COLORADO FREE FLIGHT

THE MAX-OUT

Newsletter of the Magnificent Mountain Men

AMA CHARTERED CLUB #177



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Or, join the web group at:
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/MMMFreeFlight/

2007-2 (Mar/April/May)



PONDERINGS DEP'T

THIS IS THE MMM CLUB'S 50TH YEAR!!

I was just thinking…50 years…Wow!…I joined this club somewhere about 1970…wait a minute! I can't be getting that old! My first issue doing this N/L was 1982…except for the stint in New Jersey...wow.25 years since then!

The Tin Cup Towline Contest wants to be resurrected in memory of Ed Collins with a TLG Annual Trophy in his memory also.
SO…for the April 22 contest, I will have

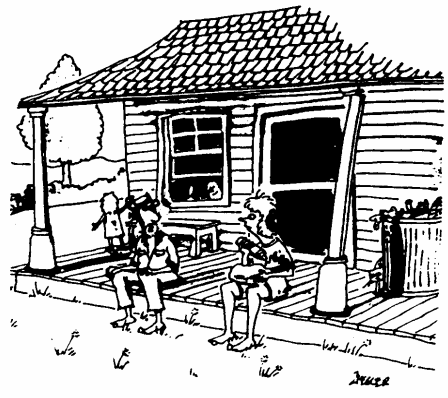
Towline Glider Bash, fly 'til you drop. The rules are: 3 flights to the Max, fly-offs the same max, A-1, F1H (2 minutes), NFFS, A-2, F1A (3 minutes).

$1 additional entry fee to the pot…winner takes the pot based upon ratio of total time vs. max time, and gets braggin' rights.

Along with that…we ARE THE HOTTEST FF CLUB in the Country!! BAR NONE!

Just my biased opinion, of course….

Thermals!....or heat from the lights, or whatever…
Rick



Ma, can I borrow that there button thread for a towline? Rick's gotta towline bash.

"The MAX-OUT" newsletter is printed about the second or third (?) week of the month. Submissions should be not later than the end of the prior month.

TO JOIN THE CLUB OR SUBSCRIBE

- Full membership is offered to any current AMA member: $40
- SAM-1 Crossover membership: $20
- Newsletter Subscription Only: $15
- Send $ to:
  Chuck Etherington
  33946 Goldfinch Dr.
  Elizabeth, CO 80107-7419

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NEAR TERM EVENTS:

MMM MTG!	**Every Third Tuesday at 7:00 PM, Dinner at the Castle Cafe in Castle Rock.**
Wings Over the Rockies Indoor 7711 E. Academy Blvd. in the former Lowry AFB Denver	Various Sundays of every month from 1-5pm. Admission $. A good clean site, 24' height Al Yuhasz at al-yuhasz@worldnet.att.net to receive notice by E-Mail.
MARCH 24-25	**PIKES PEAK CEILING CLIMB INDOOR**
APRIL 22	**MMM MONTHLY**
MAY 20	**MMM MONTHLY & SAM COMBO**
JUNE 10	**MMM MONTHLY**

Note: For those of you who wish to have a real live MMM Club Member Name Tag, you can order them yourself through:

Sun Signs
4420 Tennyson
Denver, CO 80212 - 2310
(303) 477-1594

Call and tell them you are with the Magnificent Mountain Men FF Model Airplane Club. The cost is about $5 delivered to your door.

MMM Decals!
Self adhesive, black on thin, clear mylar

Prices:
$2 per sheet (5 assorted sizes per sheet)
3 sheets for $5 -- save 17%
15 sheets for $20 -- save 33%

Plus $2 for shipping or, you can to pick them up at one of our summer contests

To order send an email to:
ddeloach@earthlink.net or,
mail your check to:
MMM Decals
831 E. Willamette Ave
Colorado Springs, CO 80903
Indicate the quantity you'd like.

Prez Says, Apr 2007
By Pete McQuade



As I write this, it's only a little over two weeks until our first outdoor contest. It takes a little hopeful imagination to envision that today-- although we're a couple of weeks into springtime, the 2006-07 "winter of winters" is making one more stand, and the trees and bushes outside my window are covered with ice this afternoon. But I know that won't stop the MMM. I can just see us gathered on top of the hill, once again putting up maxes on that beautiful field, perhaps in the face of challenging weather, or perhaps on one of those gorgeous springtime days with light winds and blue skies, long flights and short chases. Whichever it might be, it'll be good to get together again to do what we love. Come on out!

