



# Antique Flyer

AMA Chapter #108

July 1998

Issue 191

## June Chapter Meeting

by John Carlson

A balmy June evening brought out fifteen attendees, namely: Bert Flack, Pete Samuelsen, Joe Meere, Ed Hamler, Steve Remington, Bob May, Buzz Passarino, Jerry Rocha, John Dammuller Rod Persons, John Hlebcar, Ray McGowan, Bob Wakerly, Ron Keil and John Carlson. We welcomed (in absentia) new member Art Croker of Petaluma. Art flies R/C gliders and has attended a couple of TOFFF sessions. Hopefully Art can make the next meeting.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Mary Hamler has heard via Joanie Bekins that Don has arrived at the fishing lodge in Alaska where he will function again as fishing guide, boat boy and general handyman. The lodge is located in the Brooks Range, well above the Arctic Circle. This time they went early and landed on the lake ice to beat the de-hibernating bears which had trashed the place in other years. Communication is by radio telephone. Ed Hamler passed around a post card from Don.

SAMSPAN is available. Contact Steve Remington or John Carlson.

The PolySpan video is again available. Ed Hamler presently has it and will return it at the July meeting.

Prez John advised that Bob Holman has e-mailed that he now offers laser cut parts for a number of the Jim O'Reilly CAD plans. These include Old Time Gas: Brooklyn Dodger, Lanzo Bomber, Playboy, Lanzo RC-1, Anderson Pylon, Taibi Powerhouse, Taibi Pacer and Old time Rubber: Kansas Wakefield, Jimmie Allen Bluebird and BA Cabin, Casano Stick, Art Horak's Wanderer, Lanzo Puss Moth, Flying Aces Moth, Korda Dethermalizer and the Lanzo Classic. Prices range from \$8 to \$35. Plans are from \$5 to \$7, all plus postage. Bob advises that he has sold about 100 kits for the Wakefield so this promises to be a hot Special Event at the September SAM Champs.

Mystery Photos and Scrap Box Items are still wanted for inclusion in the A-F. Send there to Editor Steve Remington.

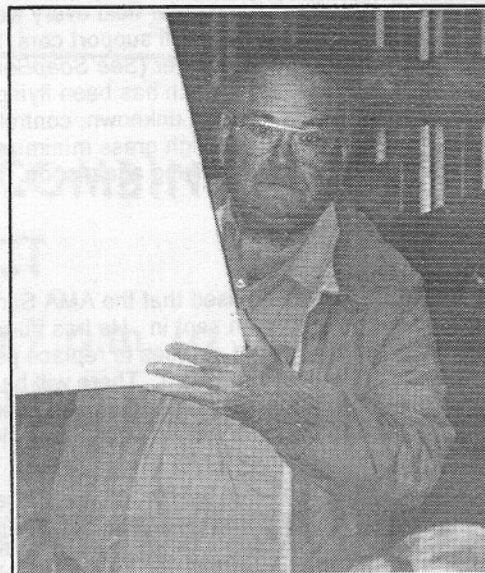
Bruce Augustus has offered to run our O&R Decal advertisement in an upcoming issue of SAM Speaks in return for 10 of the decals which will be used as prizes at the SAM Champs. This offer was accepted and the decals have now been mailed to Bruce.

Prez JohnH advised that his T-shirt wardrobe needs replenishing and he has contacted the firm which furnished our last

order of O&R T-shirts. The minimum order is 24 and since no one volunteered to manage the ordering and sale of a larger order, John, on his own, will order 24 XL's and will make the extras available to SAM 27 members for \$12 ea.

Steve Remington advised that he has heard via a SAM 86 newsletter that Easy Built Models may be going out of business. Those interested may want to consider purchasing from stock on hand at their local hobby shop.

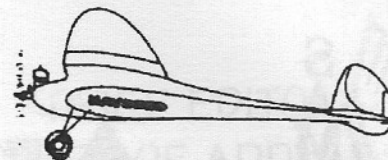
Prez JohnH reported on an item of interest to Veterans that was published in a Retired Federal Employee newsletter as follows: "Important Veterans Notice. If you are a veteran, have a family member who is a veteran or know somebody who is, this message is of grave importance to you or them. The President of the U.S. has recently signed into law a bill that affects all veterans. This law states in effect, if a veteran has not registered at a Veterans Affairs Hospital since Oct. 1, 1995, then on Oct. 1, 1998 he or she will lose medical benefits for life. To make it worse, the VA cannot notify veterans about this. That information must be disseminated via word of mouth or by letter. A local VA Hospital has recommended that everyone eligible for benefits come by and sign up prior to the October deadline, regardless of whether they have received treatment at a VA Hospital since 10/1/96. This way no one will slip through the cracks."



*Remo Galeazzi displays a restored portion of a Rose Parakeet at the April SAM 27 meeting held at Schellville Airport.*

## COMING NEXT MONTH

*Remo Galeazzi experiences his first solo.*



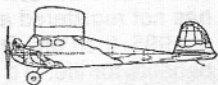
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The *Mystery Modeler* shown in the June A-F is none other than Don Bekins. The Mystery Model that 16 year old Don is holding (termed an "unfair question" by Editor Steve R) is a "home brew" U-control model dreamed up by Don.

