



Antique Flyer

AMA Chapter #108

September 1998

Issue 193

August Chapter Meeting

by John Carlson

We beat the previously reported average attendance of 15 (+ or -) with a total of 19 showing up on this cool August evening. We welcomed, in absentia, new members Elyse Ferrario, Anthony Ferrario, Trevor Shiraishi, Jake Engleskirger and Larry Kramer, all of whom were reported in the "Late Breaking TOFFF News" box in the last A-F. Also, in absentia, (he works nights) we welcome our newest member Mike Clancy of Novato (see TOFFF Report herein). Visitor Ed Von der Porten, a friend of Steve Remington, had several interesting items to report. Ed was formerly Director of the Navy Museum at Treasure Island and lately is affiliated with the Hiller Aviation Museum, the Jeremiah O'Brien Liberty Ship and other museum projects. The Hiller Museum is considering including a section on the history of model aviation back as far as 1910 and hopes to have examples, including replicas, of models representative of the period. Anyone interested in participating should contact Ed. He also reported that he had located a cache of model kits dating back into the 30's from a defunct Oregon model shop. The original cache totaled about 20K but is now down to about 17K. Ed has a catalog listing all of the kits and periodically orders a batch for resale at the Jeremiah O'Brien shop. Ed may be contacted by phone at (415) 664 7701.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- SAMSPAN is available. Contact Steve Remington or John Carlson.
- The PolySpan video is again available. Contact Ed Hamler if you wish to borrow it.
- Mystery Photos and Scrap Box Items are still wanted for inclusion in the A-F. Send them to Editor Steve Remington.
- Orders for the 1999 EAA Calendar may be placed with Joe Meere @ (707) 526-9914. Cost is \$7 ea. Joe has 7 orders to date and needs an additional 5 to make up the dozen minimum order.
- Prez JohnH advised that he has personally placed an order for 24 XL O&R T-shirts and can make some available to Members for \$13 each.
- Prez JohnH gave us a reminder of the dates for upcoming events. He also reported on the results of several recent contests, the details of which are in this A-F.
- Prez John also reported that the SAM 30 Meet at the Schmidt ranch was well attended with 25 contestants putting up 74 flights. SAM 27's Pete Samuelsen won the Sweepstakes Trophy.
- We are now exchanging Newsletters with SAM 93 of Tulsa, OK who advise as follows re SAM CHAMPS 1999: The Champs will be held at Muskogee, OK in the first week of October at Hatbox Field, a former municipal airport. Banquet to be at the civic center complex. **GO MUSKOGEE!!**

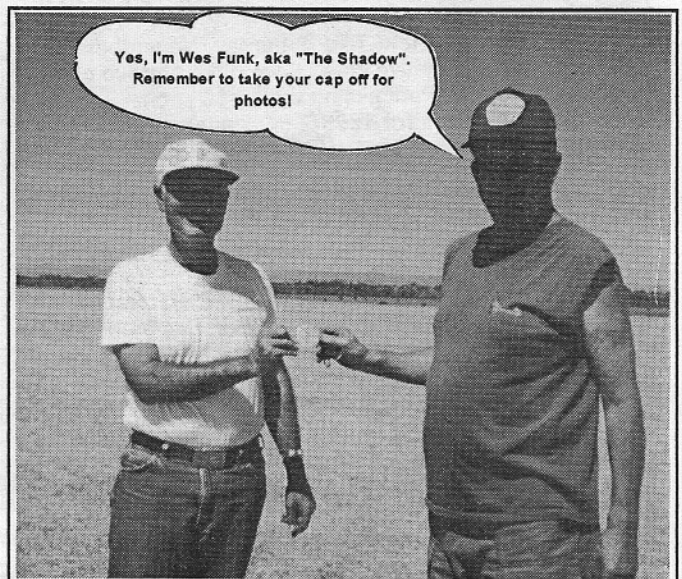
- Prez JohnH advised that Member Fred Emmert, who is a docent at the Hiller Museum, is looking for a volunteer to rehabilitate a badly deteriorated, large model of the original Wright Flyer. Anyone interested in taking on this project contact Fred at (650) 593 5704. Costs will be reimbursed.
- An Air Expo is scheduled at Travis AFB for October 3-4. The Canadian Snowbirds are to perform and there will be static displays and possibly fly-bys of the Stealth and B-2 bombers as well as a number of WW2 aircraft.
- Ed Hamler advised us of the recent death of Terry Weldon of SAM 30, an active competitor in local and national meets and a well liked, real gentleman.

JR O/T REPORT

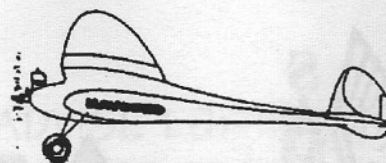
Although neither Rocco nor any of the Jr O/T'ers were present at the meeting, we had a good turnout of youngsters at the July 25 Small Rubber Meet and Trevor Shiraishi has been a regular at recent TOFFF sessions.

