

THE BELVOIR LEVER

<http://www.ipms-belvoir.co.uk>



Scale Model World 2007

A great weekend and a perfect end to the 2007 show season. **Il Postino** did the early reconnaissance to the show and got promptly lost. After a quick phone call to **Two Sheds Tinkler** established that he didn't know the address of Stalag Luft 13 although he was already interned there. Septic saved the day because while the main party were in Bottesford trying to find the place on the map he had lifted the leaflet which had the address on it. Ploughboy suggested a quiet Friday night which was completely ignored and the team ended up off like Jordan's dress **"off their t**s and on the floor"**; An early Saturday morning start saw the Belvoir Boys arrive at Telford around 11 o'clock. Regazzoni had arrived a little earlier and had found our table and we were suitably ensconced. The day seemed to pass by in a haze Ploughboy arrived Saturday morning on the pretence of attending some Sheep Fondling party in the depths of Lincolnshire.

It was late afternoon before the Godfather Septic & Bob could face a pint of falling down water in the bar. The club had decided they were going to take it steady and not spend too much but like their abstinence from drinking the night before that went boobs upwards and everyone went on spending frenzy. A slight problem reared its head on leaving the show Space Kadett proceeded to inform the Godfather and Septic that he had misplaced the car park pass and so we were unable to exit the afore mentioned place. A call to Ploughboy set him back on his way to break the siege of the Ice Rink car park but in the meantime with the help of a Swiss Army Knife & C4 plastique explosive we mentioned to extricate ourselves and by some strange quirk of fate took a wrong turning into another car park and managed to rendezvous with Ploughboy. Saturday night was a subdued affair and the crew partook in some nosebag at the local pub.

Sunday was a new day everyone was bright eyed and bushy tailed and ready for more spending. The girls left on Sunday thus leaving the boys free to prowl Bridgenorth on Sunday night in search of sinful pleasures **(they would stand more chance of kissing the Queens knockers)**.

As pleasures of the flesh were not forthcoming the lads settled for the quaint Old English pastime of having a good curry and a few pints of lager. The restaurant we used was very nice and the food was excellent apart from the complimentary they gave us that tasted like melted Caramac, even Torpedo who the editor is convinced is part wasp couldn't hack it.



After a couple more pints and a coffee and listening to some of the locals describing their sexual antics, the lads returned to the pub where they had dined the night before. Torpedo suggested a game of darts namely "round the board" by the time we had finished the game you could have moved the sand off Skeggy beach with a mustard spoon.

Monday morning saw Il Postino going on a troll along some river bank or other & the rest of crew driving to Cosford Air Museum where an enjoyable few hours was spent looking around the place, we will have to go back next year because the new Hangar was not open.

Il Postino Realizzare Quaranta

A quite little gathering at Gonerby Social Club in aid of celebrating Il Postino's 40th birthday descended in to anarchy when The Belvoir Formation Drinking Team ably led by Ploughboy decided to have an open round of the Air Guitar Championships', this was itself unusual because this normally secret ritual is held behind locked doors and is not for public viewing.

Some members of the team were seen sporting tee shirts with the words "Go Commando" emblazoned across their backs, perhaps someone could elaborate on this.

(I think it could have something to do with a Saturday night custom in Grantham ed. Postino over to you!!!)

Good fun was had by all and one could safely assume that one or two people who thought The Belvoir Boys were boring old farts who made models have been convinced otherwise.

Camping Weekends Washed Out

After a brilliant weekend in the wilds of Yorkshire and a scorcher at Waddington the model club were looking forward to a couple weekends under canvas only we can get rained off twice during the hottest summer for 30 years.

Never mind perhaps next year maybe we should take up scuba diving could be difficult keeping our fags dry though.

Just to throw caution to the wind on Christmas day The Godfather, Torpedo and families are going back up Yorkshire for a picnic at Hanging Rock (*its Brimham really*). If any body else is foolhardy enough to want to partake they are very welcome to come along.

In case of inclement weather a contingency plan is in place. The Godfather is going place a few stones in his garage because at this time of year it's just as damp and cold but not so far to travel.

Timings to be arranged,

BREN & NURSEY' S COACH TOURS 2007

Yorkshire Tea Plantations May 12th -13th
Tadley Treacle Mines June 9th -10th

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One dry day the gang left the safety of Gods Country and ventured in to Nottinghamshire and the delightful surroundings of Rufford Park. After doing the touristy things like studying ruins (**we got fed up with looking at Regazzoni**). We descended on the gardens like a swarm of Locusts and proceeded to devour the local flora, the fauna kept out the way.



