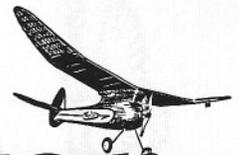




Antique Flyer



AMA Chapter #108

Summer II 2006

Issue 252

AT THE MEETINGS

Submitted by Mike Clancy, President

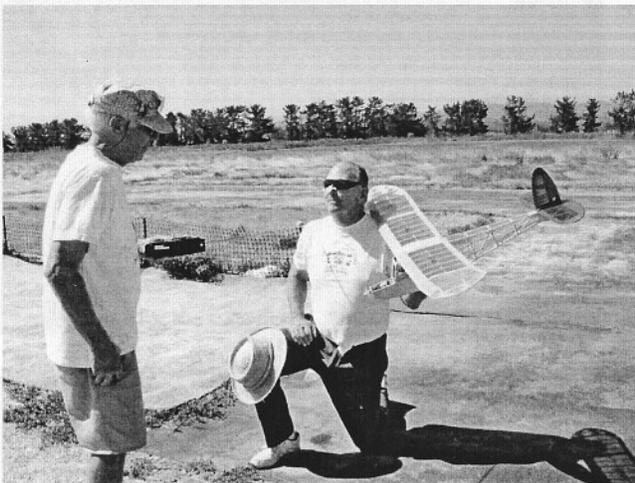
The August 16, 2006 meeting was called to order at 7:03 p.m. There were 19 members present and no visitors.

New member **John Trumbull** was introduced. It was noted that John has been flying on Thursdays and had never been knighted into the honorable order of TOFFF. **Don Bekins** will do the honors tomorrow. Photo of John at Lakeville below. The minutes of the previous meeting were accepted as published.

There was no treasurer's report as the treasurer was absent. It was reported that our treasurer was recently seen making large purchases at RC Country and shortly thereafter at the Mexicana Airlines ticket office.

Officers and CD's reports Mike Clancy gave a contest report on the Small Rubber meet. Attendance was down but everyone had a great time. The weather was perfect. We even made some money. **Andy Tickle** gave a report on the Electric Texaco practice. Times were good. We should have a good turnout and good performances at the contest. **Nick Kelez** reported that the scale contest has been postponed and will take place at the Crash and Bash.

Terry Ketten brought flyers with information and a map for **John Hlebcar's** memorial picnic on Aug. 26. See p. 9.



John Trumbull receives the coveted knighthood as he is inducted into the honorable order of TOFFF by the chief knight himself, **Don Bekins**. The location is the Lakeville flying site, also known as TOFFFshire.



Jerry Rocha shows his NATS winning Sport Speed 21 model.

Old Business: **Ed Hamler** reported on how he acquired the carpeting now located at the field. We will have a work party on Thursday. Ed Hamler will bring carpet knives, Mike Clancy will bring spikes, and Andy Tickle will bring hammers. **Andy Tickle** discussed the use of the frequency pins. **Ed Solenberger** discussed eyestrain and neck pain associated with looking up at the sky for long periods. **Ed Hamler** apologized for not having a color brochure on the Crash and Bash this year but did present a perfectly adequate black and white version.

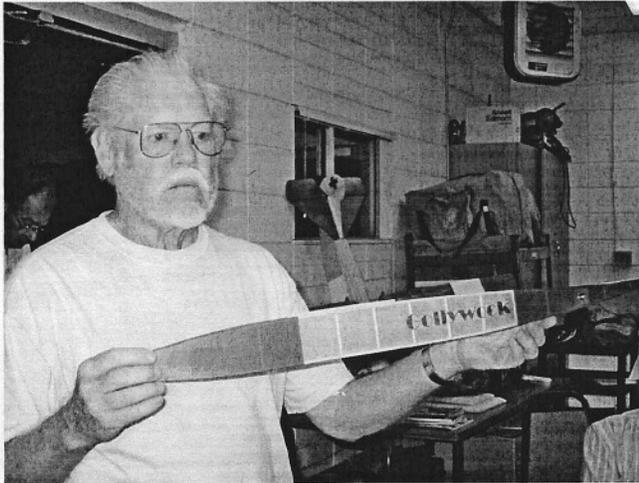
New Business: **Ed Hamler** showed his excellently packaged Fokker D-VIII ready for transport to Muncie for the SAM Champs. **Bill Vanderbeek** will take the planes of anyone who wants to send them to Muncie for the SAM Champs. Even planes that do not fly there can be judged for concours appearance. Bill will be leaving on Sept. 4. The SAM Champ dates are from Sept. 11-15. **Andy** reported that he still had some slide shows we have not seen. **Mike Clancy** said that we will see them later in the year when flying activities slow down. Mike wants to get **Anthony Ferrario** and his kids to do some presentations. **Bill Vanderbeek** gave a report on the free flight NATS. **Bill** and **Bud Romak** did well. Bill showed a couple of the trophies they won.