TOFFF GUY REPORT

In addition to the six new TOFFF Guys reported in last month's A-F we have now inducted former A-F Editor Wes Funk who stopped by to fly in the 1/2 A Texaco Postal Meet on 7/6 while on his way to a meet in Oregon. Also inducted was our newest member, Mike Clancy flying his P-30 rubber model. Unfortunately Mike had not incorporated a DT and, after catching a booming thermal, the P-30 went down far south of the field. No report of it's being found received to



Jerry Rocha awards Wes Funk his TOFFF pin. Wes was "knighted" by means of a wing in the absence of an transmitter antenna.



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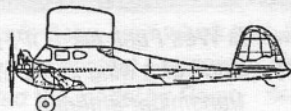
date. A week prior, John Carlson's 1/2 A Atomizer caught a similar thermal and despite the efforts of Jerry Rocha who thought he had the model in sight as it came down, multiple searches failed to find it. Attendance recently has been very good with as many as a dozen cars counted, and all types of models from small rubber to Class C R/C taking air. Those of you who haven't managed to attend should try to include a visit in your schedule, whether to fly or just swap lies. Prez JohnH reports he has about run out of TOFFF badges but will make some more.

OLD BUSINESS

- Crash & Bash** Ed Hamler advised that preparations are essentially complete. Entry fees will be \$5 per event each of which will have cash prizes determined by the number of entries. The purse for each event will be a total of all entry fees less \$5. The purse will be divided 40%-30%-15%-10%-5% through fifth place. The Bill Hooks Sweepstakes will be determined by a 5-4-3-2-1 point system. The Raffle Grand Prize is the Ohlsson 23 powered, Scientific Ensign model purchased from Don Bekins. The Grand Prize winner need not be present at the raffle, but if not, must make arrangements to pick up the model. Tickets will be available at the September meeting, at the C&B or by mail by contacting John Hlebcar.
- Member Profile** Prez JohnH has completed the SAM 27 MEMBER PRO-FILE form and is circulating to members who may care to participate. John will pass these out at meetings and TOFFF sessions. The form will be mailed to those not likely to attend. As an incentive the Club will give (FREE) ten feet of SAMSPAN to those returning a completed form. If a member wants the SAMSPAN mailed he/she should send \$3 to cover postage.
- Glass Syringes** Status of Pete Samuelson's effort is uncertain at this time.
- Hiller Museum Field Trip** Saturday, November 21 was chosen as a tentative date. If we have a group of 15 or larger the discounted admission will be \$5 each.
- SAM 27 Officers for 1999** Still needed are volunteers or we may be forced to employ nasty recruitment methods. Please think about it.

NEW BUSINESS

Fokker DR1 T-shirts We recently received an offer of T-shirts imprinted with a picture and short description of the legendary WW1 Fokker DR1 (Triplane). The minimum quantity is 12 at a price of \$12.95. A free sample was provided. After a brief discussion at a recent TOFFF session it appeared the Club would have enough interested members, so an order was placed for a dozen Size XL 's. We should have the shirts available for resale at \$13 each, possibly at the September and certainly by the October meeting. The sample was included in the evening's raffle.



TECHNICAL REPORT

Dick O'Brien, tonight's presenter drew Prez JohnH's name for next month's "man in the barrel". Dick's chosen subject was **1/2A, Cox .049 Texaco engines**. The current production by Estes of the Cox Texaco engines includes only the larger 8 cc tank. SAM competition rules require the smaller 5 cc tank. Small tank conversion kits are available from Cox (Estes) and Kustom Kraftsmanship (KK), consisting of the tank body and shorter screws. Kustom Kraftsmanship is also a good source for other parts and accessories for the Cox Texaco engines., including a special needle valve, aluminum fuel pickup, head gaskets and cylinder shims. Although SAM Rules require basically stock engines, special needle valves and fuel pickups seem to be acceptable. Most people modify the stock needle valve by replacing the spring with a short section of fuel tubing and a washer to better seal air leaks and avoid creep. Dick recommends replacement of the venturi gasket (O-ring) any time an engine is disassembled. Occasionally an engine may need the addition of cylinder shims to provide optimum porting.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Sept. 5-7 U.S. FF Championships, Lost Hills, CA
- Sept. 13 NCCFFC #4, Waegell Field, Sacramento
- Sept. 12-18 SAM CHAMPS, Muncie, Indiana
- Oct. 9-11 SAM 27 Crash&Bash, Schmidt Ranch, CA
- Oct. 16-18 Sierra Cup, Waegell Field
- Oct. 17-18 SAM 8 Thrash, Hart's Lake Prairie, WA
- Oct. 24-25 John Pond Comm., SAM 26, Condor Field
- Nov. 1 NCCFFC#5, Waegell Field, SAacramento, CA

1/2A TEXACO POSTAL CHALLENGE

The SAM 56 postal event was held on **August 8th**. John Hlebcar reports that, "It was a beautiful day but not enough thermal activity. The attendance was high and we had ten contestants signed up for this event including two of our Junior Old Timers, Sean Crowley and Trevor Shiraishi. Pete Samuelson continues to work wonders with his *Westerners* and had high total time to win our annual club trophy for this event. John Carlson got a little too far out and lost his *Atomizer* in the tall grass."