Ed Hamler handed out an updated SAM Western R/C and FF Contest schedule, a copy of which appears elsewhere herein. A few clarifications and additions are as follows: Add: 1 Aug SAM 27 Combined Jimmie Allen/Scale Rubber Meet Lakeville, John Hlebcar CD; 29 Aug Jimmie Allen Postal Meet - SAM 27 Team Entry Lakeville, Jerry Rocha CD; Clarification: Because of a conflict with the August 8-9 SAM 30 Meet, SAM 27's Team entry for the 1/2A Texaco Challenge International Postal Contest will be flown on Thursday (TOFFF) August 6. Additional details re: the SAM 1849 Meet are as follows: One day only (Sat. 7/18) at the Schmidt Ranch. Lunch only will be served. Events are: LER: A Ign., B Glo., C Ign., Brown Jr., Elect LMR, 1/2A Tex., Antique/Pure Antique Comb., Ohlsson Sideport and Nostalgia.

## TOFFF GUY REPORT



With the weather improving, attendance at recent TOFFF sessions has been quite good. One day there must have been at least 15 flying or observing. As of 6/18 the normal flying area is still too soft to drive on so parking on the road is still necessary, however there is a small mowed area across the road from the parked cars which can be used to set up for flying. We check the regular field every week and will mow it as soon as the surface will support cars. Steve Remington went OOS with his Ranger (*See SoapBox*). Prez JohnH's 1/2A Monocoupe which has been flying well recently crashed when, for reasons unknown, control was lost shortly prior to landing. The high grass minimized damage and John should have it flying again soon.

## OLD BUSINESS

**Crash & Bash:** Ed Hamler advised that the AMA Sanction and Insurance forms have been sent in. He has purchased six Bob Holman laser engraved plaques to replace perpetual trophies won during the 1997 C&B. There will be no balsa prizes this year. Ed will have more definite information regarding cash prizes at the July meeting. Certificates for events participants are also under preparation.

**O&R Decals:** Ron Keil has reinstated the notice in the MECA publication and several orders have been received.

**O/T Rubber Meet:** Jerry advised that he has purchased rubber cones to delineate the parking and flying areas, and has the prize situation well under control for this Meet scheduled for July 25 at Lakeville.

**Member Profile:** Jerry Rocha and Prez JohnH will put their heads together and make up a form to be distributed.

## NEW BUSINESS

**Glass Syringes:** Pete Samuelson has found a source for 30cc glass syringes which are compatible with any type of fuel. It was approved that Pete could purchase 24 of these at about \$15 ea. for resale to Club members.

**EAA Calendars:** The sample 1999 Calendar and order blank have been received. A minimum order of 12 will result in a \$7 ea. price. Joe Meere volunteered to take orders and collect the money. Thanks Joe. The order will not be mailed in for several months so contact Joe at your convenience if you desire one of these ever-popular calendars.

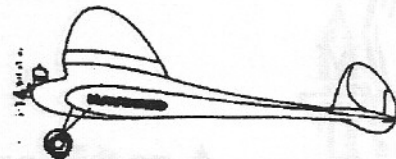
**SAM Rules Changes:** SAM Western VP Ed Hamler advised that a number of rules change proposals are in the mill and discussed these briefly. One which should prove popular is to increase the present cycle for Rules changes from 2 years to 5 years, retaining the 1 year action period. This will stabilize rules long enough for members to plan. This would apply only to the SAM Champs. Local Chapters can set their own rules for local meets. Other proposed changes involve FF 1/2A Texaco flight scoring, replica/repro engine eligibility, builder of the model rule, allowing other than Cox engines for 1/2A events and a few others. Those proposed changes which survive Committee procedures will be published in SAM Speaks for member approval.

## TECHNICAL REPORT

The person whose name was drawn last meeting was not notified so Jerry Rocha filled in with a video he had made covering several recent occasions: Roger Simpson of the USA Team flying his F1C model at Waegell Field, Jerry's 1/2 A Speed model which set a couple of records at the recent meet in Oregon and Jerry flying his 020 K&B powered, all balsa, approx. 12" span FF model at a Lakeville TOFFF session. Thanks Jerry! Steve Remington's name was drawn for the July Technical Presentation.

## SHOW & TELL

For the first time in memory (the writer's) we had only one S&T Item: Prez John Hlebcar reminded us of former Prez Rod Persons' Xmas exercise of a couple of years ago whereby he asked members to name items each would like Santa to bring and then passed this info along to spouses, etc. John expressed a wish for a mini band saw. Well John finally saw one advertised in the Tower Catalog, Joanne dutifully purchased it and John brought it to S&T. The saw has a variable speed motor, 6" throat and the structure is primarily plastic. John thinks it was originally developed for cutting stained glass to shape because it is available with a diamond coated blade and has provisions for applying water to the cut. John's blade is the normal wood cutting type and he has used it for cutting out a (Cont. page 4)



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## SCRAP BOX

*Everyone is invited to contribute to the blathering contained in this old shoebox of scrap.*

**Where Lies the "Spirit of SAM"?** Jim Adams, SAM 13, had a letter printed in the June/July issue of SAM 86 *Speaks* wherein he expresses his displeasure with the glow fuel controversy for 1/2A Texaco models with respect to additives. Jim writes, "Early SAM rules left out many of the nit-picking rules that appear in the AMA rule book, because we were all friends and we all had the same love of good old free flight models. Many of the rules in SAM were unwritten and were observed out of common courtesy to each other."

