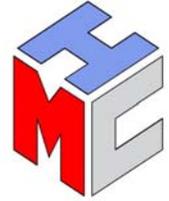




"STICKY FINGERS"

Magazine



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Issue 125 October 2014

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Peters Prattling

Brampton Show

Yet another great show at St Ives organised by IPMS Brampton. Thanks to Steve Crust and Graham Hill for finally showing up (only kidding!). I managed to avoid buying much, just a Tamiya 1/35th Char-B1 Bis for £18, a Hobbyboss Easy Kit for an Ms.406 with interesting markings (either Finnish or RAF but in French colours) and a small etched model of the Wright Flyer.

ScaleModelWorld 2014

Yes it's time for the IPMS Nationals on 8th & 9th November. Apparently we are located in Hall 2 block 2C. Allen Roffey has offered to be our "sacrificial lamb" or "volunteer" should we be needed.

Incredibly rare WW2 German plane found off Croatian Coast

A rare, well-preserved German World War II bomber has been found in Croatia's central Adriatic more than seven decades after it was shot down, the national conservation institute said.

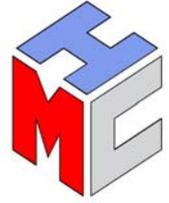
The wreckage of the Junkers Ju 87 or Stuka (Sturzkampfflugzeug) 'dive bomber' was discovered not far from the southern coast of the island of Zirje, institute official Igor Miholjek told a news agency.

Only two bombers of that type, out of some 5,700 that were produced, have been preserved and are now on show in London and Chicago, according to the institute.



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Well preserved: The wreckage of the Junkers Ju 87 or Stuka (Sturzkampfflugzeug) 'dive bomber' was discovered in remarkably good condition, as these pictures show.

The plane was found around 28 meters (91 feet) down during a diving trip organised by the institute, in which Miholjek took part.

'The engine, which was most likely ripped off when the plane hit the water, was missing and was found nearby, but the rest of the aircraft is complete and in very good condition,' he told AFP.

'The plane is lying on its wheels as if it smoothly landed on the seabed,' he said, adding that it was still unclear when it would be recovered.

The bomber was most likely an Italian plane hit by Yugoslavia's navy in April 1941 during the invasion by the German-led Axis powers at the start of World War II.

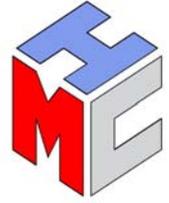


Seabed discovery: The plane was found around 28 meters (91 feet) down

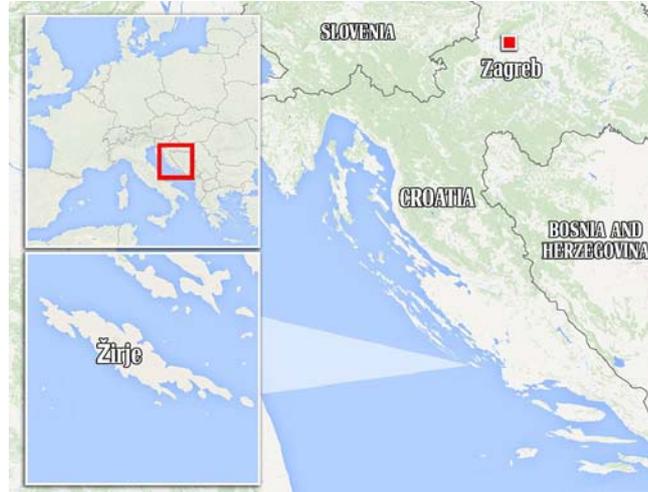


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Location: The bomber was found not far from the southern coast of the island of Zirje

Two more had been found in the sea waters of Norway and Greece, but apparently in much worse condition than the one near Zirje, which is some 340 kilometres (210 miles) south of Zagreb.

It is the second WWII plane found almost complete in Croatia's Adriatic. The first, a B-17 Flying Fortress, was found in 1998 in the waters of the southern island of Vis but was not recovered.

Forthcoming Shows in 2014

Shows with **highlight** have been booked for us to attend. If you wish to attend any of the shows with the club stand please let me know so I can attempt to book space for the club.

2014	
25th October (Saturday)	Gravesham Military Modelling Society Open Day, North West Kent College, Gravesend, Kent, DA12 2JJ
8th & 9th November (Saturday & Sunday)	Scale ModelWorld, Telford
7th December (Sunday)	London Model Show, Islington Business Design Centre, London, N1 0QH
2015	
16th - 18th January (Friday - Sunday)	London Model Engineering Exhibition, Alexandra Palace, London
21st & 22nd March	Southern Expo

Peter

Robin's "Ruminations"

Well it's a war and peace edition of my ruminations this month as we have been very busy one way or another. However I have spared you with most of it except our Continental invasion.