Pilot	Model	Flt. 1	Fl. 2	Total - Seconds
Pete Samuelson	Foot Westerner/300	900	900	1800
Jerry Rocha	Rambler/288	656	827	1483
John Carlson	Atomizer/288	503	900	1403
Wes Funk	1938 Challenger/315	548	372	920
Ed Hamler	Quaker/292	404	368	772
Team Total				6378



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TECHNICAL REPORT (continued from page 2)

Need may be determined by removing the glow head and gasket and temporarily replacing with an old glow head with a hole drilled in the center and a shim washer with an ID less than the cylinder bore. Proper porting is obtained when at TDC the piston barely touches the shim. Cylinder shims (from KK) may be required between the cylinder base and the crankcase to achieve this. Extended running of an engine may result in wear at the connecting rod and piston ball joint. A sloppy fit can be corrected by peening with a piston/rod reset tool. Care must be exercised to not overdo this sort of fix. Dick has found that balky starts can often be corrected by removing the needle valve and forcing a small amount of fuel through the opening to flush out gummed up old fuel or other material which may have been ingested. Some props have relatively thick hubs in which case the standard (slotted head) prop screw does not go into the crank shaft as far as it should, thus making it more likely to break or bend the crank shaft in a hard landing. KK can provide longer 5-40 socket head screws to alleviate this problem. Dick reports that he has never been able to exceed about a 3 1/2 minute engine run although some runs up to 5 minutes have been reported. Dick's words of wisdom: "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Thanks Dick.

SHOW & TELL

Jerry Rocha had a quite unusual S&T. While he was at a recent FF meet in Oregon he had maxed the first flight of his P-30 model. Getting ready for the second flight he wound the motor to about 7 in-oz torque and was holding the nose and prop with one hand when the free wheeling gadget slipped free and screwed its way into his hand. After cutting the motor and shaft Jerry went to the ER for removal of the shaft and stitching of the wound. There may be nerve damage as Jerry has no feeling in the thumb. The lesson is that in addition to the gassies, big rubber can get you also. Be careful out there guys.

Buzz Passarino related that an electric Playboy he has nearly completed has a speed control integral with the Futaba Rx. An arming switch actuates the speed control. Buzz discovered, to his dismay, that if the Tx throttle is at all advanced when the arming switch is actuated, the motor will run. Fortunately Buzz had hold of the model in a safe place but did manage to blow everything loose off his workbench before stopping the motor. This can be particularly dangerous because even with your throttle full off or even with your Tx off but the Rx on, actuating the arming switch could cause the motor to run if someone else on the same channel had his Tx on. Most modern speed controls now have a circuit where the motor will not run unless the throttle is first brought to the full closed position and then advanced. Buzz also asked if anyone had any thoughts regarding the advantages, if any, of free-wheeling props for rubber models. The general opinion was that the free-wheelers had more drag but might have less effect on trim than a stopped prop.

Ed Van der Porten showed the plans and a kit, circa 1945, for a working rubber powered helicopter. The power

train was a complicated system of pulleys, cord and winding drums transferring power to the main and tail rotors. After reviewing the plans and kit someone remarked that only a masochist would tackle such a project art which point Steve Remington said he did with a similar model while a teenager. With a full wind all he could get it to do was hop around on the floor.

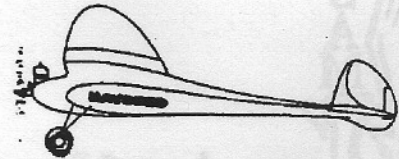
Bert Flack displayed his completed Westland *Widgeon* rubber model of about 24" WS. Bert did a beautiful job with the covering and details and personalized it with the British identification: G-BERT. Bert hopes to be able to bring it out to Lakeville soon for its maiden flight.

Dick O'Brien sowed his completed 1/2 A *Coronet* model made from a kit obtained from Ed Hamler in the X-Mas White elephant raffle. Dick did a beautiful job on this blue and gold Airspan covered model. (Post Note: At the following day's TOFFF session Dick, not quite trusting his skills, got Park Abbott to make the first flight which went beautifully, after which Dick proceeded to fly.)

John Dammuller showed a photo of an aircraft being flown by a friend who was a Navy flight instructor during WW2. He wound up in Southern California with the tough duty of flying Navy SNBs carrying VIP's, including movie stars.

Ed Hamler displayed his completed Pacer wing in which he incorporated a unique version of laminated wing tips. Although the finished tip was only about 1/4" thick maximum, Ed laminated 1" wide strips to the required planform, assembled the tip to the wing and then sanded it so that the top was level with the airfoil and the bottom tapered to the desired thickness. The wing was covered with some silk Ed obtained from Bob Munn and finished in red, white and blue.