Presentation: On short notice, **Jerry Rocha** agreed to do a presentation on his successful NATS appearance and CL speed fling in general. He did a very interesting presentation featuring his winning Sport Speed .21 model. Most interesting was how he arrived at his desired fuel tank shape and capacity. Jerry is a very accomplished speed flyer, a meticulous builder and holds at least one AMA speed record. See the photo above and info on page 7.

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At the Meetings - continued.

Show and Tell: Ed Solenberger reported that all ten of the Gollywock kits were sold. He showed us a nicely built fuselage of one of them. He then showed a very fine balsa stripper. It will strip wood for indoor models down to .018" sq. Ed shows his red and white Gollywock fuselage below.

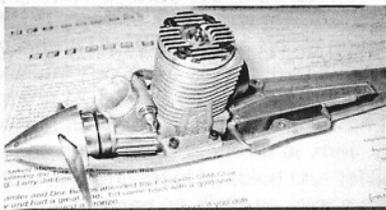


Mike Clancy showed his new prop carving knife purchased from Woodcraft in Santa Rosa. Mike said that as a youngster he could never easily carve a prop because he never had the right tools. Now it is fairly easy.

Andy Tickle showed his almost a Fokker D-8, he called it a D-9. The modified plane is powered by a nice running O.S. LA .46 with muffler. It weighs 41/2 lbs. It has added wing span and the wing taper has been lessened for easier handling. It also features some of Andy's rubber band features such as a collapsible landing gear. Photo below.



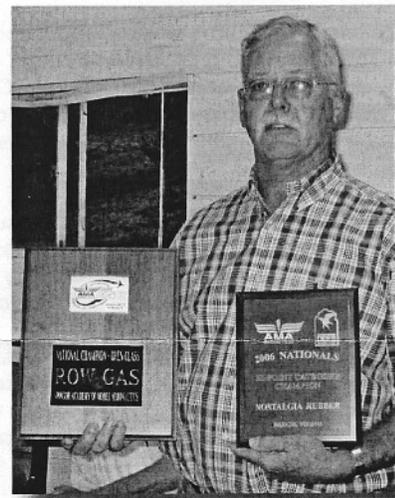
Due to the lack of raffle prizes and raffle tickets there was no raffle. The meeting was adjourned at 8:58. A bull session followed.



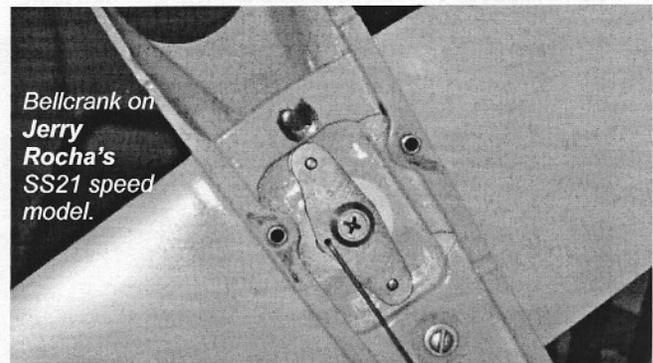
Jerry Rocha's SS21 CS/GZ049 powerplant



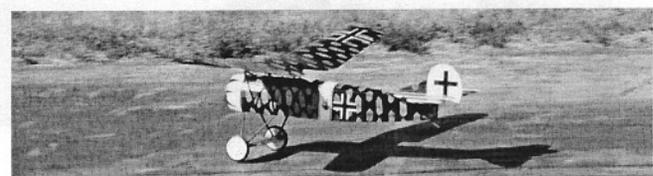
Some of the perpetrators at the August SAM 27 meeting.



Bill Vanderbeek shows some trophies from the free flight NATS that he and Bud Romak took home.