Continental invasion

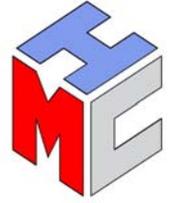
Over a year ago a chance remark from Dominic from Retrokit regarding European model shows set in motion a chain of events that I couldn't have ever imagined. I made the stupid mistake of mentioning this conversation to my darling Wife, BIG MISTAKE, HUGE. Now my Wife is not exactly an Einstein when it comes to working out equations but it didn't take her more than a blink of an eye to work this one out.

Model show in France = short break away in a hotel + no cooking + dinners out + no domestics + shopping trip into Calais = damn good idea!



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So, after another chat to Dominic and a few more emails at a later date, the club was invited to the Calais model show earlier in the year. However, like all great scientists, my Wife now started with "tweaking" the equation "slightly", by the time I had gotten home from the model show from which the original telephone conversation had taken place the equation in my Wife's mind now looked something like this;

Model show in France + trip to Ypres in Belgium = longer break in hotels + no cooking + more dinners out + no domestics + shopping trips into Calais and Ypres (chocolate shops mostly) + battlefield tour + visit Great Uncles grave + last post ceremony + only one Channel Tunnel fare to do both visits = an even better good idea!

Tunnel tickets were bought and hotels were arranged, a couple of battlefield tours were booked, with an enquiry about Adele's Great Uncle and a rough itinerary was sketched out for our visit, cramming in as much as possible without being silly about it. That will teach me to keep my mouth shut! So last month we caught an early shuttle on the Wednesday morning and then headed off to Ypres at a leisurely pace. I don't find driving on the Continent too difficult after the first 10 minutes or so of mental adjustment, however the centre of Ypres was a different matter entirely this time. It appears that all the road markings in the centre of Ypres have been removed; I can only think to retain the character of the historic market town. I would say it only confused the visitors but trust me; even the locals seem confused as cars were giving way to the left, the right, minor side roads and at one particular junction where five roads met, squeaky bum time! However we were spared and parked our car in the hotel car park with a deep sigh of relief. After a wander around to get our bearing's, we had lunch in the market square and booked into our hotel.

With what was left of the afternoon we relaxed and after a couple of cups of tea wandered up to the Mennen Gate for the Last Post Ceremony. With the 100th anniversary of the outbreak of WW1 being marked in the press and television and more information about the war dead being put online on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website, this simple ceremony has become very well attended indeed. It sounds a bit irreverent but it seemed almost like a muted party atmosphere with people chatting and swapping stories but on the stroke of 20:00 you could have heard a pin drop. Although a brief but simple ceremony, it is very moving with the huge tablets inscribed with the tens of thousands of names of the missing lining the walls and staircases of the gate soaring above you. Afterwards we wandered back to the market square for a late dinner and back to our hotel for our early start in the morning.



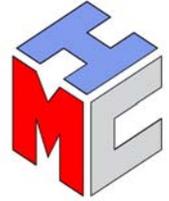
The Last Post Ceremony inside the Mennen Gate

After a comfortable night and relaxed breakfast we wandered up to our pick-up point for our first battlefield tour finding a very nice patisserie on the way and after drooling at the tasty looking cakes on sale this shop was marked on my Wife's internal GPS system immediately! We picked up our minibus and after a stern warning about not touching any "metal objects" we might see on the tour, we started off to our first of many stops showing us some remaining first aid posts,



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blockhouses, parts of trench systems, monuments and of course the ever present cemeteries including the only German one in Flanders. Our guide was also a keen amateur historian and imparted enough information to make the tour very interesting but not too much to bog your mind down with facts and figures you would quickly forget. About half way around the tour we stopped at a farm that due to their method of farming they often ploughed up munitions, sure enough we were shown the small pile of rifle grenades, shell caps with their detonators intact, a German potato masher and a couple of Mills grenades. We were also shown the farms other claim to fame, a strawberry vending machine! I had never heard of such a beast but of course the bright red fruits looked so tempting through the small window they just had to be "tested", just to help foster international relations of course, no pleasure involved. I can honestly say that the strawberries were some of the best I have ever tasted, no sugar required at all they were like sweets, I got four out of the large punnet and the rest just seemed to "get lost" in the tour bus somehow Adele said wiping here lips, very mysterious.