A Couple of Old Ruins

A quick Yorkshire mile walk around the lakes and woods saw the gang then indulging in their favourite pastime of eating and drinking. The afternoon was rounded off with a gentle game of cricket Lads versus Lassies (**did I say gentle it should have been Puppies versus Rotweilers I've never heard so many death threats it would have been saver playing The Baghdad Eleven**).



Torpedo explains to Miss Jean Brodie "that's not The Godfather he's behind you"

After a brief rest it decided to engage in a bit more of the old feeding of the face was in order, so we set off in search a Hostelry that would assist us with this quest.



That's got you jealous Ploughboy

A stop at Gunthorpe Bridge established that we were as welcome as bird crap on your washing when Mrs Overall informed us that they didn't serve food in the room we were in; a bit strange as we were surrounded condiments. The scribes amongst us then proceeded to express their displeasure by defacing a few menus and turning the rest into Hamster bedding. All was not lost however before word had got out that we were on the prowl **The Hanoi Hilton** in Bingham had welcomed us with open arms and proceeded to exchange our drinking tokens for bowls of rice.

Agenda 2007

February Meeting 1st Project Belvoir models
February 11th Huddersfield Model Show March
Peterborough Model Show July Owthorpe
Show

July? The Three Amigos Big 50

November 10th - 11th SMW 2007

Timings, dates, kidney dialysis and liver transplants to be advised.

Ideas for club meeting nights

Airbrushing - Torpedo, Godfather Regazzoni

Weathering - As above Pizza Night - Godfather

Spraybooth Safety - Ploughboy Vacuum

Cleaning - Il Postino

Well that's it for this year, have a good Christmas and a great New Year

Did You Know

The first German serviceman killed in the war was killed by the Japanese (China, 1937), the first American serviceman killed was killed by the Russians (Finland 1940), the highest ranking American killed was Lt. Gen. Lesley McNair, killed by the US Army Air Corps. So much for allies.

The youngest US serviceman was 12 year old Calvin Graham, USN. He was wounded and given a Dishonorable Discharge for lying about his age. (His benefits were later restored by act of Congress)

At the time of Pearl Harbor the top US Navy command was called CINCUS (pronounced "sink us"), the shoulder patch of the US Army's 45th Infantry Division was the Swastika, and Hitler's private train was named "Amerika". All three were soon changed for PR purposes.

Generally speaking there was no such thing as an average fighter pilot. You were either an ace or a target. For instance Japanese ace Hiro Yoshi Nishizawa shot down over 80 planes. He died while a passenger on a cargo plane.

When allied armies reached the Rhine the first thing men did was pee in it. This was pretty universal from the lowest private to Winston Churchill (who made a big show of it) and Gen. Patton (who had himself photographed in the act). Don't forget about Corporal Festus Jones. He had the misfortune of, while peeing into the Rhine with other soldiers in his unit, having his penis shot clean off by a German sniper. "Stumpy" Jones earned a ticket back to the states and an Honorable Discharge, but he probably always felt that he had come up short on the whole deal.

German submarine U-120 was sunk by a malfunctioning toilet.

Fort Douaumont at Verdun in France was captured in 1916 by a single German soldier after French General Chretien forgot to pass on orders to defend the fort to the last man to his successor.

The Russians tried to wreak havoc on German Panzer divisions during the WWII by strapping bombs to the backs of dogs and teaching them to associate food with the underneath of their enemies' tanks. Unfortunately, the dogs only associated food with their own tanks and forced an entire Soviet division to retreat.

Japanese soldier Hiro Onoda refused to stop fighting long after WWII was over, claiming that stories of the war's ending were mere propaganda. It wasn't until his commanding officer flew out to the remote Pacific island where Onoda was holed up and ordered him to lay down his arms that he finally complied.

Among the first "Germans" captured at Normandy were several Koreans. They had been forced to fight for the Japanese Army until they were captured by the Russians and forced to fight for the Russian Army until they were captured by the Germans and forced to fight for the German Army until they were captured by the US Army.

Following a massive naval bombardment 35,000 US and Canadian troops stormed ashore at Kiska., 21 troops were killed in the firefight. It would have been worse if there had been any Japanese on the island.