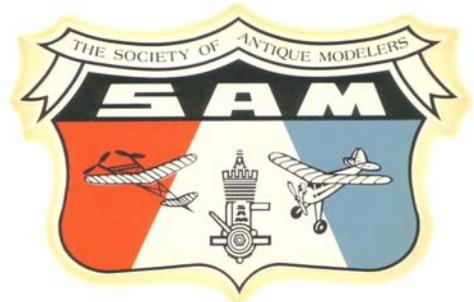
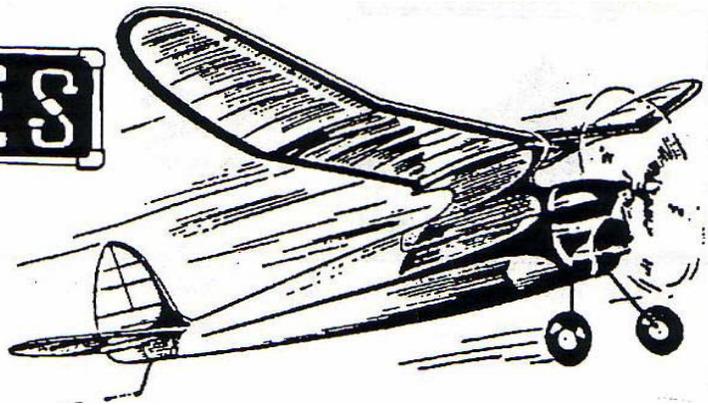


November 2007



Southern California Antique Model Plane Society -- S.A.M. Chapter 13 -- AMA Charter #158
Website address: <http://SCAMPS.homestead.com/>

RETURN ADDRESS:

*Kevin Sherman
1521 South Normandy Terrace
Corona, CA 92882-4036*



GAS



LINES

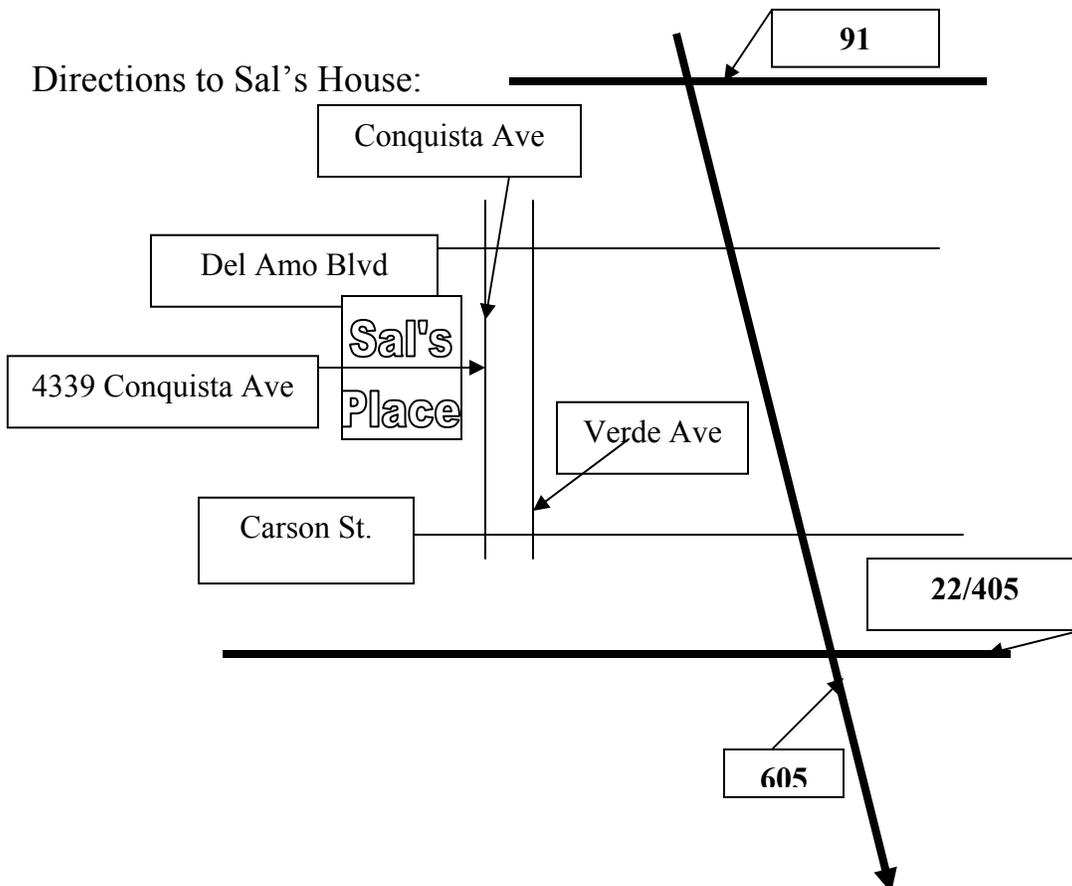
AMA 158 – Southern California Antique Model Plane Society – Sam 13