Bellcrank on Jerry Rocha's SS21 speed model.



John Carlson's nifty Fokker takes to the air with a smooth lift-off. Powered by mysterious forces emanating from a brick of nickel and cadmium.

SMALL RUBBER MEET RESULTS - JULY 15

By Mike Clancy

The annual SAM 27 Small Rubber Contest was held July 15, 2006 at our Lakeville Road flying site. The weather was almost perfect for this event. It was a warm sunny day with almost no wind and thermals available for everyone.

The number of entrants was down this year because of several conflicting events. Several of our regular flyers were not able to attend because of prior commitments. CD **Jerry Rocha** was unable to attend and it took 3 people to fill his shoes. **Ed Solenberger, Dick Irwin and Mike Clancy** all helped to run the meet. **Rocco Ferrario** did show up with a group of junior flyers who did very well in their events and flew with great enthusiasm. Rocco and several of his kids will attend the NATS and the FF World Champs. I hope we get a thorough report on those events.

P-30 Rubber; 5 entries

- 1st Jim Johnson
- 2nd Chinmay Joju
- 3rd Lynn Price
- 4th Ed Solenberger
- 5th Loren Kramer



O.T. Small Rubber; 4 entries

- 1st Bill Langenhorn (3 maxes, won fly off)
- 2nd Ernst Johnson (3 maxes, 2nd in fly off)
- 3rd Bill Langenhorn
- 4th Craig Cusick



.020 Replica and 1/4A Nostalgia free flight; 4 entries

- 1st Jim Muther
- 2nd Sterling Davis
- 3rd Bill Langenhorn
- 4th Lynn Price



Hand Launch/Catapult Glider; 19 entries

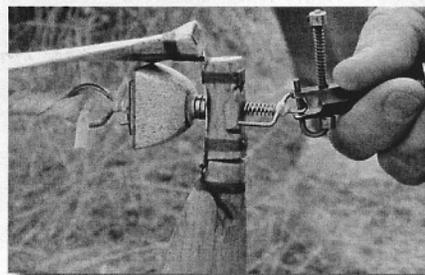
Adult flyers

- 1st Craig Cusick
- 2nd Scott Jackson
- 3rd Dick Irwin

Junior flyers

- 1st Anthony Ferrario
- 2nd Shane Smith
- 3rd Morgan Longstaff
- 4th Shane Smith (2nd entry)
- 5th Morgan Longstaff (2nd entry)
- 6th Alex Wielandt
- 7th Tyler Beierle
- 8th Anthony Ferrario (tie)
- 8th Chinmay Joju
- 10th Alex Wielandt

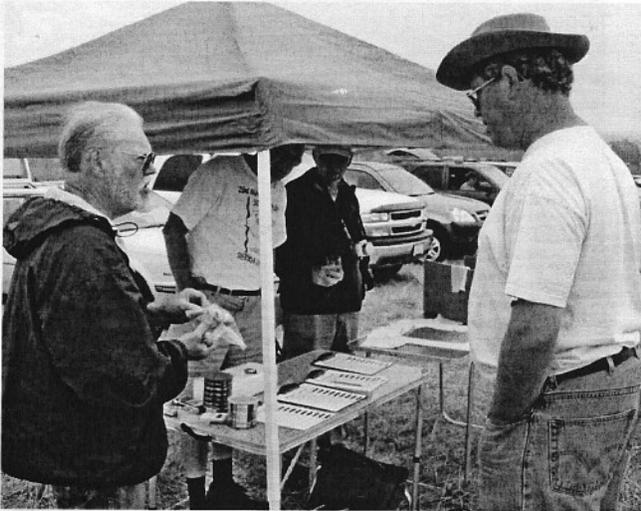
Other flyers were Olivia Longstaff, and Reed Gordon.





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SMALL RUBBER MEET



Seen at the meet



Antique Flyer

THE RED AND SILVER DH-4



Remo Galeazzi grew up in Marin County and roamed the marshes, witnessed history in the making, and was flying model airplanes before many SAMers threw off their diapers. Remo sent in the following tale that should remind us that there was life before freeways.

I came across this article that I had written for the EAA Chapter 124 newsletter many years ago. I thought it might be of interest to our SAM 27 members since many are acquainted with the area of which I write. I get several newsletters from various flying clubs - but the SAM 27 is still the best. I always enjoy reading it from cover to cover. Best regards, Remo Galeazzi.