John Carlson produced the July issue of FM Magazine which inspired his S&T for the evening. The cover illustration showed the model titled the Gloucester *Auster* and featured in the construction article. The 16" span model was a sort of a tongue-in-cheek takeoff of the WW2 liaison/observation *Auster* aircraft built in England from a Taylorcraft design. Also in the FM issue was an article showing methods of printing on Japanese tissue with a computer and printer. Using the Paint program in Windows 95 John generated a test panel of colored camouflage design and printed it on white tissue with his HP 672C printer. Color printing on the tissue was done using the Econofast setting to minimize the amount of ink deposited. Too much ink is more likely to result in smearing or color running. Also minimum ink sees to produce a more pleasing final effect. Satisfactory results seemed to be obtained by printing on either the shiny or dull sides of the tissue. The printed test panels were cut into several pieces which were mounted on small balsa frames. Using the test samples it was determined that shrinking with water or isopropyl alcohol, or the application of SIG thinner and nitrate dope did not cause the colors to run. John then took the model plans and determined panel sizes for the various parts to be covered. The Paint program produces designs of 100 pixels per inch when printed. With the rectangle feature the various panels of appropriate sizes were blocked out with cut-outs or appendages added to produce a panel slightly larger than the model section to be covered. At this point



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lettering, insignia and other features can be added. The Auster had multicolored roundels which were generated with the circle feature. The camo design was freehanded with the "draw" feature. Appropriate colors were added to the several delineated areas with the "paint brush" feature. At this point each panel was printed in grayscale on 8 1/2 X 11 bond paper which served as a carrier and to locate the tissue to be printed. Grayscale was used so as to not waste colored ink. Tissue slightly larger than the individual panel sizes were fastened to the carriers with Scotch tape only at the leading edge entering the printer. There seemed to be a small amount of smearing in the printing for about an inch beyond the tape, apparently as a result of ink deposited on the non-porous tape. It might be better to adhere the tissue with an adhesive or to fold it over the leading edge of the carrier and tape it to the back side. Anyway the model was covered with the printed tissue using conventional techniques, shrunk with isopropyl alcohol and given one coat of well thinned nitrate dope. John was pleased with the final result. Other inks and other printers may produce different results, so experimentation is recommended. Also there are better graphics programs than the Windows Paint program but John worked with what he had. (Post Note: At the following day's TOFFF session, one loop of 3/32" and a little downthrust produced pretty good flights.)

Correspondence

Quite a few letters this month but space constraints restrict what can be printed. Watch this space next month for info from Tandy Walker, Nick Bruschi, Rado Cizek, etc.

TOFFF Ceremonies presided over by Prez John Hlebcar as Fred Emert receives his coveted designation (top photo) and Mike Clancy (bottom photo) gets his pin at Lakeville while holding his P-30.



RAFFLE RESULTS

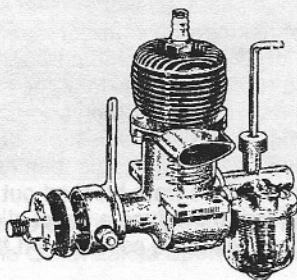
Members are urged to donate any surplus material or items to the monthly club meeting raffle.

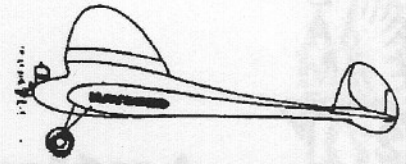
RAFFLE PRIZE/DONOR

Mini Vac/Ron Keil
 Fokker DR1 Tee/SAM 27
 Guillows Kit/George Benson
 A/C Plywood/George Benson
 Small Parts Cat./Ray MacGowan
 Cox 049 Texaco Engine/SAM 27
 Mini Servo/SAM 27
 PANAM Postcard/SAM 27
 Fuel Tank/??
 SAM 27 Cost \$71 Collected \$79

WINNER

Buzz Passarino
 Bert Flack
 Ron Keil
 Ed Hamler
 Dick O'Brien
 Bob may
 Remo Galeazzi
 Bert Flack
 Jerry Rocha





3/4/47, 3/4/47, 3/4/47

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 drawer at the top of my desk is wide open. I don't usually pull it all the way out as most of my needs are usually met within the first twelve inches or so, but this time I've been rummaging around for a set of keys that I could have sworn I had just recently put in there - but which up to now seem to be non-existent.

I spot my old logbook in the rear right corner and can't resist the temptation to peruse it and, suddenly, finding the keys no longer seems to be all that important. The cover is starting to get crankily and, as I riffle through it, the yellowing pages seem stiffer and more brittle than I remember them to be the last time that I had glanced through looking for remembrances. The smell of the thing seems to awaken an old memory and it occurs to me that it's the same smell the old magazines had that my father kept stashed away in our basement when I was a child. I had spent many an hour down there searching through the many old periodicals for anything that had something to do with airplanes and was often rewarded, especially when I discovered a trove of *National Geographics*.

I start to flip the pages of the log and try to recall the particulars of some of the entries that I had made but it's almost 50 years since they happened and memory does fade. I get to page seven and spot three entries, all dated 3/4/47. The first says Sonoma County to Red Bluff - the second, Red Bluff to Marysville - and the third reads, Marysville to Sonoma County.

I stare at the last one for awhile and suddenly I'm aware that I'm experiencing a total recollection of something I hadn't thought of for a long, long time. I can remember those three entries with perfect clarity and, as a matter of fact, now with this last little push to my memory, I shall never forget them, no doubt, as long as I'm on this planet and able to function.

