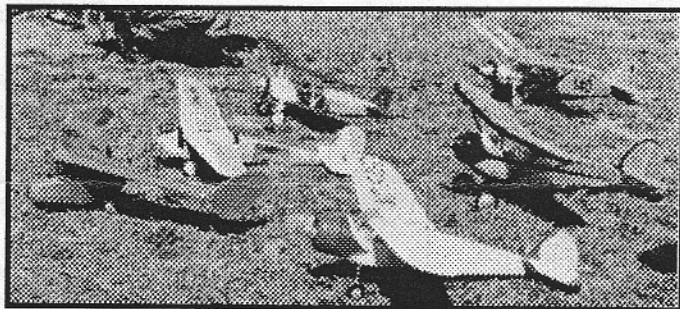


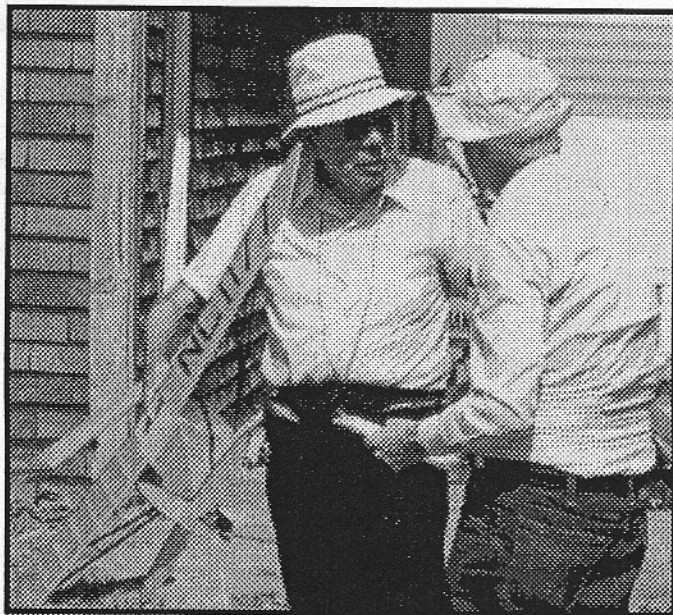
MOST SUCCESSFUL CRASH & BASH

Though well covered by Ed Hamler in our September issue of the Antique Flyer, our most successful "Crash & Bash" not only had the most contestants and flights flown in 16 events, it was the most successful financially. With entry fees, barbecue lunches, sale of polo shirts, decals, banquet and raffle, we cleared \$314, after giving away an Airtronics radio and 16 other prizes varying in value from a little to a lot! Along with the perfect weather and gracious hospitality of Loren and Miram Schmidt — their Friday barbecue and pancake breakfasts were fabulous, there was the warm camaraderie of members of seven SAM chapters who travelled from as far afield as Baja California, San Diego, Santa Maria, Oroville, and San Bernadino.

Thanks, Old Timers, for participating in and enjoying SAM 27's 16th annual "Crash & Bash"!



The beautiful 1/2A Scale models lined up for judging. Some had their first flights the day of the contest.



100 years of modeling experience here! Judges Art Watkins and Earl Hoffman confer on the difficult choices as they try to determine a winner in C&B 1/2A Scale Concourse d'eligance.

Meeting notes: Old Business (18 members present)

Prez Brian Ramsey gave a brief report on the very successful C&B. He pointed out that we were probably inadequate in our appreciation and expression of thanks to the gracious ladies who managed and operated most of the non-flying activities. It was unanimously agreed that, as an expression of our sincere appreciation, flowers be sent to **Mary Hamler, Robin Nevels, Kathleen Righetti** and our hostess **Miriam Schmidt**. It was pointed out that we should no assume the ladies will be available and willing to take on these tasks and that in the future member volunteers should do these non-flying related activities. **Rocco Ferrario** will prepare a check list for supplies and a task list for volunteers — especially cleanup following each day's activities.

Treasurer **John Carlson** reported on our net profit of \$314 from C&B and noted that the 25 EAA 1993 calendars ordered were received and placed on sale for \$6 each. Call John for your copy of these unique and beautiful calendars. John also stated that we still have a good inventory of our fine cotton polo shirts with the SAM 27 embroidered on the pocket. These will be available at all future meetings and at the SAM 26 and Sam 49 contests in Taft.