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Safety Officer	Ted Firster	(951) 776-4971	Civyboy31@aol.com

The **SCAMPS'** November meeting will be held Friday, November 9th at 7:00 PM at the home of Sal Taibi and Betty Moke. Directions to Sal's House: Proceed South from the 91 or North from the 22/405 onto the 605 Freeway. Get off on either Del Amo Blvd or Carson St. Exit and proceed West approximately one to 1 ¼ mile to Verde Ave. The next street west is Conquista Ave. Turn South off of Del Amo or North off of Carson onto Conquista Ave. to reach Sal's House on the West side of the Street. Sal's friend Betty will be there to host the wives so we will see everyone there.

Directions to Sal's House:



Priority Notifications – Next months' SCAMPS' Fun Fly Contest will be held November 14, 2007. The events are 4 Ounce Wakefield for rubber and ABC Pylon (old timer) for power. Our monthly meeting will be hosted by Sal Taibi and Betty Moke, November 9 at 7:00 PM. The meeting was moved to the 9th to avoid a conflict with the SCAMPS/SCIF and San Valeers contests at Lost Hills November 3 and 4.

SCAMPS' October Club Contest

We had a decent turnout for the October club contest considering about half the regulars were getting ready for the SAM Champs and were not there. The events were Jimmy Allen for rubber and ABC Fuselage for power. Two people signed up for Jimmy Allen, but only one official flight was posted. Roger Willis had a 75 second flight, followed by a "Bang." Ted Firster signed up his BA Racer, but did not post an official. Fernando Ramos did not realize there was a contest and failed to bring his model to fly. Five people entered ABC fuselage, but only Allan Arnold completed his three flights which made him the winner. Allan actually signed up two models, starting out flying his Ascender. The engine ran great on the first flight, but then got balky on him, and he decided to start anew with his O&R powered Powerhouse. The posted rules called for a 15 second engine run and hand lunching. With the Powerhouse, Allan put in flights of 93, 87 and 69 seconds to take first place. Joe Jones flew his "C" Brooklyn Dodger to second place with flights of 122 and 94 seconds. Allan's single flight of 129 seconds with his Ascender was good enough for third place. Hal Wightman put in a single flight with his Powerhouse of 56 seconds for 4th, and I failed to get an official flight with my Hayseed. It seemed like many of us were having trouble with our engines. Mine had an air leak in my pressure system on the McCoy 60, and it just wouldn't hold a needle setting. Just proves that these contests are a great opportunity to work out some of these problems, and prepare for bigger meets. I hadn't flown my model for about 8 months and it showed by the way it ran. Thanks again to Bernie Crowe for organizing our monthly fun contests.

SAM Champs 2007

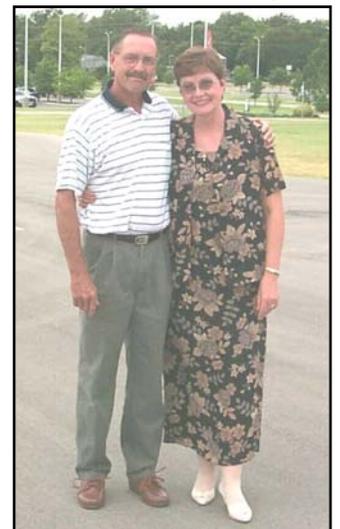


Power Champ & SAM
Sweetheart Ron & Sue Thomas

Editor's Note: As most of you know, we were unable to make the SAM Champs because my mom was having some medical problems. I want to thank everyone for the support and well wishes for her. It meant a lot to all of us. I asked our members to write about their personal experiences at the Champs, and several have. If you have not done so, please write your SAM Champs experience and allow me to share it in the next newsletter. A special thanks again to all those who volunteered to make the 2007 SAM Champs a great success. I have heard nothing but VERY positive feedback from all the SCAMPS in attendance. Thanks go out to Contest Manager Hal Wightman, Registrar George Walter, and Free Flight CD Gene Wallock...job well done gentlemen.

Of course, we have to say congratulations to the Grand Champions, and this year, Ron Thomas A.K.A. "The Dominator" tore up the power field. In the 8 events counting towards the Power Championship, he got 6 first place and 2 second place finishes, totaling a never before heard of, 38 out of a possible 40 points. The rest of the field never knew what hit them! Perennial contender, Larry Davidson was second with one win and several other top 5 places. Larry suffered through a "Terrible Tuesday," garnering no points and totaling his always reliable Ascender. It was noted by a fellow flier that Larry's model dethermalized on the climb, and folded the wing, turning the hot Ascender into a fast descender. Congratulations to Ron Thomas on his first Grand Championship. Top Notch Ron!

