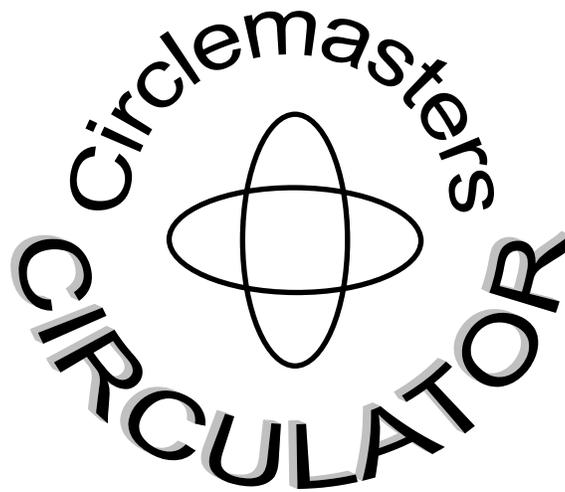


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Newsletter of the Circlemasters Flying Club
Milwaukee Wisconsin
Academy of Model Aeronautics Chartered Club # 662

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At The Handle



If you would like to contribute material, please submit to the address on the cover or contact me at (715) 697-8458 I may be reached via e-mail at clmodman@wctc.net

Ramblings from your Editor



Holiday greetings to everyone out there in Circlemaster land. Hopefully you're not still lethargic from stuffing all that Thanksgiving chow in your belly. December is here, and that means so is the annual Circlemaster's Christmas party. I sure hope everyone will make the effort to show up. This event has always been pretty well attended and visiting has been known to interfere with getting the official meeting started on time, so people must be having a good time. Don't miss out. Come to the meeting at noon to start the festivities. Also, bring your significant other so they can get in on the fun and food. We made a list (anybody check it twice?) last month to sign up for an item to share. If you were not there, bring whatever you like. Piggly Wiggly is right across the street, buy some baked beans at the deli and tell everyone you slaved over them for hours!

Not much happening as far as control line action going on around here these days. I just got done cutting a new set of Bi-Slob ribs. I had wings built already, but they didn't fare so well when they made the trip up from Milwaukee. Kind of like getting right down to business and destroying it without going through all the trouble to finish the bird. One little feature of the Bi-Slob wings that I never understood, is why the designer only provided sheeting on one side of the wing center section. When I drew up the new ones, I opted to go nuts and make provision for sheeting on both sides. "But the Bi-Slob has to be light" you say. Absolutely. However, if you use some nice light wood, it doesn't really add a significant amount of weight. The bonus here is that now you can choose which side is prettier after building is complete, since they are symmetrical, and glue them on whatever way works best. Also, the sheeting makes for some extra rigidity in what is an awfully flexible wing for a C/L sport model. Last, I think this mod makes it easier to attach the covering. If there is a Bi-Slob in your future and you would like a set of these awesome new fangled ribs, give your buddy Big How a shout and I will hook you up. Or you can shave a consistent 1/16th inch sliver off of one edge of your existing ribs. Next I need to work on getting rid of those little, tiny points on the trailing edge of the ribs that are nearly impossible not to break off. What was someone thinking there? Anyway that's a whole 'nother story.

We had a meeting in November which kicked off the indoor season for us. Ron W. brought some movies dealing with bomber production during World War 2. The DVD we watched had the B-24 as its subject matter. Maybe this doesn't sound very exciting, but I was pleasantly surprised at just how interesting the film turned out to be. Now, the challenge is to come up with more movies or other forms of entertainment that are worthwhile for presentation. Do any of you guys have any building technique videos or DVDs from the Brodak fly-ins? Those would be great for club viewing. See what you can come up with to make your club's meetings more enjoyable.

The conclusion of our story "A Screaming Holland Hornet" appears this month. Refresh your memory by reading part one from November and enjoy the article, even if the author used run on sentences like I have never seen before. Give it a good read. There's also an old Musciano plan for a half A scale Cessna 180 in there somewhere. There's no scale on the plan so you have to enlarge it until it fits your engine or looks about right. The plans show diesel power. Great idea! (Dennis are you reading this?)