We just came off an indoor season that was one for the books, capped off by the fabulous Pikes Peak Ceiling Climb. Coverage of that contest appears elsewhere in this issue of the MaxOut. Many thanks to Don DeLoach, Rob Romash, and Jerry Murphy for organizing it. And how about that official proclamation by Colorado Springs Mayor Lionel Rivera, recognizing the Springs as "Indoor Free Flight Town--USA." As you can see, the MMM is rapidly becoming a major hub of indoor activity in the US, just as we are in the outdoor scene.

We're all looking forward to seeing all those new outdoor projects guys have been talking about over the winter. Undoubtedly there are going to be lots of thrills in Classic Towline, with new models like Don's Super Talon, and in HLG as a whole stable of Discus-Launched Gliders (DLGs) make their debut, from the workshops of the guys like Bill Gieskieng, and Randy and Todd Reynolds. No doubt we'll see new rubber and gas models as well. And there seems to be a welcome resurgence of interest in FAI events, with new F1A and F1H gliders being prepped for flight by Mark Covington and Mel Gray. If I forgot to mention your new project, please forgive me, and remind me on the field, so I can watch you try it out.

As we get ready to fly again, please remember to follow the field rules, especially considering explosive ordnance. That rule is simple: When chasing, don't pick up anything but your model. And if you go to practice on the field on a weekday, be sure to call the Corps of Engineers trailer first at **(303) 690-3816**.

Well, I've got to get back to tuning up those gliders for the contest. Hey, let's go flying!

A Lost Hills Diary:
By Pete McQuadeTuesday, Oct 3.

The 2006 FAI Finals and Livotto Invitational

The weather was solid gray overcast and the morning rush-hour traffic on I-25 was slogging along through the construction, as the XM satellite radio pounded out the latest bad news from North Korea: Kim Jong il was threatening to hold a nuclear test. Would that guy never stop his shenanigans? I hadn't slept at all well the previous night, because of the sinus problems that had plagued me the last month and a half. I was on my way to Jerry Murphy's house, to pick up him and Chuck Etherington and head out to Lost Hills for the 2006 FAI Team Selection Finals. Thankfully, we had met at my place the night before, to load up my Odyssey minivan, so we were in pretty good shape, time-wise. As I drove on, I had to admit that I wasn't as well prepared for these Finals as I'd hoped I would be. I hadn't practiced nearly as much as I had wanted, and the models weren't in the fine state of trim I had hoped for. The funny thing was that I didn't really care that much. As I had repeatedly told Marilyn, "I've already had my big prize this year—seeing #21 fly." And that's how I really felt. After 3 ½ long, frustrating years, I had finally finished my first electronic bunter, with the first fuselage pod I had ever molded myself. And aluminum parts machined on my new milling machine. I had spent many tortuous, torturous hours negotiating the "learning curve." When it was finally ready to fly, I told Marilyn, "I feel like I've been let out of jail." But #21 was done, and flew quite well, at least for a new model. It had flown fewer than a dozen times, had a total of one max to its credit, and was

looking promising, if not ready for a major competition. And I had four other F1As in the model box, one or two of which were actually flying pretty well. Things looked fairly good, but not great.

Chuck had a fleet of five F1Cs going and had meticulously packed his flight boxes and support equipment in neat cardboard boxes. He was ready and much better organized than I. For the first time in 10 years, Colorado would have two guys flying in the Finals. And with Murph as our pit crew, we had a stout-hearted team of die-hard free-flighters.

The morning air was still heavy as I pulled into Murph's driveway. Chuck had spent the night with Jerry and Kathy, so he and Jerry were ready the moment I arrived. The three of us were soon busy transferring suitcases and provisions to the Odyssey. A little repair was in order for the electrical wiring for the trailer lights. Murph wielded his soldering iron with great skill and the job was soon done. Just before we closed up the car to set off, he went to get his Coleman lantern and his GPS receiver, complete with navigation CD, including digital map data for the travel route and for southern California. Frankly, I didn't see the point—we had my road atlas for the trip, and why on earth would we need maps of Lost Hills? But if Jerry wanted to bring along his gadget, I sure wasn't going to stop him. As it would turn out, within five days that "gadget," and Jerry's expertise with it, would save my bacon. And his lantern would prove similarly useful.

