

August, 1966



- NEWSLETTER -

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EDITORIAL

Loretta Hall

Someone once said that when you get too big for your britches you had better watch out. It aint necessarily so...We have grown too big for ours and have found an obvious answer...Bigger Britches! In this case the bigger britches are the Encino Womens Club, our new and larger meeting place. The August meeting will initiate this expansion program so don't miss it. I have not as yet seen the club but I understand that for our money we get quite a lot that we have not had at Las Casitas. The first, and most important being the capacity to grow some more. The Encino Club seats about 200 people. The second, and equally important, REAL COFFEE!!!! This alone should cause the biggest turn out we have ever had. Just imagine, a steaming hot cup of Yuban, brewed to perfection by yours truly, in a large, spotless, stainless steel coffee maker. No more slop!: 'nuffsaid.....

Dotty Woodward, our Hospitality Chairman for the West Coast Championships, has been very busy lately. Besides recruiting help from among the wives she has found us a banquet hall that will serve a nice large Smorgasbord with a different hot dish on two nights for an unbelievably low price. At this moment the arrangements are still pending, but it looks like the Chase House for our Saturday and Sunday Contest Banquets. The final plans will be made at a meeting of the committee to be held early this week at my house. Any of you girls who would be interested in attending please call Dotty ASAP! (No men invited...it's your night to baby sit!:) Incidentally, if any of you other committee chairman are having trouble getting things rolling, I would suggest that you take a few lessons from Dotty. This girls knows how it's done! I would venture to bet that she has her entire job taken care of before most of you even get started! I think it's called the feminine approach. (roll up your sleeves and dive in.)

I received an extremely kind (and sympathetic) letter from Al Stmorino, Editor of the Carrier Wave, Newsletter of the McDonnell Aircraft R/C Club in St. Louis Mo. Al sent his condolences on my last Newsletter and let me know that I wasn't alone! This faith is so great that I may have to write a retraction poem Al...

It occurs to me that any of you who might be considering the job of editor when my term expires should know just how great it is to hear from people all over the country who are doing the same thing that you are. We trade Newsletters with about 25 to 30 other clubs around the country and these Newsletters are a wealth of information on how the other guy does it. I am saving them to put in a binder and circulate to the members. Soon I hope.

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Bob Upton

August Meeting...Encino Women's Club...Near Balboa and Ventura Blvd. Drive South on Balboa to Ventura and turn right or West one block and right again on ^{pass} Robles Avenue. Second building on the right. PLEASE make this meeting....Very Important.... This is the last time we will all meet before the Contest on Labor Day Weekend. We have to know how many members we can count on to help and what you want to do, so that we can kick off the West Coast Championships with some semblance of order. We need people to judge, process contestants, monitor frequencies, total up flight scores and a host of other functions that, done properly, can make the difference between success and failure of the meet. If we can enlist enough help then the contest is fun for all because we will be able to alternate people in their jobs so that no one person will be tied down for hours on end. We need a good, well versed crew for the Goodyear event. Without proper training this event can creat all kinds of ill feelings and confusion. We will need at least six flagman, a starter, three lap counters and one to two men to time the lead airplane. We will also need a frequency coordinator as well as someone to keep track of winners or heats, runners' up etc. We will try to have a telephone system between pylons to enable us to know immediately when a pylon has been cut. In short, we need lots of help...

I've already received many quality items from manufacturers' donated for the contest so this effort is going well. All of the contest advertisements have gone out to various clubs both in and out of state and I understand our raffle tickets are selling very fast. We have assessed all of the participating clubs on the advertisement for 25 dollars to help defray the cost of the contest. They will receive back the unused assessed funds as well as a share of the raffle and entry fee monies, shortly after the contest. As stated before, we have our AMA sanction as well as Sepulveda Basin on reserve for Labor Day Weekend.

Dotty Woodward is securing a banquet room for us for both Saturday and Sunday night so we will ask for a show of hands at the August meeting from those of you who plan to attend. These functions are a lot of fun so please plan to attend so that we can have some idea of how many people to expect.