"Why do we have to rewrite the rules to eliminate the cheaters in model competition? If I had my say in the running of SAM competitions I would disqualify the first guy to show up with a model that violates the intent of the original rules. Why do we have to allow competitors that spend all their time trying to bend the rules to gain some imagined advantage over their friends in SAM. What makes people think that they alone should be allowed some advantage over the other flyers in the event? ...Why do many modelers feel that winning is everything. If there is any creed that stands out in SAM competition it is that we are not trying to re-write the record books or win at all costs. We are not trying to establish ourselves as some sort of super modeling champion. The intent in SAM is to preserve the old type of models and the old way of flying our models that we all remember from the halcyon days of our youth...."

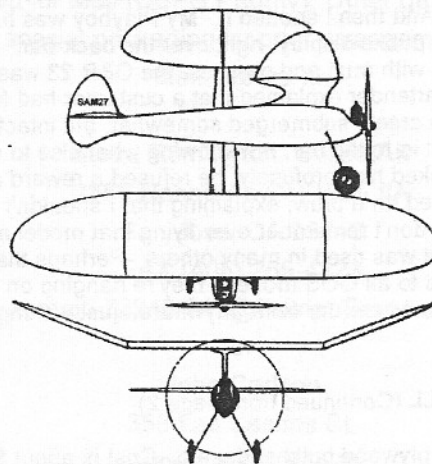
"Perhaps it is time that we eliminated the presentation of championship awards at the annual SAM CHAMPS. It seems to me that these awards, that were given in fun to the guy accumulating the most hardware at early SAM CHAMPS, has become a thing that is causing all of the distasteful and unbecoming activities of contestants at the SAM contests."

There it is fellows: what do you think? Do you agree or disagree with Jim? Should there be endless rule changes to pick the nits or should common sense rule?

Your editor is not a contest flyer and, as a fairly recent joiner of SAM, I see the whole rules versus SAM pre-ambles controversy somewhat differently than those members who actively participate and compete in many contests including the CHAMPS. I just think it's neat to be able to fly old time models with other modelers who enjoy the activity and share the background in modeling. I'm sure my attitude toward contest rules would probably change somewhat if I became active in competition. I suspect that SAM voting for rule changes is done largely by those members who actually compete and the rest of us feel unqualified to vote.

What percentage of SAM members are active in contests? Looking at the CHAMPS figures, about 10-15% of members attended the Las Vegas meet. Local SAM contests must account for a fair percentage and, of course, many SAMers are active in AMA competitions as well. Roughly surveying SAM 27 membership, probably more than half the membership participates in some contest activity but at varying levels of serious effort and concentration.

Once a person is serious about competing, I can see where there is a possible risk that "fun" starts to take a back seat if the action becomes too intense. Just observing the type of models and engines being used in major SAM contests is a good study in how choices are influenced more by performance than by nostalgia when winning is the paramount objective. The special events obviously were designed to bring more diversity to the flying but even those tend to gravitate to sameness, at least in the winner's circle. If rules are written, then there is nothing wrong with trying to achieve the most *within* those rules; competitive juice is good for the soul but I would like to think that SAM has room for dreamers *and* performers. As Jim Adams points out, preserving the old way of flying and the old models should be our objective. It doesn't look as if it's going to last forever.



The old story about watching your mother-in-law drive over the cliff in your new car came to mind as a severe case of brain fade allowed my O&R 23 *Ranger* to charge off with the radio sw in "off". Trimmed too good, it climbed beautifully in FF on a full tank (and a larger aluminum tank, too) off into a 3,000 foot cloud cover, never to reappear. Loved that great climb and transition, but hated to lose that strong O&R! Now an OOS is no big deal, everyone has had their share, but it brings back a similar event about 52 years ago at a Missouri flying site. Our field was a typical pasture with the requisite tree smack dab in the middle. I had a Playboy Jr. with an O&R 23 and it elected to OOS one fine day. At the age of 15, that engine represented about 50% of my total net worth, the other 50% being an Elf single.



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## SCRAPBOX (continued from Page 3)

I really didn't like to lose that engine; I calculated how many newspapers I was going to have to deliver to earn another and the answer wasn't to my liking. About a month went by and I got a phone call. The bartender/proprietor at a country crossroads bar gruffly said that he had my model and would I please come get it. Yes! Taking the directions down carefully, I bugged my Dad for several days before he agreed to take me out on a Saturday to collect my airplane. The country bar in NW Missouri is like country bars most everywhere. Located at the junction of two very minor and dusty county roads, the architecturally undistinguished tavern had a dingy, single front window that looked in on a worn wooden bar running from near the front entrance to a termination near the darkish stained door to the toilet. Swinging half-doors, right out of a Saturday matinee western, greeted my Dad and me. As we crossed the threshold, I can still remember that smell, that combination of stale beer that had been collecting on the floor since the first brew was drawn, the earthy smell of farmer's overhauls, the cologne of seed salesmen, all mixed with odors emanating from the "mens room" where generations of loyal customers had missed the basin. This was exciting stuff for me as it was my first experience at entering this sort of establishment, normally barred to lads my tender age, and it was all because of my model that I was able to intrude into this adult world. And then I spotted it. My Playboy was hanging by it's tail, on public display, right over the back-bar. Partially covered with mud and grasses, the O&R 23 was still there! The bartender explained that a customer had found the plane in a creek, submerged somewhat, but intact, and had brought it in to the bar, not knowing what else to do with it. I thanked him profusely, he refused a reward and my Dad passed on a brew, explaining that I shouldn't really be in there. I don't remember ever flying that model again but the engine was used in many others. Perhaps that is what happens to all OOS models; they're hanging on a back-bar somewhere, far from anywhere, just waiting to be collected.