Before long, we were on our way. After the short drive up the mountains to Woodland Park, we ducked in for a quick stop at the store for snacks, drinks, and ice for the cooler. Then off to find the post office to mail out MMM newsletters. With a McDonalds' breakfast in hand and plenty of drivers, we headed out in earnest and made good time along the scenic, mountainous route through Hartsell, Fairplay, and Alma. Everywhere, the aspens were in their golden glory. Soon we were winding our way down the switchbacks of Hoosier Pass toward Breckenridge. Thankfully, the recent snowfall there had largely melted from the roadway.

The goal was to make it to St George, Utah that night, so we couldn't dally. As we drove through the steep, rock-lined canyons between Vail and Glenwood Springs, we talked about things only free flighters can appreciate: our club (the MMM), issues facing the AMA, our latest model-building projects, and, of course, the upcoming Finals. The miles melted away behind us. For the first time, I was beginning to feel a bit of adrenaline, thinking about the Finals. We made it to Grand Junction, near the Utah border, in time for lunch at Wendy's. At the table, as I was un-wrapping my burger, I looked up at Chuck.

"Well, Chuck, are you nervous?" I asked.

He paused and smiled, as he usually does before answering a tough question. "No."

"Really?"

"Yes."

I looked at him for elaboration, but none was necessary. I thought about his response as I ate my sandwich and fries. "How could he <u>not</u> be nervous?" I wondered. "Well, if he's not, then I won't be either." And that was that. For the rest of the trip, I was resolved to not be nervous. And it worked.

We didn't spend much time there, and were soon cruising through Utah. As day turned into evening, we passed through Richfield and Cedar City, with its red hillsides and fragrant mountain air. After dark, we rolled into St. George and pulled up to the Best Western Travel Inn. We checked in, and after a sojourn through the torn-up streets, we finally found the restaurant and had a fine dinner. On the way back to the hotel, we pondered the meaning of the huge letter "D" inscribed in brilliant lights on the hillside. Apparently, this was the "Dixie Valley." Back at the hotel, we wasted no time in hitting the sack. It was easy to get to sleep that night.

The next day, Murph was up early, and by the time I got to the car, he had his soldering iron heated up and was doing a little more work on the trailer-light wiring in the brisk morning air. Soon, we were packed up and heading south on I-15. We clipped the upper corner off Arizona and plunged into the short run across southern Nevada, making for Las Vegas.

"Sin City" was bustling with mid-morning traffic as we drove by on I-15. We pressed on past Jean, NV, where Jerry and Chuck recalled stories of past SAM contests and the exploits of Magnificent Mountain Men in them. Then we found ourselves in the splendid desolation of southeastern California, with stretches of highway that run straight as an arrow to the horizon and leapfrog from one valley to the next. In the late-morning heat, we passed by a car that had just been burned up, the fire engine still standing nearby. Soon we passed by Zzyzyx Road, a jolly landmark that leads to I-don't-know-where, and which I surmise must have

been named by someone who had a good reason to guarantee that their road would always be at the end of any alphabetical list.

The XM satellite radio is a good thing to have out here—you can get just about any station you want, and never lose the signal. Jerry's GPS receiver, sitting atop the dash, showed the route ahead to be boringly straight. Once again, I wondered why we had the GPS with us. Murph must have known something I didn't.

Lunchtime found us stopping in Barstow for fuel and food. The town had become very familiar to me over the past year, as I had traveled there repeatedly for a radar experiment at nearby Ft Irwin, where many of our troops receive final counter-insurgency training before deploying to Iraq and Afghanistan. Working with the soldiers there gave me an even deeper appreciation for their courage, skills, and patriotism. I knew the town well enough to know that Coco's was the best bet for a good lunch. As we waited for our meals, we talked about Chuck's F1Cs and my models. Now that we were in the California desert, we were getting into our "Lost Hills" mindset. But Chuck's admonition to me was still working—I wasn't at all nervous. How different from the other three Finals I had attended!

