

Model Flying Hawkes Bay



Club Newsletter #152 Sept'23

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Oct	MFHB Activity Calendar 2023
Sun 1st	1st Sunday CLUB BARBECUE
Sun 8	Club Sunday Awatoto Barbie Raindate
Tues 10	Committee meeting MFHB.
Wed 11	CLUB NIGHT. 3D PRINTING DEMO National Services Club Hastings
Fri13/14 /Sun15	Glider Tow Aorangi Road Field
Sun 15	Club Sunday Awatoto Field
Sun 27	Club Sunday Awatoto Field
Nov	*****NOVEMBER 2023*****
Wed 22 Nov	Big Plane Fundraising AUCTION Clubnite. National Services Club Hastings. Details to be Advised

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NDC VINTAGE & SOARING October 2023

Oct 23	155	VINT	RC Vintage Open Tex
Oct 23	156	VINT	RC Classical 1/2E Tex
Oct 23	157	VINT	RC Classical E Tex
Oct 23	433	SOAR	ALES 123 Class N
Oct 23	434	SOAR	ALES Radian Class P
Oct 23	435	SOAR	F3K Tasks B,D,G,H
Oct 23	436	SOAR	FAI F5J, 4 Rounds

Contributors to this issue; Brett Robinson / Barrie Russell / Marty Hughes / Joe Wurts / Mike A / Kevin Botherway / Clive Baker / Chris Tutton / Phil Sharp / Stu Sturge / Bernard Scott / Ash / Graham Dawson / Robert Lockyer / E & OE....

Big Red showing his worth at the working bee adding some muscle to the fence stripping.



From the Editor's Desk;

Greeting's All,

A bit of a bumper issue thanks to all who have contributed and made this editor's life easier and worthwhile. We have the usual reporting on Club activity and our regular features from Marty, Clive, Rowdy and Phil still working his magic. Something a bit different this month with a great report from Joe Wurts on his Cross Country Soaring adventure in the States.

Note, we are re-instating our 1st Sunday in the month Club Barbecues starting Sunday 1st October with rain date the following Sunday, come and enjoy a sausage or one of Marty's hamburgers. Bring a plane too of course. Also this month we have an exciting Clubnite at which Graham Dawson is going to talk about his 3D printing exploits together with some demonstration. Wednesday 11th October.

Some nostalgia again from Bernard and a delve into my old picture files. I hope you enjoy the read and look forward to your contributions for the next issue.

Barrie the editor. mfbh. Sept 2023

Prez Sez.



How can this be October already? It's been 7 months since Gabrielle tried to take us out. It's great that things are happening. The field is very flyable, The Club shed is well on its way and the perimeter fences are in progress.

Thanks to all who came to the working bee a couple of weeks ago. Many hands make light work.

As you know, Derek Whelan stood down as our club Captain due to commitments outside the club. I'm pleased to announce that Rob Mitchell was voted in by the committee as our new club Captain effective immediately. If you don't know who Rob is, he's the handsome man at the field most Sundays putting his 3D Helicopter through

manoeuvres that defy all the laws of physics. Please support Rob in this role as he will be keeping an eye on the safety of our members and insuring, we use common sense to keep our selves and fellow members safe. If you're breaking the rules and you get pulled up by Rob, he has the full support of the committee. (Does this mean I now have to fly below 400 feet??) Just asking for a friend !!

For the months of October and November, I'm tied up with work commitments over the weekend, so you won't see me at the field on Sundays. On the flip side I'm looking forward to doing some Mid-week flying.

Happy Flying,

Marty Hughes. President MFHB

CLUB NIGHT WEDNESDAY 11TH October 2023.

National Services Club, HASTINGS.

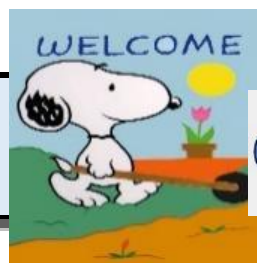
Agenda;

- **Doors open** 7.00pm
- **Club meeting** 7.30pm
- **3D Printing Demonstration and address. 7.45.**
Graham Dawson will be giving a presentation on his 3D printing experiences, Graham is an accomplished model builder and pilot and has a number of 3D printed aircraft flying very successfully. Eg; the Sabre below.
This will be an informative and interesting evening and should not be missed in this age of bytes and digits and 3-D Printing.
- **Supper** to follow.



Mark your calendars NOW !!

CLUB ACTIVITY September '23



Sunday 3rd September;

"Spring is sprung, the grass is riz, I wonder where the members iz ?"

I guess not a bad turnout for the first Sunday in Spring 2023, the conditions under foot and in the air could not have been better, and with **President Marty's** hamburger barbecue in operation, it was an idyllic start to the new season.

Good to see **Ray McPeake** out and about having changed his membership to Associate and keeping in touch. Talking here to **John Clarke** who brought out his electric twin.



Father and Son duo, **Norris and David Kenwright** were having some fun with **Norris's** trainers and **David** spent some time boring some skilful holes in the sky with his DA70 twin powered Mamba.



Clockwise from Top Left; The **Hughes' Clan Tiger**, magnificent as ever, grounded today because of a dodgy aileron servo. / **Vic** had his electrified **Leprechaun** getting good air time / **Dave C** and **Mikes S** powering up **Dave's Cessna**, flies well but heavyish so rather quick for a primary trainer. / **Marty** and **Rob** had a ball with their **Carbon Cub** / And Lo and behold, **Mike Harris** brought out his **Trojan** and had some good flying time under **Mike S's** eye.

Sunday 10th, another glorious day and a better turnout thanks to **Marty's** exhortations ! Just a steady light (Coolish) easterly down the strip all day and the field was in magnificent condition **thanks Lance**, as long as you didn't dwell on the surrounding infra-structure. **Working Bee** next weekend.

An interesting mix of aircraft and plenty of air time by most pilots. Several visitors and a couple interesting



characters, these two non- flying **Muppets** were on hand to offer comment and view the proceedings.



Marty had his Gasser air force out for a blast, he loves that sound and is considering using an even noisier prop on the P-47 and issuing ear muffs to all onlookers !

Kim Clarke joined us for a morning's flying, having borrowed **Dominic's** GP123cc powered Pilot Extra, great model and pilot. **Dave C** brought out his Cub trainer, but motor problems beset his best efforts, so back to the test bench.



Pits views facing East and West. I think I provided the most entertainment of the day with the three test flights of my Banshee drone model. Flight #1 once I got it off the dolly on full power it went vertical and then I lost it overhead in the sun, and eventually located it with the help of onlookers and managed to get it down in a delta parachute type landing onto the strip with little damage other than a couple of creases in the port wing. Conferring with Phil, we decided it needed reduced aileron throws and a lot more down thrust on the motor. Flight #2 was more successful though again lost it overhead in the sun for a few scary seconds ! but very sensitive and still climbing under power and the consensus now was the CG need to go forward. Flight #3 with 6 ounces of lead in the nose was much improved and it tracked well and after a five minute flight managed to get down on the runway reasonably close in front of myself. More trimming needed, and control throws adjusting as well as some more down thrust (which at the rear end is actually up thrust !) Confusing aye, watch this space !!

How wonderful to have some “Club Activity” again at Awatoto Field. We will prevail !!

Sunday 17th. Working Bee. Blowing 50 Bast**ds out there, good turnout of some 26 members with a couple of apologies and few away, who were on the job early. By 11.00am they had all the old fencing pulled out and disposed of and the waratahs and strainers collected. What a bonus having **Big Red** and his driver **Lance**, and also **Tony Ward** with **Little Red** making light work of a very big job. We finished the morning with a tea, coffee and club sausage sizzle which was well received, thanks for all the hard work Guys. When we left, **Lance** was still guiding Big Red around the fence line, grading the area ready for the new fence installation.

Needless to say there was no flying with a gale blowing across the stopbank. However, **Marty** managed to get the Tiger Moth fired up to test the new aileron servos and all was well. She took a bit of holding down even in the shelter of the truck ! The following pictures taken by **Marty** give an idea of the progress being made.....



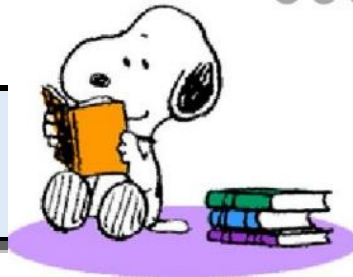


Working Bee activity followed by a late morning barbecued sausage get together to say “Thanks” to members for all the hard work demolishing the old fence line and preparing the ground for the new.



Checked up on the Shed rebuild,, some progress being made with much of the new clubroom lining now in place. Once the new garage door arrives and the outside sheathing is in place, we should be in back residence again soon.

Info and Things September 2023



This is something that one never wants to see, it only happens to other people. Well **Stu and Trish Sturge** recently suffered the fate of a fire, totally destroying their garage and **Stu's** workshop and all that was contained therein; **Trish's** car, bikes, tools and **ALL** his modelling gear (100 years of collectables !!)

No ! It wasn't as a result of **Stu** charging his Lipos, the source of the fire was traced to their electric bikes on charge in the garage. Let this be a



warning to us all, with so much electrical/storage/chargeable gear in our homes these day, none of us is immune. As **Robert** our "Electrotech" says, better quality gear, better electrical protection. **Stu** is insured

and hopes to have re-building under way before the end of the year. In the meantime he is setting up a building board for "Clean" aeroplanes inside the house, **Ta Trish**.

AROUND the BUILDING BOARDS Sept'23



Chris Tutton has sent in some pictures of his new planes coming into the hangar.



The EDF jet is a Freewing Avanti S and it is ready for a maiden, it runs on 6s. The other is the Eflite V1200 which is the bigger version of my V900 and it has retracts so no more hand launches. Cheers. **Chris**.

New for old, **Nev Fargher** has been busy restoring the late **Jeff Clarkson's** Beaver back to static glory for an ex-top dressing pal. It won't fly again, but will hang around for some time to come !



You know, our President Marty is such a thoughtful fellow, this almost brings tears to my eyes !!

Marty writes; So Simone and I have been looking for a centrepiece for the dining room table for a while now and couldn't agree on what would look good, so when I came across this for sale, I knew it would look great. As I've always worked on the idea that it's better to seek forgiveness than permission, I went ahead and purchased it.

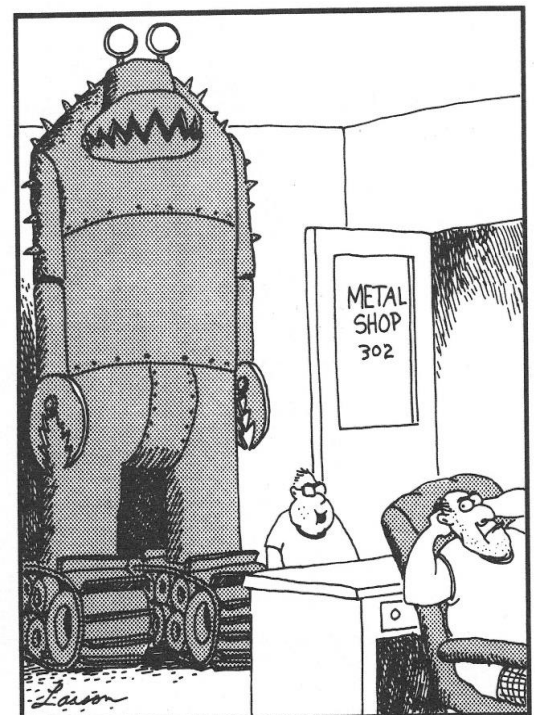


It's an 81 inch T28 Trojan running a DLE55. A stunning plane. After a few mods in the JC workshop I'm looking forward to filling the sky above Awatoto.

Doesn't that make you feel all goosey all over ? ED.



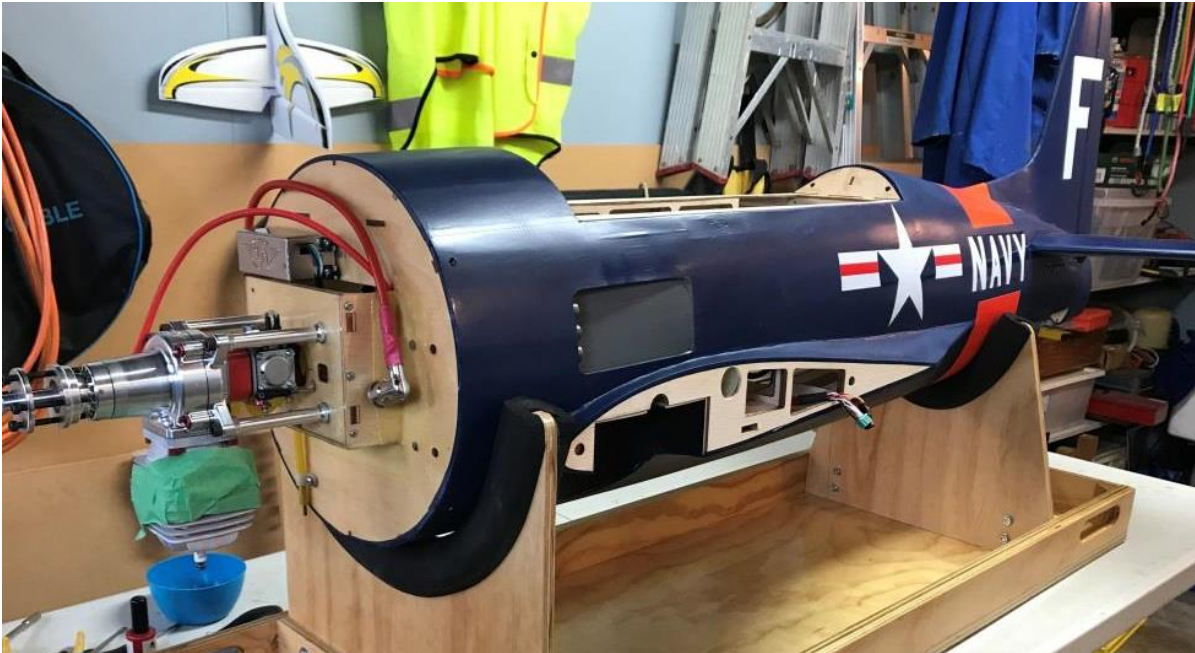
Good to know CLUBBAS are alive and well, **Anthony** has had a burst of enthusiasm in my workshop and we've cut three sets of foam wing cores, moulded cowlings, pulled new canopies and laid up a sheet of undercarriage blank. The skies are going to be teeming Clubbas again soon ! **Ed.**



"My project's ready for grading, Mr. Big Nose. ... Hey! I'm talkin' to YOU, squidbrain!"