Carl Redlin and Herb Kothe were fighting it out for the Rubber Grand Championship, like they have done so many times before. In unusual circumstances, the Championship was lost by Carl when his Wakefield blew up in mid-flight costing him valuable points. Terrorism was quickly ruled out as a cause of the blow up. By the last day, Herb had Carl beat by one point, and Carl decided to try gain the point in the HL Glider event, which for some reason, is included in the Rubber Championship events. As Gene Wallock would say, "That tear you just heard was Carl Redlin's rotator cuff." Carl fought through the pain to no avail, finishing in seventh place and out of the points in the event. Congratulations to



Ron & Sue Thomas

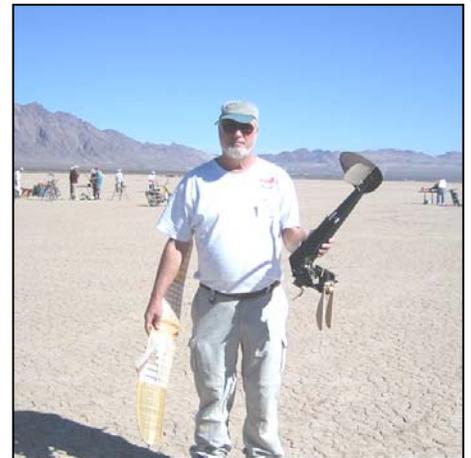
Herb Kothe. When you can best Carl Redlin or Larry Davidson, it is a real accomplishment. Congrats to the Champs.

Two SCAMPS wives were also honored this year via the Sam Sweetheart awards. The sweetheart award was established by Jim Perrson when he lost his wife to illness. It was his way of honoring her and all the other wives who support their husbands modeling endeavors. To be included in this group is an honor and this year SCAMPS' members Sandra Firster and Sue Thomas were part of a group of 4 that also included Joanie Bekins and Ruth Edelstein. Congratulations ladies!

Bernie Crowe's First SAM Champs by Bernie Crowe

This wasn't a great contest for me. I broke four planes, did lousy in four out of five events, and almost lost my sun canopy. But we had a great time with some old friends, so that was OK. Pauline and I arrived in Henderson Sunday afternoon and went straight to Registration. The Fiesta had good rooms and was pretty quiet for a Casino, and was only about twenty minutes from the flying site on El Dorado Dry Lake. The new 515 freeway made it a breeze to get to the field, and the new shopping areas nearby provided daily ice, Starbucks, etc. All in all, a great location for SAM HQ.

Monday: Large Stick, NosRubber - We found a slot on the flight line next to John Reese and his friend Ed Rueben. John had taken the whole week off work to attend the Champs and was raring to go. We chatted with Ed for a while, and discovered he was originally from our home town of Manchester, England! The forecast for Monday was light winds in the morning becoming calm in the afternoon, and that's how it played out. I got out my trusty Lamb Climber and, since I hadn't flown it for a while, put up a test flight. Just as well I did; it stalled badly. Don't know why. The temp wasn't high and the altitude difference isn't that big. I spent the next hour and a half trying to cure the stall, which was stubborn. I finally got the glide somewhere near reasonable and put up an official, only to have the plane glide languidly down in dead air well short of the required 5-min max. In fact, I barely cleared 3 mins! By now it was breezy, and though I thought of waiting for the promised afternoon lull, I couldn't do it. I put in a fresh motor and went to pick lift. When the breeze came I launched, and knew I had made a poor one immediately. The plane went vertical/left, then heeled over on its right side and dived on the cars at the line. It did its best to dig a hole in the hardpan. Instead, it turned itself into matchwood. I guess I must have hit the stab on my hat, but I didn't feel it. I've had that plane for almost three years and won 7 or 8 contests with it, so I was disappointed. I don't think it's worth trying to repair it. Anyway, I was out of Large Stick.



Bernie with his destroyed Lamb Climber

That left me some free time so I decided to fly my Raff V, a small English Lightweight model, in NosRubber. It's not really competitive with the Mulvihills and other large models, but what the heck. Jim O'Reilly offered to time for me and I went to get some air. Boy, did I get air! The little plane was a speck in the sky within two minutes, and miles high heading for the hills. I yelled to Pauline to get my tracker and follow me, and went trotting (well, what passes for trotting when I do it!) across the lake bed. I was able to keep it in sight, saw it DT, and followed it to the ground about a mile away. We turned the tracker on but all we got was static; there are power lines on both sides of the field and the RF noise was horrendous. I eventually got close enough to see the plane on the ground, but still couldn't get a signal holding the antenna up. I found that holding the antenna close to the ground and rotating it 45 deg to the horizon produced a faint but non-directional signal. Weird! Maybe near the ground there is some multipath effect that cancels some of the noise? It's a good job I wasn't relying on the tracker to find the plane, or it might have stayed lost.