It's a bright, lovely, sunshiny morning in March and, as I walk toward my 1929 Chevy, I feel a sense of elation, for today I'll be making my solo cross-country, which if accomplished successfully, will qualify me for my Private Pilot flight test. My chart is all properly marked with the headings on each leg and the checkpoints clearly circled. In those days the charts didn't have much on them and salient topographic features were easy to spot. I was satisfied that nothing was left undone and, as the broken muffler blatted out it's staccato song, I headed south from Healdsburg down 101 to the airport, confident that this was to be a per-

fect day in every way, for after all, wasn't I the hot-shot, soon-to-be bonafide private pilot that was going to fly cross-country all be himself?

I walked into the office of the Athey Flying Service and talked briefly with my instructor, who after a few final admonitions, shooed me outside to do my thing. I preflighted the Aeronca 11AC, making sure that the rear auxiliary tank was filled to the brim with eight gallons of fuel and stuck my fingers into the main tank, satisfying myself that it too was filled to the cap with thirteen gallons. After checking the oil and making sure that the various parts of the airplane were well fastened, the instructor, who had been watching me, motioned that he would give me a prop. The 65 h.p. Continental burst into life and, after a few rough bangs, settled down into a nice smooth rhythmic pockety-pock and I nestled myself in for the long taxi to the end of the runway. There was a slight crosswind, but nothing unusual, and as soon as I reached my cruising altitude I picked out a distant point and made my heading adjustment, knowing that my first important checkpoint would be a little to the right of Mt. Konocti and that that would be easy as I had already picked out some peaks that Mt. Konocti was hiding behind. I hit the checkpoint on the button and soon Konocti was far behind me and I was searching the distance for the next check which was Lake Ladoga out past the mountains into the valley. The lake took awhile to show up as at 80 m.p.h. you weren't exactly streaking across the chart.

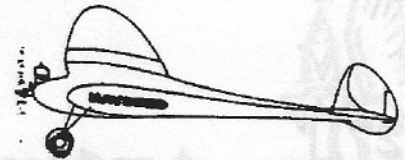
Soon, Lake Ladoga was also behind me and I started to search the horizon for the row of power lines that would, if followed, take me straight to Red Bluff. They were right where they were supposed to be and I soon found myself on final to the Red Bluff airport, the air bumpier than I was used to, but no problem for this almost-pilot. I got out and postured a bit, got a drink of water, then had my logbook signed off by a fellow who said he was the airport manager.

"I took off from Red Bluff with even more confidence than when I had departed Santa Rosa as this should be a very easy leg to navigate..."

Remo Galeazzi

That first leg had taken one hour and forty-five minutes and I calculated that in still air it would take about one hour and fifteen minutes to get to Marysville, so at four gallons an hour I'd have plenty of fuel to get home. This was an important factor as in those days I seldom had much money on me with which to buy gasoline and credit cards were unheard of.

I took off from Red Bluff with even more confidence than



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3/4/47, 3/4/47, 3/4/47 (continued from page 5)

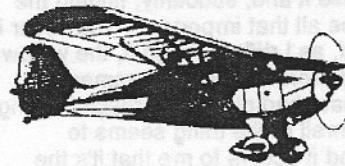
when I had departed Santa Rosa as this should be a very easy leg to navigate and, I reasoned, if I made it to Red Bluff in such good style, I ought to be able to nail Marysville with ease. Well, it did indeed turn out that way, the checkpoints arriving regularly and then disappearing only to have the next one come up nicely on schedule. I could see the airport from quite a distance away, so I put the nose down and traded some altitude for speed, impatient to get down so that I could show all that cared to look that I was a solo pilot flying cross-country, just like a real aviator. As I found out in later years, when one is intent on making a nice three-pointer so as to impress others, that is precisely the time when one is less likely to do it. It was a long dirt runway and I was finally able to keep it down after the third bounce, but it was sure a long taxi to the hangars where the office was located. The C.F.I. there signed my logbook and noticed that in my ignorance I had entered the time for the flight as seventy minutes instead of the usual practice of entering the time as one hour and ten minutes. He had a loud stentorian voice which he didn't try to suppress when he asked me if that was the way I had been taught to enter my time where I came from. Everybody in the office turned to get a look at this imbecile that was trying to act like a pilot and didn't even know how to make a logbook entry. I hurriedly wrote over my mistake to correct it and left the roomful of inquisitors to ponder their own shortcomings, mumbling maledictions at the C.F.I. under my breath as I departed. I had only been out of the Army a year, so some real beauties came readily to mind, most of them referring to the C.F.I.'s ancestors.

I climb into the Chief, get a prop from an eager lineboy and remove myself and the airplane from the scene of my shame as quickly as those sixty-five horses will do it. I level off at two thousand feet, get on my heading and open the valve to transfer fuel from the rear reserve tank to the front main. This procedure must be done in level flight, for if the airplane is in a climbing attitude, the fuel from the main tank will flow back into the reserve tank. Strictly gravity, you see. I look ahead and see clouds stretching from horizon to horizon which surprises me since they hadn't been there on the way north. No sweat, I concluded, as I'll just fly under the mess and find an opening when I get to the mountains. I fly towards the front and the closer I get the lower the ceiling gets so I'm thinking that maybe I should fly south to the Delta and try to go around it, but then, if I did that, would the gas hold out? No, I say to myself, confident of my infallible wisdom, I'll just stick to my heading and fly over it - the cumulus clouds don't look all that high and, if I find that I can't make it, I'll execute the proverbial one eighty turn and return to Marysville (wouldn't that give the boys back there a laugh!).