That's all for now. Merry Christmas to all of you from Circlemasters outpost North in beautiful Bowler, Wisconsin.

Howard

The monthly meeting of the Circle Masters Flying Club was held at the Sussex Public Library on Saturday November 2nd. This meeting was the first for the winter season. There were fourteen members in attendance, there were no guests.

The meeting was brought to order by President Don who began by asking the members if they had received the October newsletter and had reviewed the minutes of the last meeting. All members acknowledged that they had both received the newsletter as well as reviewed the minutes of that meeting. Don then asked if there were any discrepancies discovered and as usual there were none so the minutes remained as published. Treasurer Ralph K. presented his usual detailed report on the financial status of the club. A motion was made and seconded to accept the treasurers report.

NOTE: At this point it was discovered that the audio recording of this meeting was blank. The balance of the minutes are from the vague memory of this writer.

REPORTS & ANNOUNCEMENTS: Melissa reported that she had the approval from the library to put up a display of models, much the same as last year. She asked the members if they want to do this in February rather than April as last year. It was agreed to the change to February for 2014.

Melissa also discussed briefly the "Non Fly" held at the North Lake Harvest Festival and mainly on what went wrong and what will be done next year to insure that we can have a successful flying event.

OLD BUSINESS: Regarding the election of officers, Don explained that the office of Secretary, Treasurer and Vice President would be filled by the existing members. However, the office of President must be filled by a new member. Don asked if anyone was interested in filling this most coveted position. Most members sat on their hands during the ensuing few moments of dead silence but finally there was one brave soul who said, "Don, I think that I would like to try to fill that position." Our newest member Greg Schmidt nominated himself for the office of President. The ensuing vote was unanimous. He will take office at the December meeting.

NEW BUSINESS: The club Contest Director, Pete, discussed the date for the 2014 contest. We will attempt to secure June 8th at Wagner Park in Pewaukee once again for our club contest. Mike added that an ad will be placed in "Stunt News" regarding our contest. Of special note, 1/2A Profile Scale will be added to the Scale portion of the event. Following a discussion it was determined that electric powered aircraft would not be allowed for the 1/2A Scale event. There was some discussion wondering if 1/2A Stunt might be added but no decision was made at this time. It will be discussed at the next meeting.

Members were reminded the annual club Christmas Party will be held at the next club meeting on December 7th. Members signed up, indicating what goodies they will bring to the party. Alcoholic beverages will not be allowed in the Library.

There being no further business, Don asked for a motion to adjourn the meeting. The motion was made by Pete and seconded by Ron. The meeting was adjourned exactly at 2:24 PM.

Submitted By: Wayne M. Schmidt, Secretary

UPCOMING EVENTS

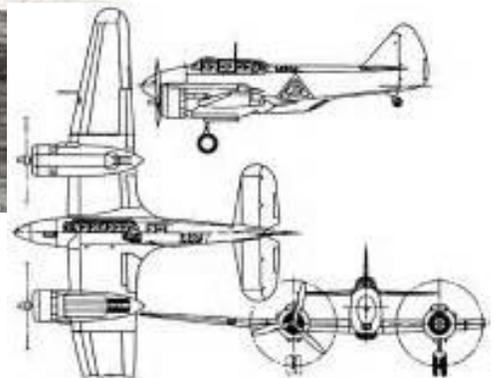
Come to the meeting early and enjoy some holiday fun!

December Meeting and Christmas Party: Saturday December 7th. Sussex library. Party at noon. Bring something to share. Meeting at approximately 1:00 PM.

January Meeting: Saturday January 4th. Sussex Library. Movie at noon. Meeting begins at 1:00 PM

Let me say it again. If you like your existing control line club, you can keep your existing control line club

Name That Plane



Here it is, this month's version of *Name That Plane*. Once again, one you need the actual designation, not just its nickname. Make guesses now..