The performance of the little plane gave me some hope, so I started winding for the next flight. While I was winding Joe and Linda Jones strolled up. Joe wasn't flying - they were just visiting! Joe offered to time for me and I launched on what felt like a fill-in breeze. Not so, it turned out. I was down in 129, and miffed. The only nice thing about the flight was that Linda Jones very kindly went and retrieved my plane for me! We did the same thing again, but with even worse results. I got a 99 and was done. Don't even know where I placed - must have been near the bottom. Not a good day.

Tuesday: Small Stick - When we got on the field Tuesday morning we were greeted by the sight of John Reese and Ed packing up. John had been called into work, and had no recourse but to pack and go home. How disappointing! My heart really went out to him. The prediction for Tuesday was a calm start turning to high winds in the afternoon. I got the Gollywock ready early and started flying as soon as the contest opened at 8 am. Again, Jim O'Reilly was timing for me.

The 'Wock climbed well, and got decent altitude, but I could tell at once that it wasn't going to make three minutes. It was down in 164. Carl Redlin's Gollywock was going vertical for the first twenty seconds or so and reaching tremendous altitude. Don DeLoach and I speculated about how many strands he had in the thing. My vote was 48 or more. Later Don told me Carl was flying on 14 strands of 1/8", less than my 16! Don said Carl's prop was a work of art – high pitched and light as an indoor prop. Worth looking into!

Joe and Linda showed up again, and Joe timed my second and third flights. They were 156 and 116 respectively!! This trend of getting steadily worse was not what I wanted. Anyway, I was pretty much out of this one too. Zip for three! Don and I decided to sneak over to Redlin's box while he was out flying Commercial Rubber, and take pictures and measurements of his Gollywock prop. Curses! He had put it away out of sight! I decided to get out my "Aristocrat" 1949 Wake and check its eligibility for the Concours event. I showed it to Gene Wollock and he watched while I put up a qualifying flight. It flew just great, circled overhead, and landed smoothly in front of the CD's tent to Gene's delight. I decided to do an ROG launch while it was flying so well. Bud Romak went out to the flight line with me to check wind direction. We weren't in exact agreement as to where the wind was coming from, but picked a direction and I launched from the ground. I think I got caught out by a wind shift, because the plane went right and touched a wing tip. It ground looped and the prop split in two. It also shredded the covering on the wing. So much for Concours!

Soon the wind decided to let us know that it was serious, and "freshened" to around twenty knots. My canopy didn't like this at all. It had been damaged in January at Eloy, and it started to sag sideways. Pauline and I spent the rest of the afternoon alternately hanging onto the canopy and then fashioning some guy wires to shore it up. I eventually got the canopy under control, but some weren't so lucky. By one o'clock we dropped my canopy down to its knees, cinched it up tight with the wires, and went back to the hotel to pray for its survival.

The Bean Feed was no more a success for me than the flying. Tom Laird, Pauline and I had a bunch of raffle tickets starting with "4", but though Hal pulled tickets all night long only one started with a four and it wasn't ours. Others present had much better luck; Ron Boots won at least five prizes including the Grand Prize.

Wednesday: Nostalgia Wake - After the near disasters of days 1 and 2, I was really looking forward to flying Nostalgia Wake on Wednesday. The forecast was for OK conditions in the morning with increasing winds in the afternoon. Don DeLoach said he was going to put up all his flights immediately, before the winds started. I wasn't sold on this as the best tactic, but he turned out to be right. The SAM rules for NosWake were different from the standard 2-, 3-, 4-minute maxes of NFFS flying. Instead, the first three rounds were 3-minute maxes, followed by 4-minute flyoffs. In fact, the wind started to freshen almost immediately, and by 8 am it was brisk. Don and I approached the CD about waiving the ROG rule, which we both felt would be risking the planes to no purpose. Gene Wollock agreed and the word was put out. I waited for someone to fly to see what the conditions were like, but no one did and in the end I decided to go ahead. A NosWake ought to be able to cruise to three minutes, right? The Maxie climbed out well and found fairly calm air aloft, and maxed easily. Surprisingly the drift above 100 ft was very low, and the plane landed nearby.

Don DeLoach launched his 1956 Altmann Wake as I timed for him, but the plane went hard right at release, and did three horizontal circles before beginning to climb. It eventually reached a good altitude, but then stalled to the ground for a 131. Very uncharacteristic of Don's flying. He traced it to a wing warp, and was kicking himself for not having test flown first. Had we ROGd the planes, his would have almost certainly been destroyed with the right turn.

Surprisingly, Peter Wessel also dropped 11 secs on the first round, but the rest of the field of 8 was clean. I made my second max with altitude to spare, and DTd pretty high, but when I picked up the plane the left wing was broken at the root just outboard of the pylon. The impact of hitting this dry lake bed is like landing on concrete. The main spar and two ribs were broken but both the LE and TE had survived, so I rushed to repair it. Once again, "Bud Romak Field Repair Services, Inc." came to the rescue. Bud made available a table with repair board, tissue (all colors), dope, thinners, brush and a fresh razor blade. This guy is a gem. Don DeLoach came over and assisted me with an extra pair of hands. It's not easy to cover with tissue in the wind! It took me about an hour to repair the break and recover the wing bays, settling for just two coats of dope. By now the wind was coming on stronger, and I was behind the pack by at least one flight.