Rob Lockyer reports on his long term Bearcat project;

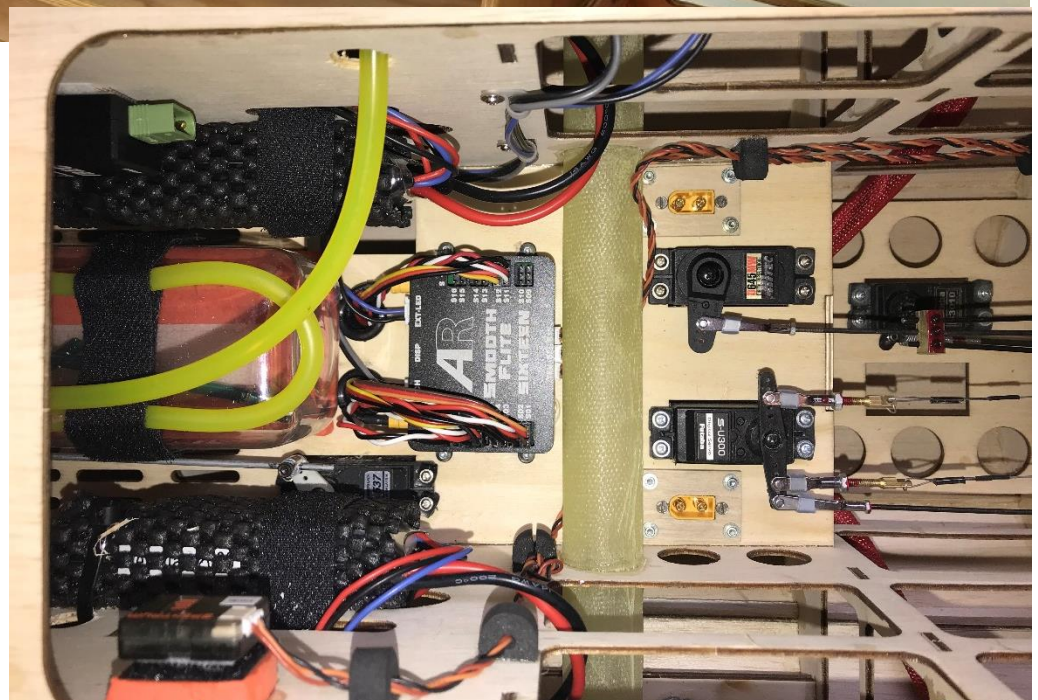
Here are a couple of photos of the Bearcat. A 71" ARF, from Seagull, powered by a DA-35.



I have fitted an Advanced Smooth Flite power expander and gyro system and looking forward to seeing how it performs. It has been very slow progress to date. I think I started it way back in 2020, however getting very close now.

The latest addition be a decent stand for transport and assembly.

Regards,
Rob Lockyer.



Marty's "Members' Workshops" #13 Sept



What has Marty got for you this month ? Marty writes;

So this month I didn't actually get into a members workshop but asked my good friend and fellow member Ryan Groves from Wellington to send me some shots of him, his favourite model and some of his model collection.

Ryan being a cunny funt sent me this first photo.

Marty: Haha that's funny bro but I'm going to use that photo of you and your massive aircraft and everyone will see it!!

Ryan: LOL

Marty: Send me some of the good stuff you Jet Junkie.

Members, You may have seen **Ryan** at WarBirds flying the Blue Flash jet at speeds of over 300kmh . He's a very relaxed and confident pilot who makes it look easy.

Marty: so Mate , how did you get into this crazy hobby of ours?



Ryan: Like many of us I was born into it and grew up flying with my Father.

Marty: So what sort of stuff do you like to fly Mate.

Ryan : I would fly a phone book if I could but I fly Helis, Fixed wing and Jets. I love the speed of the Jets. The faster the better.

Marty: What about drones or quad copters or multi rotor stuff or what ever you call them these days?

Ryan: Oh yeah that little thig called my day job ?? I forgot about that. Yes I work for a company that contract me to operate drones for all sorts of surveying stuff. I'm all over the country doing this .

Marty: So you get paid to do what you love ?? That's pretty cool.

Ryan: I also own and run a little company that trains drone pilots on all aspects. Such and photographers, Real estate agents, Farmers and any one who needs to be able to operate a drone.

Marty: Sounds like your living the dream mate. Need to get yourself up to Awatoto for some Jet time.

Ryan: For sure . Won't be too far away. Thanks mate, Cheers, **Marty.**





CLIVE'S CORNER #12 Sept 2023

Another month goes by and Clive continues his interesting series of aircraft, both full sized and some modelled by club members.

The de Havilland Vampire (DH 100)

First Flown 1943

Specification

Crew 1

Length 9.37m (30 ft 9 ins)

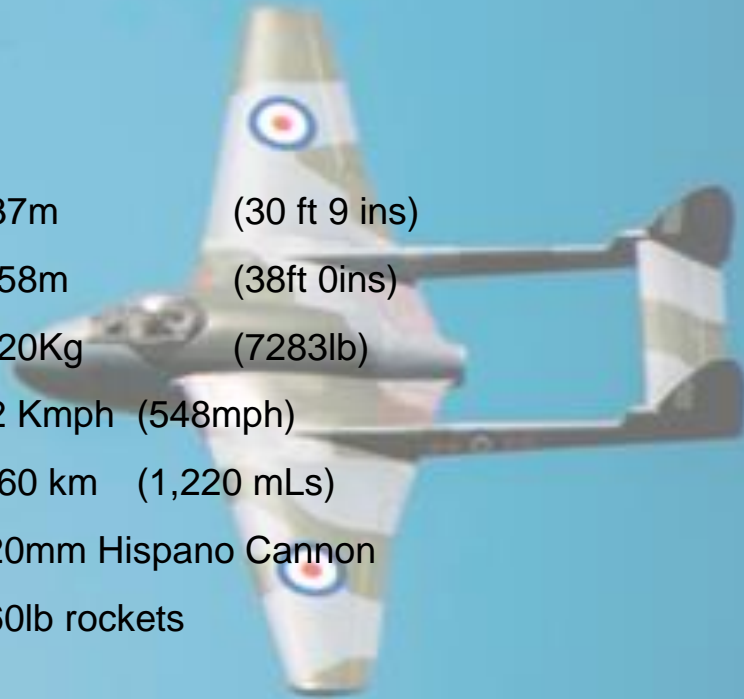
Wing span 11.58m (38ft 0ins)

Gross weight 5,620Kg (7283lb)

Max speed 882 Kmph (548mph)

Range 1,960 km (1,220 mLs)

Armament 4x20mm Hispano Cannon
8x60lb rockets



Last month I reviewed the development of the first jet engines. These were a linear process in which air was injected into the engine, compressed and mixed with fuel which was ignited in a combustion chamber and ejected through the exhaust system, which forced the aircraft forward.

While simple in principle the initial engines were lacking in power as designers came to grips the temperatures involved in the operation of the engines. In fact the first two jet aircraft, one British one German were equipped with twin engines mounted in the wings.

The first single engined jet aircraft were the de Havilland Vampires which first flew in as early as 1943. However, it did not enter service with the RAF as their frontline Fighter Bomber until late 1945.

The Vampire was powered by a de Havilland Goblin jet engine with the modest energy output of 3350 b static thrust. In fact some were powered by the same engine as the twin engined Meteor. To limit power loss the intake for the engine was in the wing roots and the efflux from the jet was directly behind the engine. This resulted in a very short stubby fuselage with the rudders and elevator mounted on twin booms extending behind the wing and raised to be above the jet exhaust. Ironically de Havilland had produced a fighter during World War one, the DH4 which had a similar configuration with mid mounted engine and separately mounted

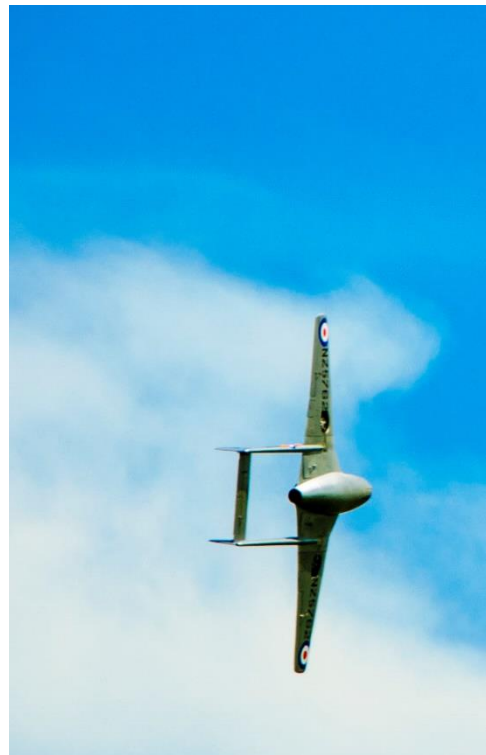
tailplane and rudder but that was designed to enable the gunner to be able to operate clear of the propeller. Apart from the power limitation the early jets suffered from a lack of range. The construction of the Vampire was a mixture of metal and wood drawing on De Havilland's experience with the Mosquito.

Australia and Canada both bought Vampires and these were built locally by de Havilland factories. New Zealand also entered the jet age with the Vampire the first shipment of 18 fighter bombers arriving in 1951 and 1952. In 1953 six TS11 trainers were delivered and a further 8 fighter bombers which the RNZAF museum coyly mentioned as being required to replace those lost in accidents. The single seat versions followed RAF practise of not being equipped with ejector seats but the trainers and night fighters were.

Overseas the Vampire was developed to operate from aircraft carriers where its small size was a definite advantage. During development their undercarriages were removed and landings made on inflated rubber mattresses.

The economic life of all these early jets was limited. De Havilland's first flew their Ghost engine in 1945, This produced 5,000 lb of thrust a big increase over the Goblin. Work had started on a Ghost powered Vampire in the 1940s and this was renamed as the Venom when it first flew in 1949. The RNZAF retired the Vampire in 1956 and moved directly to the Canberra bomber. The Ghost engine was used in the early versions of the Comet.

De Havilland continued to use the twin boom configuration into the supersonic era with the Vixen which was powered by twin Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire jets producing 9,000lb thrust each. Sadly this aircraft broke up in flight at the Farnborough flying display while trying to demonstrate the sonic boom. Both test pilots and 29 spectators were killed. *Clive Baker, September 2023.*



Cross Country Soaring ; Joe Wurts



Joe entertains us here with this narrative of his recent trip to California to do some Cross Country Soaring, Read on:.....

2023 Pioche XC Soaring Camp



Prologue

This past week, I was privileged to have the opportunity to do some Cross Country soaring with some wonderful people. The idea of this adventure started when I had mentioned my [envy](#) about the XC flying that people have been doing in California recently, flying that I used to do when I lived in California. Cross country flying is my first and most special soaring love, it will always hold first place in my heart. Anyhow, Bill Chase [responded](#) with an amazing invitation that I just could not turn down, despite it being around two weeks prior to the 2023 F5J world championships that will be held in Bulgaria. Bill and his group of close friends really made the event special. Some of the people I had met in years past, some were new friends to me. All are special people that I was honored to be with for this event.

Bill Chase has put so much effort into flying cross country, designing and building many excellent planes over the years. He has a strong background in full-size soaring, and brings this knowledge into his rc XC soaring aircraft designs. I can confidently state that he knows how to build robust aircraft, as I ended up stress testing several of his planes at various times. Even he did some stress testing at high speed, but that is a story for a bit later.

Bill picked me up on Monday the 18th of July at SFO, and brought me to his house where I met his delightful wife and a great dog (yes, I am a dog person). Later that night Barry arrived just in time to go to sleep for the early get-up to drive to Pioche Nevada (13 hours transit time, with only petrol stops and one fast food stop). Early in the morning, Mike also arrived at Bills place, and we ended up departing around 7 AM (for those counting, 2 AM New Zealand time) using Bills XC modified Jeep, and Mikes van. We swapped around on driving and passenger duties, where I think everyone was a driver and passenger in each vehicle, and I got to know better all three of them. These three have known each other for around 50 years, and clearly have a great friendship. After we made it to the cabin that Bill arranged in Pioche, we met up with John and Marquita. Dom and Greg arrived a little while later and. The cabin was an excellent find, more kudos to Bill in arranging that, along with bringing a weeks worth of food. Bill, Mike, Barry, and I had scheduled five days for XC flying, Wednesday through Sunday, whereas the other half of the group were going to depart on Sunday.

I was amazed in that Bill had worked with the FAA to get a waiver for our cross country flying for a half mile on either side of the course up to 3500 feet AGL. The FAA waiver even covered the process for flying under a freeway overpass safely! It was kinda neat to see an actual NOTAM for UAV operations on a 227 mile course for a mile wide

and up to 3500 ft agl. The amount of effort involved in getting this waiver approved was not trivial, it took quite a bit of back and forth with the FAA, information about prior XC flying with gps datasets, along with safety process definitions.

The Bill Chase plane collection.

Bill brought along three XC aircraft, one of which was a bit “old-school” and two were designed for fast XC flying in strong conditions. They ranged from the venerable decade old “Linear B” with 1488 sq in, to the Appersonic 3 with 1328 sq in, to the Appersonic P (for Pioche) with 1072 sq in. He had spent some time doing analysis and aerodynamic assessment and came up with the Appersonic 3 and then the Appersonic P for record breaking conditions. Bill asked me which one I wanted to fly on Wednesday, I went for the middle one, the Appersonic 3. Bill and Mike spent Tuesday evening reconfiguring the Radiomaster OpenTX transmitter to meet my demanding requirements as he uses an entirely different transmitter setup to me. I will have to learn OpenTX... I felt bad making others spend so much time customizing the setup to my desires. Bills planes were well constructed and solidly built, which turned out to be quite beneficial as I certainly tested them at times.

Flying Day 1 – Wednesday

The first day write-up was a difficult one for me to put down in words due to embarrassment on my part. Turns out that not flying XC for 16 years places me in a rather less than expert category. We (or at least I) learned some valuable lessons on this day. Apologies for the length, I am documenting for myself as much as for anyone else.