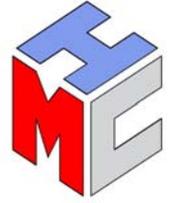
Also on the tour was a gentleman and his daughter from South Australia, they were on the tour to see the area in which his Grandfather was when he was posted "missing" in 1915, 99 years to that day. They were also to be part of the Last Post Ceremony that evening, laying a wreath in memory of his Grandfather and his members of his unit that didn't return home. The tour driver duly stopped on a small road overlooking a pleasant looking grass slope, this peaceful sunlit scene we were told was in September 1915 was a lunar type landscape full of water filled craters and took a month and thousands of lives to move the same distance that we could slowly walk in 15 minutes. It was somewhere on this slope that the gentleman's Grandfather was killed in rain and cloying mud and still lies, a very surreal thought standing there in the warm sunshine with the birds singing. The tour guide then picked up a small item off of the side of the road and handed it to my Wife, "a piece of shell case, can you imagine thousands of such pieces flying across this area at the speed of sound?" our guide asked. He told my Wife she could keep it as a souvenir of our day as after all, there was no shortage of other such "souvenirs" in the Ypres area. Our final stop was another road just outside a small village on top of a small slope, he told Adele that on the day her Great Uncle was killed he would have been moving up from the British trenches at the bottom of the slight slope moving towards the village. Again it just seemed so odd to match the pastoral scene with the photographs we had seen of the muddy battlefield and the shell fragment in my backpack. We drove back down the Mennen Road and through the Mennen Gate, however a builders lorry had blocked where the tour bus was to drop us off so we were forced to do a quick circuit that actually passed our hotel and down a small road opposite. It was here that our tour guide pointed out a casement in the town battlements; it was here that the famous "Wipers Times" was written and printed. We were then told that as well as having a few exhibits inside it was a micro-brewery and bar now and the beer they brewed was called "the Wipers Times" and was very good, that location was marked on my internal GPS!

After being dropped off we had 45 minutes before the start of our next tour, we had already noted a very nice café only a minutes' walk from our van and so we enjoyed our lunch in the sunshine outside watching the world go by, very civilised. We joined our next tour that headed off in a different direction visiting a surviving piece of the German trench and were told about the huge mines that were set off in 1917 destroying many German blockhouses and strong points. Part of the visit was to Hill 60, the site of one of the mines and the best surviving crater; although the hole has softened over the intervening years you could still drop a house in the crater and still have room to spare! Now for a history lesson, 21 mine shafts were dug and bags of explosive were packed into the bomb room at the end of the shafts, detonation wires were laid and the shafts sealed and guarded. In mid-1917 the Germans were concerned that the British could undermine their lines and so employed the best German mining engineer to see if this was being done. He employed German miners to sink shafts 50ft down and then had them sit at the bottom of the shafts listening and watching buckets of water for any ripple that would show any signs of vibration from mining activities. Nothing was found and so a report was sent to Berlin assuring them that the British were not digging under the German front line. Unfortunately for this engineer the British excavations were finished by December 1916, little wonder here didn't detect any digging! With the ebb and flow of battle and the Germans shortening their lines only 19 of the mines were exploded on the day of an attack, the other two were by then under British lines. Just in case of accident or a German trench raid, the wires were cut and the remaining two shafts were collapsed. It was assumed that due to the high water table in the area raising water levels would submerge and render the bags of explosive inert after a few years. In 1955, during a night time thunderstorm a huge explosion blew an enormous crater in a farmer's field killing a few cows, it was soon determined that it was in the same position as one of the two "inert" mines. It was assumed that a lightning strike had somehow detonated the mine, but how? The explosive broke down in water within a few years. Going back to wartime documents revealed that the miners were also concerned about the wet conditions in the bomb rooms and so had put the explosives into oil drums and then covered them in tar to render them waterproof! Now the burning question was where was mine number 21? It turns out that the mine is still sitting right underneath a large farmhouse complex that in the First World War was a German strongpoint / command bunker. When asked, the farmer was fairly unconcerned as he took the attitude that if the mine exploded what would he know of it anyway? The moral of this story is that if some kind estate agent tries to sell you a large farmhouse complex really cheap in the Ypres area, think very carefully before reaching for your cheque book!



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Adele at the grave of her Great Uncle.

The afternoon tour concluded with a visit to Bedford House Cemetery, the cemetery that Adele's Great Uncle is buried in. I had a plan ready in my backpack and had already marked the position of the plot as there are well over 2000 graves within the enclosure. We quickly and easily found the grave and Adele planted a small cross of remembrance in front of the headstone and after a while, a few words and tears we left. I was struck as I walked through the cemetery that after seeing so many images over the past 24 hours of the battlefields and reading of the harrowing tales of the terrible conditions these men lived, fought and died in, it seems only fitting that they now lie in places of such peace, tranquillity and beauty. Probably one of the best uses of my taxes I have seen lately.

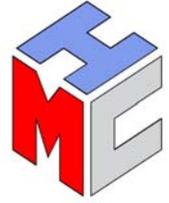
After popping back to our hotel to have a cup of tea and to freshen up we headed back to the Mennen Gate for the Last Post Ceremony again. Again it was moving but in a different way with a choir singing this particular evening. We saw the couple from Australia during the ceremony and bumped into them afterwards, as it was a warm evening the consensus of opinion was that we could all do with a drink, and I just happened to know where to go. We walked the couple of minutes to the "Wipers Times" and ordered the beers and so sitting outside in the warm evening air we enjoyed good conversation and good beer. We walked the couple back to the marketplace and just happened to pop into another bar for a light snack and another beer for the road and after another hour we wished each other best wishes for our respective travels and went our separate ways. The next morning we packed-up and got the car sorted for our trip to France. As we were not sure what we were going to find in Calais we decided to go back to the café we had used the previous day and bought a couple of rolls to take away. On the way back to the car Adele just happened to find the patisserie we had seen the previous day, who said that women have no sense of direction?! A couple of cakes and ice cold cans of drink later we left Ypres and headed back to France to the venue for the Calais model show.

