Circulator Howard Olson, Editor W14441 State Hwy 29 Bowler, WI 54416

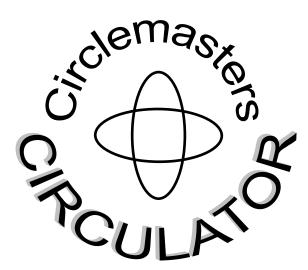












Newsletter of the Circlemasters Flying Club Milwaukee Wisconsin Academy of Model Aeronautics Chartered Club # 662

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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

Hello fellow Circlemasters. Your friend Big How is here to enlighten you one more time with the latest issue of the Circulator. First off: A guestion has been raised regarding our rules for the half A scale event in next year's contest. Well since it's my invention, the buck might as well stop here. The question is whether or not electric motors will be allowed in the half A scale class. As far as I am concerned, the answer is simply no. Now allow me to elaborate on the whys. Here's the biggie and maybe it's the only explanation really needed here. The whole point of half A scale is to conquer the inherent trials and tribulations of getting one of these little devils to run. Bear in mind it must not only start and function, but also needs to reliably pull a scale model around the circle. .049 (or .062s or similar) engines are full of challenges not found in the bigger power plants. The small engines are generally harder starting and more difficult to set a good needle. If you don't get it hummin just like a song (albeit a shrill, high pitched song) the little guy doesn't have an abundance of power to haul your masterpiece into the wild blue like say, a .40 does. Some lesser treats for the unwary half A pilot include the tendency to roll in towards the center of the circle if not launched straight and quickly snatched off of the pavement. When we were actively flying a full schedule of speed contests, nothing made my hair turn grey quite as much as launching a 1/2 A Profile Proto. Except for possibly Formula 40s, no other speed ship would turn in on the young man at the handle quite as voraciously as the half A jobs. Yes, half As can be run in reverse rotation, negating the roll in deal. Therein lies another small engine oddity, reed valve engines can start in either direction with equal enthusiasm, while at least you have to want to modify a rotary valve plant to turn it backwards. The electric motor can be run either way, depending on how the modeler sets it up, with no problem. So in conclusion, some of the very reasons that motivate electric motor enthusiasts to choose batteries over alcohol and nitro make the electric powered model a whole nother animal compared to a tiny Internal combustion engine, be it glow or diesel. The electric motor is simply not within the spirit of half A flying in this case. I hope those of you who are into electrics don't take offense to this, as none was intended, even if your scribe has occasionally said mean hurtful little things about them in the past. If any of our members don't have a half A engine, let me know and I will see if I can hook you up with one.

On to the next topic. Back when I was a young lad at the tender age of twelve, I read *Model Airplane News* like it was the Gospel. One of my favorite stories to appear in those pages was a little ditty named *A Screaming Holland Hornet*. I didn't realize it at the time, but the reason it was so captivating then was that it expressed the realities of the model airplane hobby. The story is written in a similar style to my all time favorite book, *Do You Speak Model Airplane*, Like the book, the author of this story has the ability to put you right there, I suppose partly because we all HAVE been there. It took me years to find the story, but it was in the March 1979 issue of *MAN* that I recently unearthed out here at our farm, in a collection of mags that I saved way back then. I am reprinting the story here to be continued over a series of issues in the upcoming months. I hope you get the same kick out of it that I do.

Did you notice a trend when you have been outside lately? It's friggin cold out there. Yes the indoor months are upon us. That means the flavor of our meetings changes also. I am assuming that we are continuing our tradition of movies etc. before the meetings. Would someone please take it upon themselves to bring a DVD for us to watch, unless you have an alternative idea for entertainment. That would be great too. And, Name That Plane is back. You know the drill. Show up at the meeting, give me your best guess and the winner is chosen randomly from the correct answers received. Some of the prizes have been pretty cool and some are real stinkers. Since I pay the freight on prizes, I reserve the right to be the final judge.

Be of good cheer guys and we will see you at the meeting.

Howard

CIRCLE MASTERS FLYING CLUB MEETING MINUTES FOR OCTOBER 2013

The monthly meeting of the Circle Masters Flying Club was held at the Sussex Village Park flying site on Saturday October 5thth. This was the last meeting to be held at this site until April 2014. A short flying session was held prior to the meeting.

The meeting was brought to order at 1:05PM by President Don A. who began by asking if the eight members in attendance had received the September newsletter and had reviewed the minutes of the last meeting. All members acknowledge receipt of the newsletter as well as reading of the minutes. No errors were discovered so the minutes stood as published.

Treasurer Ralph K. gave his usual detailed report on the financial status of the club. A motion to accept his report was immediately made and seconded.

REPORTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Wayne reminded the members that nominations & elections for club officers will be coming up at the next meeting. Those members wishing to volunteer for any of these positions should plan to attend.

Wayne brought up the possibility of a new trainer based upon those starring in the Disney movie "Planes". Dave said that he knew of some R/C guys flying replicas of those planes and said that he would send the info to him. Watch for a new trainer at the field next year.

Don asked members who respond to club members not to use "Reply to All" and only reply to the person not to the entire club.

OLD BUSINESS:

Don read a correspondence of e-mails between Melissa and Jill Ried, the contact from the North Lake Harvest Festival, regarding the fiasco at that event. Basically, she apologized for the lack of co-ordination and confusion which resulted in the clubs wasted attempt at a flying demonstration.

NEW BUSINESS:

There was no new business this month.

SHOW AND TELL:

There was no show & tell this month.

There being no further business, a motion to adjourn was made by Dennis& seconded By Mike. The meeting was adjourned at 1:48 PM.

Wayne M. Schmidt, Secretary

10/15/13

UPCOMING EVENTS

Come to the meeting early and enjoy some fellowship!