Just as the ash from Vesuvius eventually covered Pompeii, the cinders of time have slowly fallen on the marshes of Kentfield, obliterating all of the old landmarks that I knew as a child. Perhaps there are some readers who remember some of the topography as it was before the land filling began and houses and buildings changed the old landscape to what it is now. I'll try to paint a quick picture of those days for those that do not remember in the hope that in doing so they can better visualize the setting for my tale.

Highway 101 ran from Sausalito, alongside Mill Valley, then over the grade to Corte Madera, Larkspur, Kentfield, San Anselmo, etc. The highway over Richardson Bay to Greenbrae and then to San Rafael came later. The land between Larkspur and the new 101 highway was all marsh as was all of the land between Larkspur and Kentfield proper. The electric trains which met the ferry boats at Sausalito ran more or less the same route as the old highway except between Mill Valley and Corte Maders where the train went underground through a long tunnel. They then ran to San Anselmo where the tracks forked, one fork going to San Rafael (where the Miracle Mile is now), the other going to Fairfax and on to Manor.

We used the train to go to high school in those days, a coupling of five of the orange cars which was called "The Special". It started at Manor and ended up at a siding at Tamalpais High School. From San Anselmo east all of the

kids went to San Rafael High, our arch rival. The way we used to fight at the ball games I suppose it would be more proper to have called them our "arch enemies."

I'd like to concentrate on the area just south of Kentfield, an area that was all marsh and tide canals all the way to Larkspur. In those times, everyone who worked in San Francisco commuted on the train to Sausalito, then ferryboated to the Ferry Building in SF, eventually reaching their destinations by streetcar. Between Larkspur and Kentfield existed the hamlet of Escalle, which was nothing more than a stop for the commuters who lived on the numerous houseboats that were sprinkled about the marsh. Elevated boardwalks radiated out from the stop at Escalle, and it was fun to watch the commuters wend their ways, sometimes by very tortuous routes, to their floating homes. It always reminded me of a parade of foraging ants crawling this way and that till they eventually found their proper nests. Across the tracks and across the old highway from Escalle was the settlement of Murray Park (I believe it's still called that). This was an early housing development west of the highways that was entered by a road that was flanked by a service station (Corrigan's Corner), and on the other by a building that looked like, to the discerning eye, an old time hangar. It had a rectangular structure on each end with an arch between with large sliding doors. In later years the building was occupied by the Banfield Rug Cleaning Co., but in those days it was used by Phil Murray, one of the early pioneering crop dusters. The last time I was by there, many years ago, the building was still standing. The airfield was located directly across the road and tracks from the hangar on the marshy ground beyond.

As a youngster, my friends and I made many pilgrimages to that hangar, and part of the fun was flaunting of our manliness and courage when vaulting the third rails that ran between the two sets of tracks. It was rumored that if one were to step on the third rail while keeping one foot on the ground, one would end up deader than a doornail. I've never learned if this was indeed the truth or not, but in retrospect, I don't doubt that it just might have been the case. The more knowledgeable among us opined that if one were to jump onto the third rail with both feet without any part of you touching the ground, nothing at all would happen. I never did get up the courage to try it, and I don't remember anyone else trying it, either.

Surprisingly, for all of those crossings that we kids made, nothing ever happened. Can you imagine anything akin to that happening today? If something had happened, I'd bet two bits to a quart of coon milk that society would have blamed the parents for raising such a dumb kid - today, the railroad would be blamed, no doubt!

Anyway, that old hangar held the stuff that most of my dreams were made of. It seemed that they were always working on wings, on an engine or some part of an airplane. When the refurbishing was done, the wings and parts were carried across the road and the tracks to the airfield where they would be reassembled into a complete airplane.

One of the aircraft that I remember quite vividly was a freshly

The Red and Silver DH-4 continued:

rebuilt Waco 10, resplendent in its new paint job, the fuselage and vertical tail in glistening white, the wings and horizontal tail in deep orange. After it was assembled on the field they fired up the OXS-5 engine that was so neatly cowled in the usual two-humped style that covered the two banks of cylinders. To this day, whenever I see one, I'm reminded of a well endowed lady. It was wonderful to see the wires vibrate and to hear the low, smooth rumble of those ninety horses, and even more wonderful to see the awesome beauty of the thing as it rose into the air.