Most of us got up with the sun and had breakfast. Bill ended up being the de facto breakfast provider for most, making something with fancy protein powders, frozen bananas, and a fancy inverted blender thingy that I hadn't ever seen before. I ended up walking down to a small market in the bustling metropolis of Pioche to get a cup of coffee, as I evidently was the only one that drank coffee. It took maybe three minutes of walking to make it across Pioche to the market walking down the middle of the road. Evidently I hadn't used deodorant or something as all of the vehicles decided to stay off of the road during my transit, just for me! Chatted with the proprietor of the market and asked about getting some beef jerky for possible nibbles on the road. She pointed to where the selections were and apologized, “they are kind of expensive”. Bought the \$18 200g pack, which I thought was a huge bargain! John and Marquita



came by the cabin around 8 AM. We once again consulted the weather and wind forecasts. Some of us considered a goal and return task, and John decided to declare a 225 mile goal task as he noted that it is annoying to fly south into the sun (warning, foreshadowing). The wind forecasts were suggesting that the first two days were better suited for goal and return than a distance goal task due to the risk of overdevelopment as well as the wind being out of the north (the flying had a launch at the south end of any possible flight task). The longer range forecast looked to have improving conditions for Friday, very good conditions for Saturday, and excellent conditions for Sunday. We packed up and departed for the field around 8:30. Just a couple miles en route, we realized that we hadn't filled the jeep tank up, so we turned around to go back to Pioche to get topped up. If you are going for the distance record, you really do not want to have to stop to fill up while in transit. Well, that and the fact that you will not even see a petrol station for at least 200 miles on the deserted routes that we were planning on flying. All fueled up, we once again headed to the launch point. Then, yet another realization. We left the T3000 receiver at the cabin so we returned to get that and finally headed off to start the flying activities. I stood back and watched Bill and Barry assemble, my role pretty much being an assistant as I wasn't very familiar with the aircraft assembly process at that point. Bill has tools and stuff for everything, including a nice airplane assembly rack that can be mounted on a stand that looks like a repurposed keyboard stand. I didn't want to ask for Mike or Bill to create a launch mode on the transmitter, so I improvised. If I went to thermal mode, and then also added some additional camber via slider, I could get something resembling a good launch mode, although missing the desired high differential for launch. Start the launch in cruise, and once the plane gets up to speed, go into thermal mode and add the slider camber. That process worked a treat for all five days and three different aircraft.

I do not remember when we went for a launch, but when we got a launch it was a success and we went out and found some thermals. I zipped around the sky for a bit, finding that I may have a bit too much down elevator on the elevator trim slider. Well, at least for the speed mode. As opposed to the XC aircraft that I had been used to flying, the

Appersonic 3 was a rocket ship. If you wanted to go, it went. And it still thermalled nicely. Anyhow, we got on the course and headed down the road. I quickly found that I could see the plane nicely with clouds as a background, but the deep blue skies with the high altitude clear air didn't give me sufficient contrast to see the plane well above 2000 feet. An aside, as compared to the past, my eyes now have issues. Okay several issues. One is asteroid hyalosis in my best correctable eye, another is macular degeneration, and the third is glaucoma, a more recent diagnosis. In high contrast situations, I can see rather well, still easily reading the 20/10 line on an eye chart. If you change the letters and background to dark grey and light grey, well the answer is far worse.

Back to the narrative. Despite my losing sight of the plane several times when we transited from cloudy background to clear background and having Bill/Barry bail me out to help me reacquire the plane, we made very good time to get to the 50 mile turnaround point. We had declared a 227 mile distance goal, just in case the conditions were good enough for an actual record attempt. Less than an hour into the flight we could see cu-nims popping up northward on the course and more worrisome, heavy virga on the course, so we thought it best to instead do the 50 mile out goal and return thing. The clouds were getting darker overhead, and really dark northward. We got to the 50 mile point, and turned around to go south and started racing home in excellent lift. I mean, excellent lift. We were pushing hard, driving fast, with nice visibility due to the cloudy background. Then, the nightmare began. The clouds parted just at the wrong time and in the wrong place and we were now flying right into the sun. Due to the sunstrike and then the rain, I ended up landing a fair distance from the road.

Now time to get to the landing location as the plane was a little way from the road and in the sagebrush in a swampy area. After parking at the closest point on the road I got creative and used one hand to make a crude parabolic reflector behind the antenna and did a directional sweep. The signal was focused to the SSE, with a heading defined by just a few degrees +/- . Sweet! I now have a method to guide me as I wander across the featureless sagebrush. Started heading that way, and came across an irrigation ditch. Took my shoes off and went for a wade across a small waterway. It then started raining. We regrouped at the car. Just a little bit south, it looked clearer so we drove south and waited out the rain shower. It looked okay so we returned north, and then another rain shower moved in from the west so we retreated once again and waited for about 15 minutes before returning when the rain ended.

This time, I crossed the ditch barefoot, but carried my shoes. Got on the other side, put my shoes on, and headed toward the highest signal direction. Ended up losing signal for a bit as the vector went through a low patch, but continued until a got to a slightly higher bit of ground and once again picked up the RSSI signal. Used my fancy parabolic reflector scheme again, and it pointed me on the same vector so I continued. Walk 500 feet, do another DF, repeat. Once the rssi numbers started climbing significantly, I knew I was close. Kept on the same DF vector and walked right up to the plane! The plane was largely intact, zero leading edge damage, the T tail and tail boom were perfect. There were a couple silicone hinge failures on the wing tip control surfaces, as well as one joiner box delamination due to the rough landing.

After we scanned the area for all possible aircraft bits (none as the plane was rather intact overall), we looked at the best path back to the road. It turned out that there was a much better path back, more direct and no water or swamp crossings. From the car, Barry saw us heading back a different way and sorted out the best location for us to cross the final fence before doing a full disassembly of the plane and heading back to the cabin. John, Marquita, and Mike had a rather boring and somewhat frustrating day. Due to a malfunctioning vario, they stayed on the launch field and did some flights, doing some adjustments before adjourning for the day. Greg and Dom did rather well, getting around 41 miles up the road before running out of lift and altitude.

Back at the cabin, and after a shower to wash off the mud and grit, we talked about what we should do for the second day. The clear consensus was to go old school and fly the venerable Linear B. Unspoken was the thought that we shouldn't risk the high value aircraft while demonstrating less than successful flying. Another night of programming a radio. This time, with some extra annoyances. The Linear B uses a Taranis tx. While programming, the down elevator trim switch failed... So, no elevator trim capability excepting a repurposed side slider. Later on, one of the buttons used to do the programming became rather intermittent. Watching the mounting frustration, I told Mike that what he had was good enough and we will have to accept what we have when flying on Thursday.



Views: 104

Made it 50 mile from start. Got to the turn point with a moderate amount of altitudes. We did encounter situations where lift was so strong we could have easily lost sight of plane. Coordinates 38.716519803511126, -114.61195215560775

Flying Day 2 – Thursday

This day pretty much set the standard morning for the rest of our time in Pioche. Get up around 6 AM, get a shower, watch Bill make a drinkable breakfast via blender, check various weather websites and chat about what the weather forecast was, and decide on what to target for the day. Day one of JW coffee withdrawal. I didn't taste coffee again until I was an hour from landing back in NZ...

The day once again looked more favourable for a goal and return task, and thankfully, it looked like a bit less opportunity for cloud over-development although there was still a bit of moisture in the air. Once again, John targeted the 227 mile declared distance to a goal flight, whereas Bill, Barry and I hedged our bets to instead focus on the 50 mile goal and return flight. Well, that and for me, to do some remedial training on XC flying as I was clearly a bit deficient on the subject after 16 years of not flying XC. I was rather happy to be driving an XC aircraft functional equivalent of a Camry instead of a Ferrari. The first day clearly demonstrated to me that I was not capable of doing justice to a high performance XC aircraft, at least until I retrained myself to be able to fly a higher performance plane. Annoyingly to me, it appeared that I was more comfortable with a lower performance sailplane. That said, a lower absolute performance sailplane can be superior in some circumstances (another foreshadowing).

We got to the field around 9 AM, did aircraft assembly and checkout (we left wing tape back at the cabin), John helpfully provided us with some of his high quality wing tape. Bill, let me repeat that, high quality wing tape! I dislike electrical tape or anything similar, call it a pet peeve of mine. The gps data says that we launched at 9:43 AM, spent 11 minutes faffing about until getting to all of 1100 feet and left the field. Took only a few minutes and a couple of road miles to get down to 500 feet elevation then found a light thermal that took us to 1600 feet. A couple thermals later, we got up to around 1800 feet and had made around 10 miles down the road. The start was expected to be low and slow as we hadn't gotten close to trigger temperature yet. It was definitely slow going, 20 minutes after we left the field, we had gone only 6 miles. And according to my crew, we were entering "dead valley" an area that so many XC flights have ended up in a premature landing.

We were making slow but consistent progress in the first half hour, then the conditions turned against us. By the time we had made 11 miles, I was getting uncomfortably low, and we were driving into rising terrain. At 11.5 miles, the plane was signalling that there was a thermal nearby, but we were down to around 100 ft altitude. We stopped the Jeep and I hopped out to see if I could feel any hints from the local wind shifts. Felt a pull in one direction, got a few turns and then that little bit blew apart. Felt another pull, gave it a try, and it blew out within a minute. Then the local wind shifted downhill and I pointed the plane towards the latest pull. I was really low, around 30 ft agl, and with the pinon pines, I had to fly behind a couple tree tops in order to head towards the last chance thermal. Annoyingly, the thermal core was away from the road, turn right and land on the road or turn left and hopefully have enough altitude to do a 360 and still clear the trees to land on the road if the thermal wasn't where it should be. Tried the left turn, and got a nice bump. Phew, at least I won't crash land Bills plane in a tree! A full circle, gained a couple meters. The next turn, another five meters. And then, the thermal turned good. Climbed to 1500 feet. Went another couple miles down the road, and finally got to "operating altitude", around 2500 feet elevation. That was annoying, I used to fly at 5000 ft elevation without issues, and now 2500 feet felt like I was pushing my eyes... sigh, the challenges of getting older!

After our low save, at around 20 road miles, I was in a moderately low thermal and then I saw John Elias plane heading towards where my thermal was. From my perspective he didn't have enough altitude to safely access my thermal. Within a minute, he came to the same conclusion and turned back to the road and found a few little bumps that were not quite good enough and then landed next to the road. There were a few more times when the plane got low and I felt I needed more information, so we stopped the Jeep and I got out to feel the local wind so as to better sort out where the thermal core was. The lowest we got after that crazy low save was around 500 feet. After we drove 50 miles and turned around, the conditions had improved enough such that we didn't need to sort out the low level wind pull towards the thermal. Took us 3 hours to do the outbound 50 miles, and 2 hours to return. It was clear that around 11:30 AM, trigger temperature had been reached, and the thermals became much stronger and easier to work. This is reflected in the increase in ground speed around this time. The last 10-15 miles, Bill was counselling me to fly cautiously so as to guarantee that we made it back to the start point. My old-school XC competition mindset wanted me to finish in the minimum possible time, so I was pushing hard to get back quickly. I may have been able to make it back a bit faster, although Bills wise counsel resulted in a rather easy and comfortable return a few minutes later than my desire for a fast finish wanted. After looking at the flight data, my fast finish would have been a rather sketchy finish, with maybe "just enough" altitude to make the finish.

A bit after we turned around to head back to the start point, we saw Greg and Dom heading to their 50 mile turnpoint as they declared the same 50 mile goal as I did. I was expecting them to catch up to us as I was flying at a rather leisurely pace. Turned out that they were also flying cautiously. They had also declared a 50 mile goal/return. There were two differences though. They reset their odometer after driving down the abandoned runway that were were using as a launch point and getting on to highway 93 whereas we reset our odometer at the launch point. This resulted in their turnpoint being about 0.8 of a mile further down the road than my turnpoint. The other difference was that Greg and Dom were sharing pilot duties on the flight. They did a great and successful flight. Congratulations to their success!

The point to point distance is 48.6 miles each way for "my" flight instead of 50 miles, as the road isn't perfectly straight.

I use quotes on “my” as it is a team effort even if I am the one holding the transmitter. Barry Danieli was our driver, and he quickly dialed in to my desires and quirks in regards to Jeep positioning for best aircraft visuals, as well as understanding my changing preferences with respect to altitude. Bill was my “wise counsellor” and additional pair of eyes. I got in momentary trouble a few times when leaving a thermal with a cloudy background and then transitioning to the clear dark blue background. He confidently assisted me through these moments, and provided much useful information in regards to upcoming terrain, what the ques were looking like on course, etc. I didn’t ever like his reports on virga if front of us though... although that is a story for another day. Our declared goal was “50 miles” as measured via the road distance. The point to point distance was sorted out via gps coordinates for the launch point and the turn point. These coordinates were then entered into the FAI distance calculator to get the actual record distance.

A really cool memory of this flight occurred after turning back from the goal to head south. There were various cumulus clouds and wispy bits as a backdrop to the plane, along with the sun just a degree or so to the west of the plane. I was using the right upper rail of the jeep as a sun screen. After a while, I noticed this weird sliver of a cloud wisp just behind the plane. The curious part was that this cloud wisp was a super thin sliver that was sharply defined, and it wasn’t evolving. Took me a couple minutes to realize that it was a new moon, just a few hours old. I’d never seen such a thin sliver of a moon before. It was in a perfect position for our course home, the plane ended up having that moon sliver as a backdrop for most of the two hours flight back to the launch point.

Flying Day 3 - Friday

One aspect that I really enjoyed about this soaring summer XC camp was being with the people. I really enjoy their musical talents, many of the people brought instruments and were not afraid to play them. That made for a very nice vibe in the evenings. Wish I had gotten to know some of the attendees a long time ago (I knew some from a long time ago, the “some” isn’t a diss on the rest!). The remainder I got to know reasonably well during our five days in Pioche (as well as the rather long journey to get to Pioche from what many would label as civilization, although opinions might vary on that label).

Back to the important stuff. The morning was as per expectation, another cool brown semi-sweet liquid smoothie breakfast, lotsa chat about the weather forecasts, and more importantly, what are we going to fly today? Today was the first day that had a reasonable possibility for long distance flights. The only issue was that there was still a bit of moisture in the atmosphere, along with a risk of upper level instability, which results in annoyances for rc XC flying. One can still hope though. The Greg/Dom team decided to take a break today and split up to ride with the other two teams to see how the other teams operate. Greg merged with the John/Marquita/Mike team, and Dom joined up with myself, Bill and Barry. Dom brought along a couple spare T3000 receivers so that he could separately track the data and pass that along to the useful idiot pilot. This useful idiot was extremely appreciative, to say the least. We once again flew the venerable Linear B plane.





John and I both agreed that it was a good day to attempt a long distance record flight, so we both declared a 227 mile goal. I had sorted out a 227 goal on the road past Wells. He had previously been using a different road intersection that was a couple miles closer. As he put it, we can share a record, and it would be annoying to be 2 miles short... so we declared the same point for Day 3. My memory has failed me in regards to the start in the morning. I do remember that John got an early start while we were sorting out some gear issues with the plane. As I do not have aircraft/gps data for this flight, I am going on fuzzy memory. Apologies for that lack of concrete data for the day. For whatever reason (Dom, please help my failing memory here), we were late to get started. Eventually we got launched, and were able to get on course. The winds were more favorable for flying north, which was a good thing. The “dead valley”

was a complete non-issue, we had happy air through there, and comfortable thermals as well as good cloud background for visibility.