## SHOW & TELL (Continued from page 2)

stack of ribs, plywood bulkheads, etc. Cost is about \$140. Replacement blades are about \$20. John is very pleased with the unit.

## RAFFLE RESULTS

Raffle Prize/Donor	Winner
Guillows Kits(Zero & Me 109)/George Benson	Steve Remington
Sterling Kits (Tiger & Albatross)/George Benson	Bert Flack & Steve Remington
Cox Texaco .049 1/2A/SAM 27	Ron Keil
Micro Servo/SAM 27	John Hlebar
Balsa Packs (4)/SAM 27	Joe Meere, Buzz Passarino,

Jerry Rocha, and Ray McGowan

Dowel Pack/Jerry Rocha

Monokote/George Benson

Video: *Son of Oops*/Buzz Passarino

Wings of TEXACO Travel Air Model R/Steve Remington

Bert Flack winner.

Buzz Passarino

Ron Keil

John Carlson

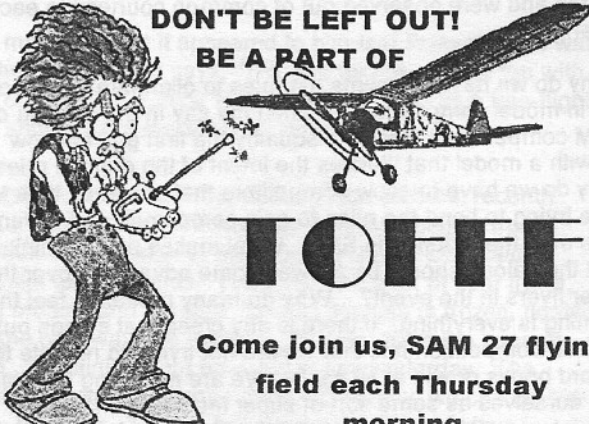
SAM 27 Cost: \$71

Collected: \$75

Members are urged to donate any surplus material or items to the monthly raffle.

**SAM 30 SPRING CONTEST AT SCHMIDT RANCH on August 8-9.** 22 events. Radio to be raffled. Great food by Miriam; Friday night feed, Sat. and Sun. lunch, Sat. Banquet 6-10 p.m. Call 916-684-2265 for information.

**DON'T BE LEFT OUT!**  
**BE A PART OF**



**TOFFF**

**Come join us, SAM 27 flying field each Thursday morning**

Steve Roselle

## Calendar (Note changes)

- July 11-12 SAM 8 Monthly Meet, Harts Lake Pr., WA
- July 11 Napa MECA Collecto - Redwood Middle Sch.
- July 12 1/2A Scale Duration Intl Postal (9-12 July)
- July 18 SAM 1849, Schmidt Ranch **NEW SCHEDULE**
- July 25 SAM 27 Small Rubber/.020 Contest
- Aug. 1 SAM 27 Scale/Jimmie Allen Comb. Contest
- Aug. 6 1/2A Texaco Challenge Postal, TOFFF day
- Aug. 8-9 SAM 30, Schmidt Ranch **NEW SCHEDULE**
- Aug. 8-9 SAM 8 Monthly Meet, Harte Lake Pr., WA
- Aug. 15-16 SAM 34/51 High Sierra, Carson City
- Aug. 27-28 SAM 21 R/C Old Time, SAC RATS Newark
- Aug 29 Jimmie Allen Postal Meet, Lakeville
- Sept. 5-7 U.S. FF Championships, Lost Hills, CA
- Sept. 13 NCFCC #4, Waegell Field, Sacramento
- Sept. 12-18 SAM CHAMPS, Muncie, IN



## A Short Story

by Remo Galeazzi

*Remo has offered some of his short stories for the A-F; these were originally published in his EAA chapter newsletter. Our thanks to the talented Remo.*

The boy pulled the curtain aside that hung next to his bed and could see that the darkness of night was beginning to turn to that grey-blue that always precedes the dawning of day. He had awakened several times during the night anticipating this moment, knowing that he had planned an exciting day for himself. He could hear his father shaving in the bathroom, getting ready for his long day of work. The boy knew exactly what the father would be doing just from the sounds that he heard, for he had seen him do precisely the same thing every day of every week for most of his young life.

At this moment he knew that his father would be combing his hair, then he would put his hat on so that his hair wouldn't accidentally get mussed, then put on a neat, pressed white shirt over his long-johns, pull on his suit pants, and get ready for his cup of coffee. After the coffee he would slip on his vest, put on his tie and carefully push it inside of his vest, then put on his suit jacket. With that accomplished, he would then carefully slip his watch into his right vest pocket, remove his overcoat from its special place in the hall closet - and he was ready to start his day.