John also noted that the new year is coming up and **DUES WILL BE DUE** at the December meeting. In this respect, **Don Bekins** noted that at our current dues structure of \$12, the production and mailing of our newsletter, "Antique Flyer" is just barely at breakeven — with volunteer editing, contributed photos, contributed paper stock, xeroxing, collating, and mailing. If we have to go a commercial copy place, then we go in the red. It was moved and seconded to raise our dues to \$15 per month for 1993. Bekins noted that SAM 21 just raised their dues to \$25/yr. SAM 27 members: you've got a bargain!

Don Bekins mentioned that the field at our Lakeville site has just been plowed and the roadway in has changed to go along side the north side drainage ditch. He suggested we investigate making the access more of an all weather road. Ed Hamler will check with the property manage and advise status.

Ed Hamler reported on the 1/2 A Postal Meet results. SAM 27 placed 6th overall, the winners being SAM 82 from Texas. We also received a proposal from SAM New Zealand saying they would like to sponsor a similar postal meet during the winter (their summer) with a new wrinkle: they propose to have a choice of two alternate fuel tanks — with differing max flights:

- 4cc BabyBee tank 8 min. max.
- 8cc standard tank 15 min. max.

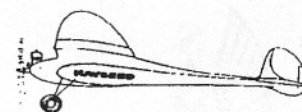
Sounds great to us! Let's try it!

Brian plans to have to have a special program for December by a chap who is working with designing and flying military drones (RPV's).

Before we got into the really interesting part of the evening, **Don Bekins** gave a short demonstration preparing and braiding rubber motors. With our group of rubber expert members, this was like taking coals to newcastle. Still there were a number there who still on the learning curve. With the help of rubber experts **Tom Brennan, Nick Sanford and George Bensen**, we indeed had a lively discussion — and Bekins learned alot!

Christmas Party

Prez Brian asked for opinions regarding a Christmas Party for a social gathering. The response was universally favorable. Don Bekins suggested

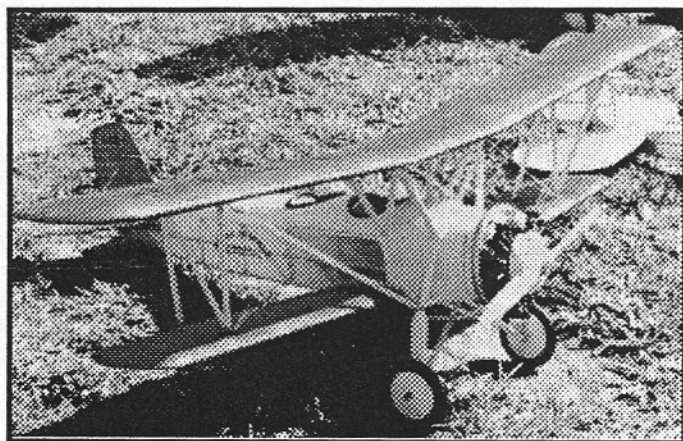


that "Papas Greek Taverna" on Lakeville Road, about 3 miles from our flying field be considered. He and Remo Galeazzi dropped by there after Sunday flying following our meeting. After having a fine Greek lunch, they wholeheartedly recommended the eatery, which overlooks the Petaluma River. December 6th is the date at around 1 PM, following a fun fly at our field. Because it is the winter season there will be no Greek dancing (as there is in the summer). Sorry, guys! The restaurant can easily accomodate 40 people in a private dining area with a view of the river — and the cost is only between \$10 and \$12 a plate for great Greek food.

Sign up at the next meeting and promote it with your wives and friends.

SHOW & TELL

Brian Ramsey, winner of the C&B 1/2A Texaco Scale Concourse, gave his final report on the C3B Stearman, which was pretty shaky on its first flight. However, after some changes to fuel, props, and finally the engine, the model performed beautifully for builder Brian and pilot Don Bekins. Specs: 20 1/2 oz., 300 sq.in. wing, 100 Mah battery, micro servos, working landing gear shocks and about 350 manhours in construction. Brian swears this is the last model of this complexity and detail that he plans to build!



"Ramsey Air Services"-- custom logo on side reflects the detail in Brian's Stearman, winner of the 1/2 A Scale Concourse

Remo Galeazzi came loaded with Show & Tell's:

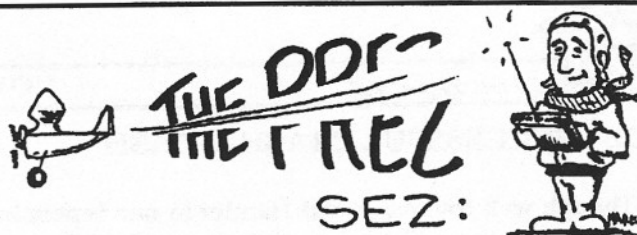
1. A Balance Beam scale he constructed with the sensitivity of 1/2 gram.
2. A spring scale with 2 grams full scale.
3. A new Pacific Ace not yet flown — tissue covered, cream and green trim.
4. Now completed 1/2 A Scale "Luten Minor", with its wing finally covered.