But I want to tell you about the airplane that has remained embedded in my mind more than any other. I can still see it, even though it's been over sixty-five years since all of this has happened.

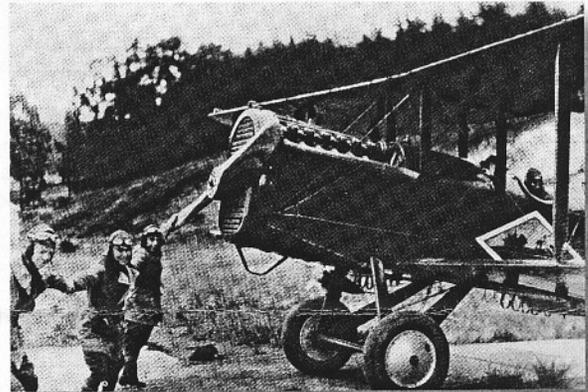
I had jumped the tracks as I had so many times before, with the sole interest of taking a look into the hangar, hoping to see some new activity. None of us had ever ventured into the hangar, you understand; we'd just meander around the open doors, peering into the vast interior, ogling the beautiful forms that we knew to be flying machines. Today's youngsters might feel the same reactions that we felt if they were to gaze upon a secret spaceship that they might have only read about.

At any rate, this day as I walked up to the large door I was amazed to see a very large fuselage, the wings and tail off, the skid propped up on a 50 gallon barrel, and the whole of it resting on a huge landing gear with the cross-axle bearing a pair of the largest wheels I had ever seen on an airplane! The engine was partly exposed in its cowling, and the radiator was easily twice as large as I had seen on any automobile. If I were to tell you that I immediately recognized it, you'd probably wonder how that could be, and maybe even feel that I was stretching things a bit. So I'll explain why I really did recognize it right away, even at that tender age. You see, all of our heroes in those days, with perhaps the exception of Lindbergh and Wiley Post, were mostly all aces from the World War. The models we built then were of that era, and the literature that we read about flying was all about these World War pilots and their airplanes. The exploits of Phineas Pinkham were real to me, and I knew for sure that G-8 and his flying aces didn't just push the rudder bar, they kicked it! So when I looked into that hangar, I knew I was looking at a genuine, bonafide, bigger-than-life, de Havilland Four! And I knew that big hunkin' engine sitting up there was a Liberty V-12 that put out 400 h.p., which was a lot more horses than I'd ever seen before sitting in one place. I figured planes like that existed only in the war stories that I'd been reading, but here I was actually seeing one in the flesh.

In later years I was fortunate in that I was able to see many renowned artifacts that impressed me no end, but I can still relive the excitement of those first few moments of discovery when I first saw that DH-4. I've seen and climbed the Leaning Tower of Pisa, I've ridden a gondola in Venice, I've been to the top of St. Peters, I've seen the Eiffel Tower and craned my neck in the Sistine Chapel and even took a leak

on a 2000 year old wall in Pompeii - but seeing that D.H.4 has got to rank right alongside with the big ones.

I trudged several miles every few days after that to watch the progress being made on that impressive airplane. They had started to paint it, finally, and my visits were even more frequent after that. I arrived one day after school to see all of the parts hanging from the rafters, all freshly painted - the wings and tail were silver, and the fuselage a pretty shade of dark red. I could see that the men were hustling about, already starting to assemble the parts that were strewn about the place. The weekend was just coming up, and I felt that the timing would be just right. I could spend all day Saturday watching them put the craft together and maybe even get to see it fly!



Well, I was almost right about the timing, for when I got to the field Saturday morning the workers had already put the DH-4 together and were working on the rigging. The DH-4 is a large airplane and incorporates two bay wings which involves a lot of wires and turnbuckles to fool with. Even the control wires working the rudder and elevator were exposed and needed a lot of adjustment and tweeking. I spent all morning watching the men work, and even though the noon-day hunger pangs tortured my insides, I didn't dare leave for fear of missing something. Finally towards the late afternoon it appeared that the men were finished with their formidable job. I had watched as a couple of the men kept carrying five gallon cans from the hangar out to the field and finally realized after seeing one man with one foot on a ladder, the other on the leading edge of the lower wing that they had been hauling gasoline out to fuel the plane.