At this point he always tip-toed into the bedroom to kiss the boy's mother good-bye, then he'd sneak into the boy's room and kiss him good-bye, too.

On this particular morning his father saw that the boy was awake, so he gave him a hug, besides. They spoke a few words of greeting to each other in the language of the Ligurians, an ancient Italic language that is even now slowly disappearing from that part of the world - but it didn't seem at all unusual to the boy, as he had learned to speak Genoese before he had learned to speak English. His father playfully pushed his head deep into his pillow, then turned to leave. The boy heard his father walk down the steps, cross the gravel path, and then heard the familiar sound of the Dodge Bros. Sedan, the staccato blast of the open exhaust shattering the stillness of the morning. The engine made a few attempts to stop as he backed out of the garage, but his father, aware of its idiosyncrasies, always caught it just in time, and the boy heard the sound of the engine diminish until he could no longer discern its disruptive beat. Then everything was still again, and he knew that the day, for him, was just beginning.

He had it all planned. He wouldn't tell his mother, as what he intended to do would take him some distance from home and she just might not let him go. After a breakfast of hot

milk and coffee and some toast he told his mother that he was going to Bill's place and that later they would probably go down to the creek and see if they might catch some sticklebacks. He didn't know the Genoese word for sticklebacks, so he just made one up - his mother making a face when she heard it, probably imagining that the fish he described were no doubt more gruesome than they actually were. He walked down Cypress Avenue, then turned left on Laurel Grove for about a quarter of a mile, then turned right on Sir Francis Drake Boulevard. It was only a narrow two lane road in those days and had very little traffic. Normally the youngster would have ridden his bike on this sojourn, but for what he had in mind, feet worked best. He walked purposefully on up the hill, past the spot where he had found the quarter last week, glancing at the spot again just in case there might be another, until he came to the large banked turn where the old Italian man with the moustache made and displayed cement statuary. He stopped for a moment, admiring the many objects the old man had on display and wondered who could possibly have enough money to squander on such things. They were pretty alright, but they just sat there, and he liked things that "did" something. If they moved or flew, now that would be different! He turned and walked down the hill that led to Raymond's Hole, then turned right towards the foot bridge that crossed Kentfield Creek. He always found this street to be the most interesting as it was lined with houseboats that had been floated up the creek and then simply pulled up on land and left high and dry to serve as ordinary homes. Time had taken its toll on most of them, as the old barges had settled down over the uneven marsh and had assumed the shape of the terrain - twisting and bending to accommodate their resting places. The houses that nestled on them had also followed the same contours and it gave some of

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**"...the owner kept a parrot on the front steps that talked to people as they walked by."**

**Remo Galeazzi**

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them a grotesque, almost comical, appearance. He liked the one on the end best of all because the owner kept a parrot on the front steps that talked to people as they walked by. The owner was a stately gentleman that always walked with a cane, and people said that he was the one who had introduced the Australian Crawl to the United States. The boys who walked by coming home from school would often try to teach the parrot obscenities, but Mr. Cavill would rush out brandishing his cane, sending the offenders off in all directions.

The boy finally got to the bridge which was always a high point on his walk to and from school. He loved looking down into the water as it flowed in and out with the tide, hoping to see some fish or other aquatic life which was



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## A SHORT STORY (Continued from page 5)

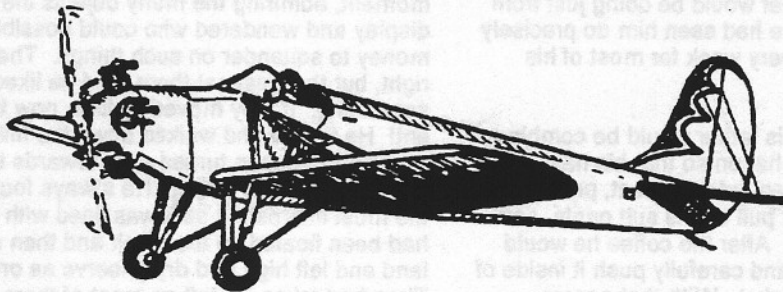
quite abundant in those days. He spotted a school of trout finning their way up against the tide, and made a mental note that tomorrow would be a good day to try to catch some. He'd dig some worms tonight and talk his brother into giving him some hooks which was all the preparation he needed. Yep, that would take care of tomorrow, and he still had the whole summer vacation ahead of him!

He reluctantly turned and left the enchantment of the moving water, finding himself on the boardwalk that eventually would, if followed to the end, take him to the Kentfield Grammar School, which he attended. The boy was getting closer to his destination now, and he could feel the juiced start to flow in anticipation. He had reached a spot on the boardwalk where it was possible to see between the eucalyptus trees that grew along its edge, and by standing on the railing he had found that he could just see over the marsh grasses and view the airstrip that was situated about a half mile away. It had been a few years now since the airfield had been active, but occasion-

ally one or two aircraft had been tied down there and the boy had never missed any chance to see them. He fervently hoped that there'd be one there today, but as he hoisted himself up his hopes were dashed - the field was empty! The man that used the field was named Phil Murray, and his name was on every youngsters lips in those days. There wasn't a lad in the country who didn't utter his name as though he was a personal friend, although it's quite certain that none of the kids actually knew him. He was the hero of the day! But he had been using the airstrip less and less until there were times when several weeks went by before an airplane showed up, and apparently this was one of those times.