(Remo flew it for the first time the Sunday after the meeting with the help of Don Bekins. It needs a little trimming, but flew beautifully and has a great glide — a winner in looks and in flight!)

John Carlson brought in his completed 60% electric Pacific Ace. It now has about 6 - 8 successful flights, but still needs adjustments. The LA motor mount is easily damaged on hard landings. Test flight lasting about 30 seconds use a 1/2 minute 500 Mah charge on the 3 cell 50 Mah battery.

Gene Mathieu had his partially completed 1/2 A Scale Texaco "Heath Midwing" — meticulous workmanship. He also showed us some mylar

continued page 3



It was a long time between our September and October meetings, and so, it was nice to see some of the old faces who were unable to attend our super successful "Crash & Bash". We do have an exceptional bunch of members and should do what we can to become better acquainted. Geography is a bit difficult with some members down near San Jose, another in the Vallejo area, and other in Santa Rosa and Napa. Nevertheless, we have a proposal that we think will help bring a whole bunch of us together for a very pleasant day of flying and socializing.

Just three miles from our flying site toward Petaluma on Lakeville Road is "Papa's Taverna", a Greek restaurant overlooking the Petaluma River. It is an ideal spot to spend a Sunday afternoon — in the summer they have impromptu Greek dancing with a live band.

Here's our proposal: On Sunday, December 6th, we have a fun fly at our field in the morning and then adjourn to Papa's Taverna for lunch. They have quoted us a figure of \$10 per person for a Greek-style lunch. We may have some entertainment from that famous folk trio — Brian, Ed and Ned. (Is there anyone out there who plays good piano and can read charts??)

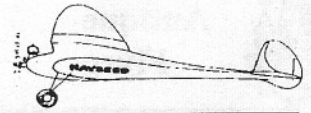
I think this little Fun-Fly/Christmas Party would be a great event to bring the wives and girl-friends together and we will have our big annual drawing from the raffle tickets we have accumulated over the past year. We will announce what the grand prize will be at the next meeting. Let's talk it up and plan to attend. (By the way, wind permitting, Bekins and I will put up my little Stearman 1/2A Scale for the little realistic flight demonstration)

I had hoped to have a friend of mine, Rick Jeans, be a speaker at our meeting, November 18th, to talk about his company's data-link communications to remotely powered vehicles (RPV's, drones as they are now called). Unfortunately, Rick was just assigned to jury duty, so his time is not his own — next January perhaps.

That's it for now. See you November 18th at the Novato Firehouse.

Brian

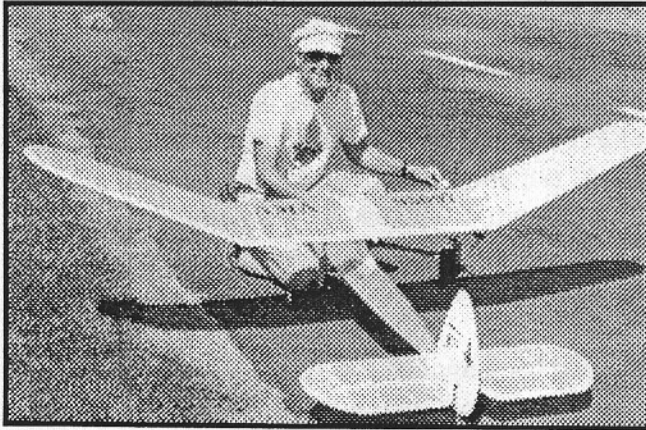
RAFFLE		
Prize	Donor	Winner
1 lb. 1/4" FAI Rubber	Rocco F.	Gene Mathieu
Balsa	Rocco F.	Rick Madden
Balsa	Rocco F.	Brian Ramsey
EAA Calendar	SAM 27	Joe Meere
Sioux 7-Q kits	Rocco F.	Joe Meere
		Rick Madden



semi-opaque drafting film for making templates.

Dick O'Brien also had a beautiful "Heath Midwing" with him, but this one was completed, except for wing covering. Dick is another fine builder.