As we approached 40 miles on course, Bill and Barry started talking about the virga ahead on course, and how it could end our flight prematurely. Yes, it looked dark to the north. We have also seen how quickly the conditions cycle (as we clearly saw the first day flying), so I was still cautiously optimistic that the conditions would improve. We slowly crept up on the swamp area where I landed the first day, as well as where we turned around the second day. The lift was light but consistent. The mantra at that point was “fly conservative and get all the altitude you can”. The virga disappeared, although it was still a bit dark to the immediate north. I was getting uncomfortably high (maybe 3k AGL), so decided to continue on course. We did well in reasonably positive air until we got to a local pass, then... it all turned to custard. Just because the virga has evaporated doesn’t mean that the effects of it have disappeared. Driving north

from the pass, we encountered strong sink, along with increasing tailwind. At one point, the Jeep was doing more than 70 mph, with the plane set to slow speed min sink flying speed. This is not good... How does one get out of a mass of cold air flowing downhill? The answer is , NO, you cannot escape this. One could avoid this, although this requires prescience and proactive thinking (I failed there). We ended up landing at around 59 miles down the course. Interestingly, by the time we got to the plane and then turned around to look at the pass area, it was only blue skies and fluffy cumulus.

Despite the early landing, it was a successful flight overall. We did well in terms of covering ground, even with a slower plane. I think that the flight time on course was well under 2 hours, indicative of a reasonable average speed for the flight. We were also really working well as a team (excepting that virga thing...  ) One really cool thing to see while I was in one thermal, a full-size sailplane came screaming into the same thermal and started circling! He ignored my circling direction... I was a bit offended! Then again, the Linear B and his ASH-29 had approximately the same apparent wing-span, so he was close to four times my height above ground level. Barry has way cool full-size tracking apps on his phone, and sorted out who it was that joined us in that strong thermal... John and team had a much more successful 6 hour flight, doing 145 miles before getting stuck in sink and landing. We were hoping that they would do well as the conditions to the north were looking reasonably good, although there were scattered over-developments at times.



After getting back to the cabin and having a blueberry smoothie, we decided to fly the Appersonic P (P for Pioche) the next day. This plane is a thoroughbred racing machine, meant for strong conditions and going fast. The forecast had been showing much improved conditions for both Saturday and Sunday. Time for the go fast machine! We had time on Friday afternoon and evening, and got the plane nicely set up, changing a few things after my lessons of the previous days of flying.

Total flown road distance tally to date ~ 208 miles

Day 4 - Saturday

The usual morning stuff happened. JW still suffering from caffeine withdrawal, as well as steroid withdrawal (the latter due to finishing a week long prescription to combat a sudden loss of hearing in one ear, kinda scary stuff). Annoyingly, I could not continue to attribute my anti-social behaviour anymore to roid rage... I kinda liked having an excuse! Greg and Dom decided to go for a long distance flight north, limited only by what they thought they could safely traverse with their Volkswagen Cabrio chase vehicle. Some of the dirt roads were a bit less than optimal for wee little wheels and 2 wheel drive... The other two teams declared the 227 mile point north of Wells Nevada. The forecast was looking good, with mostly southerly winds throughout the course and less moisture in the atmosphere. A great day for cross-country flying.

We got out to the field, assembled the plane, and did a test flight. I thought that the Appersonic 3 was a Ferrari... the Appersonic P was a Bugatti Veyron. All you had to do was to think "go" and it was already there. I was really happy with the radio set-up for in-flight stuff, although the launch and landing was a bit more challenging as I had dialed down the control throws to have best success at higher altitude flight. The challenge was in connecting with a thermal from a low launch while flying a high-speed thoroughbred sailplane. After the first flight, we fine tuned a couple things and tried another launch. This was the first day that we did not leave the field after the first launch. Sigh... The next launch, a few thermal bits, and another landing. This thoroughbred wasn't meant to land, and it was a challenge to attempt to slow it down to reduce the kinetic energy on the landing. Another launch, another landing... this was getting annoying, to say the least. There was a lot of walking going on, in rather high temperatures. Barry was a real sport, launching the plane cleanly, and then chasing the winch line after the launch, repeatedly. Finally, we caught a thermal and climbed up to a reasonable flight altitude, and entered course. The plane really covered ground nicely between thermals, and thermalled well at altitude. The handling was excellent, I was happy with how the plane responded. Annoyingly, I got low around 25 miles and couldn't make anything work. Worse, it was at a bad location and we had a big truck coming up behind us during a bend in the road with a double yellow centerline. We got through the turn, the truck passed us, and I set up to land next to the road. The landing was good, although not perfect. I became ever more impressed with the ruggedness of Bills construction. Turns out that snagging a sage brush with a wingtip at touch-down was within the structural limits. We headed back to the start, and tried again. This time, we connected with a thermal on the first launch, and climbed up. And this flight ended rather quickly, I finally fell victim to "dead valley" with a flight of less than 10 miles.

Back to the start line. I admitted defeat, and said that it may be best if Bill flies and I assume crew duties. This time,

we launched right into a great thermal, and by the time that Barry brought the winch line back, the plane was already at 2400 feet, in an astounding thermal. One of the strongest thermals I had ever seen. I went to look at the T3000 output screen, and the altitude displayed was increasing by 100 feet every two seconds or so. Crazy stuff. Rather quickly, Bill thought that this was beginning to be too much of a good thing and tried full flaps. The vario was still signalling extreme lift. After a rather stressful several minutes, which included an inopportune vario wire failure so we had no downlink on altitude, gps position, or variometer data, Bill brought the plane back to the field. After landing, we had had enough for the frustrating day so decided to head back to the cabin to prepare for Sunday, which the forecast was continuing to suggest that we might yet have the best conditions for the five days we were in Pioche.

Sadly, I had to let Bill know that the Appersonic P was too much plane for me, and it might be better if I flew the Linear B for Sunday. He and I chatted a bit about the details of why I wanted to go conservative, and we agreed that we would fly "old school" in the very nice conditions forecast for Sunday. If I hadn't put the Appersonic 3 into the repair shop on the first day, that would have been my first choice via the Goldilocks algorithm (this one is too slow, this one is too fast, this one is just right!). Well, due to my errors on the first day, I had the choice of the Camry, or the Bugatti Veyron. If successful, one is contemplating being in the drivers seat for around eight hours or more. I voted for comfort instead of blistering performance... I'm a pensioner now, I like my comfort! It took quite a while to get information from the other two teams for their performances on Saturday. Eventually we heard that Greg and Dom made their desired target of 107 miles (the location where the road gets a bit less optimal for a city car), and that John and team did a 3 hour and 10 minute flight, covering 105 miles. Some excellent flying by Greg/Dom and John on Saturday.

Total flown road distance to date ~ 245 miles

Day 5 - Sunday (Part 1)

Prologue: After Mike returned from his crewing duties with John, Marquita and Greg on Saturday, he was once again presented with attempting to modify the program for the Appersonic Linear B on the Taranis to get it better suited for my desires. In hindsight we should have transferred the plane to the RadioMaster as soon as the first switch failed. As I do not speak the language of either transmitter, I was reduced to observing Dom and Mike fight to program on my behalf with intermittent button functionality. Eventually, I told them to put it away, we will fly what we have. After that, it was a nice evening, with music from Mike, Bill and Greg, and an excellent evening meal. We said our goodbyes to John and Marquita that evening.

Sunday morning dawned with good promise. This was the first time that Mike would ride with us, as he had been crewing with John and Marquita for the past four days. I have to step aside for a moment and acknowledge John and Marquita here. It was great to fly XC with them once again. Great people. John in particular had been quite helpful in sharing information with me about flying from Pioche. I very much appreciated the openness and welcoming that I received from him, especially in that he was the current record holder and I was potentially challenging his record flight. He has really spent a lot of time in the past two decades honing his skills flying XC, and spent a lot of time sorting out potential record-breaking venues, driving various potential route to sort out what was optimal from both safety and soaring perspectives.

The weather forecast continued to look quite promising. Dom and Greg decided that it would be better to use Sunday to return home to civilization and work instead of flying on Sunday and missing work on Monday so we said our goodbyes to them, packed up and headed to the field (with the obligatory morning stop at the petrol station to top up the tank).

As we had been using Johns winch for the prior four days, we brought out and set up Bills winch. This winch was built by Bills dad around a half century ago. It worked really well. I had to pay a bit of attention as it seemed to have a bit more operating power than Johns winch when we finally got it set up. A minor note, we had been flying from a spot on an abandoned runway that was clear of any bushes. Turns out that there was a reason as to why it was clear. An inch or two below the dirt surface was a layer of concrete. Unless you brought a concrete drill, you were not able to stake the winch into the ground. We did the best we could, and assigned a person to stand on the winch frame while we were launching. While we were setting up, a high level overcast starting moving in from the south. This was reducing the solar heating on the ground, which was highly annoying as it was delaying thermal formation. On the other hand, the whiter background of the sky would help visual contrast with the plane, increasing visibility.

We did a launch a bit before 9:30, just as the overcast started thickening. I did find a reasonable thermal and gained some altitude, then decided to do some trim checks in the various flight modes (really want to sort out the maximum down elevator trim point to ensure that the plane doesn't tuck at high speed). Found that there was possibly a bit too much down elevator on the side slider elevator trim, although it was close. I lost too much altitude doing my experimentations, and couldn't find another thermal and had to land. As the ground signs were showing really stable air with no thermal wind shifts, we decided to turn off the plane and wait. Bill was a bit concerned in that we were using 2 x 3 AH batteries on the Linear B, which was supposedly good for 10 hours operation with a bit of margin. Still, there was a worry so we shut down and waited for any signs from the ground of thermal activity. I did do a small elevator trim correction manually via turning a clevis on the elevator linkage, as well as moving inward on the servo horn as I felt I had too much elevator authority. A few hours later, I regretted making the elevator trim change...

As it got closer to 10 AM I was getting concerned as we had felt only small thermal wind shifts on the ground. There was also the time pressure in that there are only so many hours in a day to fly, and we were planning on a 227 mile flight. Google maps was suggesting that just driving that route would take around 6 hours and 250 miles... A few minutes to 10, I felt a few wee little swirls, and said that we should launch at 10 AM so we turned everything on and stepped up to the winch. A successful launch with Barry throwing, and we contacted a light thermal.

A side note for those of you that know me. Yes, I let someone else launch the plane I was flying... I never mentioned to the team that this was anomalous behaviour for me. Especially unusual is that Barry is a full-size pilot and not an rc pilot. He did great every launch, and then went dutifully down to what they called the "relay" (turn-around for many) to get the line every time after launch. We played with a few thermals on the field, then decided that the thermals were kinda topped out at a low altitude due to a valley inversion and decided to get on the road around 10:20 AM. Annoyingly, the T3000 altitude read-out froze at 200 ft altitude almost immediately after launch. There was some discussion as to whether we should land and reset the vario, land and add the Taranis vario/altimeter, or just continue. I pushed for "go" due to the lateness of the start and everyone else agreed. I was secretly a bit relieved, as the aircraft altitude data ended up driving some of my thermal/fly decisions in past days, whereas the data should have instead resulted in me making decisions driven by thermal strength and visibility at altitude rather than just altitude. Another push back to "old school" flying style, yay for the pensioner!

Day 5 - Sunday part 2

We got onto the course, although at a low altitude, maybe 1k ft or so. Using a descriptor that John used on a flight earlier in the week, we tip-toed through the weak lift. After an hour, we covered only 18 miles. The promised southerly winds hadn't eventuated, I was rather annoyed. Then the lift started getting better, and around 11:30 we started to notice a tailwind on our northward course. The visibility was great due to the upper level high overcast. Interestingly, looking north the hills to the north had full sun on them so the high cirrus hadn't made it too far north. This was the best of both worlds, great contrast and visibility, and flying over ground that had been heated up by full sun less than an hour ago. We made it through "dead valley" without much issue, and got to my prior nemesis at 50 miles where the swamp was to the east of the road. Lift was still reasonable, and we kept going. The tailwind continued to increase and life was good. Soon we made it past my furthest landing point, and it was new terrain to me. It was good to have Mike onboard today as he had been well over a hundred miles up this road in the past few days. I also appreciated his frequent course updates as the road became less straight.

Around 75 miles into the flight, there was a bit of mild over-development ahead that Bill and Barry were beginning to warn me about. I was of the opinion that I will start worrying about that when we get there. They had other viewpoints. I reconsidered and became more cautious, taking weaker thermals and climbing higher to increase the safety factor. This was a good thing, as we did run into a sustained sink cycle, and lost a couple thousand feet in less than two miles. I then limped into a light thermal, climbed a bit (slowly) and said that we needed to continue as working the weak thermals would not get us to our goal in a timely manner. And yes, less than a half mile down the road, there was a REAL thermal. A couple circles there regained what took five minutes in the weak thermal. It is a balance between aggressiveness/landing out, and going too slowly. This balance is difficult to weigh, especially in that the balance changes so quickly with flight altitude and current conditions. Sometimes it is best to push hard, and sometimes, be conservative.

As we went further north the road changed to dirt, then became a bit less certain as to which fork in the road we should be taking. This was Barry's nightmare, driving on the wrong fork. He did excellently, balancing the challenges of driving on less than good roads, sorting out what the gps was suggesting in regards to road choices, and dealing with a pilot that had rather definite opinions as to where the Jeep should be... fun times! Bill worked great as a moderator, keeping tensions down in the Jeep. Mike continued to provide appropriate directions as the Jeep veered to the left and right in what seemed an interminable series of zigs and zags.

The winds were beginning to transition from southerly to SW as expected from the forecast. This became annoying to some degree due to the thermal drift to the east whenever we worked a thermal. It was nice that we drove around 15 mph north at this point while thermalling so as to track the plane, but the resultant time spent after leaving the thermal to get atop the road was less than nice. The high level overcast continued to follow us, but not lead us too far. This was a miracle in my mind. I had the best of both worlds, great visibility on the plane, and great thermals due to the previously heated ground. Our ground speed average continued to increase, but I was rather concerned about the distance remaining to the goal vs the amount of good soaring weather remaining in the day.

The road got rougher and had more turns, then we finally got to the final straight shot to get to highway 93 alt, heading to Wendover. I was so looking forward to making this turn as then we would have a near direct tailwind.