I love the run from Barstow to Bakersfield, because there's so much to see. You're soon passing Edwards AFB, and although you can't see the airfield from the Interstate, you can see the rocket test stands atop the mountains. And it feels good just to be near the famous base where Chuck Yeager broke the sound barrier, Scott Crossfield doubled the ante by breaking Mach 2, and the X-15 trumped them all. And then there was the Space Shuttle…

Twenty miles later and you're in the town of Mojave, with its own amazing aeronautical history. "On the way back home," we vowed, "we're going to stop there." The Odyssey flew along on the bypass, then up into the hills, past the forests of huge grinding windmills, and over Tehachapi Pass. On the downhill side, the mountains are transformed from desert to a softer landscape, with rolling hills covered in October's tall golden grass and dotted with trees. Even the air begins to feel more like California.

We slid into verdant Bakersfield in the early afternoon. When we stopped at a gas station to fill up the motorcycles and the jerry can, we knew we were on the last lap of the race. "All right, guys," I said over my shoulder, "next stop: Lost Hills." There was hearty agreement. As we cruised along I-5, the car was filled with a tangible sense of expectancy--the weather was cloudy yet calm, and we all wanted to get to Lost Hills in time go get in some practice flying before sunset.

As we made the turn onto Highway 46, the farm fields and dense orchards were very familiar and comfortable. We couldn't resist a short stop at the grocery store in Wasco, to get a week's supply of bottled water, breakfast cereal, and a few other necessities. We hustled through the checkout line.

A very short drive later, we pulled off at the Lost Hills exit. Soon, we were checked in at Days Inn, our home for the next 10 days. The pleasant lady at the desk was the same one who had helped Chuck and me check out two years before. We found the rooms and quickly unloaded just enough of the car that we could get at the model boxes. We recognized one car in the nearly-empty parking lot—its Oregon license plates told us Blake Jensen and Tiffany O'Dell were already here. Fifteen minutes later, we were back on the road, heading toward the field. There would still be some time for putting in a few flights.

We were in high spirits as we made the turn from Highway 46 onto Holloway Rd. Five or so miles later, we were driving between the two white pillars that form the entryway to the flying field. As we wound our way to the field proper, the sky was heavily overcast; something I'd not previously witnessed on this field. To me, "Lost Hills" had become synonymous with "clear, blue skies." Since there was very little wind, it was still going to be a great time to fly. I began to look for the line of cars and RVs that would delineate the parking area. But there was nothing there. We went to the general spot where we had parked back in 2004. Nothing there. We had the field to ourselves. As we got out and stretched our legs, the feeling was surreal. We had the entire field to ourselves. I turned around and around to savor the feeling. "Yessss!!!" I said. "This is great." Murph and Chuck voiced similar sentiments. Murph said, "Let's get the camp set up. Pete, you get set to fly." Chuck elected not to fly his F1Cs with so little time to get them set up before sunset, so he helped Murph take the bikes off the trailer and set up the sunshade.

I laid out my blue ground tarp and model box, then immediately began to set up #20, my "old reliable" from the 2004 Finals. This airplane had proved its mettle in that contest, twice making the dreaded first-round 4-minute max with some margin. However, its former "on rails" reliability was now severely in question, because of a very strange misfortune in the last round of the MMM 14-round FAI contest in July.

During that long downwind chase, the high winds and heavy overcast erupted into a severe thunderstorm, with lightning strikes frighteningly close. The better part of valor dictated that I abandon the chase and hightail it on the motorcycle for the safety and shelter of the Odyssey. When the rain finally let up enough to venture out again, the model had endured 1 ½ hours of drenching rain and high winds. When I finally slogged to the hillside where it sat, I was amazed to see it hadn't been broken. However, every bay of the wings and stabilizer were filled with water. I trudged back to the car. Then, despite having just re-covered the airplane a few weeks before in anticipation of the Finals, I stood there on the muddy ground and ripped all the covering off the winds and stab. I almost wanted to cry. After drying out the framework on the workbench for 10 days, I started re-covering. Four weeks later, she was flying again, but was in need of tweaks and twists in the wings and stab adjustments. By the time we got to Lost Hills, the model was still in the re-trimming stage, with an especially nagging propensity for not tracking straight in the bunt, but inconsistently going off to the right or left.

And so now, at nearly 6:00 pm on the field at Lost Hills, we were ready to put in our first test flight of the trip and to start wringing out #20. It was so strange to be able to pick any direction we wanted for towing—there were no cars, no people—just us. Two quick flights with the model confirmed that it still needed some tuning up. While we were flying, two cars showed up on the field—an F1C flier who went far to the south of us and set up. And Blake Jensen and Tiffany O'Dell, who had come out to put in a couple of late evening flights. One of his flights, just before dark, put his F1B up almost impossibly high and drifting west in the increasing breeze. Blake was obviously well prepared for the Finals.