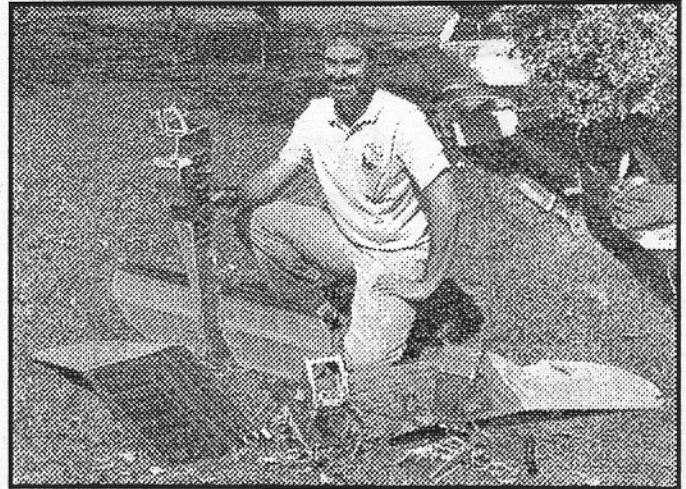
Rocco Ferrario demonstrated his catapult glider which is part of a school math project involved in proportional scaling. Many dozens of various designs are being build his students. Rocco has posted a \$20 bill on the bulletin board at school as incentive for students to build models for a contest to test their completed projects.



Don Bekins with his fuscia silk covered Bomber at the SAM 51 contest in Woodland. Powered by an Edco Sky Devil, it won the Pure Antique event. Photo by Czech visitor, Rado Cizek.



Prez Brian and Don Bekins congratulate each other on the Stearman's 1st successful flight. Until Brian worked out the correct prop/engine/fuel combinations, the model flew, but power was slim and the model barely got more than 20 feet above the ground. Pilot Bekins concentrated so hard on keeping the model in the air he forgot to breathe and nearly collapsed when the Stearman finally landed. Later, with new engine, prop and hot fuel, the model soared to nearly 300 feet in altitude, then glided for a perfect landing on the takeoff runway to the applause of all witnesses.



Winner of the first annual "Crash & Bash" worst crash trophy award: Steve Roselle, SAM 21. The venerable Lanzo Record Breaker collapsed of old age while flying in a thermal. This model had a checkered history: Don Bekins built it back in 1976, where it won many contests including the Texaco event at the '77 SAM Champs. Roselle became SAM 21 newsletter editor during Bekins' tenure as president of that chapter. Steve did such a great job as editor, Bekins gave the model to him in appreciation. The Lanzo RB was subsequently flown with many engines, covered and recovered in many colors, fitted with floats, and became a symbol of longevity with thousands of flights. So long, old Record Breaker!

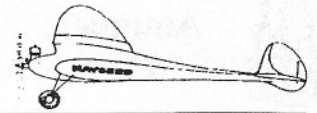
REMO GALEAZZI

Renaissance man, is featured in this issue of the Antique Flyer. Remo wrote this fine historical sketch, bringing back his memories of early modeling adventures. It brings back memories for me of the discovery and joy of model flying. Read and enjoy!

Don Bekins Editor



Multi-talented Remo Galeazzi, SAM 27 member, aircraft restorer, model designer, peanut modeler, Oshkosh EAA Grand Champion, 1/2A scale builder, and now WRITER: with his 1/2 A Luten Minor



*Modeling
+ Memories*



THE FLIGHT

by Remo Galeazzi

The minute that he had turned onto Laurel Grove Ave., he knew that this time he was going to find the exact place again. Whenever he had found himself near this part of Marin County, he always made it a point to drive by the old house and reminisce a little about

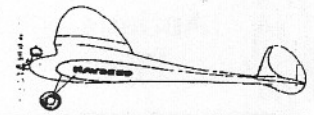
the wonderful years he had spent there as a child and later as a young man, although he knew that the couldn't go back, for he had tried that before, and it never worked. He had found that the door never really opened, not even a crack. But now, in his November years, he was quite happy to occasionally drive through the old neighborhood, not to try to go back, but just simply to remember.