Time for some background information... Talking with John, after he had done his 185 mile flight towards Wendover, he shifted his route to aim towards Wells Nevada for longer distance flights. This looked great for earlier in the week but maybe not so good for the Sunday forecast. I had spent a bit of time using google maps to look at alternate routes. Late Saturday night/early Sunday morning, I found a possible route that went NNE for the last 80 miles instead of NNW. This was rather important in that the Sunday afternoon winds were forecast to be from the SW or even WSW, which would make for a challenge in doing the Wells routing. After breakfast on Sunday morning I reviewed a couple

route possibilities with Bill to get to a location north of Wendover, and he agreed to assign a new and different goal location. Hindsight says that I should have included the driver in this decision...

Back to the flying. Once we got on to 93A (and caught up to the plane as I let the plane drift NE from the car around when we were a mile from the highway), we started making excellent time. Between thermals, we were driving around 50-65 mph, and if we stopped for a thermal, to keep up with the plane drifting downwind with the thermal, we were driving close to 20 mph. With the excellent lift, great tailwind, and not much sink, we really made some excellent time for a while. There were a few wiggles in 93A that I wasn't fully expecting, but we adapted. We finally got to the summit prior to dropping significant altitude so as to get to Wendover and the Bonneville salt flats to the east. One would think that a 500 meter descent on the road would be a good thing. Think again... We crossed the summit in good lift and at least 2500 ft agl and then started driving downwards at speed. The plane started descending, well, faster. It was only a few miles after the summit and I was running out of altitude above the ground. Scary as to how fast the height evaporated. We got down to a few hundred feet AGL and got a strong bump. We stopped the jeep, I got out, and realized the predicament we were in. Yes, the winds were howling towards the thermal I touched. Annoyingly, the winds were just... howling. Got a few good turns in the tight thermal, got spit out, reacquired and then a couple more turns. Took a while to get a sustained and consistent climb rate on that invisible dust devil thermal. Made Barry drive down the road a couple times to track the thermal, and then, once again, we were back on track for the flight. The distance covered vs time was beginning to provide confidence for the flight. I'd already passed my PB distance (PB = Personal Best), although I didn't realise this until another pointed it out. For me, that stuff doesn't matter, we have FLYING to do!

After getting back to operating altitude, there were a few other imperatives of note to consider. One is that one has been drinking lots of water as the temperature has been hovering around 105-106f for much of the day, and a bit higher at times (41-42C for rational countries). Well, it seemed that I had been adequately hydrating, and after six hours of flying thought that it might be an appropriate time to deal with that issue of excessive hydration. A couple minutes later, we were once again back on the road. I was impressed in that our driver was the only one that didn't contribute to irrigating the side of the road in that location. I suspect that he has experience on the subject via long distance full size soaring flights. Did a google of his name, and his first full-size soaring diamond badge flight was in 1975, wow! As we got closer to Wendover there was a bit more discussion as to the details of transiting the chase vehicle under a four lane interstate highway. Bill had ironed out the processes for doing this with the FAA when he sorted out a waiver for our XC flying. Still, one has to ensure that one does it correctly. I positioned the plane perfectly overhead at altitude, and we went for the undercrossing at the appropriate speed limit. Two seconds of vision loss, then I saw the plane exactly where it should be for a couple seconds, then another two seconds of vision loss, and we resumed our XC journey without issue. A complete non-event, excepting that the pilot sensory evaluation for those two second pauses is around a half hour in relative terms. ◆◆

After we transited the two blocks of the bustling metropolis of Wendover, we continued onward to climb the hills north of Wendover. I had presented two options in the morning to Bill, one had good roading, and the other was more direct. I did some zoomed in google maps views on the direct route and he said that we could go the more direct route without issues. Turns out that we could go the more direct route... Going westward, Barry made his only driving mistake (other than trusting me in regards to the efficacy of the most direct route). He ended up passing the turnoff for the route into the hills by maybe 50 meters. We did a quick back-up and started our journey upwards and northwards. The dirt road became a bit more rugged, and then much more rugged. The nice thing was that we were on the upwind side of a large mountain ridge so lift was plentiful. So much so that I started exploring using flaps to reduce the climb rate. As Barry navigated what I then nick-named the "goat trail", the lift got even stronger. I found that I had to go to full flaps and near full down elevator to make the vario stop screaming. I do not want to know the airspeeds achieved, I am firmly in the don't ask, don't tell camp here). It took about 4-5 minutes of climbing the goat trail with the jeep before we reached the highest point on the trail. Highly annoyingly we had another 6-8 miles to go before getting to a high quality dirt road. Despite some extraneous verbiage from both Barry and Bill (ranging from "I am not sure I can drive this", to "don't break my Jeep!") we srived the goat trail with the Jeep intact and the plane at altitude. Only 30 miles to go to set a new world record!!!

We continued northward, being cautious and taking mild thermals, mindful of the lateness of the day. With the quartering tailwind, we were making excellent progress after the slow going when transiting the goat trail. At around 22 miles to go, we took a reasonable thermal and climbed to what I thought was an uncomfortably high altitude and then we continued onwards. That was the last time the vario made a positive peep. I set the plane into a low speed max L/D configuration so as to maximize the distance covered with the tailwind. Barry kept reading me out when we covered another mile to the goal. As the plane got lower, I could look around. We were now downwind of a massive and almost vertical escarpment. The face of that escarpment hadn't seen sun for at least six hours. Oops! I should have spent more time researching local terrain for the wind conditions. It was clear that I had failed the team in regards to the probability of success in the last 15 miles on the route I had recommended.

We continued onwards, losing altitude consistently until we got low enough that landing was inevitable. I did a quick 180 at the last minute with the plane and landed the plane into the wind towards the jeep. The landing was uneventful excepting that once again I removed the fin bottom landing protector. For whatever reason, no matter how gentle of a landing, I appear to be able to separate that bit from the fin. From memory, landing was at 6:37 PDT (car was saying 7:37, as we had landed in northern Utah whereas we launched in southern Nevada). The navigation GPS was saying that we still had 8.9 miles to drive to get to our destination... so close!

A quick pack-up and we were on our way back to Wendover, via the nicer dirt road! Got to Wendover a bit after 7 PM,

stopped to refuel for the drive home (used most of the petrol for the driving so far), grabbed some Subway sandwiches to eat on the long drive home, and started our drive back to Pioche.

Turns out that one should pack a jersey, even when the high for the day is 42C. At night, on a long drive home, you may encounter cold air at the bottom of a valley (check), thunderstorm remnants (check), and strong winds (check). We got back to Pioche at 11:20 PM. Barry and I sat in the back seats of the Jeep, Mike and Bill shared driving and shotgun duties. I am sure that I skipped over many eventful aspects of this flight. Eight and a half hours of flying, well, memories blur a bit. I am hopeful that the rest of the team will chime in so that I can either enjoy what their memories were, or that their comments joggle my memory.

Total flown distance in 2023 XC soaring camp - 484 miles

Day 6 - Epilogue

After we returned to the cabin, Bill and Mike retired rather quickly. As Barry and I were night owls, we chatted a bit. On one conversation thread, I ended up expressing my amazement that full-size flying was not using elevator to camber mix appropriately. It was an interesting conversation. Highly amusingly to me, a week later Barry sent me a description from some accomplished pilots that had been using this style of flying. It is much more challenging to do in full-size aircraft as one doesn't just add and elevator to camber mix such as what we are used to doing with our models (unless your last name is Iscold, gotta luv my alma mater). As per the established norm, I did work and stuff on my computer. Eventually I heard that Mike was stirring a bit before 5 AM and decided that I should also start packing up and getting ready for our departure. By the time I came out to the living area, Mike was already cleaning and packing up the kitchen.

After getting my stuff packed up, I spent some time removing the debris from Bills Jeep. Turns out that 5 days of flying in relatively high heat results in a lot of water bottles being emptied. It was crazy as to how many empty water bottles I crushed. The Sunday night Subway evening food wrapper debris was also amusing to me. Somehow, in recent years I have become less accustomed to the amount of stuff that is intended to make it to a rubbish bin while living in US.

I ended up grabbing the Jeep keys and driving to the abandoned runway so as to pack up Bills winch that we left on the field the prior evening. There is at least one (expletive deleted) story in regards to this that may get expressed at a different time. All I can say is that by the time I returned to the cabin, I was once again looking for the roid rage excuse despite not taking steroids for several days at that point. We got the cabin cleaned out, the chilly bins once again stuffed with the food that we had not finished during our week in Pioche, and started our journey home. Bill politely asked me to drive the initial stage to lost wages so as to reduce his roading time. I was lucky, I had only around 3.5 hours of road time until I was dropped off at lost wages (Las Vegas for the translation) to start my flying journey home. The others had between 13 and 15 road hours required to make their journey home, depending on where they lived.

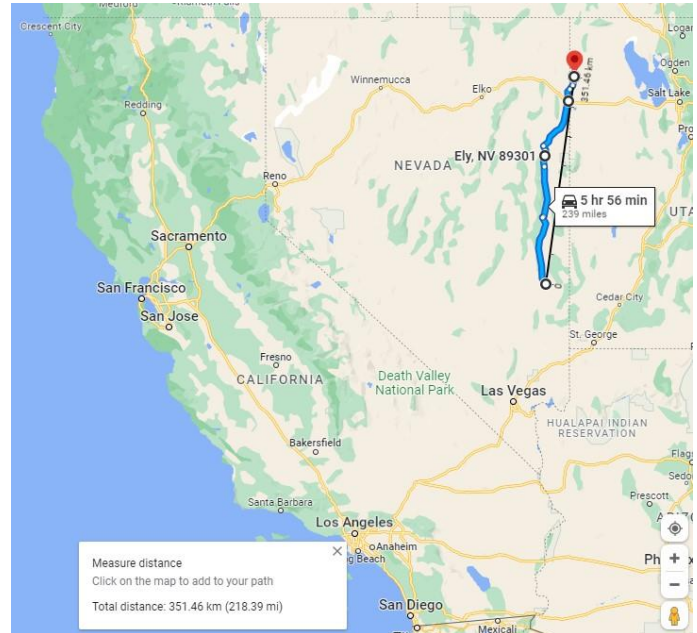
A couple comments here... while we were packing up around 8 AM, the southerly winds started in earnest. Before 9 AM, there were some amazing thermals that ripped past our accommodation. I had never seen these signs during our stay here. Did a quick check of the weather forecast for the day, and it turned out that Sunday was really good, and Monday was superlative. Even had a bit of upper level cirrus to help with visibility, but not so much as to degrade thermal formation. I noted the extremely good conditions to Barry, Bill, and Mike. They immediately said that if you want to, we can fly today as well... Well... yeah, nah. We have plans, and we should finish on a high note. Departing as per schedule is most certainly finishing a very high note!

Set those conditions aside for another time. I have been extremely blessed by the opportunity that Bill offered me. This blessing was increased via getting to know him, a bit better as well as his flying friends. I was amused in that I somewhat remember Mike in the distant past as a very happy person overall, whereas his declared claim to fame in regards to me was that he flew a DLG into my head at a long ago Poway event. Honestly, I do not remember this. Maybe he was the person that finally knocked sense into my head!

To state once again at the finish, I am extremely grateful to Bill for providing this opportunity for me to once again fly XC. Even more, that I got to meet and get to know a little bit about his close knit friends. I cannot state sufficiently my appreciation for this experience, the flying, the friendship, and the camaraderie.

It was a wondrous time to experience once again some XC flying.

Joe Wurts August 2023



Phil's Rotary Magic. Pt 23 Sept '23



Phil Sharp writes;

Following on from last month I have been busy painting, not my favourite pastime, but has to be done! The last project, the Storch was sprayed in two pack polyurethane (Automotive paint). This is very hard wearing, fuel resistant etc, but very expensive, and also on a fabric covered plane, it is a little brittle.

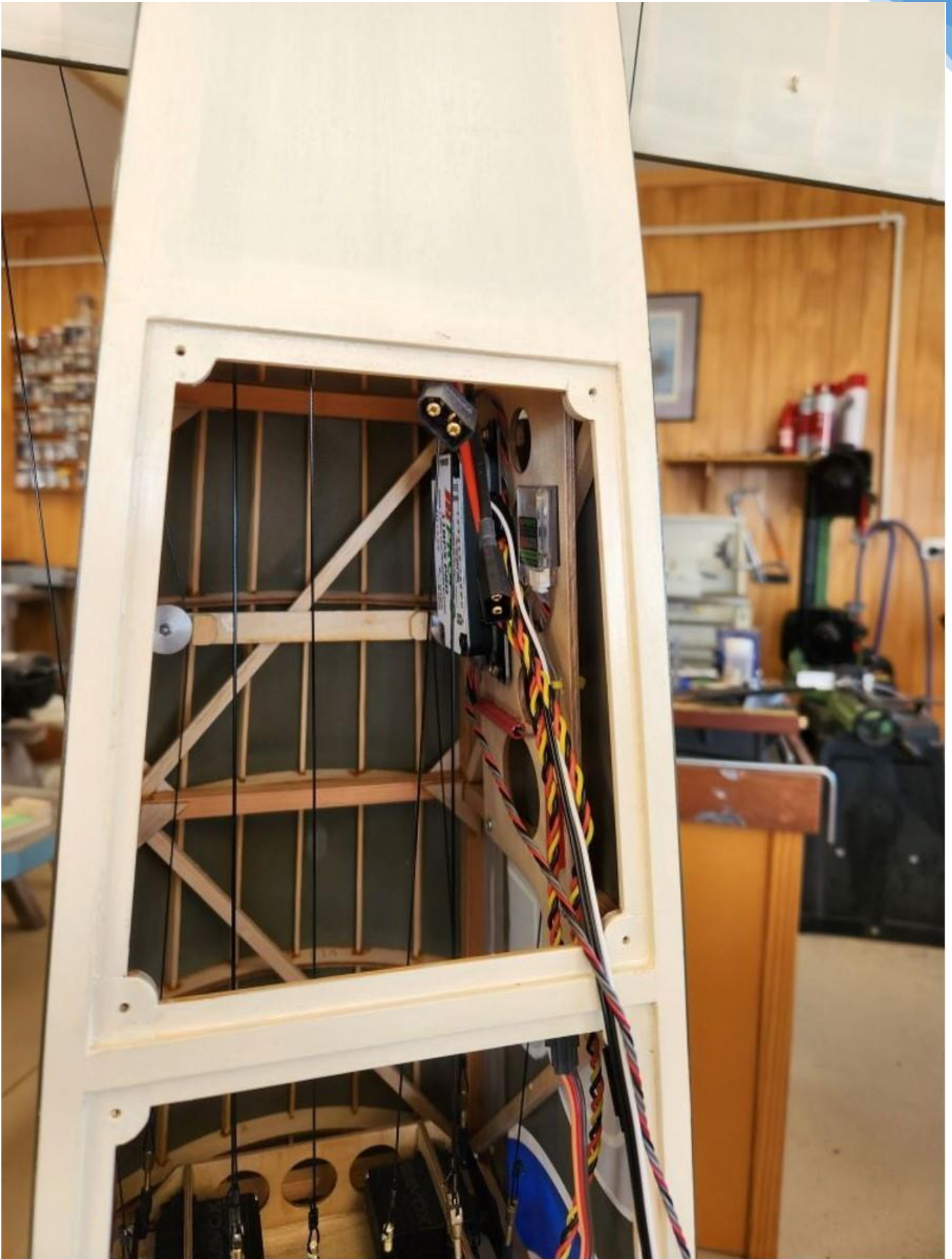
For the Camel I am using water based Acrylic Enamel (house paint) from PPG and Dulux. Russell used the same system on his DH4 and gave me the thinning ratios of water and Flotrol. I experimented with spraying but decided that brushing was a lot easier and quicker.