Disappointed, the boy meandered along the boardwalk for awhile and decided to snatch a turnip from the large truck garden on the opposite side of the walk. He liked the peppery taste of raw turnips, and sat munching the vegetable in the shade of one of the eucalyptus trees. After he finished the turnip, he spotted a patch of honeysuckle and occupied himself for awhile sucking the nectar from the base of the flowers that he plucked from the vine. It was then that he heard the pockety-pock of an airplane engine, high in the morning sky. His heart leaped as he ran out into the open, hoping to spot it before it disappeared into the distance. He saw it, finally, almost directly overhead, and heard the engine slowing down. He watched as the craft descended in a

slow circle, the pilot opening the throttle occasionally to clear the engine, and was elated to see that the pilot had pointed the plane's nose toward the airstrip. He started to run, slowly at first, but finally, bursting with the exuberance and stamina of youth, he found himself leaping, flying over the great clumps of marsh grass, heedless of the thistles that were finding their way into his shoes and sticking to his trousers. The only thing that mattered was to get to the airstrip in time! His heart was pounding and his side hurt, but these inconveniences were nothing compared to the prize that would be waiting at the end of the run! He finally cleared the last dike, and there was only flat marsh ahead of him now. He could see the marvelous machine gleaming in the sun, its radial engine idling and its tight skin shimmering as the throbbing pulsations of the engine caused the fabric to ripple.



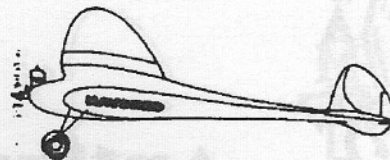
He stood there as though mesmerized, for here was an aircraft the like of which he had never seen! Only in pictures, but never in real life. It was a low winger! He had never imagined that an airplane could have such grace, and it looked as though it could go a zillion miles an hour even while it was standing still. It was painted yellow and had black scallops on its lovely

wings and tail, just like the pictures he'd seen of racing planes in *Flying Aces Magazine*.

Oh, hadn't he just done the right thing by getting up early this morning and coming out here to the airfield! Just wait 'til he told his buddies about this spectacle!

As he watched, the pilot climbed out of the cockpit, which seated two side-by-side in the open air and was protected by a large windshield. When the pilot got to the ground, the boy could see that he was wearing a leather jacket, leather boots, and close fitting cord pants, holding his helmet and goggles in one hand and shaking the hands of two young ladies who evidently had met him at the airstrip and were waiting for rides.

He knew it was silly even as he thought of it, but he envisioned *himself* as the pilot, nonchalantly beckoning to his friends to join him for a casual ride through space. Oh, what an impression that would make on his buddies! But the reverie was a fleeting one, and as he returned to the reality of the moment he saw one of the ladies climbing up onto the wing and then settling down into the cockpit with the help of the pilot. How fortunate some people were, he thought, and why couldn't that be me? (continued p. 7)



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## A SHORT STORY (Continued from page 6)

The pilot blasted the throttle, and in a cloud of dust the plane turned to face the wind, then with a roar that reverberated through the air the sleek machine literally leaped off the ground and headed skyward. Through all of this the boy stood as though spellbound.

Some day, he thought, some day I'm going to be that hero of a pilot, and some day I'm going to have a beautiful airplane just like that one! Even better! He watched the airplane circle a number of times over the town and then head back to the field, slowly gliding in with its engine popping, then flare to a beautiful three-point landing. This time the pilot stopped the engine, and the boy was amazed to see how the propeller seemed to wiggle between the compression strokes as it stopped rotating.

The pilot hopped out, then helped the young lady to the ground, who was all smiles and waving her arms around as if trying to describe some maneuver or another. They talked for awhile, then with a handshake and a wave, both girls walked towards a waiting car that had been parked some distance away on the highway.

They turned to wave again as the pilot stood by the nose of the plane, tapping something on the front of the engine. The boy walked forward a short distance, but couldn't bring himself to go any closer, much as he yearned to. The pilot turned his way and nodded in salutation, the boy acknowledging the attention with a shy wave of the hand. The pilot jumped up on the wingwalk and reached into the cockpit pushing or pulling something inside, then jumped back down and started pulling the propeller through, then went back to the cockpit and did something else - returning to the propeller and pulling it through again. This time the engine caught, and as it idled the pilot clambered into the cockpit, pulled down the goggles, and swung the plane into the wind with a blast of the throttle. He then turned his head, looked directly at the boy and waved to him. Then he opened the engine wide and was away in but a few seconds.

The boy watched until the plane was just a speck in the sky, wondering if he should wait around for a while on the off chance that it might return. But it didn't, and as a matter of fact, the boy didn't ever see that particular airplane again. It wasn't 'til years later that he could identify it as a Kinner Sport powered by a Kinner engine. But he would never forget this wonderful morning, and for many years he savored those precious moments and what they had meant to him.