Our Satnav decided to take us on a trip through rural Belgium but the sun was shining and the roads were empty so we had a very pleasant half hour drive through the fields and small villages until our Satnav came to its senses and popped us back on the motorway. We arrived at the venue for the show a little before 14:00 and so had our nibbles while waiting for the hall to open. When the hall opened for setting up I grabbed my work gloves and headed in to help set up the tables, well you've got to do your bit for Anglo French relations haven't you? However all the tables were already up and waiting for us, result! As far as I could understand it the council set up the tables in the morning for the show. We were shown our tables and so set up the stand with cloths, sign and a couple of the Perspex stands. We were positioned next to East Sussex and just behind Retrokit which was really nice so we could watch one another's stands if required. It was now that I started to notice the differences between European shows and British shows, everything seemed far more relaxed almost like a big meeting in a coffee shop or bar rather than our rush to set up and have a wander around looking for that elusive



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kit or bargain. We left our hosts socialising and headed to our hotel which was only 1.2km from the venue as the crow flies but was on the other side of the Eurostar / Channel Tunnel terminals and so we had to drive about 6km all the way around to get there.

We had arranged to meet Wally & Sue Arrowsmith at our hotel for a coffee but they were delayed due to a breakdown of a shuttle train and then the next train was cancelled due to a fuel leak on one of the loaded vehicles. However we eventually met up for a cup of coffee and arranged to pop over the road to City Europe for a nose around the shops and dinner from one of the many eateries in the food court. After picking up nibbles for the next day's show and a large box of dates for myself, we had a very nice dinner with quite a few laughs and went back to our hotel for a final drink before retiring to our rooms for the night. Unfortunately I had forgotten to reset my Wife's phone to European time and as I used it for an alarm that morning we woke up an hour later than planned, still at least I knew there was no rush as the club stand was ready for John and his family and Sue & Wally. We had been asked to park off site due to the restricted car parking at the venue but it was only across the road in the back garden / field of the town hall, the field had been made available for the shows use and the long grass mown for us, I said to Adele that I wish we could get the same sort consideration from our council for Expo. We arrived back at the venue and was told that tea, coffee, water and food was available in a food area in one corner and of course you could also have a beer, they had their own mobile bar with a beer barrel inside of it! Beer with my breakfast has never been my strong point; I passed on that kind offer.

Although the show opened to the public at 10:00, Madam Le Mayor turned up to "officially" open the show at 12:00 and had a chat to some of the clubs members and traders, a marquee had been set up outside and after a short speech inside drinks were supplied by Le Mayor. The show might only have been 25 miles from England but it seems a million miles apart with local council's attitudes to local clubs and shows. The show settled down to a fairly slow and steady pace with much modelling being done on all the club stands and a couple of excellent railway layouts being run at the bottom of the hall. As far as the Calais show went, they are very big on their dioramas, far more than on this side of the channel. The other thing I noticed was the number of "accessories" used as parts of their displays, newspapers, banknotes, grenades, bullets and other assorted military odds and ends. I picked up a couple of bits as Expo raffle prizes and a couple of bits for myself but nothing major at all.



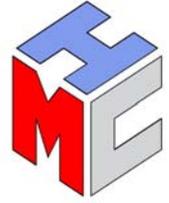
Our club stand at the Calais show.

After arranging to meet everybody for dinner later, John, Jenny and their daughters left for City Europe to do a little shopping in the afternoon. Between wandering around the show and chatting with Sue, Wally, Dominic, Betty and the members of the East Sussex model club in only seemed a few minutes before we were heading back to our hotels to get ready for dinner. We all met up in City Europe and had a great time over dinner and afterwards at a cafe we were all in stitches with John regaling us with stories of his earlier life, edited of course as his daughters were present. Betty & Dominic also had us stitches with tales of how city boy Dominic went to meet Betty's very rural family in the Bible belt of the deep south of the U.S. Betty telling us how she was trying to explain that the "really scary sound" that Dominic had heard



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was actually just cow in heat almost had me on the floor. After a drink we said goodbye to Sue and Wally as they were driving deeper into France to meet other friends in the morning and wished one another goodnight and retired for the night.