COME SEE OUR NEW MEETING HALL.....BE PREPARED TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES.....THEY WILL BE GREATFULLY ACCEPTED*****

MEETING.....(AUGUST.....ENCINO WOMENS CLUB.....8:00PM

CONTEST DIRECTORS CIRCLE

Frank Capan

The Fourth of July brings forth the annual Point Mugu invitational Class III contest and for some strange reason I was invited to attend. (Probably for laughs). Anyhow...we gave it a try.... Now...when you go to one of these affairs near the coast, you want to be prepared for shall we say, cooler weather, and we were. Would you believe a very lovely day with a strange glow, I think they call it sunshine, beating down on us? You wouldn't believe it but there it was.

I would like to say that this was one of the nicest contests I have ever attended. All the various manufacturers were represented, with the different equipment on hand, and the entire contest was very smoothly run. For once, no accidents except for one small encounter with a runway light. Balsa may fly better but iron is stronger. Jack Stafford tried to move one and it just didn't move. Ha....

We all had four flights with an hour or so off for lunch and then the fun started....It seems that one little fellow, no names you understand, wasn't satisfied with the final results so he egged a fly-off with the first three winners. It seems that one this fellow was one of these Naval personnel and had never won this contest soooo....comes the fly-off. First to fly was 'I had three quick beers and where is my toy' Spreng and he put in a very credible flight. Then there was that fellow with the Quick Fly, plane I mean, and he put in a nice flight, but the Thunder-hic-Stormer was still first so that Little Fellow stepped up and would you believe a Quick-Fly doing a tail slide and in the fly-off too? So you can see how cleverly these things are achieved, sheer cunning....The end result of course, was that the Little Feller eased into first place with Spreng and Kraft following, in that order. All in all it was a ball and I'm sure everyone had a fine time.

You have never seen so many engines die during a contest as at this one. Do you suppose the Japanese are getting back at us? Even my old dependable Enya quit on me during my middle two flights. You wouldn't think an old glow plug would cause things like that.....

Now for the best part of the day.....and the real reason for most of us showing up.....The beach party of course. You haven't lived until you have tasted steaks with beach sand, hot dogs with beach sand, salads with beach sand. Grown Men and Women screaming at each other about where their children were while they are staring at the surf. The wonderful feel of sand on your feet, through your shoes of course....and last but not hardly least...the bikini's...yeah!!!

Thank you Point Mugu we enjoyed it. Remember us again next year.

Now to our little Goodyear contest which was run this past Sunday. May I say that it would have been nice to have been up in the mountains eating chicken, but no, we had this contest.....????? I would like to thank all who showed up to help. This is the mark of a good club, when the members turn out to do the things necessary to run a contest. (Ed note....Frank, what could be more necessary then eating chicken in the mountains?????) This is a good way to get in the swing of things and to learn how to cope with wild eyed contests. The day sure was on the warm side, and all in all we did the contest in a casual sort of way. Who wants to get excited on such a hot day. Can you believe red faces and cords standing out on ones neck being casual? Oh well...we started about 8:30 AM to set up the pylons and after much discussion we put them up in the usual way with the models taking off toward the dam/

This was one of the first contests where the contestants finally had enough flying. Of course there wern't many planes left. They were falling like flys. Reminds me of the glorius days of the **Red Baron**. Men fainting, women and children screaming, dogs barking. Wow!!!

On one heat three planes started in three different directions and not one made the first pylon. The dust really flew and boy did the brush around the field get a workout. Worst crash of the day was Howard Reed's beautiful little racer. It was really wiped out. Howard said he didn't think he would have it ready for the next heat. Sure was hot that day and they even asked me to remove my hat in memorium. Can you inagiae the glare. Whew.....You can see by the picture below how sad it all was.



PACKARD PHOTOGRAPHY
BURBANK

I spent a total of six dollars for the trophies and we took in \$22.00 in entry fees so we can safely say that we did okay on the contest financially.

We had an open style race in which we had to run two heats because we disqualified all of the contestants for cutting too many pylons in the first heat. Stafford won the second heat during which, another model bit the dust. That 'little fellow' sure does have trouble with Quick-Flys. My, My....

So by and by as the crowd thinned we called it quits and passed out the trophies. One of the few contests where the C.D. had to chase down the winners to give them their cups! Gee....

The results were as follows:

Goodyear..... First -- Ray Downs (Flying smooth as glass)
Second-- Cliff Weirick
Third -- Jack Stafford

Open Pylon..... First -- Jack Stafford

.....Amen.....