So, I start my climb, only a couple of hundred feet a minute as I conclude that by the time I get there I should be high enough to clear the cloud tops. I finally make the edge of the clouds and find that the billows extend above me, but by flying into a cloud valley I can clear the valley bottom by several hundred feet. I'm now at four thousand feet and still

climbing and it occurs to me that I'm not gaining on the clouds at all and, in point of fact, I'm now at five thousand feet and the clouds are towering above me even more than they had been at four thousand.

I find myself in a deep cleft between mountain precipices of cotton-like cumulus and finally realize that the time to call it quits has arrived. I start my one eighty and look over my shoulder as I turn, only to be confronted with clouds even higher than the ones I've just turned away from. My blood runs cold as the realization hits me that I've fallen into the most obvious of all traps that a pilot can fall into. I turn back on heading and glance at the fuel gauge and what I see makes my heart skip a beat. I've been climbing all of this time and the fuel from the main tank has been draining back into the auxiliary tank - that funny fuel gauge is bouncing on zero and I instinctively push the nose down in order to get some of the stuff back into the main tank where it belongs. Even as I do that I can see that this is an exercise in futility, for when the airplane



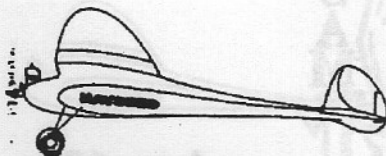
is in level attitude the clouds below me are coming up to meet me at an alarming rate. I must climb! For the next half hour I climb for a few minutes then lower the nose, climb, and lower the nose

again, until I see the tank register about a quarter full. All the while mountains of clouds are all about me, and all I can do is thread my way through the labyrinth of valleys between hoping that by flying this way for awhile, then that way for awhile, my course will average out close to my original heading.

By now I'm up to nine thousand feet and the tops are nowhere in sight. I've managed to get a little more fuel transferred but I've got to quit that effort because at this altitude the Chief is flying at a high angle of attack and fuel just won't flow uphill. I keep climbing, but without a mixture control, the trusty Continental is beginning to gasp out fewer R.P.M. than it happily does at sea level. I finally reach ten thousand five hundred feet and find that on this particular day, and in this particular weather, the Chief has decided that enough is enough and balks at going any higher. All the while I've been wending my way this way and that between great billowy mountains of cumulus hoping that by some miracle I've been able to stay generally on course.

The clouds are so solid looking and opaque that they remind me of enormous blobs of whipped cream and I fantasize that if I stepped out I might actually be able to walk on their enticing surfaces! But now the clouds appear to be building up even higher and I can no longer keep up with their growth, the valleys between them are getting narrower and the sun reflecting on their white surfaces is becoming so intense, so relentless, that I can no longer look straight ahead and I must look to the side in order to see at all.

I know that if I enter the clouds, I'll soon lose control, and



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3/4/47, 3/4/47, 3/4/47 (Continued from page 6)

no doubt end up in a steep spiral that will pull the wings off the frail Chief when I try to react to it. I remember reading that the best way to get through a cloud layer is to purposely put the plane into a spin and hold it there all the way to the bottom of the clouds and hope that there is enough of a ceiling to permit a gentle pull-out.

The theory is obvious but I'd never known anyone that actually did it. Nevertheless, I resolve that as a last resort, I would do just that, that the moment of truth is getting nearer and nearer. I can actually feel my pulse begin to accelerate as I form a mental image of what it will be like to go spinning into the bowels of those thousands of feet of clouds below me. My eyes look into the fuel gauge as it again is bumping zero and I wonder what perverted wandering of my brain allowed me to get into this asinine predicament. There are giant clouds directly ahead and I know that the time has come, for I can no longer escape their fleecy embrace. The plane won't climb any higher, there are no longer any valleys to use as an escape route and I expect the engine to start missing for lack of fuel. I pull the nose up and begin to lose speed. I leave the throttle full on because I want to get the nose way up there, planning to close the throttle as it falls through. This will assure me of a clean break and a tight spin as I don't want to risk entering the clouds in a spiral. I take a last look downward and my breath catches in my throat! I lower the nose again and start a slow turn, just to make sure that I really saw what I thought I saw. Oh, sweet Deity of all Deities, it really is a hole! That lovely, blessed opening is thousands of feet below me; it's not a big one, but it's really there! And what's more, I can make out the double curve that the Russian river makes just north of Fitch Mountain in Healdsburg! I waste no time and lay the Chief over on its side and spiral down at red-line, hoping that it doesn't turn out to be a sucker hole and close up before I get there. It doesn't, and my heart begins to slow down as I discover the ceiling to be a comfortable fifteen hundred feet. I start to drain some fuel (whatever is left) into the main tank and head for the airport. Suddenly, like an explosion, the sun is again blinding me and there are no clouds overhead! The front just simply vanished about seven or eight miles north of the field and it seemed like a totally new world from the one I had just left. If I had only known an hour before what I know at this moment, I could have escaped an hour of pure terror.