We parked in the town hall's back garden again in the morning and crossed the road to the hall, meeting John, Jenny, their Daughters and Dominic & Betty. The day fell into the very laidback pace of the show, Adele, Jenny and the girls walked the short distance to the village to a patisserie / bakery that opened on the Sunday morning and returned with a few cakes and very nice they were with a cup of coffee. Having time to just sit and chat throws up some surprising things, some of you would have seen Betty doing face painting for charity at Expo and other shows, apparently Betty has a business doing face painting at children's parties and corporate events, so far nothing surprising but what I certainly raised my eyebrows was that it was that Dominic said that he taught his Wife how to paint faces. Dominic must have seen the "are you pulling my leg?" expression because the next child that wanted their face painted; it was Dominic on the brushes and pads. Five minutes later and the little boy walked away wearing an incredible work of art on his face, wow, is that guy talented. We had a look at the competition area and was surprised at how few entries there were, part of me was also pleased as it isn't just the U.K. that competition entries are down while many excellent models remain on the club stands. I purchased a few odds and ends from Dominic including a golfing "minion", don't ask! Another thing that caught my Wife's eye was a 1920's to 1950's figure of a boy in shorts with a glider, unfortunately the person had sold the last one, however I asked the cost in my very broken German much to my Wife's amusement. She did kindly remind me that we were in France just in case I hadn't noticed, to which I replied that I knew which country I was in but had she noticed the sign that said the trader was from Leipzig? Slap! We then understood that the gentleman would cast us a figure and glider in an hour or so. He then gave an impromptu demonstration on how to use resin in rubber moulds to the public, so Adele got her figure fresh from the mould as it were. The competition was judged and Rebecca won a junior award for her Airfix Vampire trainer, well done that girl! Now things got a touch of sweaty palms time for the Huston clan, like most things in France, the awards ceremony took an absolute age with interminable speeches and thank you's. All very good but the check-in time for their shuttle was rapidly approaching, at last Rebecca received her award and they had to scoot off, only to be blocked-in in the car park temporarily, argh! At last the car park was cleared and they managed to get away. Adele and I packed away the stand and my, Wally's and John's models in the car and we made our shuttle with time to spare. After parking on the shuttle I got out to stretch my legs and two cars back was an Aston Martin DB5 in pristine condition, although I'm not a petrol-head in any form, even I was drooling.

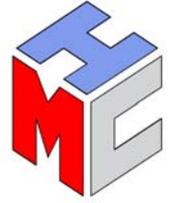
Well was it worth going to the Calais show, well yes and no. I don't think it would have been worth the trip if it was solely to attend the show, don't get me wrong our hosts were brilliant and couldn't be more hospitable but the cost of the travel, hotel and living expenses would have made it very expensive. However by combining the Calais show with a trip to Ypres made it more of a mini holiday rather than attending just a model show. That said it was very interesting to see what model shows on the Continent were like and how they were run. Of course so of my "understandings" might be a bit off beam as some things could well have been lost in translation, my fault not the interpreters. Apparently modelling appears to more "sociable" and to "promote family values" and so it seems almost a civic obligation to help clubs. That now explains to me now why many of the smaller shows on the Continent are free to enter or entry is only a nominal charge, because the local council seem to give them the hall or charge just an administrative fee for its use. This also explained the very relaxed mood at the Calais show as the clubs have more space to spread out and do a lot of modelling at the show. Let's face it, if the council gave the Harrow Lodge sports centre to the Essex Modellers show for a day for free, can you imagine what a good show you could have? Every club could have as much space as required and you'd allow the public in for nothing and just cover the cost of the tables by having say, six traders. Once you take away the necessity to cover the high costs of hiring a large hall you take away most of the worry of running a show that could bankrupt the host club or clubs. It certainly seems that the local civic authorities on the Continent seem to see it as their responsibility to assist the local clubs and communities rather than screw every penny they can out of them. To give you a direct correlation between Expo and the Calais show, you all know the difficulties we have every year with parking at Harrow Lodge because of inter departmental wrangles between the sports hall, the town hall and the parks department and some drivers "illegally" parking on the grass. At the Calais show Madam Le Mayor had the field at the back of the Town Hall mown especially and the gates left open on the weekend to allow club members and visitor's easy and convenient parking for the show. Do I sound envious / bitter? Yep, you bet I am!

Just as a P.S. one thing that I did find out that made me smile, have you ever noticed that the clubs in France have the initials I.M.A. in their names, titles or on their paperwork? Apparently this is their Police Registration Number, all clubs and societies that hold regular meetings have to be registered with the Department of the Interior, just in case.



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My official hat is now on.

Well gentleman, it's almost time for the annual pilgrimage to the temple of Telford to make our devotions and sacrifices to the modelling deities, i.e. the traders that are going to empty our wallets for plastic, etch and decals. Sorry it's been a long day and it's getting late now and so here's the pitch, who's going and for how long? This is just to know the number of stands and / or models will be needed to be dragged down from my loft. Also is anybody going to the show on Friday? I'll have the sign, cloths and stands with me on Monday just in case anybody can set up the stand on the Friday afternoon / early evening. Not only that but it will save Peter and I messing around loading the car on Saturday morning, probably in the rain.