Dan Keegan, Al Lidberg and Bud Romak all dropped their second round flights. Bud had a bad prop fold on his Kothe Wake that effectively put him out of the race, and he now concentrated on A Pylon gas. Only Jean Andrews, Jim O'Reilly and I were clean and still in the running.

Since he was effectively out of the competition, Don DeLoach was rooting for Jim O'Reilly and me, and came out to blow fluffies for me in an attempt to identify lift. There was no time for a test flight so my heart was in my mouth as I let the freshly-repaired plane with a fully-wound 32 strand 110 gram motor go. The Maxie flew exactly as before and delivered me another max. Better still, the wing was apparently undamaged by the landing. The air was getting really tricky, and Jean Andrews fell short by 22 secs. Jim O'Reilly had been competing in 4 oz Wake and Large Cabin as well as NosWake, and hadn't yet flown his third round. By now the wind was blowing at around 15 mph, and the fluffies weren't much use in picking lift. Now I needed four minutes. I wound as quickly as I could and went out onto the lake bed, holding the plane protectively. I waited for a lull and punched the Maxie up through the turbulent layer and into fairly good air. I got my four minutes, and went to retrieve the plane. This time the *right* wing had broken on DT, at the same place the left had earlier. I knew I couldn't take an hour to fix it this time, so I got to it right away. Bud had damaged his A Pylon on DT also, and we were both using the repair station.

While I was repairing the Maxie for the second time, Jim O'Reilly had made his third 3-minute flight and then his first 4, so we were the only two still in the race as I prepped for my second 4-minute flight. Behind me I heard a yell as Bud Romak's A Pylon went in hard and smashed pretty badly. The wind was worse now, and I wound as fast as I could while making sure I got full turns on. I saw my wife Pauline look up at something behind me, but had to keep focused on winding. Suddenly there was the sound of balsa and tissue collapsing and I flinched, waiting for the Maxie fuselage to implode. Instead, I heard a cackle of laughter from Bud Romak, who had just crunched a piece of his broken wing behind me! He was bouncing around like an 80-year old Peter Pan, laughing himself silly while I tried to regain some color. He really got me, and now I owe him a Gotcha, and it's going to be a good one! I went out to the line hanging on to the plane, and put it up into the wind as gently as I could. Don DeLoach insisted on chasing it on his bike, as much to be on hand when it landed to prevent tumbling wind damage. Chuck Etherington (who had only stopped in on his way from Colorado to Lost Hills!) was corralled into timing for me, and it's a good job he did. Even with binocs it was hard to keep the plane in sight. Chuck saw it down at a few seconds short of three minutes, and my day was over.

I'd guess the wind was up to 19 or 20 mph by now, and I couldn't believe Jim O'Reilly was really going to fly in these conditions, but he did. Jim said he is used to flying in the wind, coming from Wichita, KS. He told us Kansas is flat and the wind blows like this all the time. Once, he said, there was a brief lull in the wind, and three houses fell down! Jim nonchalantly pulled rubber strip out of a one-pound box and made himself a new motor, "in the air." It took two people to steady his plane while he loaded the motor, with the wings thrumming in the wind. Don DeLoach went out with Jim to chase while Chuck and I grabbed the binocs to time. Jim's Bilgri climbs slowly at first but keeps on pulling, and it handled the wind OK for the first hundred feet, but soon it was being tossed around like a leaf and getting small fast! I lost it in the blowing dust after about two minutes, but Chuck still had it and timed it to the ground at 3 mins 33 secs. Jim's persistence had paid off, and he had beaten me by 33 seconds!

A great contest and I enjoyed it thoroughly. I've noticed before that I get a real rush from continuing to compete through the adversity of plane repairs. Must be a born masochist, I guess!

Thursday: Twin Pusher, 8 oz Wake - Because the Shermans couldn't make it this year, Kevin had asked me to fly his Twin Pusher at the SAM Champs. After some discussion with the CD, it was decided Kevin and I could enter as a team, with me flying. I had never even touched a TP before, let alone flown one, so I was a bit nervous. I had intended to get some practice in early in the week, but the winds on Monday and Tuesday afternoons ruled that out. So it was I found myself around 7 am Thursday fitting Kevin's TP adapter to my stooge and doing a practice wind or two. The weather was gorgeous, calm and sunny without being too warm. When Gene Wollock announced "ten minutes to launch" over the megaphone, I got prepped and then started to wind. Kevin had done some tests and concluded that the motors he had provided should be good to 1600 turns with a safety margin. Using his beautiful custom twin winder, I started packing on the turns, hoping I hadn't started too early, yet hoping I had left enough time to put new rubber in if I broke it.