Then, mainly to satisfy my curiosity, I set up #21, the new electronic bunter, and we gave it a go. The tow was OK, as was the bunt, but when it settled into its glide, I got a shock—it glided in the wrong direction. I obviously had a lot of work to do.

Before long, we were finished and headed back to Days Inn. It's only a short walk from there to Denny's, and we had a great dinner there. Things were looking good. Tomorrow, we would begin practicing and trimming in earnest. Back at the hotel, Murph and I used a heat gun to put a slight warp in #21's wing, to coax the airplane to turn the correct direction in the glide. I said good night to Murph, who headed back to his and Chuck's room. I struggled with my sinus problems that night, but still slept well. Tomorrow would be a busy day.

Next time: glorious practice days, meeting old and new friends, the Livotto Invitational…and an unforgettable chase.

BURSTING BLADDER DEP'T

Another source of bladders is...bladders!

I buy mine from Pendemonium.com. They feature an endless variety for
classic fountain pens.

I use #12 for 1/2A, and #14 for all the rest. The pen bladders are
unaffected by fuel, and last a whole season!

I also use the plumbing setup that Hank Nystrom and Lee Campbell sell. The
clamp, Tee Fitting and check valve make it easier. You can omit the latter
using a hemostat, but the hassle is not worth it.

Dean McGinnes

GREASY KIDS STUFF DEP'T

Got Fuel? I have been passing discussion with RED-MAX FUELS since I have been needing a source of some "Murphy recipe" 1/2A Fuel. His secret formula is 65%Nitro / 15% Propylene Oxide / 20% oil.

RED MAX says they will mix just about anything we want but limit the additives to a total of 80% reserving the last 20% for oil. They do use a synthetic instead of castor and have a slew of reasons to justify that castor is not as good, so I believe them.

Here's their email: http://members.aol.com/fhsoil/
And their phone is: 1-800-742-8484

WOTR EXPO DEP'T

I would like you to pass this on to all your club members that attended the 07 Expo.

"Thank you all for attending this year's Expo at the Wings Over The Rockies Museum. It was a great success this year. We hope to make it bigger in the coming years. The CEO said it was a great day for the museum and hope everyone else had a great time.

I myself thought it was a good turn out of clubs and people. Maybe the weather helped to. The food vender was of course real happy in selling out twice and said he would be back next year.

We have a post meeting on the 9th of March to go over all hits and misses. If there is anything that your club would like to add to make this any better. Feel free to drop me a line. We only learn from our mistakes."
Thanks Again,
Bob Bergin



From Chuck….
Short report on impressions of the MaxMen (aka Bob White Memorial) contest last weekend: I'm afraid that I had tunnel vision and didn't get to see much of the events outside F1C.

Friday I was testing while Frank was helping his brother Guy fly F1J. Guy did very well and, I believe, ended up 4th.

In F1C Saturday I dropped the 4th round because I got the model off to the left a bit and missed the transition. Because the model was trimmed too close to a stall in the glide (greed on my part), it couldn't get out of a stall cycle and it continued to stall all the way to the ground. The time was about 2:48. The 7th round was also dropped when the engine sagged and the model didn't have a real good climb or transition. In addition to that, I missed the air. Had the climb been good, it would have made the max anyway. Event results were hard to come by but I believe Verbitski won using a lower aspect ratio flapper (yes, I said flapper), Bob Gutai was 2nd with a direct drive and Guy Menanno was 3rd with a Reductor (geared front end). He had an overrun in the 9 min flyoff and had to go with a direct drive backup model. Frank chased the geared model and reported that although it started out higher than Verbitski's, it was the lower model when it touched the ground. It would be nice to know if his glide was not optimized or was Verbitski's glide just superior? Most exciting moments: Lynn Pulley center punching a Wakefield gliding gracefully overhead (his model went on to max). Artem Babenko's wing coming unfolded during the climb in the 9 minute flyoff. When the engine quit the model ended up with one side of the wing fully deployed and the other partially folded. Normally that condition causes a yaw which prevents the folded wing from opening, and it holds that configuration all the way to the ground. Remarkably the model got itself into an attitude which enabled the folded wing to deploy and the model glided down safely (from about 1/3 normal altitude).
Frank was a huge help both days, both to me and Guy. He was fighting a bad cold most of the trip but performed marvelously. Following the flying, we attended the America's Cup awards banquet. The following morning we drove down to LA and spent the day and night with Frank and Guy's family. Very enjoyable.