Well I have inflicted enough suffering on you for this evening and so I'll say have a good evening and enjoy the modelling.

Robin

John's Jottings

Expo Concours Maquette Opale Club Fréthun

Expo concours Maquette Opale Club - Fréthun 2014



Cher Ami Maquettiste, on the weekend of September the 20th and 21st IPMS Hornchurch Model Club went international. My family and I packed up the car and set off for Le Tunnel sous la Manche, thanks to France being one hour ahead that meant a 4am start my girls were not impressed but at least we did not have to pay over the QEII Bridge. We have no holdups and at 8:30am local time we arrived at the venue only 10mins drive from the tunnel terminal in the very pretty little village of Fréthun. We were greeted by Maurice from the host club who showed us to our table, already ready with cloths and club stands (Robin and Adele had set up the day before). Parking for the exhibitors after dropping off the models was across the road behind the picturesque town hall.

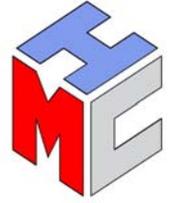
Back in the exhibition hall we were handed vouchers for free croissants and coffee (I went behind the counter to make myself a tea). Wally and Sue arrived shortly after and we set out our models. Robin and Adele arrived next having set their alarm but forgetting to set it to French time. Our club stand was in the middle of the hall in what could be described as the English corner. We were next to IPMS Mid Sussex and backed onto Dominique and Betty from Retrokit. Poor Dominique became our default interpreter for the weekend as I struggled to remember every French word I knew, and quite a few I didn't know. There visiting clubs from Germany, Belgium and Italy as well as some local Normandy clubs.

The show itself is of moderate size (maybe 1/3 the size of Southern Expo) but with a broad mix of modelling genres including railways and radio controlled subjects. The most striking feature for me was the sheer number of scratch building going on; one chap across from us was even resin casting at his table. I noticed also that almost all models on show were on bases but were I am used to seeing models on suitable bases (grass/concrete/ship deck etc) these bases however were almost all detailed diorama bases with plenty of extra detail. One you lad (17 years old) had built a 1/35 diorama of the D-Day landings from the water's edge with landing craft and through coastal defences to country side. It was a two year build for the lad, quite impressive. One of my favourite displays was a 1/35 U-Boat base with all the trimmings (one U-boat being prepared to sail with divers inspecting and crew loading equipment and stores while a second U-boat was arriving back into port with crew standing on deck and nurses on the dock waving). Rebecca entered her Airfix Vampire into the competition to be judged on the Sunday. The Competition models were housed in a separate building adjacent to the main sports hall.



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Denis, the president of the Maquette Opale Club, came over about midday and invited everyone to step outside to a marquee where the lady Mayor welcomed us all (at least I think she did as it was all in French) Champagne and nibbles followed, when I was introduced to madam Mayor I pointed out I was Irish and to my surprise she took up the microphone and welcome me personally. Wally and Sue were only for attending the show the first day so that night all of us (Wally & Sue, Robin & Adele, Dominique & Betty and myself and Jeni, Rebecca and Hannah) went for a meal at Flunch and then to the Bull Pub for lemonade afterwards from what I can remember it was a great night.

Next day I was asked to do some judging in the civil vehicles category of the competition. This was a small category as by far and away the majority of the entrants were Armour subjects. I was informed by Arnaud, their club computer geek (I guess every club has one) that the competition was open and that meant if no model was deserving of a Gold then none would be awarded, or if two or more were deserving then I could award more I know that in the Helicopter category no gold's or silvers were awarded man they are strict but they figure it encourages modellers to strive for Gold. In the end I awarded two Gold medals to a flawless Gulf Porsche 917 Le Mans racer and a classic Mustang in an abandoned and rusting diorama setting. I also awarded two Bronze's from 9 entries. I had to justify my selections and was nearly over ruled on one of the bronze but I argued that the originality of the subject merited the award they relented. Rebecca was up against 11 other junior entries with subjects covering everything from figures to a ship, amour and cars to aircraft, I am delighted to report that she won GOLD. As a prize she received a gold medal, an A4 cutting mat, a book on modelling the Curtiss P-40 Warhawk and an 1/48 Eduard weekend kit of a Spitfire mk.IXe. very nice indeed. RetroKit donated a cup for the best British Subject model in the show.

The show is only held every two years with this year being the second time It was I felt a great success and I can highly recommend this show fully. Jeni managed to get some goodies at the Cite Europe hypermarket (3kg of Nutella for a start) so she is already looking forward to the return visit in 2016. The guys from Fréthun have enquired about attending Southern Expo next year but as space has been allocated they might just attend as visitors but we will see them at the Dartford show next June. Hopefully my French will improve a little by then.