There were eleven guys on the line out of the 18 who had signed up. Phil Klintworth was still winding and people were yelling at him to get up with us. Jim O'Reilly came up and asked "Have you got a timer?" Arrgh! I was embarrassed as I told him no - I was so preoccupied with prepping the plane I hadn't even thought about a timer! Jim promptly produced a watch, smiled serenely and offered to time. CD Gene Wollock put the megaphone to his lips and held an air horn in the other hand. "I'm going to start you like this", he said. "Three two one, and then I'll sound the horn like this" BLAAARP! Immediately, Hank Cole launched his plane!

There was lots of yelling and questions about what we do now. Phil Klintworth was just on his way out to the line. Gene assessed the situation quickly and said "Launch" and sounded the horn. Ten Twin Pushers, of all designs, shapes and colors, leaped into the air. Phil launched his about ten seconds after everyone else. Hank Cole's plane was climbing at better than 60 degrees, and way high already.

I heard someone's plane crash, but couldn't take my eyes off of Kevin's lest I lost it in the crowd. Beside me Jim said "I have it." The gaggle of strange beasts flew around in a flock, some going left and some going right. Kevin's De La Meter was up there with the good ones it seemed, and eventually circled over the car line as the power ran out. I tried to get to it to catch it but it disappeared behind the CD's tent. Somebody said "you got second!" and then, "no, third." I went to retrieve the plane but couldn't find it. I looked up and could see the shadow of it on the CD tent roof! I grabbed a chair and nudged the canopy below the plane to persuade it towards the edge. Joe grabbed it and we went to see the results.

Kevin's plane was fourth on the score sheet, but as more scores were posted it slipped to fifth and then sixth as Phil Klintworth's time came in. Hank Cole had won with a 4:45, Phil was second at 3:26, and Stan Buddenbohm third at 2:54. My time with Kevin's plane was 2:16. I talked to Hank Cole and he told me his TP (Burnham) weighs 40g complete! He built it in two weeks just before the SAM Champs. I think you gotta be a Hank Cole to pull this stuff off!



All that was left for me was 8 oz Wake, and I was dreading it. My new Lanzo "Classic" looked well worn, though it had only been flown three times! It had crashed every time out, and one prop blade was already made of four separate spliced pieces. It is an unruly beast. I'll swear this plane was a roto-tiller in a previous life! When we first set up tent and I found Jim O'Reilly next to me, I said, "Hey Jim, I just built a Lanzo Classic from your plans." Jim looked at me and said, "Why?" I guess that says it all right there!

I wound and went out to fly, just a test flight to see how the latest batch of surgery had affected its flight "pattern." I launched and it went into an aerobatic cavort sequence with me running after it like a madman chasing a butterfly, grabbing at it and failing to restrain it. It finally hit dirt and I grabbed it. The DT had tripped at launch, no idea why, just typical for this bag of balsa bits. I went back to the stooze and wound again. This time I crept off behind the flight line and launched away from the eyes of my friends. Just as well. The Classic did a sharp wing-over and flew into the ground at full turns, wrecking the prop (again!) bending the landing gear and shredding the right wing. With admirable restraint (I thought) I fought back the impulse to jump on it with both boots, or to set fire to it a la Bud Romak. I put the bits in a box and turned my attention to happier (if not SAM) things. Despite the loss of hardware and the failure to win any, Pauline and I had a great time and enjoyed the company, especially swapping Irish jokes with Jim O'Reilly!

John Donelson and 1/2 A Texaco by John Donelson

My 1/2A Texaco flights - Allan Arnold decided not to fly as he didn't have his new Lanzo Bomber trimmed out yet. So he crewed for me. We used his van and I stood up outside the van at the sun roof with my binoculars and my tracker. I was off early with little wind (so we thought). My Powerhouse climbed out heading north. I saw the engine quit (reversed direction) at 13 1/2 minutes. At 15 1/2 minutes it entered a cloud and never came out. We were at the north end of the dry lake and it was a speck in the binoculars. I tracked it with the Walston until I lost the signal at 33 1/2 minutes, which we assumed that it was on the ground. We then started hiking in the last direction of the finder across the brush for a couple of miles finally getting a weak signal.

I looked back and didn't see Allan, so I headed back towards the van as our van was where the water was. We had no idea that it was out that far as we had walked approximately 2 miles. Allan was all right but we were both bushed so we trekked back to the car and downed a bottle of water and rested up. After a 20 minute rest we drove the car into that construction site next to the stone quarry and I got out and started walking in the direction of the signal. After walking about a mile on the other side of the quarry, I finally located it, in the last field before the mountain. We measured the straight line distance on the way back and it was 5 miles. It took us 2 1/2 hours to find it. Since we never saw it land I got credit for a 15 1/2 minute flight.