You need four or five coats depending on the colour, and the whole lot will be sealed with two coats of satin polyurethane clear. The other reason for brushing is that the original planes were brushed! It is a work in progress but I am happy with the result so far. It is also very economical with the paint, so not adding much weight. It adheres to the fabric well and is quite flexible.

I had stencils cut for the letters and roundels, using Nexis masking film, which has a low tack adhesive on it. It does not stick to the fabric very well but a couple of coats first helps. There was a fair bit of touching up afterwards, which adds to the scale look, (that's my story anyway!!)

I have finished the fuse, tail, centre wing, and stab, apart from the final clear coat.



Needing a rest from painting, I then fitted the receiver and battery box, and made the control cables. All the radio gear is in the rear of the fuse, in an effort to balance the big lump up front. Lots of cables, two per side for the rudder, plus separate ones for the tail skid, and of course four for the elevator.



I ran the engine again last week, but will do some more tests on the fuel consumption. I am tossing up between a 1000ml or 1500ml tank.

Derek has very kindly 3-D printed me a pilot, so I need to assemble that and see how it fits around the tank.



The other job I finished was the assembly and painting of the wheels. The undercarriage is finished but needs final painting.

Regards, Phil.



A Flying Camel ???????



Drones & Deltas & a Banshee



In the news recently is this report of Australian made cardboard drones being made and sold to the Ukraine to aid their war effort against the Russians. Regardless of the ethics of making weapons of mass destruction, it shows another extension of the hobby we are so passionate about. Maybe not so much different from our obsession with Warbirds ? I wonder !

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k-2W23s3Ys>

The cardboard drones can carry 5kg of weight, have a wingspan of two metres and a range of 120km at a reported cost of US\$3,500 (\$5,300). Waxed cardboard is an ideal material as it offers weather resistance, flat-pack transportation (measuring 510mm by 760mm) and, importantly, a lightweight airframe, which enables a longer flight range and a high cruise speed of 60km/h.

Fixed-wing drones also offer longer ranges than rotor-based drones as the wings generate the lift and the airframe has less drag, so they are more energy efficient. They can also fly at higher altitudes. The drones can be launched from a simple catapult or by hand and so can be rapidly deployed.

The Foamboard Delta club night was a great success and we now have a number flying regularly at the club, with at least a dozen having been built. Its amazing how well a flat plank delta wing performs



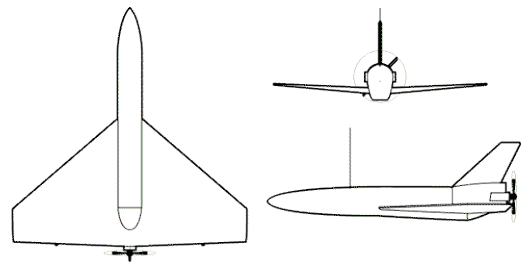
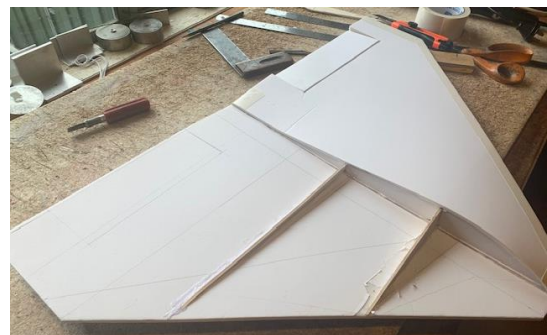
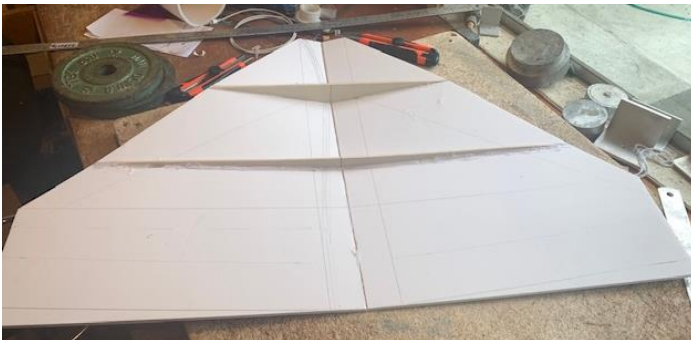
Then



..... **Phil Sharp** introduced us to the **Megit BANSHEE** target drone, (Propwash 148, Build a FB Delta) of which he built hundreds in his composite business whilst in the UK. Needless to say, I couldn't resist the challenge, my first thoughts being

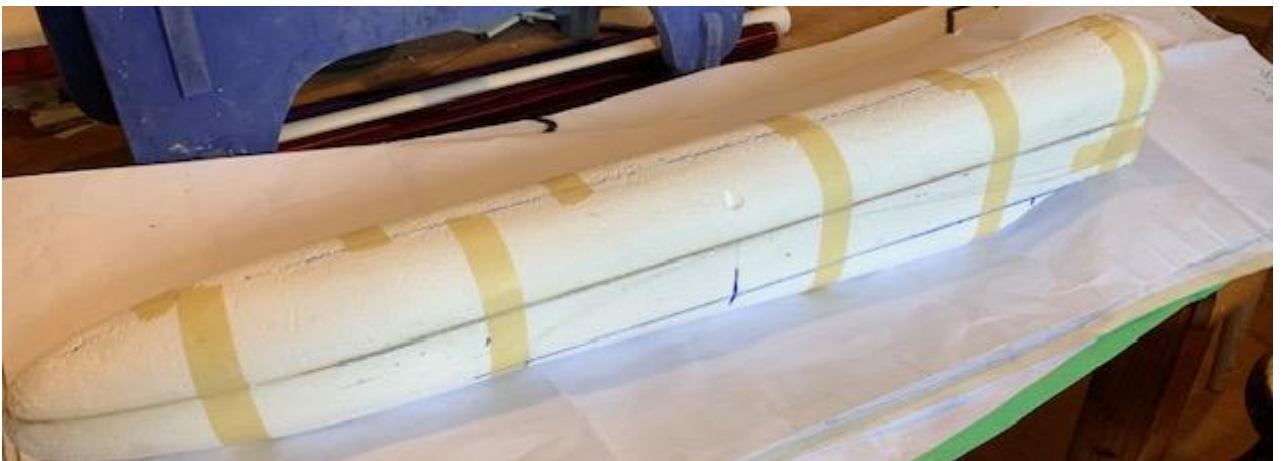
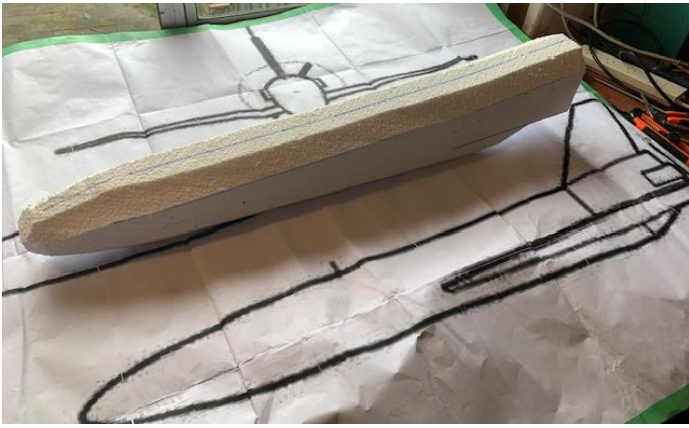
"I'll just see if I can fold a delta wing using Foam Board." And having achieved that I might as well carry on and build the model !

The wing is built from a single sheet of Foam Board on the bottom and two halves on top. There are two tapered liteply spars, flat on top to give the wing a slight dihedral effect. I had to modify the front spar and taper the top surface down as in my first mock up the leading edge arched into a significant bend !



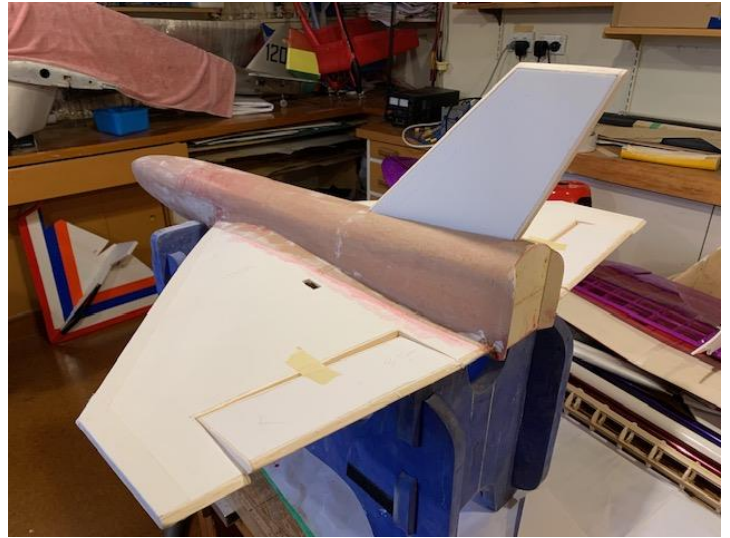
I cloth taped the leading edges and hot glued everything together. In hindsight, I would now use a contact glue in areas where the two sheets are flat together such as in the rear wing and elevons and fin etc. The airfoil shape was introduced from two centre FB ribs on each side of the centre line, and the shape tapered out to a flat at the wingtip.

So next to build the fuselage which I blocked out from a sheet of 100mm polystyrene, just sawed the profile and plan shapes and then got to work with a knife and sandpaper until I was happy with the shape. This is not an F4C effort, just a standoff scale model of a Banshee to see if we can prove the concept and have some fun doing it ! Once shaped I hot wire cut the fuselage in half horizontally and shaped a 2mm ply plate to add some strength, using it as a guiding template for my foam cutter and managed to take out the internal foam and shape the inside of the fuselage. I then epoxied it all together with the ply plate being keyed that into the rear 6mm firewall.



Fitting the wing was a bit of a guesstimate, I cut the airfoil profile and chipped and fitted away until it looked okay ?? and then epoxy bogged it all in place. I started off by leaving all the FB edges bare, but this wasn't a very satisfactory finish or strength wise so added balsa edging all round. I'd decided to re-visit my brown paper covering days so the fuselage once filled and sanded smooth got two plus layers of brown paper applied with watered down aliphatic pva which makes a very strong monocoque construction.

Just a big paper mache !



The build started with a shorted rounded nose but it didn't look right, so that got cut off and an extended nose fitted. Fortunately it's quite simple to modify a brown paper and foam construction. I then cut a central top hatch down to the ply plate and fitted the internals. The model was sprayed with a one step acrylic primer filler and then brushed on a few coats of water based test pot paint thinned with 40% bars Bugs, decals applied (Waterslide transfers), and a final overall coat of Resene Waterborne satin Polyurethane.

The model is planned to launch off a dolly so have added a (non-scale rudder) for some steerage on take off.



Specs; Span 770mm / Length 950mm / Flying weight 1.5 kg / Motor DYS 3536 1450kv /ESC 60 Amp / batteries 2x 4S 1300 Lipo in parallel. / Servos 3x HK 933 2kg Mg./ Prop 9x6 in pusher config.



Sunday 10th. A light sea breeze, so with Phil's help we headed out to the strip for the **test flight #1**. Wow, lifted off the dolly and went vertical and back over my head into the sun. Managed to find it with help from the onlookers and cut the power overhead and got it down onto the strip in a typical delta type parachute arrival ! Consensus, needs a bucket of down thrust, (in this case up thrust with the down angled motor at the rear!).

Test flight #2. Two washers each side at the top of the motor mount and a reduced aileron thrown and away we went again. Once off the dolly on a second attempt it flew under power with a much reduced climb but overly sensitive in the pitch. Consensus; CG too far back ! I'd originally set the CG similar to the FB Delta at 215mm behind the L/E at the fuselage side. The addition of 170gms (6oz) of lead up in the nose now brought that forward by about 25mm to 190mm.

Test flight #3. Much more satisfactory, tracks well with a bit more down trim, though has a steep glide angle with power off. Certainly flyable and very quick, but I think it needs more down (up thrust) on the motor so I can take out the down trim and get a better glide angle. Also the servo settings and throws need some attention which will come with more experience and flight time. Further the dolly needs a wider track and a tail skid plus an increase in the plane's angle of attack. All attended to, now we just need to go flying, wish us luck. Then watch this space, I think **Phil** just might be going to attempt a half sized one.

I think using 5mm Depron (which we have on order) will be a better building medium for the wing and I then would brown paper the whole aircraft. The full size had narrower outboard ailerons and inboard elevators which might be a better arrangement. I used a flat bottomed wing section for simplicity, but would consider maybe a more symmetrical airfoil shape in future.



The next outing was a total disaster, had three attempts at take off and each time the model got caught up in the dolly and finally flipped off and lost it's rudder and a chewed up prop and engine mount. Turned out I'd very cleverly made alterations to the dolly and it was now getting hooked up in the planes rear skid ! So, have abandoned the dolly and fitted a front skid to the Banshee, new rudder and few running repairs and we're set to go again once the weather allows and the enthusiasm returns ! Watch this space.



Brian Benton, if you're reading this, Greetings from Hawkes Bay. **Phil** tells me you had a hand in building the Banshees being a pattern maker supreme. I'm sure you will find some amusement in following our efforts, I'm hoping the next outing will justify it's existence !

Regards, **Barrie** the editor.
(barrierussell@xtra.co.nz)



WELL THERE'S THE PROBLEM -
YOUR EXHAUST SYSTEM'S SHOT.

From the **OLD PROPWASH ARCHIVES.** Pt 5

This is the fifth in a series of a history of the club back in the eighties drawn from old Propwash Bulletins when **Bernard Scott** was both Secretary and Bulletin Editor. **Bernard** continues to make the past available and keep it alive. Ed.