This time, though, he didn't just want to drive through — he wanted to find the exact place. He slowed down as he got to Cypress Ave., the street on which he had lived, and looked for Nieri's old house that was right at the foot of the street. It had to be right there, he thought, right where Cypress met Laurel Grove. But it wasn't. It took him a few minutes to realize that indeed this was where the house had been, and that a new house must have been constructed on the old site. Alright, if that was where the house had been, then the lot he was looking for had to be right along side of it and it would have extended down to the next street. Satisfied with this logic, he slowly moved past a number of houses 'til he came to the next corner. Now, he reckoned, the empty lot he had in mind had to be between this corner and that new house that had been built where Nieri's house used to be. He care-

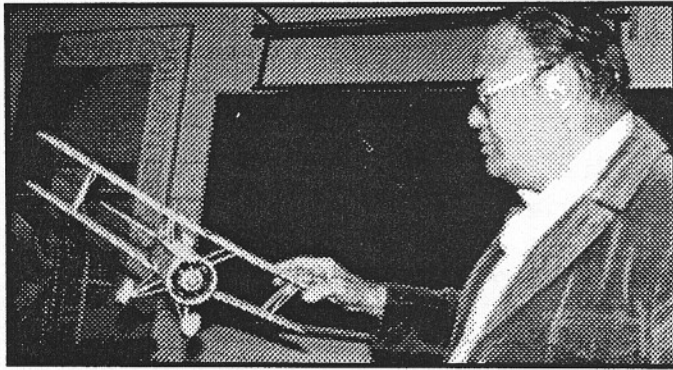
fully turned his car around and headed back up Laurel Grove until he was about half way up the block, and stopped. This had to be the exact place. He turned the ignition off, rolled down the window, and sat staring past the front yards, to the back yards, and to the hill beyond. Everything was covered with houses now, and as he watched he glimpsed movement here and there; a lawn mower whining, children kicking a ball, and the sound of a door slamming. He marveled at now small the lot seemed to him now, and remembered back to when the lot was devoid of any structures at all, and the grass came up to his middle, and he could run and run forever before running out of a lot. He thought of those long, hot summers, and the sound of myriad insects buzzing, and how time seemed to stand still, and it all seemed so real again.

He leaned back against the headrest and closed his eyes and wondered where all of those years had gone. Was this life he had about used up just a dream, or a figment of a greater power's imagination, or could this whole thing have taken place in another cosmos in but a few seconds? He was pondering those thoughts when suddenly he felt himself being transported into another realm, and he was experiencing a feeling of unencumbered joy, just as he had felt that day so long ago. He was not surprised in the least when he saw himself walking down Cypress Ave. with this friend, Bill Neal, just as he had done that wonderful day in 1939, that day that he had never forgotten.

His mind travelled back even a little further, now, to when he had seen the Korda Wakefield kit advertised in a Model Airplane News for one dollar. His buddy Walter had purchased a kit and was busy building it, which had precipitated a horrendous yen to have one for himself. A buck was pretty hard to come by in those days, but a few well chosen words to his father turned the trick. It was a long bike ride to Holman's in San Anselmo, and as he furiously pumped he remembered that he kept checking to make sure the dollar wouldn't fall out of his jeans. When he finally got there and made that momentous purchase, he jumped back on his bike and pedalled like a boy possessed; so



hard in fact, that he got a terrible kink in his side, forcing him to slow down a little even though he hated to do so. Oh, how he savoured those moments, when finally reaching home, he could open that precious box and peruse its contents and study those lovely



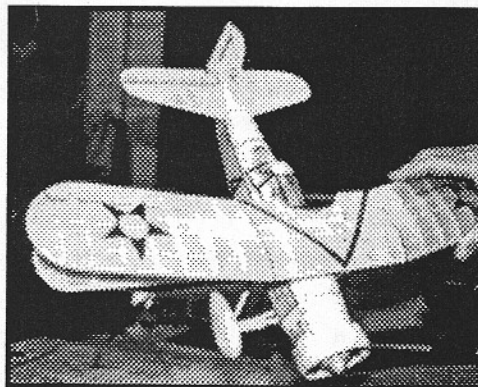
Small rubber scale is one of Remo's specialties. -- and they fly like they look!

plans! He remembered that he was happy to discover that it was a Megow kit, the same people that had marketed the Quaker Flash that he'd built the year before and had successfully flown.

He had set promptly to work building the model and had it all ready to go within a short time, resplendent in its red tissue covering and sporting a single bladed prop. All ready, that is, except for one little item. This model needed a whole bundle of rubber, and he had no way of acquiring even a small amount. He knew that old man Holman had some up there on a spool, but he just simply didn't have enough money to go up and buy what he needed, and anyway, he had used up all of his good will when he had asked his father for the dollar to buy the kit in the first place.