MY BIG BROTHER'S DESTINY!

"You're going to have to start it!" I was told in no uncertain terms. In my alarm and fear the only reply I could manage was, "I don't know……." The Cox TD .15 had been biting my brother's slightly bloody fingers and the one glove we could find fit only my small hand. To a nine year old fourth-grader the engine looked like a .60, but my brother and dad left me no choice. Summoning all my courage, I flipped and flipped until it finally started; a victory capping off a tale that began early that morning.

It began inauspiciously enough with a friend of the family driving my older brother to what he expected to be the model field where my father and I were flying. The boy suddenly cried out, "Taft exit!!! That's the way to Taft!!!" The lady behind the wheel corrected him, "No, your mother told me Taft High School." The lady had misunderstood the instructions and kept driving south toward William Howard Taft High near L.A. Tears came to the boy's eyes as his chance to fly his first F1C was slipping away by the mile.

The boy ended up delivered home where he was met by his surprised mother. "What are you doing here?" she queried. She could see how badly he wanted to get to the U.S. Free Flight Champs, but what to do? Unsure of the wisdom of the decision, she put the eighth-grader on a Greyhound bus bound for Bakersfield where he then transferred to another bus out to Taft.

My dad, Al, expressed growing concern about the boy not yet having shown up at the flying field. He pondered going into town to call home and see if there was any news, but the beautiful weather was seductive and soon he was pulling my brother's new F1C/A Gas combination model out of the car. "Maybe we could glide his plane" he suggested. He had designed the plane and my brother had built it (my dad once read about a fellow flyer that competed in three or four classes with one ship! "What a great idea", he thought. If you knew my dad you would know that his middle name is "Frugal", but that's not exactly the word we used. He once sat three of us down to all build the same rubber model, and the design was based on how to get four planes out of two sheets of 1/16" x 3" x 12" balsa. I can't tell you how long we sat there and watched him create the design but it didn't matter; we were building a model plane)! Back to the contest…….the gas model was a 450 sq. in. locked down beauty, red Monocoat on the flying surfaces and red K&B epoxy on the fuselage. It was hauled up by the legendary TD .15 with a Cox grey prop, shut off with a Tatone timer. The ship was called Red Devil.

"Get out a little farther" my dad advised as he sent the ship gliding. Ok, I was to catch it? This huge 450 sq in red monstrosity was coming at me, up, up, and up it went, right over my head. "Oh my gosh, look at that thing go!" I blurted. The darn plane glided all the way across the field and hit a canopy pole with its left wingtip - I think it was the "Satellite City" setup. My dad concluded that we had better put the plane away.

Meanwhile, my brother's adventure had barely begun. He yelled at the bus driver, "This is it, let me off!" "No, I can't let a kid off in the middle of the desert!" he scolded. On to Taft the bus rolled, right past the flying field. Once in town, my brother elected to hitchhike back out to the field. Walking out to the road that led out of town, he raised his thumb and two college girls in a convertible soon picked him up. He was sandwiched between the girls and he began to realize he might be in for more than just a ride to the model field. Let's just say the girls had more than just the car's top down. Luckily for a kid of twelve, he spotted the kitty litter factory off to the left, and realizing he had taken the wrong road out of town, he howled "stop and let me out!" The lively young ladies thought he was crazy for wanting to be dropped off in the middle of nowhere but complied with his request.

There he stood on Maricopa Highway looking across the desert. After two more hours of walking the boy stepped on top of the rusted old oil pipeline that lies at the top of the field. What a contest…….cars everywhere parked like a huge horseshoe starting at his left and ending at his right. They were three or four rows deep all along the center down by the wash where the entrance leads in. Planes being launched; planes in the sky; motorcycles making chase with dust trailing behind; the smell of burning castor in the air; people scurrying all over. This was Free Flight at its best.