PROPWASH : Nov 1987

Click on the Propwash cover for the full bulletin 

If you have been following this retrospective you will know that the club was in high spirit as it started its transition from a band of charity-reliant nomads (as most aeromodelling clubs are) to a cohesive group that was willing to work towards permanence in the form of a clubhouse on its own plot of land. The clubhouse had been a little delayed, but otherwise was on track and the purchase of land on which to permanently locate it was about to be investigated.

Then, out of the blue, something unfathomable happened - a protest by a few members against the development that previously had been unanimously approved at club meetings. The membership was taken aback by this spoke in the club's otherwise smoothly turning wheel of progress. Those who, back in May, had expressed reservations over the proposed clubhouse and other changes saw the rapid progress in half a year as a denigration of the committee's work over many previous years. Some were so affronted by this imagined slight that they had not re-joined.

The protest coincided with the President's hospitalisation, but his *Prez Sez* column remained restrained considering the circumstances. Its summary of the situation expressed more "between the lines" than was actually written. This was a damper on enthusiasm, at least until the reasons for discontent were revealed at the next club night. There, the members again ratified the previously agreed club objectives and continued their march onwards and upwards, but now with an occasional glance over their shoulders.

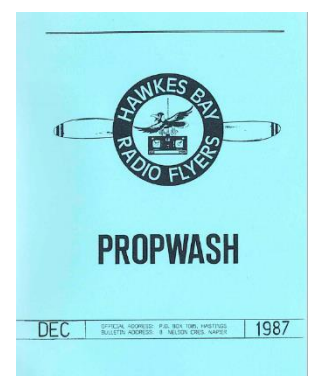
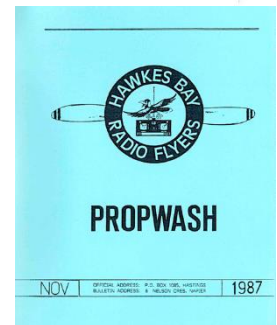
The troubles did not stop the partying. A progressive dinner around four houses was advertised with words like *scrumptious* and *magnificent* to tempt the undecided. Then there was John Sutherland's 30th birthday at which bobby-sox and brylcreem were recommended.

A letter from The Fliers World was reprinted. It claimed that aeromodellers needed to prove to the public that they were not just boys with toys but real sportsmen with the skills and dedication of other sportsmen. "Until we can show the public we're serious, they won't take us seriously". Back then I must have agreed with this but now I proudly accept that we really are boys with toys - toys that for the most part we have made ourselves. Show me a skilled and dedicated rugby player who makes his own ball. It's a relief to no longer have a nervous concern about what "the public" thinks of aeromodelling and to just get on with enjoying flying, that is, playing with my toys.

PROPWASH : Dec 1987

Click on the Propwash cover for the full bulletin. 

In the month since the last bulletin, the Committee had investigated a site that was in financial reach of the club. It was between Highway 50 and the Ngaruroro River at the base of Roys' Hill, where slope soaring was sometimes flown. The area had gravelly soil with a scattering of rocks. The committee spent a morning wandering over the site, pondering how to clear the rocks and create a runway, where the clubhouse would go, and how to improve access. It was huge, it was



affordable, and it was close to where we were accustomed to fly. In the end, it was not to be. Restrictions on the use of the site would have taken time to overcome and even if this was done some were concerned over clearing the area and servicing the loan. Truly an *if only* moment. At the time we checked the area, NZ wines had yet to make an impact overseas but within a few years land such as this, which was ideal for grape growing, was being snapped up by wineries at staggering prices. The screenshot from Google Maps marks the area as I remember it, inside the blue line, showing two of the wineries that now operate there. The mind boggles at the Club's worth today if it had bought that land in 1987, not to mention the return to individual members who were to be offered the option of buying shares in the site if the purchase went ahead. A little later, the club investigated another potential club field in the Maraekakaho area, but that's another story.



The 1987/88 Nationals program makes an interesting comparison with the program of recent Nationals. Fewer events, more competitors, the helicopter fliers were still part of the event but definitely no drones.

Reports on Scale events at Taupo and Tauranga filled much of the bulletin although the local Thermal A event got a look-in on the last page. Hand towing was used, and just as well looking at some of the fragile models being used - nine entries with eight different designs, some of which would have been shattered by an electric winch.

I had a phone call from **Des Dew** last week and he sends his regards to all the MFHB members he knew here before he and Joan shifted to Wanganui. Des only builds and flies Electric these days and spends much of his time helping his co-modellers over there with building etc. He is keeping well and enjoys hearing about our exploits via the newsletter and contact with old friends from here. ED.

Nostalgia Picture Files



Been looking back through my picture files and seeing a need to fill a couple of pages, thought I'd share them whilst still a few of us are around to remember !!

The date tells it all, a younger **Alan Rowson** with the first of his beloved Lancaster Bombers back in 2001. A fully built up model with from memory it had four OS.15s as power supply and flew well.



The late **Andrew Campbell** with one of his WW1 Biplanes, he was an inventive builder and in this case he had no suitable brown paint so he used Marmite as a colouring agent with great success.



Harvey Stiver with one of his many Warbird models at Awatoto back in 2004. Was it all that long ago ?!



Pits view back in 2002 at Awatoto Field, the old half round seats and no shelter in those days, such luxury !

Bob Whitburn, an avid scratch builder, yes some of us did scratch build once upon a time ! and a few of us still do ! This is Bob's 5th scale Spitfire.



2004, F3B was strong then also, and the soaring guys flew mainly from a farm strip up off the Taihape road. A National meet taking place here.

Below; **2003, A Young Rowdy** acting as host at a club night in the days when we all showed a bit more initiative and enthusiasm and held some fun Club nights !!



Leaping forward a bit to 2010, and yes it's all happened before. We had a major water incursion that hung around for a few days with

the resultant silt drop. The strip has most always been spared being the highest ground, but as usual the access and the pits/parking areas were well hit. But, as usual, we survived with the input of hard work from the members and some more truck loads of shingle for the access road.



I think one of the last Club Photos taken on the stopbank at Awatoto Field. This was in the days when someone took the time to organise things like this. I guess today we're all too busy, maybe it's time to slow down and do those things again. Maybe we should put names to all those members whilst someone can still remember who they are !

And then in 2014 we started the Youth project, mentored in the then tractor shed. What a great success that was, followed by the Senior Clubba build. Some 24 models were built in total, and are still being built today.



Vintage Report September 23



Brett has been busy re-visiting his Satellite model built for Classical Texaco. The original build came out heavier than expected and he felt the fuselage was over built so has revisited that and is now building a lighter body.

“ Wouldn't we all like a lighter body ?”

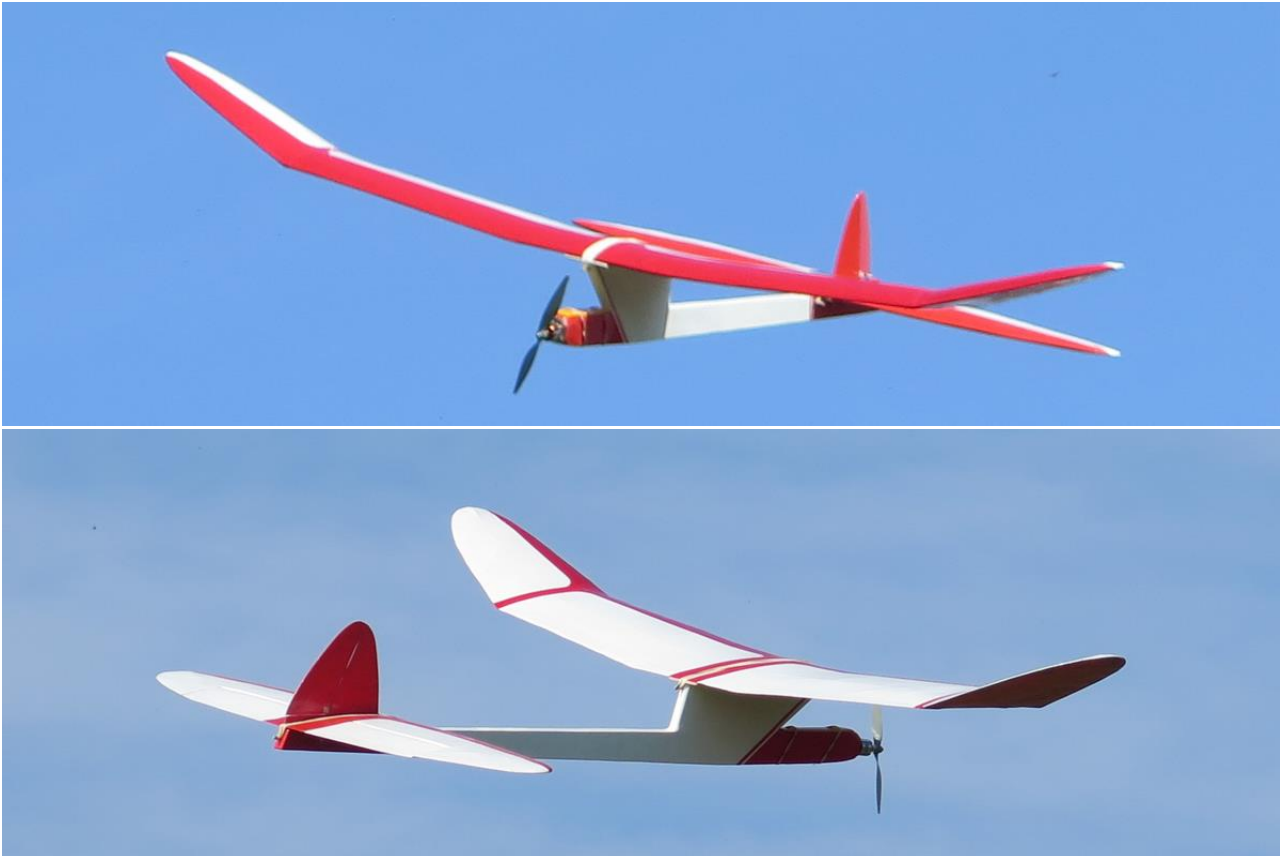
Using lighter and some thinner sheet and cutting lots of lightening holes he's managed to shed a significant number of ounces. May also have to invest in some new batteries, the performance of the original model under power was significantly down on what was expected, and the Texaco event is all about duration and battery conservation.

Trial set up fuselage and current wing and tail plane in place.

Watch this space.



Wednesday 20th, fabulous morning at Awatoto Field. **Brett** test flew his re-fuselaged Satellite which performed better, now just needs some decent new batteries and he should be up in the clouds !



Performing well and very pretty in the air which ever way you look at her, coming or going ? I flew my Hi Fli but I think I've missed the boat with that one, too much weight and drag ! Maybe a lot lighter tailplane and fuselage might be the answer ?? I love the wing !!

Brett and I then flew our Tomboys in the Sports Cabin Texaco monthly **NDC** competition. Our batteries are showing their age unfortunately (even more so than the pilots !), and replacement of these 180mah cells has become something of a problem. I think I feel a new 40inch span Tomboy coming on !?

Sports Cabin E-Texaco

		1	2	GRAND
NAME	MODEL	FLIGHT	FLIGHT	TOTAL
BARRIE RUSSELL	TOMBOY	616	636	1252
BRETT ROBINSON	TOMBOY	371	430	801

Thursday 21st. the fore cast was even better and the week deteriorating from then on so off to Awatoto Field again for a Vintage morning out. **Brett** spent some more quality time with his Satellite which is showing improved performance. Then we decided to have an **impromptu Vintage E Rubber Texaco** competition, and once we got Stanley organised by loaning him batteries (Good ones !) and helping him set up and trim his model (a Gollywok that Tony Ives built for him), he proceeded to give us both a sound thrashing and a lesson into how to fly and score in E Rubber Texaco. **Brett, Stan and I** spent a very pleasant time flying two timed rounds of duration and quite buoyant air with Stan putting in an excellent second flight which we will submit for the National Vintage RC Leader Board.

E – RUBBER 21-09-2023

NAME	MODEL	YEAR	MFNZ No	ROUND									GRAND TOTAL
				1				2				AGE	
				FLIGHT	LAND	BONUS	TOTAL	FLIGHT	LAND	BONUS	TOTAL		
STAN NICHOLAS	GOLLYWOCK	1944	10922	1534	20	6	1560	2825	1	20	2846	4406	
BARRIE RUSSELL	VOODOO	1949	2287	1287	20	1	1308	1683	1	20	1704	3012	
BRETT ROBINSON	FLYING MINUTES	1939	2980	1081	20	11	1112	1193	11	20	1224	2336	

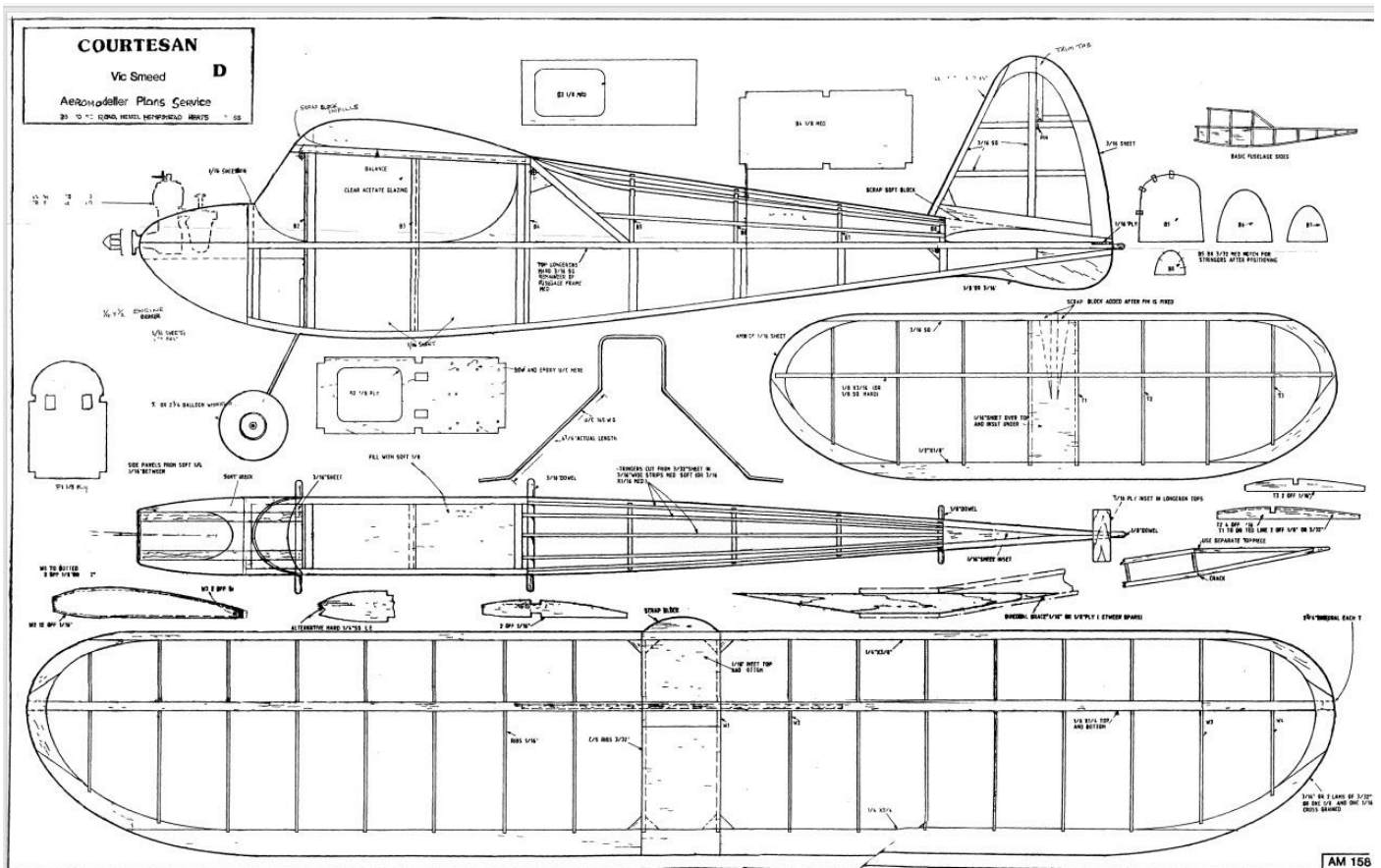


Clockwise from top left; Hard work this relaxed flying style / Stan, Brett and self with our vintage air force of the day, Satellite, Voodoo, Flying Minutes, Tomboy, Gollywock. / Pits scene / another view of the team taken by **Brett**.