THUNDER IN THE SKY.....

By: The Red Baron

Translated by: P. Capan

Saturday dawned with a clear sky etched by a few scattered white clouds. You could feel that it was going to be a hot one and along toward mid-day you felt kind of smug because for @nce in your life you were right. High in the sky over the aerodrome you could detect the tell tale glint of wings glistening in the sunlight. If you looked real close you could make out the pattern of flight. The AM& skunk...I mean stunt....pattern. Ugh!

Below, the White Knight was practicing his rocket launching and photographs were being taken, for propaganda purposes of course. Little did he know that the Red Baron was watching. Heh! Heh! Here for all to read, is the true story of what really happened that fateful day...

As the White Knight made his passes low over the runway and fired his rockets for the camera, his rocket crew was readying more rockets for reloading. Little did he suspect as he landed for refueling and reloading that the Red Baron's espionage aide was busy working under cover.

The last takeoff of the beloved Candy was at hand. As he came by for his firing pass and propaganda pictures it happened.....Whoosh went the rocket, Bang! Smack! Bam! Ka-Pow! A slightly deviated fin on the rocket caused this missile to turn on it's own and believe it or not the White Knight shot off his own propeller blade, which in turn caused bad vibrations, which in turn upset elevator action, which in turn downset beloved Candy, which in turn caused grown man to cry.....Another kill for the Red Baron.....This is the true story.....Beware of the, soon to appear.....SUPER RED BARON!!!.... Ta Ta....

Tech Talk

Earl Harting

After using Anco Servos for better than three years they began to have problems of age. They squeaked and didn't move and wiggle as fast as they once did. Normally I'd clean the servos every two or three months as required by use but of late it became after every flight session. I began to suspect that dirt was not entirely at fault.

Now to old timers this may be a bit redundant but there are those who are still in the "Reed Age" and it may be of some help.

It seems that after 4 or 5 million hours of use, the motor end play becomes excessive. Other than plain old dirt and oxidation to the switcher boards this is the major snag.

To correct this trouble, the first step is a good cleaning. Disassemble the servo components and the motor itself. (watch the brush springs - the little beggars will vanish before your eyes). Now comes the bath. As an experiment I tried cleaning with alchohol, acetone and lacquer thinner on the switcher boards and I have a piece of advise -- don't! They do not clean well and leave a residue. I use Carbon Tel. (careful - toxic poison - use in a well ventilated area) or Trichlorethylene.

Now give everything a good inspection for damage or wear (gear teeth broken or bent, gear shafts secure, wiring etc.). At this time make sure that the commutator, the brush holders and the gear shafts are clean and shiny. Pipe cleaners are handy for this.

Continued

Now for reassembly. You may have noticed that on the inside of the case at the commutator end of the motor there is a hole or dent worn into the case metal. After a period of time the shaft end play becomes excessive and the end of the shaft tries to drill a hole in the case. This is the root of the evil.

To solve this problem cut a small washer of the thin nylon hinge stock and put it in on the end of the armature shaft (there are usually two washers already, one plastic and one brass. Make sure a plastic one goes on first, next to the commutator)

Reassemble the motor and replace brushes if needed. Now oil the motor bearing, yeah...oil it. I use "Perfect Oiler" for the oil but not to oil with. It's too generous. The amount of oil that the point of a pin will hold is plenty for each bearing. After a long period of time the bearings dry out and this replaces it. The wiper boards should be polished. This is easily done with a rubber pencil eraser and cleaned again with solvent. The wiper fingers should also be polished up and the tension checked. After doing this "modification" I haven't had any trouble with older servos being slow or squeaking and haven't had to service them after every day's use.

On a completely different subject.....How about getting a stamped metal or (?) template with a new engine, giving the bolt pattern and thrust washer face for ease of installing new engines? It seems as though you can never drill the holes right the first time.

I wish to acknowledge receipt of an article by Jim Oddino which, due to space conversation, I will use next month.....Ed.

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T READ IT ANYWHERE IN THIS PAPER BEFORE.....
DON'T MISS THE NEXT MEETING.....ENCINO WOMENS CLUB.....4942
PASO ROBLES AVENUE.....ENCINO.....AUGUST 9, 1966.....8:00 PM...