Well, he'd just have to wait awhile. He weighted the nose 'till he got a nice smooth glide, and wiled away the summer afternoons gliding the craft off of a hill in back of his home. It really went, too, without the weight of the rubber to weigh it down. It wasn't long

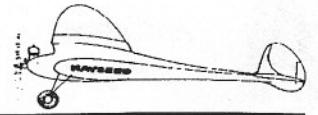
afterward, though, that lightning struck! His uncle had off-handedly flipped him a four-bit piece when leaving to go back to his home in the city after a visit, and that bike really caught hell all the way up to Holman's. When he returned, he had a great ball of rubber squeezed into his pocket which took him forever to unravel, but he finally got it sorted out and made up a motor for his precious Korda. He had ready where a fellow could make up some rubber lube using green soap and glycerine — he found some liquid soap his mother used that looked sort of green, but to him glycerine was something that might have been found on Mars, so that was out. He carefully rubbed some of the soap on the rubber and then wiped some off, just as he had read about how the big shots did it in the model magazines. Then he installed the biggest rubber motor he had ever seen, wondering if it would squash the model to smithereens when he wound it! It was about two in the afternoon when he was finally ready to fly the thing, and he yelled for his pal, Bill Neal, to join him. He walked excitedly down Cypress Ave. with this buddy, proudly holding the



Curtiss Export Falcon, 24 in. span rubber scale.

Korda so that whole world could see it — but Kentfield was sparsely populated in those days, and to his dismay they made their way down the street unseend and unheralded. They walked down past the Nieri house to the big empty lot next door. The grass was matted down in some places where they had recently played touch football, but there were still some tall patches left to test glide his model without harming it. After a few tentative glides the boy decided that no

further adjustments were necessary as the glide was flat and true. Now was the time—the time for the adrenalin to start to flow, and for the hands to start to shake. He, of course, didn't have a winder, but the was used to winding by hand, and planned to put in about two hundred winds, just to see what would happen. It seemed that he had been turning the prop forever, but eventually he got the two hundred turns he was aiming for, and holding the prop in his left



hand, and holding fuselage in his right, just about at the center of gravity, he positioned himself for the moment of truth. With one smooth motion he slid the model into the air and he could hear the wooshing of that one giant blade pushing great hunks of air back where they would find another niche for themselves in the atmosphere. He was elated to see the craft climbing in a slow right turn, the propeller, now silent, pulling it upwards in steady flight, climbing, climbing past the sun so he had to squint to keep his incredulous eyes on it. It made one more complete turn, and at about seventy five feet (he reckoned) it settled down to level flight, cruising. A few seconds later he heard the clack of the prop hook striking the stop and watched in wonderment as the blade folded back against the fuselage, for this was the first time he had ever witnessed this phenomenon. The boy was running under the model now, following its flight path around the field, watching the wings tip this way and that in glorious free flight.

But then something happened that was beyond his ken, and he wasn't sure that what he was witnessing was really happening. The model kept circling at the same altitude, refusing to come down. Was it possible that the model had caught a thermal at this low altitude, and that he had joined that elite group of modelers that spoke of this occurrence in such magazines as Model Airplane News and Flying Aces? He began yelling over to his friend to just look at that model, would you? Darn, just look at it, Bill, ain't that somethin'? Look at that bugger fly!!! They were both standing still now, watching the model in awe as it circled, each circle going a little higher now, until the model began to appear smaller and smaller and it started moving with startling rapidity to the north. It flew over several trees and halfway up the block and they just stood there as though transfixed. Finally, the spell broken, the boy let out a whoop and

started running, with his friend following , trying to keep the model in sight. But several blocks up Laurel Grove, he instinctively knew that the effort was futile. He kept running, just so that he could say that he had made the effort, but already the model had disappeared behind a stand of eucalyptus trees, and by the time he had gotten abreast of the trees, it had vanished. It had been wafted over the hills, he knew, and further pursuit would have been a waste of time.