He walked slowly homeward, reliving the excitement of the previous few morning hours over and over. As he neared home he felt the usual noon-time hunger pangs begin, and his pace quickened. When he got to the front gate he thought he might as well check the mailbox to see if anything had been delivered. He found several advertisements and a few letters, all addressed to his parents, except one. The one to which the boy gave all of his attention was post-

marked "San Francisco," and the sender's name was emblazoned on a logo of eagles wings spread in flight. It read "Junior Birdmen of America." The boy's hands trembled with excitement, for he could feel the badge inside that matched the logo on the outside of the envelope.

But why couldn't they ever spell his name correctly! It was only four letters, but they always got it wrong - this time someone had written N-E-M-O. Now how did they figure that anyone could ever be named Nemo? He walked up the gravel path opening the letter as he went, wondering what his mother had fixed for lunch.

## SAMSPAN

Is again available  
to SAM 27 Members

1 meter wide (39.37 in.) - Packaged Folded  
**10 foot lengths - \$10**

Packages will be available at meetings or by mail.  
Add \$3 for Mail (USPS Priority). Other quantities or  
special packaging by prior arrangement.

Mail Orders to:

Steve Remington, CollectAir

2555 Robert Fowler Way #A

San Jose, CA 95148

FAX (408) 259-4223

e-mail 72245.747@CompuServe.com

or

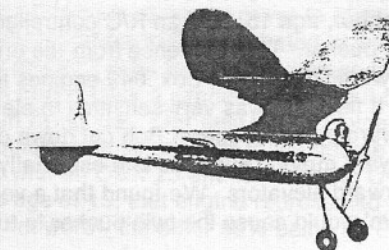
John Carlson

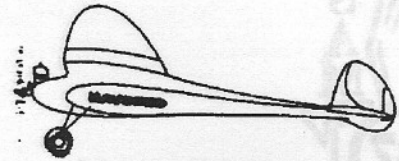
353 Las Casitas Ct.

Sonoma, CA 95476

Phone (707) 996-8820

e-mail JohnC914@aol.com





## Correspondence

*Rassatoodus* won't go away! **Jim Adams**, SAM 13, wrote with some info on pusher models and sent along some copies of articles to forward to Bob Rومان.

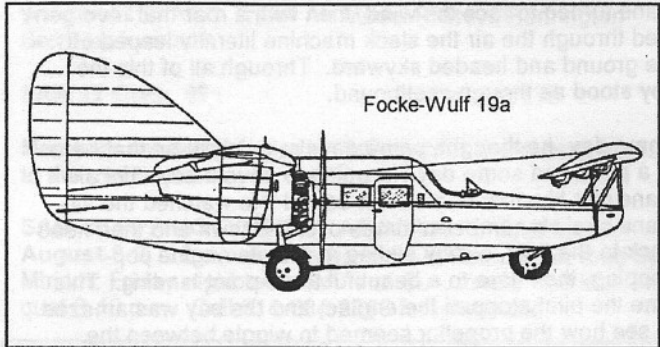
"I enjoyed the photos that Bob Rومان took of the testing of the *Rassatoodus*. It is too bad that he had such bad luck with flying the plane. I have enclosed a reprint from Frank Zaic's 1944 year book that has some information on designing and trimming a tail first airplane.... For a guy that never got a formal education in aeronautics, Frank Zaic is one of the most savvy model technicians that I have ever met. The most interesting thing about Frank was that he wrote his model yearbooks when we were all teenagers. Frank was a patent draftsman by trade; how he ever got so smart, so young is beyond me.

"There is a story that I like to tell about building and flying a six foot, six pound, R/C version of the Waterman flying wing automobile several years ago. I built the thing to the drawings and specs that I got from the Smithsonian Museum. It is an exact replica of the real thing. When I took it to the field and attempted a take-off it would run full speed down the 1/3 mile runway, but would not lift off. I called Frank and asked what I should do. His answer came right back; build a small all-balsa glider version of the Waterman and do test glides in the backyard to find out where the C.G. should be and determine the amount of 'up' elevator it took to maintain level flight. That took only one evening and the next day I was back at Mile Square with the elevons set at a new angle and considerably more elevon travel than I had before. Needless to say, the plane took off as ordered and I had a successful 20 minute test flight. Pass this story on to Bob and tell him to take heart, he has only performed the first part of the job. (*Hear that Bob?*)

"I have also enclosed a 3-view of the Focke-Wulf 19a *Ente*. I understand that *Ente* in German means 'duck'. Amazing the resemblance to the *Rassatoodus*. I have been saving this 3-view with the idea of building a replica one of these days when I have the extra time. I get a great kick out of these off-beat designs.

"My young neighbor, age 15, built an R/C controlled version of a 1930s twin pusher. The difference from the original was that he powered it with two Cox .049 engines instead of rubber bands. It flew, but was very sensitive to elevator action on the forward plane. Suggest Bob cut down on the area of the forward moving surfaces and especially limit the travel of the forward elevators. We found that a very small amount of 'down' would cause the twin pusher to tuck-under

and go inverted. It was very aerobatic but very hard to fly sensibly. These facts are borne out by the article written on pushers by Frank Zaic."

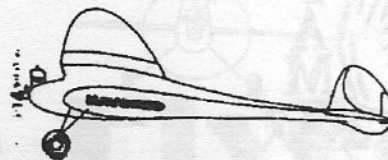


Jim mentions that it appeared to him that *Rassatoodus* was tail heavy. He also says, "Tell Bob for me to have fun with this crazy thing. I think that the original flew as a free-flight, that should have made it real 'fun'."