When we got back they said that the same thing had happened to Ron Thomas after a 22 minute flight, but he had not been able to find his airplane. Also, we had Fernando's wing in our van and he wasn't able to fly. (I hope he is still a friend). For the next two flights, I put in only 10 cc of fuel and got 11 and 13 minute flights which was enough to win by about 9 minutes. Ron was the first to congratulate me, and he said he finally found his airplane. I would have been glad just to get mine back.

Tracking with the Walston - I have sent Jim Walston a message. Because the dry lake is bounded on all sides by high voltage power lines, the electrical interference makes it very difficult to track an airplane with a clean signal. On Tues Hal, George and I spent an hour and a half trying to find Fernando's Tomboy on the west side of the dry lake out in the volcanic area near the high tension lines. It was nearly impossible to get a directional signal, even though we were very close to it. My experience was the same trying to find my Powerhouse. Allan has added a filter to his which eliminates this problem.

On the previous day Allan flew his Powerhouse in fuel allotment. It immediately entered a thermal on the southeast side of the field. I timed and watched it in the binoculars never losing sight of it, however it got to be only a speck and I couldn't take the binoculars off of it or I would have lost it. Those binoculars got awfully heavy. It finally drifted back towards the field and landed on the edge of the field for an 18 1/2 minute flight. I think the next highest flight was around 12 or 13 minutes. Allan and I talked to Gene Wallock re the allowed fuel in 1/2A Texaco. We think that 15cc is way too much, and he agrees. He said that the fellow that originally wrote the rule is in a nursing home and could probably care less if we changed it. The current rule is not consistent with the fuel allotment rule for full size Texaco and results in durations of at least twice the air time as for fuel allotment (remember Gary Sherman's long flights at the last SAM Champs). It also makes it very impractical to fly when you have to chase it off the field. Either Allan or I would have had to "not fly". We think that the 8cc tank might be OK. Gene said he thought that 6cc would be better and I am not sure he isn't right. He told us to make a proposal to the rules committee and Allan said he would do that.

Fernando Ramos on the Champs by Fernando Ramos
Early Sunday morning John Donelson, Milon Veil, and Allan Arnold met at my house at 6am. I had 9 models that I was taking. Fortunately, I was able to load some of my models in Allan's van. After loading all my "stuff", John went with Allan and I drove with Milon. We met at the Chino airport and had a terrific breakfast at Flo's restaurant, then we headed north for the long drive to Henderson. After checking into our Hotel (we stay at the Railroad Pass Station Casino, because it is cheap and only about 10 minutes from the flying field. Breakfast of a couple of eggs, bacon or sausage, hash browns and toast was \$1.20!!) We drove to headquarters and got our packet of info and goodies. Had a chance to visit with modelers you only see every couple of years.

Monday at the hotel the winds were howling. We weren't certain that taking a drive to the field would be a good idea. We decided that we better go. The flying weather was near perfect! I got a max on my first flight in large stick, but after that it was down hill the rest of the way. I was flying small cabin when my Wren headed for the mountains (actually, here in CA we would call them hills). I drove out with Allan's motor bike only to have to return and use Hal's Walston's retriever system. Well, here is what this contest is all about. Hal, John and George said that they would go after my model. They were gone an hour, walking miles to find it. As it turned out the receiver batteries were low, and a signal wasn't strong enough until they were almost on top of it. Almost everyone at the field would help when help was needed, whether it was timing or retrieving etc. Modelers are just the greatest!! The most unbelievable event was the Tomboy. You could fly it every day taking your best time. The top time was around 16 minutes! My best was 7 something even though my model got really high, but no lift. When we weren't flying we would sit around and visit, just having a lazy great time. I was looking forward to Friday and the 1/2 A



John Donelson preps for 1/2 A Texaco



L to r Roger Willis, Allan Arnold Fernando Ramos and John Donelson

Texaco. John got his power house all ready and launched.

They got into Allan's van with the sun roof open...John standing through it with his binoculars in hand. It was quite a sight. The airplane disappeared from our view. They were gone for over 3 hours trying to find the model with the retriever system. Much of it had to be on foot since they were unable to drive their car where the model was located. My problem was that I had two wings in Allan's van one being for my 1/2A Texaco. With the winds starting to blow, I decided to forget flying that event. I flew rubber scale on Friday and when we left for home I was leading, but I don't know for certain whether I won or not. I got in my 3 flights before the wind started to blow. We all had a terrific time even though our flying could have been better, but winning isn't everything....right?