November Meeting: Saturday November 2nd. Pauline Hasse Memorial Library on Main Street in Sussex. Movie or other program at Noon, meeting begins at 1:00 PM.

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





Here it is, kicking off another season of *Name That Plane*. For this one you need the actual designation, not just its nickname. Do your baddest.

A Screaming Holland Hornet Part 1

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

My first flyable plane was a Comet F-86 Sabre circa 1953, which fell apart much better than it flew. The second, and the first U-control was a Top Flite Piper Super Cub, with an Atwood .049 witch taxied with the same agility and speed as a King Tiger tank! My next plane was some manufacturer's rendition of a .049/.09 profile fuselage U/C Beechcraft Bonanza; as my building skills were relatively undeveloped at the time, the engine and its mounts flew better than the plane did!

The first attempt at scratch building took the form of a .049 powered U/C flying saucer from some unknown year and month of Mechanix Illustrated. With a father that had little appreciation of my modeling interests, a lack of financial coverage, and an even lesser education of the rudiments of at least being able to glue things together so that they stayed glued together, I embarked on what I believed to be my greatest accomplishment. To top off my audacity, I decided that this model would be the most modern, up-to-date piece of military hardware orbiting the skies and flying field, loading it with a profusion of canopies, bombs, rockets, guns (many thanks to the wooden Monogram kits, and to Guillow), which were made of both plastic and lead. Oh yes, a full blown "authentic" '50s type of paint scheme that must have weighed as much as a four door Buick of the same period. If anyone needed an RCM wing jig, it was this lowly soul, for no matter how you looked at the thing, it still resembled the surface of the moon! At the tender age of thirteen I entered my first flying contest, sponsored by the same hobby shop where I delighted in sharing my limited talents at bench racing with an owner who was equally inept at not only this new found activity, but as it turned out, at organizing a model meet, along with making his business a paying proposition for himself. Though I had taken along a number of well finished Scientific, .049 powered U/controllers (still the highlight of my avocation) for display, I was intent on flying only the saucer, if for no other reason than to prove to my father that it was he, not I who was crazy.

Unfortunately for the spectators, the lumpy thing actually flew, though it took two tankfulls of fuel to get it moving. My rubber cemented motor mounts vibrated so badly that all of the hung on "scale stuff" fell off, finally allowing the little monster to begin its run to oblivion. Somehow, I had the temerity to actually turn with the model, once it became airborne, and even more astonishingly, I got it to do a wing over, the pullout occurred when the landing gear made contact with the ground and nit bounced back into the air. Well into the tenth lap, the fuel remaining in the engine mounted tank was foaming out of the vents and the engine sputtered to a stop. The saucer plummeted to the earth like a stone, in a horizontal position of all things, bringing an audible sigh of relief to the spectators. With a "spronging" sound, the landing gear folded upwards, and the saucer sat there quivering. Bigfoot, having recovered his sense of balance to one degree or another, staggered over to the model and planted both of his feet right in the middle of the saucer as he (meaning yours truly) groggily tried to pick it up.



The wrenching sound brought the spectators out from behind the cars which they had used as shelters, and a resounding cheer arose to smite my now thoroughly reddened ears and stung pride.

When the awards were passed out, and I had won top honors for the best finished models, it was not too tactfully submitted by an older person who indicated that I should at least stick to static models, or model railroading.

Sometime in late 1957, an acquaintance was made with a much older modeler, who was not only off into radio control, but flying wings and free flight helicopters and was to be inspiration to me for years to come.

By this time I had managed to become, despite my earlier deficiencies as both a builder and a pilot, a fairly respected engine tuner and builder. Once again the raucous head of scratch building took a bite from my hide, and I embarked on another one of my great career mistakes: the conversion of a Sterling Tri-Pacer into a "fly-by-wire" (MAN, year unknown) autogyro.

Once again fortune smiled on the world, and circumstances beyond my control intervened, and it never got any further than getting built and stepped on. Come to think of it, it was probably just as well, because trying to get the rotor to rotate and launch the thing at the same time would've taken a good half dozen people!

While this "great contribution to aeronautical science" (sic) was being constructed, a smaller version was built to test out my, quote- theories- unquote, based in part on a foam-constructed Grumman Guardian C/L'er which appeared in MAN in early 1957. From somewhere, an O.K. Club .049A was unearthed (that's still an understatement:, foam from somebody's Christmas display was put to better(?) use, and armed with a plethora of brands and types of glues/adhesives, I attacked the project with gusto. Weeks of frustration later, the foam was more or less bonded to the balsa core, and the balsa fuselage skinning no longer tried to remove itself from the foam. The great day arrived for its first test flight. Wind was at 15 mph, gusting to 25 mph, temperature was a blustery 25 degrees Fahrenheit, or thereabouts, and the snow had since blown away: a normal late March day. Engine and fuel alike warmed in the janitor's locker-room in the school bordering the flying field, and thence taken outside to freeze before I could get the battery hooked up; finally got smart and fired it up in the entrance hallway. Set it on the ground facing into the wind-goin' to ROG this one—wind gets the rotors movin' and I'd better as well before the rotors take a slice out of my arms. It sits there—engine screaming for all it's worth. Grab the rotor blades, throw a rag in the prop, notice string attached to tail-wheel leading back some distance to my little brother-at that point would dearly love to strangle my incipient "stooge" !! Fuel, prime, hook on battery, no start! Back into building-runs like a charm in there; back outside, minus dumb brother and even dumber stooge. Set into the wind, engine full tilt, and the wind swings the plane around like a needle on a compass, and away it goes with all three points firmly glued to the ground like some kind of freakish looking race car- damn near going as fast too!



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