. Nothing spectacular or particularly helpful on the modelling front, unless you want to count compressor blades on a Hornet? However, the images are pretty enough and could constitute part of a reference library, if only to partly inspire a build. Jammy twat!*



*'Grimse!' adopts the position for Christmas...*









*Kev submitted the following selection of images for inclusion in the humble hope that they might be of some use to fellow modellers... Smarmy twat!*



*These Fliegerstaffel 19 F-5Es depart Sion AB for an ACT sortie. Note the AIM-9P trg round's colour and the RAIDS pod on the port launcher rail. Giving the recovery 'context', or simply saying, "We've been to Sion", you decide; this F-5E is seen on short final, note the landing lamps are selected out and the flap setting.*





***Fliegerstaffel 19 and 13 respectively F-5Es are seen here left. Note the weapons fit on the aircraft not flying to the gunnery range. The F-5E seen below is running through 'Dry' as the gas vent doors forward of the M-50 cannons and below the nose are closed. These doors are noticeable on the images on the next page. Fifty shades of grey can be seen on the FA-18s. Note the manoeuvre flaps selected for turning hard around the ridges of the mountains.***



**Move along Eric, there's nothing to see here, or you Jan! Happy Christmas everyone, CMW out!**