There Are 7 Types of English Surnames — Which One Is Yours?

I recently have been researching my family tree (I discovered I have a Great grandfather from Dorset) and while using one of the many websites dedicated to tracing your ancestry they had the following article that I found interesting and thought I would share with you all.

We all have surnames that have been passed down to us from our ancestors. The notion of a having a last name was not until after the Norman Conquest in 1066. As the country's population grew post conquest, people found it was necessary to be more specific when talking about somebody else. Thus the rise of descriptions like Thomas the Baker, Norman son of Richard, Henry the Whitehead, Elizabeth of the Field, and Joan of York... these descriptions ultimately, led to many of our current surnames. There are in the region of 45,000 different English surnames, but most had their origins as one of these seven types.

1. Occupational

Occupational names identified people based on their job or position in society. Calling a man "Thomas Carpenter" indicated that he worked with wood for a living, while someone named Knight bore a sword. Other occupational names include Archer, Baker, Brewer, Butcher, Carter, Clark, Cooper, Cook, Dyer, Farmer, Faulkner, Fisher, Fletcher, Fuller, Gardener, Glover, Head, Hunt or Hunter, Judge, Mason, Page, Parker, Potter, Sawyer, Slater, Smith, Taylor, Thatcher, Turner, Weaver, Woodman, and Wright (or variations such as Cartwright and Wainwright) — and there are many more.

2. Describing a personal characteristic

Some names, often adjectives, were based on nicknames that described a person. They may have described a person's size (Short, Long, Little), colouring (Black, White, Green, or Red, which could have evolved into "Reed"), or another character trait (Stern, Strong, Swift). Someone named Peacock might have been considered vain.

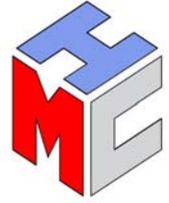
3. From an English place name

A last name may have pointed to where a person was born, lived, worked, or owned land. It might be from the name of a house, farm, hamlet, town, or county. Some examples: Bedford, Burton, Hamilton, Hampshire, Sutton. Writer Jack London's ancestor may have hailed from London.



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4. From the name of an estate

Those descended from landowners may have taken as their surname the name of their holdings, castle, manor, or estate, such as Ernle or Staunton. Windsor is a famous example — it was the surname George V adopted for the British royal family.

5. From a geographical feature of the landscape

Some examples are Bridge, Brooks, Bush, Camp, Fields, Forest, Greenwood, Grove, Hill, Knolles, Lake, Moore, Perry, Stone, Wold, Wood, and Woodruff. Author Margaret Atwood is probably descended from someone who lived "at the wood."

6. Patronymic, matronymic, or ancestral

Patronymic surnames (those that come from a male given name) include Benson ("the son of Ben"), Davis, Dawson, Evans, Harris, Harrison, Jackson, Jones (Welsh for John), Nicholson, Richardson, Robinson, Rogers, Simpson, Stephenson, Thompson, Watson, and Wilson.

Matronymic ones, surnames derived from a female given name, include Molson (from Moll, for Mary), Madison (from Maud), Emmott (from Emma), and Marriott (from Mary).

Scottish clan names make up one set of ancestral surnames. These include Armstrong, Cameron, Campbell, Crawford, Douglas, Forbes, Grant, Henderson, Hunter, MacDonald, and Stewart.

7. Signifying patronage

Finally some surnames honoured a patron. Hickman was Hick's man (Hick being a nickname for Richard). Kilpatrick was a follower of Patrick.

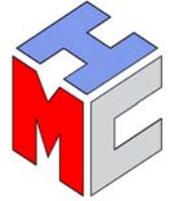
The upshot of all this is that my own Surname HUSTON has its source in the Anglicised form of the Gaelic "Mac Uistean" derived from the elements "mac" meaning "son of ", and "Uistean" itself a Gaelicised form of the Old French "Huchon". (Séan Pádraig Mac Uistean was the name I had to use in my school in Ireland)

John



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Wrighty's "References"

Model of The Year The Best Yet?

After the debate on aircraft (cars & AFVs come to that) and also the selection of the winning models follow a similar criteria. After all when I judge these categories I don't know much about the finer points and decisions are often based on what looks nice or where I feel extra work has been carried out to improve the kit from the box. Racing cars are always very colourful with their sponsor's logos and in my case, I like modern cars in preference to old ones, so this factor helps influence my vote, over converted items. Maybe like some modellers I shouldn't vote in these classes?

However the point of this article was that in the 1/72nd aircraft category the 5 entries were so good (in my opinion) any one of them could have taken 1st place, a point agreed upon by several other members, I mentioned this point to. Well I'm not going to tell you who I voted for but how my final decision was reached. After much deliberation it came back to a personal choice close to my heart in my best aircraft of all-time list, it was that difficult a decision. The good news is that all 5 still have a great chance in the modeller of the year competition, as do a number of others in this year's competition. So "best of luck" lads roll on Feb 2015.