As my brother, Guy Menanno, finally walked on to the field that day, he was fulfilling his destiny. He flew the Red Devil for the first time (with me apprehensively starting the engine) which began a 30 year love affair with power models. He is one of the most natural flyers I have ever seen. God hands out gifts to each of us and Guy has been thankful for his gift. He has charged forward to many victories and records in AMA gas, and has been successful in FAI F1C & F1J. He's my big brother and I can't tell you how proud I am of him. I'll start his engine anytime.



Frank Menanno

ERRATTA DEP'T

Hi guys,

I have been given advance notice of a new 10:1 winder that a friend in Texas is making available soon. It is perfect for FAC scale and P-30. It'll handle up to 8 strands of 1/8" and is only going to cost about $50!



Send an email to Rich Adams to get on his list: radams@flyingaces.org.

--Don

Jim Moseley:
I just received a letter from a former clubmate of the past and felt this paragraph was worth sharing

"One of our group of Free Flighter's was flying a small power model at Chobham Common and forgot to release the dethermaliser, the model disappeared from sight. A few days later he got a telephone call from London Heathrow Airport, giving him a lecture and telling him to collect it. he went along and duly got another stiff lecture, and was informed that as his model had landed on a main runway he could have been charged a £4000 landing fee..."

WATTA CLUB!
50 Years!



Magnificent Mountain Men
"Pikes Peak Ceiling Climb Results

Cat II National Cup Challenge &F1D Regional Qualifier

24-25 March, 2007

HLG

1st	Rob Romash	37.5+34.7	72.2
2nd	Bill Gowen	35.9+33.1	69.0
3rd	Don DeLoach	34.3+32.8	67.1
4th	Todd Reynolds	33.8+32.3	66.1
5th	Bob Miller	33.7+31.2	64.9
6th	Mark Covington	32.8+30.0	62.8
7th	Randy Reynolds	27.5+27.4	54.9
8th	Roland Solomon	24.7+24.2	48.9
9th	Neil Myers	22.9+20.5	43.4

Standard Catapult

1st	Bill Gowen	38.0+38.6	76.6*
2nd	Bob Miller	35.9+34.2	70.1
3rd	Rob Romash	34.3+34.1	68.4
4th	Todd Reynolds	27.2+26.8	54.0
5th	Mark Covington	25.7+25.1	50.8
6th	Don DeLoach	25.0+24.5	49.5

Unlimited Catapult

1st	Bill Gowen	42.3+42.4	84.7*
2nd	Mark Covington	36.0+35.8	71.8
3rd	Bob Miller	35.5+35.2	70.7
4th	Rob Romash	35.1+35.2	70.3
5th	Roland Solomon	30.5+28.9	59.4
6th	Todd Reynolds	29.5+24.5	54.0
7th	Don DeLoach	26.1+25.7	51.8
8th	Randy Reynolds	15.7+0	15.7

Unlimited Catapult –Junior

1st	Demetri Collins	6.6+8.0	14.6
2nd	Jamie Collins	5.3+5.1	10.4

Limited Pennyplane

1st	Rob Romash	8:15
2nd	Jerry Murphy	7:07
3rd	Bill Gowen	6:59
4th	Tom Sova	6:57
5th	Pete Steinmeyer	6:02
6th	Frank Deis	5:48
7th	Bill Leppard	2:09
8th	Chuck Etherington	0:07

Pennyplane/F1M Combo

1st	Bill Leppard	PP	9:40
2nd	Don DeLoach	PP	8:29
3rd	Pete Steinmeyer	PP	6:13
4th	Frank Deis	PP	4:25

F1L

1st	R. Romash	11:22+11:06	22:28*
2nd	Tom Sova	11:11+10.53	22:04
3rd	Bill Gowen	11:18+9:40	20:58

F1D

1st	John Kagan	21:43+21:18	43:01*
2nd	Tom Sova	19:34+18:31	38:05
3rd	Bill Leppard	17:53+16:37	34:30
4th	Steve Smith	13:32+11:41	25:13
DNF	Eric Monda		

A-6

1st	Bill Gowen	5:16
2nd	Bill Leppard	5:15
3rd	Don DeLoach	5:05
4th	Tom Sova	5:01
5th	Neil Myers	3:57
6th	Jerry Murphy	1:57

Ministick

1st	Tom Sova	8:21*
2nd	Rob Romash	8:15
3rd	Bill Leppard	6:21
4th	Don DeLoach	6:19

FAC No-Cal Scale

1st	Don DeLoach	Farman	2:28
2nd	Bill Leppard	Spitfire	2:03
3rd	Jerry Murphy	Corsair	0:21
	Don DeLoach	Judy	1:37