RULE CHANGE; Sport Cabin E Texaco.

This class for unscaled cabin models with a wingspan of between 30 and 40 inches from the Vintage and Classical era currently uses 2S 180 Mah lipo batteries which have become near impossible to obtain and most vintage modellers' current 180 batteries are getting very tired. The Vintage SIG is proposing a battery size increase to 2S 200 Mah which are more readily available. This has been a popular class within the movement, Brett and I both compete in it regularly through **NDC** with our 36 inch span Tomboys and find our 180 batteries are seriously losing their performance so it will be a welcome change.

I'm currently considering a model change to something with a slightly bigger wing area but still a simple build as per the Tomboy and have settled on the Vic Smeed COURTESAN, a 38 inch cabin model from 1952.



A prettier and slightly upgraded model of the Tomboy. With the bigger 2S 200mah Lipo batteries this model should perform very well in the Vintage SCTex competition. I would like to think we might consider a Club build and intend to put it out to our vintage members and the membership in general. This model should perform well in the **NDC** competition, and also form the basis of some impromptu one model competitions within the club. Talking around there is already some interest in the build. **Ed.**

The plan download is available from Outerzone [COURTESAN **HERE**](#)



**** FOR SALE ****

September '23



FOR SALE: Focke Wulf 190

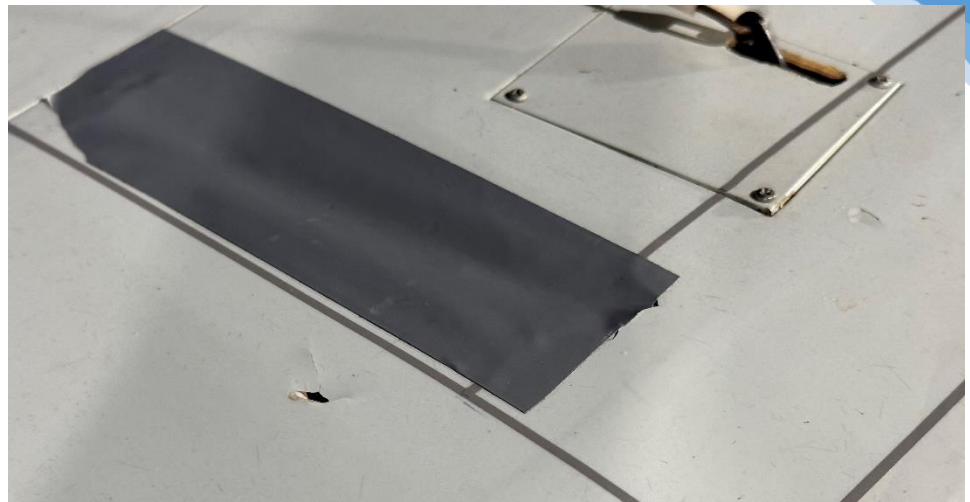


Marty writes; I've seriously run out of Hangar room and I don't like to let anything go but I need the room. So.... Up for grabs is this stunning Warbird. It's an ESM ARF Focke Wulf 190 . 1.8m wingspan and powered by a G23 Zenoah 2 stroke petrol. All Futaba servos , ESM air retracts. Hasn't flown for about 3 years but it's a great flyer with plenty of power. It's got a small crack in the canopy and a patch in a wing as pictured (Hangar rash) . It needs flight pack battery, ignition battery, a Rexel kill switch and an RX and it's good to go. Its pictured here with the scale static prop but will come with a carbon 2 blade prop and a big alloy spinner. This would look great at Warbirds.



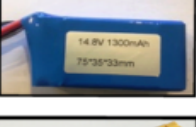






Asking only **\$650** total
as I need the room.

If you want this in
your Hangar then call
Marty on 021427380.



LiPo BATTERIES FOR SALE

	3S 11.1v 40C 1500mAh (for Radians) PRICE - \$45.00
	3S 11.1v 40C 2200mAh (for small foamies) PRICE - \$49.99
	4S 14.8v 25C 1300mAh (for general flying) PRICE - \$55.00
	2S 7.1v 40C 1300mAh (for general flying) PRICE - \$25.00
	1S 3.7v 30C 1300mAh (for Receiver battery) PRICE - \$19.95
	3S 11.1v 40C 2800mAh (for general flying) PRICE - \$55.00
	3S 11.1v 40C 2200mAh (for general flying) PRICE - \$49.99

For details contact: Gavin Shute: 021 656 999 or gavinshute@gmail.com

Soaring Report: “F5J in the BAY”



“Rowdy” reports on their latest F5J comp at Black Bridge;

F5J in the Bay

The F5J in the Bay had reasonable participation with **Dave Griffin** organizing the entries. Our NZ World Champion team was back in the air having just arrived back from Bulgaria. The forecast looked marginal for Sunday, but we pushed on with the competition. We had a few people from around the country coming which made it a fun event. Most turned up for secret practice on Friday, followed by a great BBQ dinner and garden tour with **Joe and Jan Wurts**. Flavoursome BBQ lunches were also served by Joe for both days of the competition.

The next morning was fantastic with blue sky and very little wind. It made for tricky launching and landing, with light wind altered by thermal activity changing directions for most of the day. We flew 3 groups all day and managed a very relaxed 7 complete rounds. The air seemed to top out early in the morning. An inversion layer around 100m high meant you could not climb out and as you hit this ceiling the planes got pushed aside by the thermal. Pilots needed to search around to hold on to height for the 10-minute window. **Myles Moloney** had a new to him, old PlusX. This was well repaired from the previous owner’s crash and finally up and flying. Unfortunately, **Myles** had radio problems so reverted back to his old model. **Stewart Cox and Bruce Clarke** were both flying Maxa electrics and did very well even though they are heavier models.



Saturday night dinner was at a local eatery providing a nice evening by the Napier, Ahuriri Port. It enabled all the pilots to catch up as it has been some time since our last meeting.

Sunday was slightly overcast, and conditions were set to eventually swing to a sea-breeze. We altered groups around and had the remaining 5 rounds in 2 groups of 2. With an odd number of participants, one person timed themselves with the use of a glider keeper making it possible. The thermals did take some searching with a

slight lack of sun making it more challenging than Saturday. Usually, towards the end of the group round, with a little patience, most found themselves in a comfortable height position.

Overall, most guys are getting a consistent quality of flying and improvements in precision landings. With limited repairs or damage over the event, it made for a fun, enjoyable weekend.



Results To Round 12

#	Name	Ctry	Score	Pcnt	RawScore
1	Wurts, Joe	-	11000.0	100.00	11998.3
2	Botherway, Kevin	-	10904.4	99.13	11806.9
3	Glasse, Peter	-	10834.7	98.50	11415.4
4	Hiscock, Andrew	-	10728.8	97.53	11624.8
5	Campbell, Kevin	-	10375.9	94.33	10884.1
6	Cox, Stew	-	9226.7	83.88	9917.3
7	Morgan, Rob	-	8575.2	77.96	8724.3
8	Moloney, Myles	-	5056.6	45.97	5056.6
9	Clarke, Bruce	-	3299.7	30.00	3299.7

Soaring Rocks!!!! Rowdy.

F3B Round 4 NI Series - Black Bridge, Hawkes Bay

We had a total of eight entrants for the two-day F3B event on 16-17 September. This was a bit down on entries and would mean it was a busy time on the field for all as everyone was needed when flying for timing, line retrieving, and officiating the course. We had four entries from out of Hawkes Bay, so it was "The Bay" against the rest of NZ! Saturday morning was the usual set up with a couple of models requiring test flying before proceeding with the competition – Dave James with what looked like a brand sparkly new Shinto despite it being a seriously post-crash plane from Rowdy that DJ rebuilt. Miles Moloney was also flying with a nicely rebuilt F3b Cyril. We got into it with a great first day featuring light winds and, of course, the usual Hawkes Bay sun.

We started with flying two rounds of duration, with most getting their times although landing these models proved we all out of practice as they were high speed bricks compared to a light F5J model. The thermal lift wasn't there for these flights although most managed the conditions and got the ten-minute flights.

After duration, we adjourned for a quick BBQ lunch on the field. Joe sourced some beef brisket sausages from the gourmet butcher in Havelock North, along with the usual grilled condiments as well as Joes homemade salsa. After getting suitably ballasted, we then moved on to four rounds of speed as we had one contestant out for a few hours – this would have made it too hard to run distance. As we found later, with only seven on the field, running distance was “challenging”.

So, it was a “Need for Speed”! The whole team worked like a well-oiled clock - timing, winch retrieval, pushing buttons, flying and calling. The launching was somewhat low for most of the rounds and the air seemed slow even though most were running light lines to try and achieve some height it just wasn't happening. It was noticeable how much the lines whistled on launch and the planes out of the bucket the zoom didn't get the height we all wanted. It was nice though to have the wind blowing almost straight down the winch lines! As usual Joe came out flying 3 seconds faster than the rest, his round three managed a 14.98, fastest for the day! This popped him well into the front of the pack. We were all happy to do 4 rounds of speed in row after having not flown F3B for some time. It was great fun!

We then kitted up for a round of distance and a little drag racing again it was full on to run the course with low staff numbers, but we managed to get through with a big thanks to Peter Williams who worked on the F3B gear recently and it ran with no problems throughout the day. Most laps were 20 and we did one complete round. As the day was getting on, we had one more round of duration which again in the first slot conditions we had only Pete Glassey making the full 10 minutes and putting the hurt on Joe Wurts and Richard Thompson.

It was pack up and a quick beer not leaving the field until 6.00pm – a big day. But wait, there was more! A great evening at Jane and Andrew Hiscock's for a BBQ with amazing salads and homemade hamburgers as well as lovely baked treats. The guys from out of town were staying not far away in a B&B, which made it convenient for most.

Unfortunately, the forecast and wind weren't great for Sunday. When we met at the field the conditions were as predicted, it was blowing hard over the trees creating turbulence which would have made for fairly risky launches and landings. The event was declared completed, with three rounds of duration, one round distance, and four rounds of speed. A fun event! Thank you all for coming.

#	Name	Ctry	Score	Pcnt	RawScore	Rnd1		
						Dur	Dis	Spd
1	Wurts, Joe	-	3000.00	100.00	3000.00	1000.00	1000.00	1000.00
2	Botherway, Kevin	-	2860.01	95.33	2860.01	1000.00	1000.00	860.01
3	Thompson, Richard	-	2855.36	95.18	2855.36	991.35	1000.00	864.01
4	Glassey, Peter	-	2631.98	87.73	2631.98	966.86	850.00	815.12
5	James, David	-	2100.54	70.02	2100.54	574.93	900.00	625.61
6	Hiscock, Andrew	-	2012.13	67.07	2012.13	608.01	800.00	604.12
7	Maloney, Myles	-	1566.96	52.23	1566.96	849.79	0.00	717.17
8	Morgan, Rob	-	1034.65	34.49	1034.65	573.68	0.00	460.97

Thanks to Jane and Andrew for the Saturday evening BBQ! Joe for the Saturday's lunch, the scores and draw! Peter Williams for his work on the F3B gear and for those who travelled!

Not only does Soaring Rock! but F3B does too!

See y'all at Soarchamps (2-4 November – get your entries in NOW

Rowdy. mfhb.



A CLOSING SMILE. Aug '23



Weight Loss Program.

A guy calls a company and orders their 5-day, 5lbs weight loss program.

The next day, there's a knock on the door and there stands before him a voluptuous, athletic, 19 year old babe dressed in nothing but a pair of Nike running shoes and a sign around her neck. She introduces herself as a representative of the weight loss company. The sign reads, **"If you can catch me, you can have me."**

Without a second thought, he takes off after her. A few miles later puffing and puffing, he finally gives up. The same girl shows up for the next four days and the same thing happens. On the fifth day, he weighs himself and is delighted to find he has lost 5lbs as promised.

He calls the company and orders their 5-day/10lbs program. The next day there's a knock at the door and there stands the most stunning, beautiful, sexy woman he has ever seen in his life. She is wearing nothing but Reebok running shoes and a sign around her neck that reads, **"If you catch me you can have me"**.

Well, he's out the door after her like a shot. This girl is in excellent shape and he does his best, but no such luck. So for the next four days, the same routine happens with him gradually getting in better and better shape. Much to his delight on the fifth day when he weighs himself, he discovers that he has lost another 10lbs as promised. He decides to go for broke and calls the company to order the 7-day/25 lbs program.

"Are you sure?" asks the representative on the phone. "This is our most rigorous program." "Absolutely," he replies, "I haven't felt this good in years."

The next day there's a knock at the door; and when he opens it he finds a huge muscular guy standing there wearing nothing but pink running shoes and a sign around his neck that reads.....

"If I catch you, you are mine." He lost 33 lbs that week.

Well, that's it from me for another month. As usual don't forget to send me all your copy, I wish.

Regards,

Barrie the editor mfhb sept 2023.