A Screaming Holland Hornet Part 2

Written by: J. Calland Originally printed in the March 1979 issue of *Model Airplane News*.

Getting mad at a relatively inanimate object usually isn't too brilliant, but in this case it was just "what the doctor ordered". Kicking the model in the vicinity of the rotor head provided just about the right amount of rotor head tilt.

You'll notice I said "just about the right amount of rotor head tilt", for as it finally rose into the air, my father swung into the flying field with his car directly into the flight path, nailing my new fangled bird right to the hood ornament. My father said that it was poetic justice that he would be the protector of the people who lived around the field! Weeks later, when I was once again permitted to leave the house, I and the patched autogyro ventured onto the field for some more flying. This time, there was even a dethermalizer affixed to the plane. Oh what great hopes I had for this flying wonder.

With a temperature ten degrees lower, a wind velocity to match and a K & B .074 equipped with a Grish Brothers clear plastic three blade attached, it launched itself into the air with all the grace of a Huey bird with tie down ropes still in place, turned over on its side and cart wheeled across the frozen turf. Thus ended the shimmering life of my good buddy's new plastic propeller in a shower of shards. Unfortunately for aviation, I had remembered to bring along a few more props than usual, and one was soon installed, soon to be destroyed like its earlier cousin. Kick the rotor head again, install prop after reaming out hole, fire up, let loose and watch it fall over on its side. In desperation, I taped a piece of metal (a rather hastily ripped/cut apart beer can) to the tail, which just barely cleared the rotor blades and bent into the direction of the bank. It flew! Straight up and into the only object of any consequence on the field... The flag pole!!!!

After returning my friend's (what friend?) K&B to him along with a couple of fairly good running OK Cubs of a somewhat smaller displacement and a billion apologies, I retreated to the workbench where a new firewall was mounted and a newly liberated K&B .099 I found attached to someone's lost free flight, was installed. The next day, within an hour after school was out, I returned to my place of martyrdom. With rotor blades a flapping and whirling and engine sputtering, it again rose into the air, only to shed its skin and one third of its fuselage foam: Back to the drawing board!!

The year 1964 saw one last attempt at rotary winged model aircraft. By this time I was an accomplished control line fast combat veteran, precision control line master and was venturing into radio control. Digging through my collection of decrepit kits, rescued from a firm that specialized in the sale of bankrupt companies and their merchandise, I unearthed a Berkley Cloud Copter kit. By now I was a complete believer in Hobbyoxy and was not the least bit sparing in my use of it. Even the rotor blades received a coat or two. My first attempt at flight was with an old Atwood .049 -just to make sure everything worked right. Sure thing! That Atwood was so worn out that one could have stuffed the case until the crank wouldn't turn any longer and the clunker still wouldn't have had any compression. Still, it did fire up and its last fling at doing its thing was to give one last gasp and wheeze and lift the copter high enough to get the blades to autorotate.

Into the engine goody box for a Cox Thermal- Hopper which, when seen by a visiting friend, ended not perched atop the chopper, but in its custom made case atop his desk (for a suitable exchange, of course). Back into the box and out with another Cox Space Hopper, the one that had pulled a Scientific Mr. Mulligan around the circle on forty five foot lines at 90 per five years earlier, in front of a multitude of astonished witnesses. My friend popped back that day and I was scheduled to test fly the 'chop on a tether- couldn't let a valuable engine get away- and it soon became apparent that unless I put the engine back in my shop, it too would decorate my friend's desk as well.

With a rather sarcastic remark as I changed from the Space Hopper to one of my fourteen (!) Holland Hornets, I asked him if he thought it would fly better with my 1945 Vivell .35 ignition engine mounted on top. Beating him back with a log of balsa, I managed to convince him I had willed the engine to my yet to be born heir. (I wasn't even married at that point, let alone having someone to share the future with me!) He left me alone long enough to gaze furtively at my stock of what are now, relatively rare engines. The Holland soon let loose with a blare and high pitched scream and I gingerly tethered it to a nearby tree, which as it turned out, was the worst possible place I could have thought of to anchor it.