FAC WWII No-Cal Mass Launch

		Heat 1	Heat 2
Don DeLoach	Judy		x
Rolf Christopherson	P-51	x	
Jerry Murphy	Corsair	x (3rd)	
Bill Leppard	Spitfire		
WINNER			

Intermediate Stick

1st	Bill Leppard	16:52*

Easy B

1st	Rob Romash	12:21

35CM

1st	John Kagan	12:49

P-24

1st	Chuck Etheringtion	2:14
2nd	Roland Solomon	1:33

*denotes site record

MORE……..

I forgot to mention that we had an inaugural perpetual Grand Champion award at this meet. It is a beautiful silver bowl that we named the "Colorado Cup". We used the 5-4-3-2-1 point systems a la Midwest Champs and believe it or not we had a tie! Since we did not publish a system for breaking the tie we have co-winners this year: Bill Gowen and Rob Romash (both 19pts).
Congrats to Rob and Bill!

Second place Tom Sova 13 points
Third place Don DeLoach 11 points
Fourth place Bill Leppard 10 points
Fifth place Bob Miller 8 points
Sixth place Jerry Murphy, Mark Covington 5 points

--Don D.
Co-CD with Romash

RETRIEVAL SYSTEMS UNPLUGGED

Guys:
One of my next purchases will be a retrieval system. Never used one before, but have lost several models as well. I want to get your feedback on Walston and any other systems that you may have experience with. What receivers do most folks use? I am thinking the smallest one that Walston makes. Do I need more range than that? Also, how do we deconflict frequencies between everyone who has them? Any insights would be helpful.
Thanks!
Marc

Don DeLoach:
Hi Marc,
Yes! You are getting serious now!
There are two brands of telemetry systems that are in use by MMM members. Pete, Chuck, Roland, Mark C. and a few others use the Walston System. Its main advantage is it made and sold by Jim Walston who is a free flighter. He is the guy who brought this technology to US FF in about 1986 and has 100s of happy customers. Jim has the widest range of transmitters available, from 1.5 volt 2 gram jobs up to 4 cell 6 volt ultra long range Tx. Check www.walstonretrievalsystems.com.
The other system in wide use is the L.L. Electronics falconry tracking system used by Herb K, Myself, Murphy, Randy & Todd, Dick Branca, and maybe some others. It is in the same frequency range as the Walston (216-220mhz) and costs slightly more but we all like it for a number of reasons. The main reason is the receiver is a single unit including the antenna. No need to plug/unplug an antenna each time you use it like on the Walston. Check www.radiotracking.com. The receiver also has a very nice needle-style signal strength indicator in addition to audio 'beep". The Walston has the beep too but uses little lights for signal strength. I've heard this doesn't work as well in bright light—makes sense.
L.L. transmitters are available in the 2.2 gram to 4.5 gram range. The ones we use are the potted LF-3 Merlin Specials with soldered antenna. This is the lightest setup for Tx and I think all of Walstons are made this way too. The alternative is the Tx with screw-in batt compartments and screw-in antennae. These are more durable and probably longer lasting but bulkier and heavier.
Interference: I've heard stories of guys at the Nats and other big contests getting some interference from other Walstons. Re: L.L. setups, the company has kept very good records on those of us in CO who have them so the frequencies are spaced apart so we don't interfere with each other. And I've never had interference problems at big contests like Munice, SAM Champs, etc.
One big advantage of the Walston is that about 75% of FFers use it, so at a big meet you could get help using it if you needed it. Then again you can get help using the L.L. by the large number of us that use it here in CO.
Bottom line: Either system works great and you'll be able to grow with it. The differences are very slight. To really get a good feel you should spend time using both. I have never used a Walston so I can't help you there. Here's my advice: if you were planning on flying big expensive FAI models I would say go with the Walston and 4-cell 'quad' transmitters. These are the longest range Tx available at only 5 grams. But for everything else the L.L. does a great job.
Don DeLoach

HI all,
FYI, many global FFers, myself for one, use Pim Ruyter's fine transmitters.
His email is: pim.ruyter@planet.nl

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JUNE 29-30, JULY 1	FAI ANNUAL 14 ROUNDER	
JULY 22	MMM MONTHLY	½A BOUNTY HUNTER