Time The Final Enemy (cont:)

Following on from this article in September 2014 Sticky Fingers I have managed to locate the addresses for 2 groups who can prevent your kits and books meeting an unsavoury end, they are self-explanatory as to what they do and maybe we could do with a few more like them. After all kits surviving beyond 2050 will be as valuable as some of the "stuff" on the Antiques Roadshow. Maybe the clubs could apply to Mr Lewarne for further details of their operation, or if you want to cut back on your stash of books or kits, talk to Kit Rescue and report on if they are worthwhile following up.

The Collectakit Heritage Collection

What will happen to your built kits when you are gone?

Over 30 years in the business we are very proud of our hard earned reputation for offering fair prices and minimum fuss when buying collections of surplus unbuilt kits, books and related memorabilia.

Increasingly we are being asked if we know of anyone who could make use of collections of built kits. We were fortunate to be offered significant collections of the late Victor White and Brian Thorne and were able to utilise some of these kits in the IPMS (UK) 50th anniversary display at Scale ModelWorld 2013.

These and other collections now form the basis of the Collectakit Heritage Collection. Our plans are at an early stage but what we hope to be able to do is preserve as many fine plastic models as we can and make them available to museums and other organisations where they can be made available to a wider audience to appreciate now and in the future. We have recently supplied models to a TV production company as props and from the feedback we have received expect to develop this route also. If you are looking for a home for your built models and would like to see them saved for future generations to enjoy, please contact us.

Pat & Joan Lewarne sales@collectakit.co.uk [01932 840766]

Richard Middleton TBA

Colin Marrow TBA



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Tel: 0782 8814579
larisa.day@kitrescue.net
www.kitrescue.net



Alan

Competition Results for 3rd Round 2014

Wally Arrowsmith Trophy (Aircraft)

1/72nd Scale or Less

Position	Entrant	Model	Votes
1 st	Paul Bennett	Gloster Javelin	60
2 nd	Paul Bennett	Boulton Paul Defiant	40
3 rd	Rebecca Huston	de Havilland Vampire T.11	28
4 th	Peter Bagshaw	Folland Gnat	25
5 th =	Paul Bird Peter Bagshaw	Junkers Ju.1 Grumman F6F Hellcat	24
	Bob Lawrence	Yak 11 Reno Racer	20

1/72nd Scale or less

Paul Bennett Gloster Javelin



Paul Bennett Boulton Paul Defiant



Rebecca Huston de Havilland Vampire T.11



Peter Bagshaw Folland Gnat



Paul Bird Junkers Ju.1



Peter Bagshaw Grumman F6F Hellcat



Bob Lawrence Yak 11 Reno Racer



Greater than 1/72nd Scale

Position	Entrant	Model	Votes
1 st	Paul Bird	Fokker D.VII	63
2 nd	Allen Roffey	Spitfire (Captured)	54
3 rd	Ian Brown	Macchi Mc200	53

Paul Bird Fokker D.VII



Greater than 1/72nd Scale

Allen Roffey Spitfire (Captured)



Ian Brown Macchi Mc200



Positions after 3rd Round

Position	Entrant	Points
1 st	Paul Bennett	124
2 nd	Ian Brown	90
3 rd	Brian Thomas	80
4 th	Bob Lawrence	71
5 th =	Paul Bird Peter Bagshaw	66
	Allen Roffey	47
	Peter Bellamy	44
	Alan Wright	26
	John Bennett	22
	Rebecca Huston	21
	Charles Thompson	20
	John Huston	19

IPMS Hornchurch Trophy (Miscellaneous)

Military Vehicles

Position	Entrant	Model	Votes
1 st =	Mick Pitts	Carro Armto M13/40 Su-85	51
2 nd	Kevin Curley	W.W.I Dummy Tank	50
3 rd	Bob Lawrence	Panzer IV	34

Miscellaneous - Armour

Mick Pitts Carro Armto M13/40



Mick Pitts Su-85



Kevin Curley W.W.I Dummy Tank



Bob Lawrence Panzer IV



Miscellaneous

Position	Entrant	Model	Votes
1 st	Bob Lawrence	Lotus 49	63
2 nd	Peter Bagshaw	McLaren MP4/20	50
3 rd =	Mick Pitts John Huston	Gladiator Mini Countryman WRC	45

Miscellaneous

Bob Lawrence Lotus 49

Peter Bagshaw McLaren MP4/20



Mick Pitts Gladiator



John Huston Mini Countryman WRC



Positions after 3rd Round

Position	Entrant	Points
1st	Bob Lawrence	94
2nd	Peter Bagshaw	90
3rd	Kevin Curley	73
4th	Mick Pitts	71
5th	John Huston	44
	Ian Brown	23
	Paul Bird	21