For years this somewhat scarred and twisted tree had faithfully served as a test bed for my model engines, and even as a catapult point for gliders. The tree eventually grew outward as well as upward as trees are wont to do and this facet was not appreciated except for the shade it provided. Our outdoor clothes-lines were adjacent to this tree, and served as a sort of final boundary before entering the alley.

Overjoyed at the prospect of having a model engine that ran, and one that my friend would leave attached to the model, I wasn't too careful in my steps to secure a successful test hop. Without wandering off into the somewhat fumble-headed mathematics I used to arrive at the proper length of attachments (restraining) cord and the distance between the chop on the ground and the tree, I fastened the Cloud Copter to what I thought was the cord. Dumb!! What I had fastened it to, was one of the lines of my J. Walker U-Reely, which was reposing in my flight box.

The Cloud Copter took off in a nose down attitude, suddenly swung about 180 degrees, and headed towards the bed sheet filled clothesline despite my best (admittedly chicken efforts) show of power to prevent the inevitable. After what seemed to be hours, but probably a few mere seconds, the Cloud Copter emerged from the flying linen with shreds of a pillowcase hanging from the landing gear, and shot straight up like a runaway elevator, then suddenly veered to its right. At precisely that moment, the U-Reely emerged from the bedlam of the sheets, and the line leading from it to the Copter gleamed evilly in the sun. As the Copter flew over the only power transformer pole in the neighborhood, the U-Reely caught on the cross-brace of the clothesline pole, and the engine of the Copter quite at the same time. Down in plummeted, with the same glide ratio as an overloaded brick. Splat! Flash! Snap! Xaappp! Crackle! Pop, Pop! The neighborhood's electrical appliances and telephones all ceased working at the same time. It wasn't enough that I was already on the neighborhood's hate list for trying out my B/Gas Supercharged Chevy/Buick nitro-alky one fine Sunday Morning at 5:30 am, lighting up the slicks for four blocks, but now I had to go and cut off the neighbors pastime of watching soap operas and telephone gossiping.

After the smoke had cleared, and the power and telephone people had left, and the fire department and police were assuring everyone that everything was alright—really— I sort of sneakily sauntered over to the power pole to see if any of the smoldering remnants scattered around might happen to be the engine. Spying a shiny glob, I gingerly picked it up—for all I know to this day, it could have been one of the bolts holding the transformer to the cross—brace— and ignoring the shouted orders of a cop to “leave that transformer alone, it's full of hot oil,” I rolled the transformer around til the oil spilled out. That single solitary lump of metal was the only thing that I found.

In 1967, I wandered into Ralph Hunt's Hub Hobby in Richfield, Minnesota, partly because I needed some parts and partly to escape the cold: I had ridden my motorcycle that day, and it was 10 degrees below zero. Entering his shop by walking up a ramp flanked by showcase fronts, I was stopped dead in my tracks. Hanging there on my left was one of the very first R/C helicopters in the U.S.A. In shock, I made my way, rather unsteadily inside, and inquired as to what that apparition was supposed to be. Having ascertained that the good Mr. Hunt was actually telling the truth, I uncontrollably started to snicker, and soon went into a gut-busting spasm of laughter. Exiting his shop with him glowering behind me, I slipped and slid my way to my motorcycle, and rode off never to see another R/C helicopter until a friend showed me a copy of RCM here in prison a year or so ago. Oh yes, I went straight home and contented myself with listening to the chime of my Min-X reed outfit and the antics of my Ancco servos for hours.

Why the derisive laughter? I had already been “there”, so to speak, and knew of what the fascination with vertical flight could do to a person's ego and pride, not to mention one's mental health. I had seen more than one aero-modeler reduced to something resembling a bag of balsa chips; ala, a silk-covered free-flight after meeting a concrete wall head on at full bore!

These days, I'm quite content to watch my Zweibox OHLG saunter around the prison yard defying my attempts to defy the strange air currents that the walls produce, and dream of days when....How about a 1:8th scale R/C Skycrane???



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