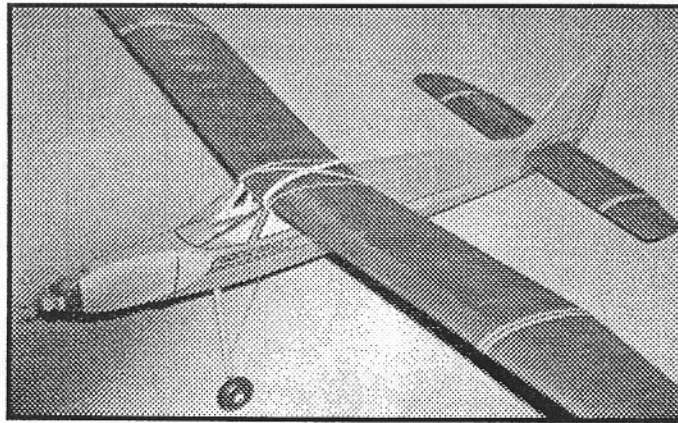
Years later he had wondered about its eventual descent, and imagined someone finding a rusted prop

hook, or landing gear, and wondering what in the world it could possibly be. Little would the finder know of the work those few pieces of bent wire had performed, or the joy they had brought to a boy so many years ago.

They turned back, and as they walked each tried to reconstruct the recent events as they had happened, but it had

been too exciting to really remember every detail. That came later, months later, as the boy mulled those events over in his mind again, and again. Their walk back was interrupted by a feisty little black and white dog that ran around them barking incessantly, first one way, then the other. The boy started looking for a rock or a stick to defend himself with when suddenly the sound of the dog's barking changed in pitch.

He sat bolt upright, startled. His reverie broken, he blinked his eyes several times and saw a dog barking at a ball that it had been thrown for him and that had rolled right under his open window. He smiled a sad smile when he realized what had happened, and regaining his composure, started the engine and let the car move slowly forward back into 1992.



An original "old timer" design, the "Shocker" by Remo for rubber powered radio control flight, the ultimate dethermalizer.



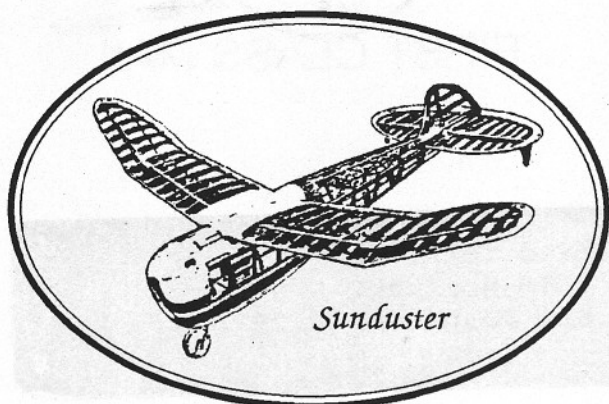
As he drove up Laurel Grove he reflected that a lot of water had flowed under the bridge since those halcyon days of his youth — and that a few short years after losing his Korda he had found himself most implausibly in Belgium, in the Ardennes, fighting the Battle of the Bulge. Now he was in the sunset of his life, which he also thought implausible since it had come so soon,



Remo in front of the Marquardt biplane he built, beginning in his home garage. This plane was the grand champion of the Oshkosh 1987 EAA Flyin. Remo has since completed the restoration of a Ryan ST and is now working on a Fleet Biplane.

so soon. And yet, he mused, there were still these wondrous memories, some of which he would never forget. Yep, he thought, some things you just never forget!

Remo Galeazzi



Dues are now Due!

SAM 27 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name: _____ Wife's Name: _____

Address: _____

Number _____ Street/Unit # _____ City _____ Zip _____

Home Telephone: _____ Work: _____

Occupation: _____

Modeling Experience: _____

Club Affiliations: _____

AMA #: _____

SAM #: _____

What kind of building/flying would you like to do in the future? SAM 27 dues are \$15 per year and are due on each January 1st. Meetings are generally scheduled for the 3rd Wednesday of each month and are located at the training room of the Novato Fire Department on Atherton Road, 3/4 of a mile north of the Renaissance Fair Grounds.

Signature: _____

Date: _____



Ray McGowan with his '41 "Sparky", droop tail. Sparkys will be the subject of an article in the next SAM Speaks

SAM 49ERS FALL ANNUAL

at

CONDOR FIELD, TAFT, CA

November 14 & 15 1992

CD Marge Bernhardt (310) 329-0273

Roland Boucher (714) 435-9218

ENTRY FEE WILL BE \$5.00 FOR EACH EVENT

Plaques for First Place, Prizes for Second & Third Place
in all events. In the Ohlsson Special Event and in
Texaco a First Place perpetual trophy will be awarded.