I was fascinated as the man kept pouring can after can through a chamois stretched across a funnel as though the tank was bottomless. When this was accomplished a man started to pull the enormous prop through, one cylinder at a time. A man, who I presumed was the pilot, climbed up into the rear cockpit and started pushing and pulling a few things for awhile, then apparently satisfied that everything was alright, nodded his head as if to indicate that he was ready. Now, the two men that were standing in front of the plane, positioned themselves alongside of the prop, one man grasping the blade near the tip with one hand, and with the other grabbed the outstretched hand of the man standing near. One man hooped "contact!" while both moved in uni-

The Red and Silver DH-4 continued:

son to pull the great propeller smartly through one compression stroke. There was a "hiss" but nothing happened. This procedure was repeated several times, but to no avail. I saw the men come together and watched as they talked, apparently planning their next move. One of them walked around the wing and talked to the pilot for a while, then moved back to the propeller. This time he started to pull the propeller through with as much force as he could muster, and each time he did so he kept cocking his head as though listening for a certain sound. After a few pulls he called the other man over and they assumed the original position near the propeller. After one man yelled "contact!" they both pulled in unison and again the prop went smartly through the compression stroke only this time the engine seemed to erupt! First, great globs of black smoke billowed out of each stack but soon that disappeared and was replaced by great daggers of yellow flame, each flame plainly visible with every beat of the pistons, all twelve of them. I was absolutely astounded! I had never heard such a fearsome rumble and the soft marshy earth transmitted the throbbing reverberations to the very soles of my feet.

The pilot gave a nod and the men pulled the chocks out from those giant wheels, and as he advanced the throttle the ground shook even more. The great plane was moving now, and as the pilot slowly turned downwind I could see that the tailskid was leaving a black, shiny track as it slid over the white, salt-encrusted surface, chasing the airplane as though it was a snake intent on devouring the empennage, but not quite able to catch up to it. When the pilot got to the edge of the strip, he blasted the throttle and swung the red and silver DH-4 into the wind. He let the engine idle for some time, probably letting the water temperature rise to its proper value. Then, satisfied that everything was in order, he slowly opened the throttle full blast and the sound of those 400 horses unleashed thrilled me to the core. The tail lifted almost immediately and as the plane came abreast of us I saw the spinning wheels leave the ground, the throbbing of the giant engine not so pronounced now that the connection between it and me no longer existed.

It was late in the afternoon by now, and the horizon was turning a soft pink, and as the craft flew into the evening it seemed to blend with the fading light, and suddenly it was gone. I never saw it again, and yet, I see it all the time.

Thanks to **Remo** for giving us this glance back at some of the everyday aviation history of Marin County.



Earl Cayton, a control line speed buff himself, and a record holder, sent in some pages from the *Speed Times*, the SIG magazine for speed fliers. The Contest Report from the July 10-14, 2006 Muncie NATS shows **Jerry Rocha** taking **First Place in Class 21 SS** with a speed of 153.968 mph putting him in the coveted 21 Sport Speed 150 M.P.H. Club.. Jerry also won the .21 Sport Speed class at the Northwest Regionals in May with a conventional layout model powered by a CS/GZ 049; in addition he won the 1/2A Speed and 1/2A Proto Speed. Congratulations Jerry.



CORRESPONDENCE

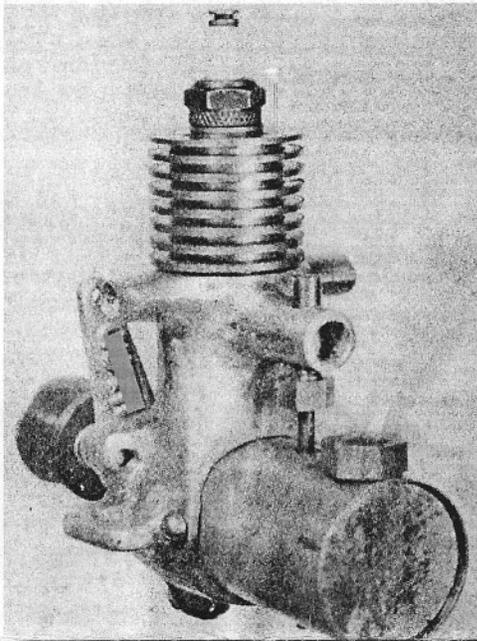
Earl Cayton sent in the following photo and comments:



I just received the latest issue of SAM SPEAKS with the 2/3 scale P-40, built and flown by Ross Grady, on the cover. This reminded me of an old snapshot taken of me at the Salem, Oregon airport in 1950. In the lower right is a P-40E Warhawk owned by Leo Demers, a local fixed base operator, purchased from a broker who bought a large barge full of surplus warbirds from Canada to Seattle. Leo was a veteran pilot but had never flown a fighter and no pilots manual came with it. He knew that I had been an instructor pilot in P-40s during WWII so he asked me to fly it from Seattle and then check him out in the plane. He had a lot of fun with the Warhawk before selling it to the Confederate Air Force in Texas. It used 60 gallons of high test gas per hour which was tough on the pocket book! In the foreground, I'm holding a speed model with only a 15 1/2" span that I had "stuffed" a McCoy 60 into! It proved to me that small was not necessarily faster but it did hold the West Coast (WAM) speed record for a while. Sincerely, **Earl**.



MYSTERY ENGINE



Earl Cayton found this photo in a 1965 publication. The article stated that there had been three of these found in the San Francisco area so it may be a locally built engine which appears to be of pre-war design. Yes, you can read a name on the timer arm casting so I've blanked it out. The size is about equivalent to a Madewell 14. Have any information on what it is or where it was made?



Ed Hamler's new secret design for SAM Pure Antique. Of proper vintage, this design is from 1936. With a high wing, not-quite-a-biplane design, this antique is powered by one of Ed's "unmodified" McCoy's. He carefully reviewed the SAM rules and can find no requirement that the "pilot" has to stay on the ground with the radio, so he is carrying the radio aloft to be close to the model - of course, the radio is just to listen to country western as Ed will serve as receiver and servos. In addition, this new concept will guarantee that the model will never get lost. No doubt, this excursion around the rules will probably engender changes in the next rule cycle. Stick and tissue with a wee bit of carbon fiber.



Everything flies at TOFFF. Here Mike Clancy launches a state of the art competition sailplane. Plane was built in a defunct MIG factory in Czechoslovakia.

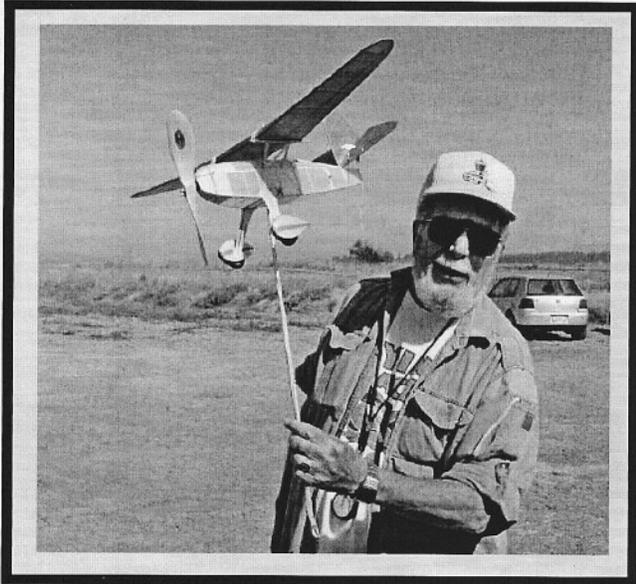


Our latest Fokker D-8. John Carlson's nice example. Very rare color scheme-but accurate



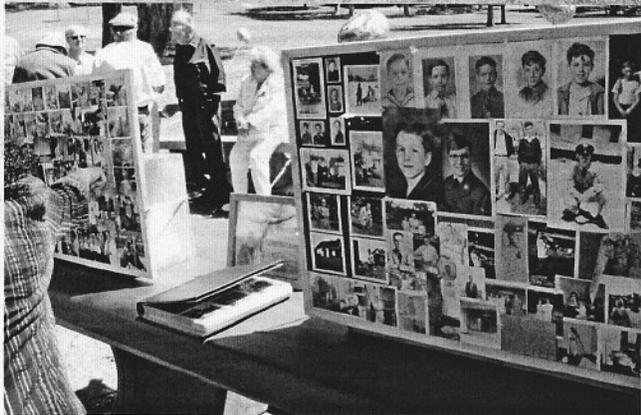
Visitor Tom Ball (seated) is a friend of Mike Clancy. He lives in Sacramento and belongs to the Sacramento Valley Soaring Society. Tom brought his Fokker D-8, New Ruler another old timer and a sport ship. All on electric. Tom flew A.J. Fireballs in the middle east when he was stationed there in the '40's.