I landed the trusty Chief, said a little prayer of thanks to the aeronautical Gods, and vowed never to caught that way again. When the instructor asked how things had gone I was tempted to give him a blow by blow description of my recent experience, but decided on the spur of the moment to keep the whole thing to myself. And I have, up to now.

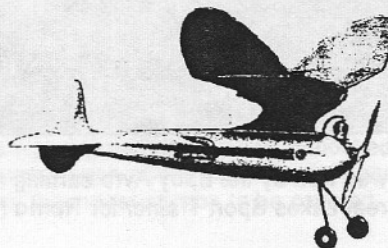
A little further down the page there's another entry in my log. It was made seven days later, dated 3/11/47. It simply states, "J.O. Athey C-43708, one hour, Private Flight Check, O.K." But that's another story.

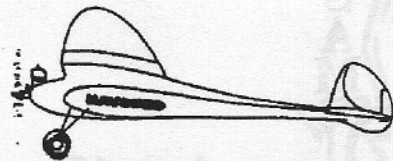
SCRAP BOX

All flyers are invited to contribute to the unexpurgated blathering contained in this old shoebox of priceless scrap.

What's your favorite glue for building? Most modelers will have a preferred adhesive, sometimes several for different purposes. I swear by the old Ambroid (I'm a slow, make that lazy, builder and enjoy waiting for the glue to dry) but sometimes use CA and usually epoxy those special joints. Now, along comes an article by Graham Hicks from Oregon which totally destroys all myths that have grown around the use of glue in model building. Graham tested darn near every adhesive known to the western world, subjecting each of thirty-nine different glues to a pulstest on a total of 234 one-half inch by one inch by two and three quarters inch maple blocks, each double-glued sample subjected to a shear load of up to 5000#. Results? They're all good! After all his testing, Graham reports, "So what is the meaning of all this? It means to me that, for the most part, arguing over the relative strength of the glues we use is wasting time better used in building or flying. In answering modeler's questions (*Editor: Graham is host of the RCONline "Scale Aircraft" forum*) about which glues to use on firewalls, wing center sections, etc., I have in the past insisted that epoxies are the ONLY adhesives to be used forward of the cabin and to join wings; and CA glues only in wings and fuselages. These tests have proven to me that in general, for our modeling purposes, the epoxies, CAs and wood glues are all far stronger than needed to accomplish the joint. I still think it is wise, no matter which glue is used for firewalls and tank compartments, to coat these areas with a layer of thinned epoxy in order to keep oils and fuels from penetrating the wood. But to me, the choice of glue is now wide open, and as long as proper application procedures are followed, it should make no difference."

These Radioshack parts have proven to be useful for ignition circuits: 3.6 v NiCad battery, 300 mAh, Part Number 23-285, made in Indonesia, and assembled in a triangular stack which fits in corners and odd shaped fuselages; micro-mini toggle switch, Part Number 275-624A, SPST rated at 3A at 125VAC for battery shutoff; and submini roller lever switch (microswitch), Part Number 275-017A, SPDT rated at 5A at 125VAC, for shutoff of lead to points by servo.





Antique Flyer

September 1998

Contest Results

Photos of SAM 27 contest flight activity and TOFFF flying are located throughout this newsletter. Photos herein were taken by John Hlebcar and Dick O'Brien; each flyer is invited to take pictures and submit them to the A-F.

SCALE RUBBER CLUB EVENT

The SAM 27 Scale Rubber and Jimmie Allen Combined Contest Club Project was held on **August 1, 1998** at the Lakeville flying site. Attending this meet were Rod Persons, Buzz Passarino, Jerry Rocha, John Hlebcar, Remo Galeazzi, George Benson, Jerry and Phobi Long, Earl Hoffman, Bob May, Bill Dempsey, and Trevor Shiraishi. John Hlebcar submitted the following report: Not everyone flew but all enjoyed the really nice weather. Remo gifted his Baby Avro to Rod Persons, and his Udet Flamingo to Pete Samuelsen, and we all thought he was crazy to give away two such beautiful models. We soon discovered he was crazy like a fox as he settled down to enjoy the show as Rod and Pete kept running back and forth for test flights as the temperature rose.

Winners for flight times closest to their three flight goals in Prez John's convoluted scoring system were: (1st Place) **Jerry Rocha** with his Earl Stahl Interstate Cadet, (2nd Place) **Jerry Long** with his 16" span Cessna from last year, and (3rd Place) **George Benson** with a 9" span Cessna (yes, that's 9").

Ed Hamler generated a random number "Quick Pick" of 29 seconds on his computer for the SAM 27 "Lotto Flight Time" Award. The closest to the magic number was **John Carlson** with a 21 second (two actually) time on his Peanut-size UH-7.