SCHEDULE

Saturday, Nov. 14

- | | | |
|---------------|-------------------|----------------------------|
| • TEXACO | • SPIRIT OF SAM | • 05 ELECTRIC TEXACO |
| • 1/2A TEXACO | • OLD TIME GLIDER | • OHLSSON SPECIAL
EVENT |
| | • 1/2A SCALE | |

Sunday, Nov. 15

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| • CLASS A/B IGNITION | • CLASS A/B GLOW | • ANTIQUE |
| • CLASS C IGNITION | • CLASS C GLOW | • PURE ANTIQUE |
| | | • 05 ELECTRIC L.E.R. |

Pilots meeting 8:30 a.m. each day.

Flying starts immediately after meeting.

Last flight off by 4 p.m. Saturday and 3 p.m. Sunday.

1/2A Concourse and Spirit of Sam judging at noon Saturday.

*** Contest management will provide a high start
or you may use your own Launch Device**

GENERAL NOTES

- The meet will be run according to the 1992 SAM rules, except that we will specify a 30-minute max in Texaco.
- A pilots meeting will be held each morning at 8:30; official flying can begin immediately thereafter.
- Last flights must begin by 4 p.m. Saturday and 3 p.m. Sunday.
- Hot lunches (\$3.00) will be available at the field both days.
- Don't miss the banquet at the White Elephant on Saturday night!

SPECIAL EVENT RULES

OHLSSON SIDEPORT: Only Ohlsson sideport ignition engines (.19-.60) are allowed. Any SAM-legal model, Antique or Old Timer*, may be used. No scaling is permitted. Minimum wing loading is 10 oz./sq. ft. No pressurized engines. Engine run time is 35 seconds for all engine sizes. Maximum flight time is seven minutes. Four attempts will be allowed to make three official flights.

*(*Note that we are deviating from the norm by opening up this event to Old Timer designs, a move that has been tried at our last two contests with very positive results.)*

OLD TIME GLIDER: Open to any glider designed, kitted or flown no later than December 31, 1946. Maximum span is 120 inches. Models can be built to any scale. No minimum wing loading. Hand-launch glider designs are not allowed. Timing begins at towline release and ends at touchdown. Up to three flights can be taken to make a total time of exactly 20 minutes (1200 seconds); time over 1200 seconds will be deducted from the total score. Contest management will provide a winch or high-start, or you may use your own launch device.

ELECTRIC EVENTS: The 05 Electric L.M.R. and 05 Electric Texaco events will be run according to the 1989 Jean, NV rules. Rather than list a complete set of rules here, call our co-CD and resident Electric Expert, Roland Boucher, at 714-435-9218 (daytime phone) if you have any questions regarding the electric events.

HALF-A TEXACO SCALE: Each entry must be a recognizable scale model of a full-size man carrying aircraft designed prior to 1943. Engine, prop, fuel, fuel allotment, wing loading, materials, etc. must otherwise meet all criteria for SAM O.T. 1/2A Texaco models. Flying rules are the same as 1/2A Texaco. Models of full-size power assisted gliders are not allowed.

We realize that some guys pick a particular scale model knowing it's not the best possible thermal soarer, or who add considerable scale detail knowing it's not required and may even detract from the model's performance. So that these fellows won't feel left out, we'll be awarding a special Scale Concourse Trophy in this event. Models will be judged both for their workmanship and apparent scale fidelity. Concourse entries need register only one official flight in 1/2A Texaco Scale to be eligible. Keep in mind that this "scale" judging is a separate feature by itself and will in no way affect or be figured into the results of the 1/2A Texaco Scale event.



AMA Chapter #108



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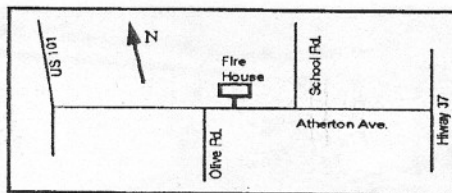
Membership is \$15 for the calendar year. After February, the dues for a new member will be prorated.

Due to increasing cost of publication and mailing, the Associate Member category has been dropped.

Send dues to John Carlson, Treasurer. Make checks payable to SAM 27.

MEETINGS

Membership meetings are held on the third Wednesday of each month at the Novato Fire Department, Training Room, on Atherton Ave. at 7:30 P.M.



PLEASE ADVISE EDITOR OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Next meeting: Wednesday, November 18th, at the Novato Fire Department Training Room

85 Bellevue Ave., Belvedere, CA 94920

ANTIQU



FLYER

NOVEMBER 1992



Prez Brian Ramsey proudly holds his 1/2 A Scale Stearman C3B aloft after winning the Concourse event and completing the model's first flights. Beautifully detailed engine & cowling.



FIRST CLASS MAIL

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