Larry Davidson on the Champs by Larry Davidson

Ron Thomas did a fantastic job of showing how to fly SAM Free Flight. If I had to lose to anyone, it would be Kevin or Ron and I really felt great to see Ron work at it and dominate the events. On Monday, I flew My Playboy Senior with the O&R .60F. I really didn't have much flying and testing before the champs and had to adjust my launching techniques. Finally got it right on the third flight and maxed, to get third place. Then I flew my Dodger and had problems with the Ohlsson .29 sagging in and out on two of the three flights and only maxed one of the three, to third place again. Tuesday was a total bomb for me. I never ROG'd my Ascender with the ED .19 and told the guys to watch their heads while I did a test flight with the timer set around 9 seconds. To my amazement, the take off and climb out was fantastic, then all of a sudden the wing folded up and the plane came straight down, full bore and plowed into the hard dry lake bed. It totaled out a great flying plane! I couldn't understand why the wing folded but that evening at the restaurant, one of the guys flying near me came over and said he saw the plane DT while climbing out! The only thing I can assume is that I didn't carefully pick the grove on the Texas Timer.

Then I took out my "B" Alert with the Torpedo .29 and had problems with no spark. (Worked great before the Champs) I changed the plug, but that didn't do it. Then I decided to change the ignition battery and noticed that the battery was pretty hot. Put in another battery and still no spark. I took out that battery and that one too, was hot as was the solid state module. I decided to take out my "A" Alert with the Shilen .19 and put the Torp .29 in it. I test flew it and test flew it and after about ten or so test flights, decided that each time it DT'd and hit the ground and got full of dirt, the game was over. Elaine tried to talk me into keep trying to trim it, but I told her it was not worth wrecking a good plane for a trophy and I gave up, getting no points for flights on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, I put up the Playboy Senior Cabin and it was slightly out of trim but did max the first flight and the third (I believe) but missed the second max. It was gliding too fast and after the first flight, I added some tail weight and that helped. Then I flew my Alert with the ED .19 and preceded to ROG it for the first time and it was awesome! Won that event easily, in fact, after seeing it fly, Ron and Clarence went to Harry Klarich and bought Alert kits. I told Harry he owed me a commission!!!!

Thursday was 30 second antique day and I took out my old Rambler, started the O&R .60F which seemed to be running much faster than usual but brain fade allowed me to fly it anyway. It did some neat loops and rolls but Ron said I don't get any points for aerobatics. Dropped that flight but still did 3:40! I maxed the next two flights after retarding the spark, which I should have done in the first place. End of Story! It was a great contest and great flying conditions if you got all your flights in before noon on most days.

Next Issue

Please send your photos and stories of the SAM Champs for next issue. Look for Bernie Crowe to continue his electric series in the December issue.

Events Calendar

SCAMPS/SCIF/SanValeers Fall Annual, Lost Hills, California, November 3-4

SCAMPS Meeting, Sal Taibi and Betty Moke's home, (**Second Friday to avoid conflict with our SCAMPS/SCIFS Fall Annual**)
November 9, 7:00 PM

SCAMPS Club contest (4 ounce Wakefield/ABC Pylon), Perris California, November 14

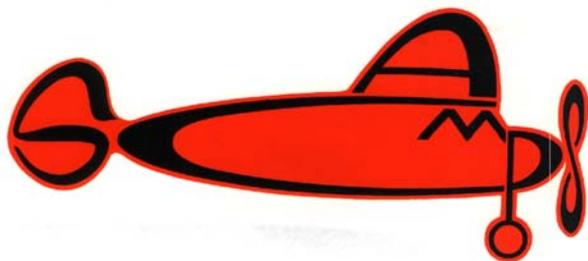
Collecto – Covina at usual place, November 17, Covina, CA

SCAMPS Meeting, Christmas Party, Home Town Cafeteria, December 6, 7:00 PM

SCAMPS Club contest {Gollywock Mass Launch/1/2 A Gas (Modern)}, Perris California, December 12

2008 Gas Powered Tether Car run and Collecto, Wittier Narrows Recreation Center, January 12 2008

Gas Powered Tether Car run and Collecto, Wittier Narrows Recreation Center, September 13 2008



Scamps/Scifs

OT 2007 Fall Annual

Combined with SAN VALEERS 20th Nostalgia Annual
CD: Terry Thorkildsen (805) 495-6135
Co-CD: Tom Laird (310) 544-7606

November 3-4, 2007, Lost Hills, California

Saturday

7 AM to 4 PM

A/B Cabin

30 Second Antique

*½ A Texaco (7 AM to 11 AM)**

C Pylon

Large Rubber Cabin

Small Rubber Stick

Sunday

7 AM to 2PM

C Cabin

Texaco (7 AM to 11 AM)

.020 Replica

SAM Gas Scale

A/B Pylon

Small Rubber Cabin

Large Rubber Stick

Entry fees: \$10.00 registration (includes 1st event), \$5.00 additional events

Lost Hills Membership required

Gollywock Mass Launch Saturday 8 AM
Twin Pusher Mass Launch Sunday 8 AM

**1/2 A Texaco: 8cc fuel, any .051 or smaller glow engine, best single flight of 3*

SCIF Contact: Alan Monteath (805) 338-6220 Lapcat@earthlink.net
SCAMPS (CD): Daniel Heinrich (909) 593-5789 AeronutD@cs.com