SAM 27's Alaskan correspondent, **Don Bekins**, recently sent a card to John Hlebcar and Pete Samuelsen from **Iniakuk Lake Lodge** in the Brooks Range. Don said, "Thanks for the e-mail. Yes, I've done a lot of float flying, both models and full size. Unless the lake is frozen, floats are the only way into Iniakuk - 75 miles from the nearest road. It's raining right now, but sunny yesterday. The weather seems to change daily. Generally, we can be outside, however. The ice has been gone about 6 days - spring has sprung. Quite a change from landing on ice just 3 weeks ago, with mountains fully covered in snow. Have seen fresh caribou tracks and wolf tracks, but not the animals. Plenty of porcupines, snowshoe rabbits and myriads of birds. My room is 2nd floor to left of the antlers. Been doing carpentry, plumbing, tile work in preparation for guests, then I'll be guiding fishing and float trips. Love the wilderness!" Don also wrote, "Sorry about Steve Remington, Hope he finds the *Ranger*." Gads, how word travels! If you want to drop a line to SAM 27's Alaskan expositor, address to Don c/o Iniakuk Lodge, Bettles Field, AK 99726.







## SAM 27 SPECIAL RUBBER MEET

Saturday, July 25, 1998, From 7 a.m. to 12 p.m.  
(Must be present to collect trophies)

SAM 27 Lakeville Rd. Flying Site, Marin - Sonoma County  
(Call CD if you need directions)

**!!!NO FUSE DT's  
ALLOWED!!!**

Jerry Rocha, CD  
(707) 255-0651

EVENTS: OT Small Rubber, Hand Launch Glider & Catapult Combined,  
P-30 Rubber, .020 Replica & 1/4 A Nostalgia Combined, Junior Champion

## SAM 27 SCALE RUBBER & JIMMIE ALLEN COMBINED CONTEST CLUB PROJECT

Saturday, August 1, 1998, from 7 a.m. to 12 p.m.  
SAM 27 Lakeville Flying Site, Marin-Sonoma County

### EVENTS:

Rules published in April Antique Flyer. Rubber-powered scale models of any airplane produced to 1951 and/or any Jimmie Allen design is eligible. No scaling up or down for Jimmie Allen. Max prop diameter is 1/3 wingspan plus one inch - no folding props. 6 flights, 3 best to count, HL or ROG. Maximum flight time for each model is wingspan times 4 in seconds - time below one wingspan in seconds doesn't count. A separate CONCOURS - must make minimum of one powered flight to enter.

John Hlebcar, CD (707) 252-8482



### AMA Chapter #108

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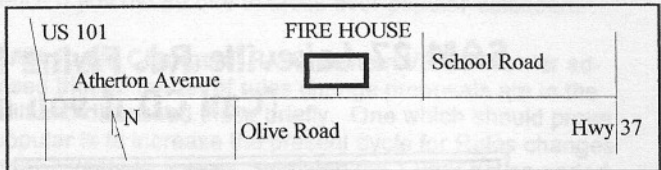
#### MEMBERSHIP

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

Full membership requires proof of current AMA membership to be presented at the time of joining or renewal by means of photocopy or presentation to the treasurer.

Associate members will receive the newsletter and may attend meetings, but may not fly at the Club's Lakeville Field or in Club contests.

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



**Next Meeting: Wednesday, July 15, 1998  
7:30 P.M. at the Novato Fire Department  
Training Room**

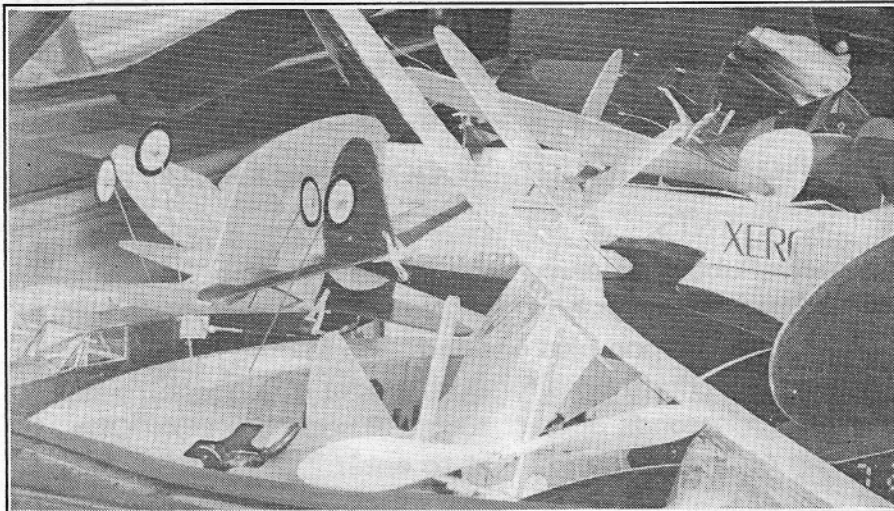
## Antique Flyer

353 Las Casitas Court, Sonoma, CA 95476

July 1998



# FIRST CLASS MAIL



TO:

*This gaggle of rubber-powered, potential maxes must be headed for the SAM 27 Special Rubber Meet scheduled for July 25th (See Page 9 for details)*