IN MEMORIAM



John Hlebcar 1934-2006

The photos below are of the picnic tables at the **John Hlebcar** memorial picnic in Vallejo. Attending were many family members, friends, and a good sized contingent from SAM 27. It was quite a nice event. John will be sorely missed by his friends at SAM 27. A member profile was run in the Winter 2002 issue of the Antique Flyer.



AMONG THE MODEL MAKERS



Paul Stober with his 1932 Gordon Light Wakefield rubber powered ship



This delighted young flyer was actually happy with his our-of-sight catapult glider flight - heck, it was a MAX! Here he shows the result of that flight - no plane, great memory.



Nick Kelez posing with his very nice electric scale Taylorcraft.



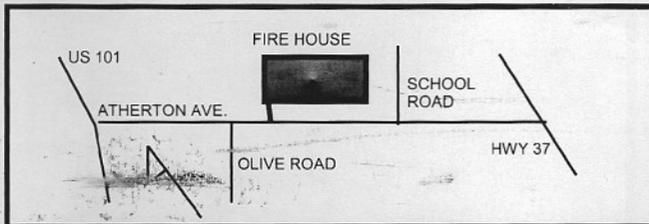
AMA Chapter #108 OFFICERS

- President** - mikelsfv@comcast.net
 Mike Clancy (415) 897-2917
 2018 El Dorado Court
 Novato, CA 94947
- Vice President** - sonomarchobbies@yahoo.com
 Richard Beck (707) 938-9765
 20091 Broadway St.
 Sonoma, CA 95476
- Secretary** - vr21jrb@aol.com
 Jay Beasley (415) 456-9520
 104 Robinhood Drive
 San Rafael, CA 94901
- Treasurer**
 Jay Beasley (415) 456-9520
 104 Robinhood Drive
 San Rafael, CA 94901
- Contest Director** - ehamler@comcast.net
 Ed Hamler (707) 255-3547
 3379 Crystal Court
 Napa, CA 94558
- Official Photographer**
 Mike Clancy (415) 897-2917
 2018 El Dorado Court
 Novato, CA 94947
- Editor** - collectair@verizon.net
 Steve Remington (805) 560-1323
 1324 De La Vina Street cell (408) 828-2810
 Santa Barbara, CA 93101

- RECORDING SECRETARY** Various
- JUNIOR O/T PROGRAM** Rocco Ferrario (707) 258-1705
- RAFFLEMASTER** Richard Beck (707) 938-9765
- FIELD ENGINEER** Hap Miller (707) 833-5905
- DEPUTY FIELD ENGR** Mike Sidwell (707) 528-8268
- WEBMASTER** Ned Nevels (707) 255-7047
- DEPUTY WEBMASTER** Larry Jobbins (415) 883-3882
- RACE MARSHAL** Hap Miller (707) 833-5905

MEMBERSHIP

Membership dues (for 2006) are based on the class of membership; the Full membership includes flying privileges at Lakeville and voting rights for only \$25. Associate membership includes the newsletter and meetings only for \$15. Dues are payable January 1st. 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 Jay Beasley, Treasurer. Make checks payable to SAM 27.



Meetings: The Third Wednesday,
 Each Month, 7:30 p.m. at the Novato
 Fire Department Training Room

Antique Flyer

104 Robinhood Drive, San Rafael, CA 94901



Summer II 2006

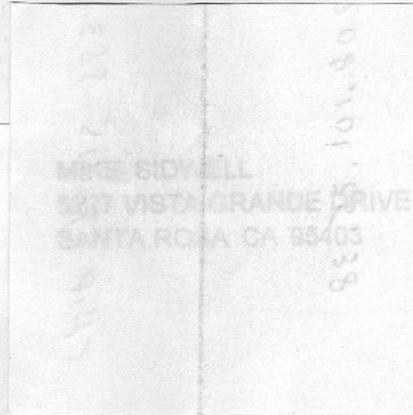


Gale Wagner with another giant lightweight rubber ship.
 A double size Jimmy Allen Bluebird



FIRST CLASS MAIL

TO:



More than half of the coastline of the entire United States is in Alaska.