The Concourse was won by the Baby Avro earning a Cleveland kit of the Great Lakes Sport Trainer for **Remo** (Editor:

Kit M-1 from the 50s; this was Packard's first C-D 3/4" kit in the Cleveland line, originally issued as the 2T-1 Model kit in 1929, numbered as Kit SF-1E, the very first in a line of several hundred kits. The kit was also issued as SF-1G for the revised Great Lakes 2T-1A, a very rare kit today. Capt. Holden Richardson, USNR, Director of Engineering at Great Lakes helped Packard produce the kit. Info courtesy of article by Herman Schreiner.) All prizes for the contest were scale kits of some sort or another which were beginning to gather dust in Prez John's shop (don't worry, I kept the really nice ones for myself.)

SAM 27 SPECIAL RUBBER MEET

The Special Rubber Meet was held on **July 25th** at the Lakeville flying site. Contestants, including many junior participants, were Richard Elmore, Rocco Ferrario, Lynn Price, Norm Smith, Jim Dammuller, Harvey Lance, Alex Myers, Tracy Wong, Jag Singh, Eric Reed, Kelvin Wong, Mike William, Heman Lee, Jerry Rocha, Rick Madden, John Hlebcar, Bill Langenberg, Eric Reed, Rod Persons, Fred Emmert, Trevor Shiraishi, Ray McGowan, Stu Bennett, Jerry Long, Phobi Long, George Benson and John Carlson; quite an impressive turnout! The results are as follows:

☐ HAND LAUNCH GLIDER (Catapult) (Combined)

1st	Alex Myers	226 seconds
2nd	Richard Elmore	153
3rd	Norm Smith	132

☐ O.T. SMALL RUBBER

1st	Stu Bennett	600 seconds
2nd	Ray McGowan	395
3rd	Bill Langenberg	360

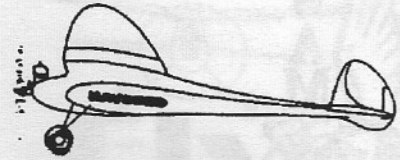
☐ P-30

1st	Rocco Ferrario	334 seconds
2nd	Rod Persons	238
3rd	John Dammuller	2 (ouch!!)

☐ .020 REPLICA and 1/4a NOSTALGIA (Combined)

1st	Jerry Rocha	292 seconds
2nd	John Hlebcar	227
3rd	Bill Langenberg	Attempt

There were fifteen entries in HLG, ten entries in O.T. Small Rubber, four competitors in P-30 and four contestants in .020 Replica and 1/4A Nostalgia combined. Congratulations to all and everyone's thanks to CD **Jerry Rocha**. The **Junior Champion** for the meet was **Alex Myers** who took first place in the Hand Launch Glider event.



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SCALE RUBBER MEET



(From Upper Left, Clockwise): Pete Samuelsen showing Remo's Udet Flamingo; George Benson holding his beautiful Ford 2-AT "Air Transport" (Notice lack of registration numbers - there were none in 1925); Wing of the Ford 2-AT showing George's meticulously applied corrugation; The gathering of contestants; Remo Galeazzi holding his scale Avro Baby and Flamingo; John Hlebcar showing his fixed gear OS2U Kingfisher; The lineup of Concours models; (Insert) The Kingfisher in-flight at 3,000 feet (O.K., so it was lower).



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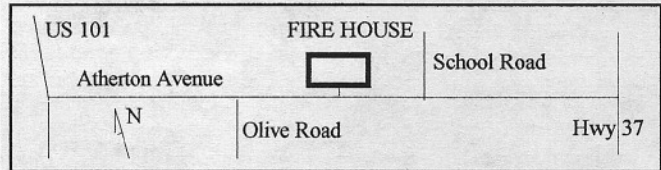
MEMBERSHIP

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.

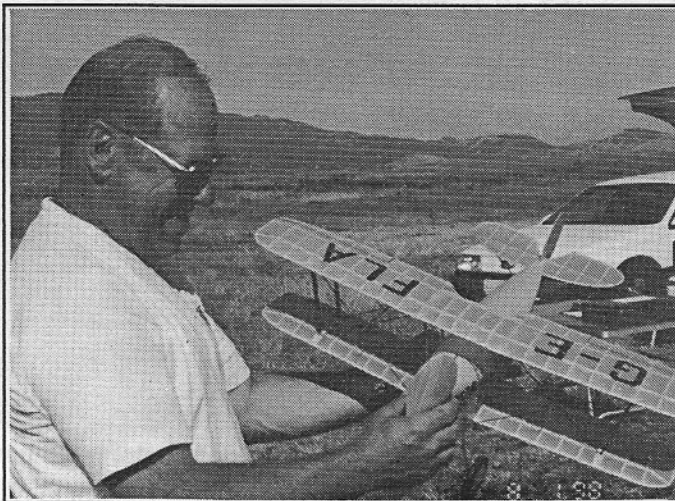


**Next Meeting: Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1998
7:30 P.M. at the Novato Fire Department
Training Room**

Antique Flyer

353 Las Casitas Court, Sonoma, CA 95476

September 1998



Remo Galeazzi's Baby Avro which took first place in the SAM 27 Scale Rubber contest Concours. Held by Rod Persons who was gifted the model by Remo. See article and photos on the August 4th contest results in this Antique Flyer.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

TO: