

BFRCMS NEWSLETTER

Dear Members,

Welcome to the latest edition of the BFRCMS 'Flyer'. In this issue

A bunch of Sticks

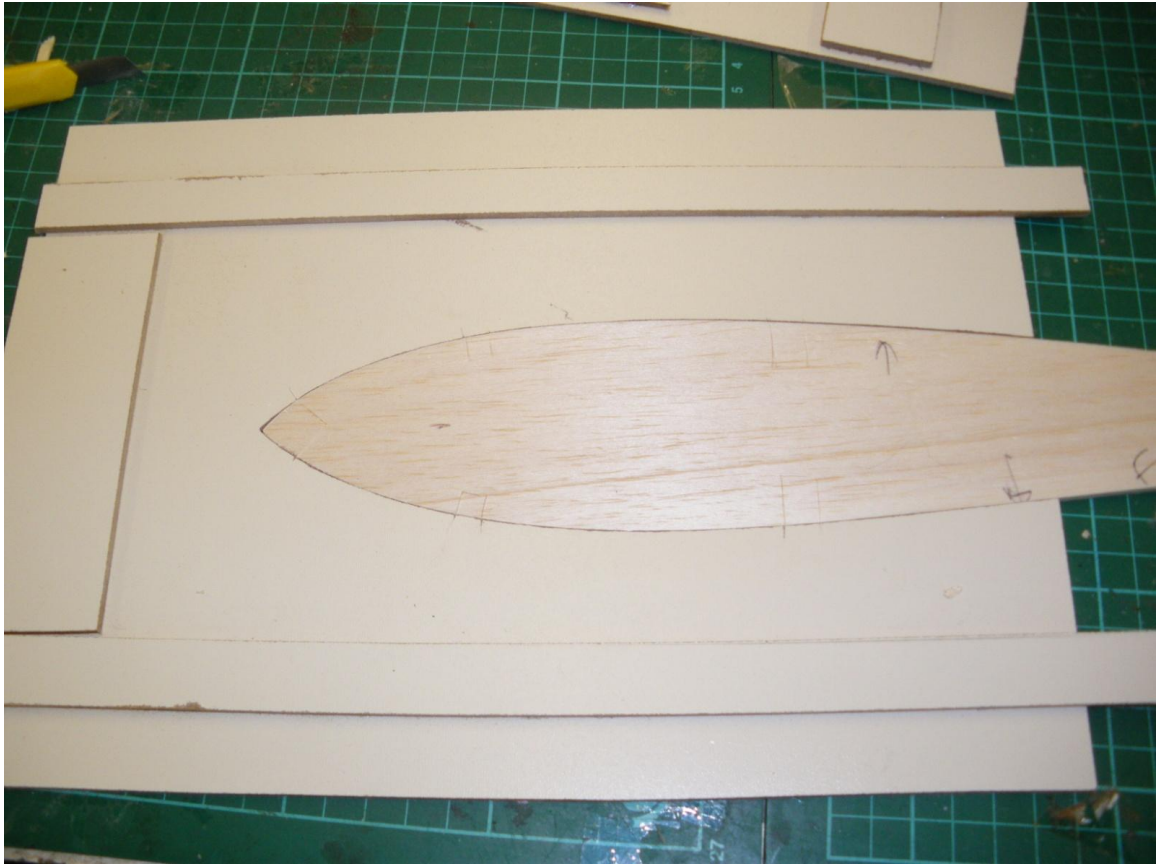
I answered the phone and Jim Sheldon said excitedly, "Do you want to build an 83" Big Stick, engine, plane, electronics and covering for £150?"

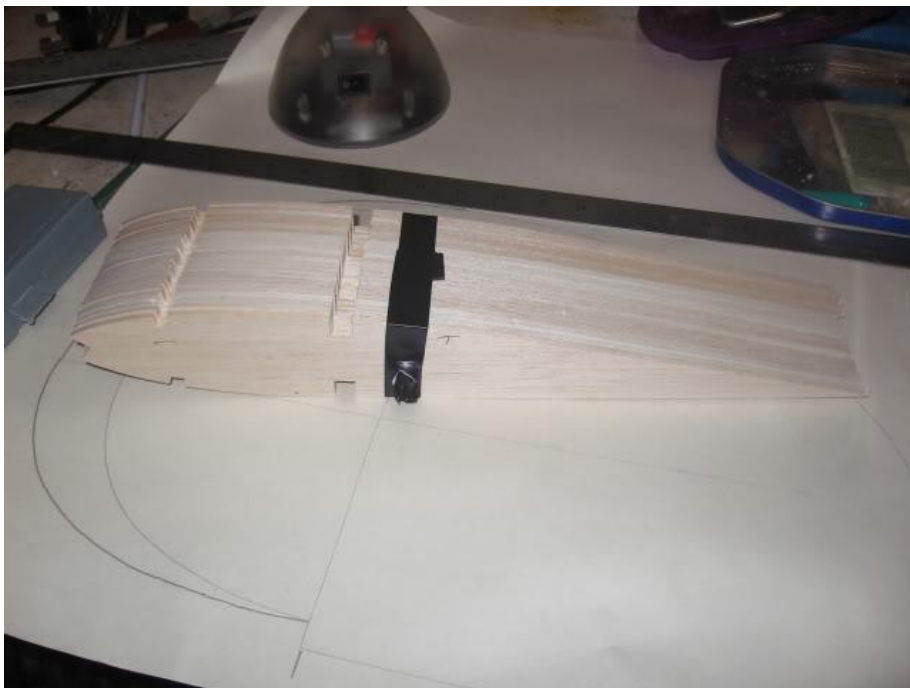
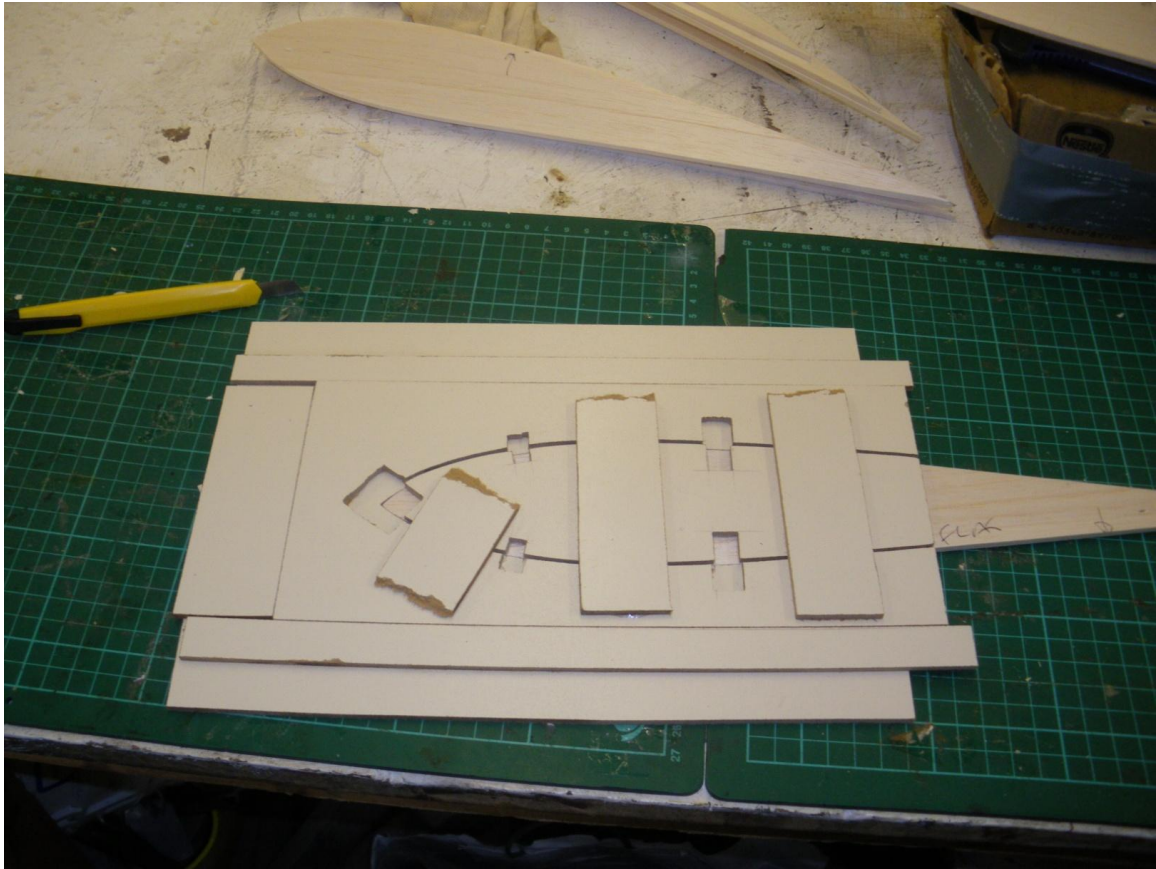
"Oh yes, count me in", I replied.

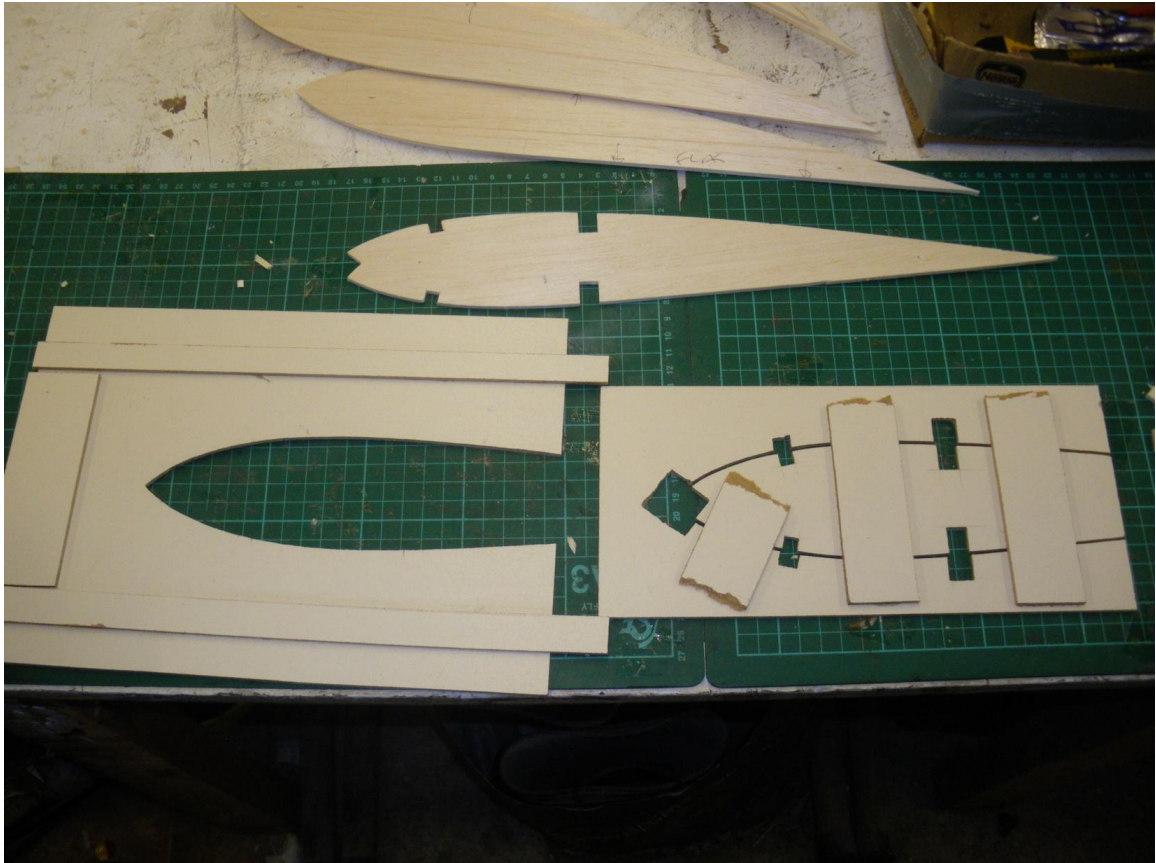
The idea was to have a model that we could fly in most conditions, summer and winter, and one that would handle the field surface, no matter what. The communal build was intended to reduce the costs and increase the fun factor. Like most ideas, the final product seldom turns out as planned.

A great amount of work was done, before any building started, by Jim, who made all the templates out of ¼" MDF and a wing rib jig that took hours off the build time.













The original Stick 1966

The wood was bought from Balsa Cabin over the internet. We were very pleased with the quality and price. Jim had the plans blown up, increasing the wingspan to 83".

Six of us were involved with the project at the start but, for various reasons, three dropped out.

The engine was to be from a Ryobi leaf blower. Jim turned up the prop boss and bored out the carbs and jets to get the 30cc petrol engine to rev at 7100.

I finished my Stick ahead of the others and, using the Ryobi engine, test flew it.

The engine revved and throttled OK but lacked power. The model used the entire strip to take off and struggled to gain height, at anything but a gentle climb angle. Loops needed a dive to gain momentum to carry it over the top and stall turns lacked vertical height.

The Ryobi engine weighed in at 4.5lbs so the Stick needed 1.2lbs of lead in the tail to get the C of G in the correct position. The total weight of the model came out at 12.67lbs.

Obviously the engine was too heavy and not producing enough power so it was sold on EBay for £45 inc p&p. I bit the bullet and paid £197 for a DLE 30.

Well the DLE 30 sure did the trick: this has transformed the model into a prop hanging, vertical climbing, and massively looping rocket ship.

The model cost about £150 inc wood, cyano/epoxy glue, servos, covering, hinges, carbon control rods, horns, wire undercarriage. I already had the wheels so, with the engine, the total bill came to £347.

I've spent a little more than I usually do (2 ceiling tiles and some cheap Chinese electronics!-£35) but I thought it was time to play with a real air plane. Can't wait for the others to get to the field.



With the Ryobi engine



With the new DLE 30 and 3.5lb lighter



Mark Shepherd's Stick with a 50cc petrol



Jim's colourful Stick 40cc "3W" engine

The Ugly Sticks are not the only “same plane squadron” at the field. All of a sudden there has been a influx of the ready to fly EPO (hard-ish foam) Electric Wot 4. A certain person (not sure who) got one and the rest of his friends followed like the proverbial sheep and invested the small sum of £100 to join in the fun. The “wot” gang include Jason ,Mark, Jim, john Prothero and Harold (I’ve joined the 21 century and gone lectrik)

Talking of going lectrik, a certain person has gone twin ducted fan ,thrust vectored, all singing all dancing FOAM(ceiling tile) Jet. Can’t wait to see that combination!! Keep an eye out at you local flying field for a back pedaling, lectrik convert.

Elvington

Dave Swarbrick sent me some pictures of his jets that he and other members of the club flew.

Pictures were taken by Neil Hutchinson at this year’s Elvington LMA show.

The first one is my panther (No 42) just after takeoff with the gear almost up. The second one is also my panther at the same show on a fast fly by at around 10 feet. The heat haze is real and not added in afterwards.

The other pictures of both Panthers is by the same guy but taken at Cosford.









Maynard Hill

Maynard Hill, who has died aged 85, made his mark on aviation history in 2003 when one of his remote-controlled model aircraft became the first to fly a record-breaking 1,882 miles across the Atlantic on less than a gallon of fuel.



Maynard Hill with TAM 5 before its transatlantic launch Photo: WASHINGTON POST
6

Hill's TAM (Transatlantic Model) 5, with a wingspan of 6ft and weighing less than 11lbs, made it from Newfoundland to Ireland with a few drops of fuel to spare, marking a record time for the flight of 38 hours and 23 minutes.

The flight recreated the historic first transatlantic journey of the British aviation pioneers Alcock and Brown, who made the crossing in 16 hours and 27 minutes in 1919.

A retired engineer, Hill had reason to savour his moment of triumph: 24 test prototypes of his design had wobbled into the air and failed, crashed or disappeared. But he was certain he could build a model aircraft that could stay aloft for 1,875 miles, enough to fly across the Atlantic.

In August 2002, TAM 1 climbed to 1,000ft bound for Ireland before falling into the ocean. Two days later TAM 2 stalled and met the same fate. TAM 3 disappeared in a rainstorm eight hours and 479 miles out.

Having made adjustments to his computerised autopilot system, Hill returned to Newfoundland the following year, launching TAM 4 into a cloudless sky over Cape Spear at 8pm on August 8 2003. Contact was lost at 430 miles downrange. Someone joked that the Bermuda Triangle may have had a cousin over Greenland. Or perhaps the Icelandic Navy was in need of target practice.

Undaunted, at 7.45pm local time the next day, Hill again held his breath as TAM 5 climbed rapidly, turning gracefully before disappearing out of sight on a 62-degree heading towards Ireland. By 11pm, satellite data showed the tiny aircraft still aloft at a satisfactory altitude, making approximately 43mph with no tailwind.

At 8.30 the following morning, the little plane, nicknamed The Spirit of Butts Farm, after the farm in Maryland owned by Beecher Butts where it had been tested, was roughly 560 miles out. But Hill noted some ominous data from satellites monitoring its telemetry.

The aircraft's four-stroke engine was supposed to be regulated at 3,900rpm, but the readings ranged from 3,100 to 4,100rpm. The plane's altitude was bouncing between 280 and 320 metres, suggesting a porpoising flight path from a shallow climb to a speedy dip. "The Spirit trotted along all day Sunday," Hill reported. "Over the mid-ocean it picked up a 5-10mph tailwind and was cruising at 50-55mph. I went to bed at roughly 10pm, fearful that the cool of night would increase the viscosity of the fuel, taking the engine from lean to dead."

When he awoke at 4am, there had been no satellite data for three hours, and Hill believed the plane was lost; it was agreed to stand down the officials in Ireland who were making a special six-hour trip from Dublin to the landing site at Mannin Beach, Co Galway.

But just then, data from one of the satellites confirmed that TAM 5 was not only still flying, but was now far enough east to be in warming sunshine, and had shed a lot of fuel weight. By 9am local time (12.30pm in Ireland), the Spirit was a mere 70 miles from the Irish coast.

The landing was a cliffhanger. The engine had been set to run for roughly 37 hours, and Hill worried it might stop a couple of miles short of the landing site.

At 2pm Irish time, the Spirit of Butts Farm hove into view at Mannin Beach, and one of the Irish officials took manual control, banging the rudder stick hard right to kill the engine. A mobile phone link was opened to Hill as the Spirit made a dead-stick landing approximately five feet from the designated spot. At 2.08pm, hearing over the phone link the shout "It's on the ground!", Hill led a whooping cheer, buried his head in his wife's shoulder "and wept unashamedly for joy".

The plane's tank contained less than two ounces of fuel – a quarter of a cupful. "In the model airplane world, this is no different from Armstrong landing on the moon," Carl Layden, an official observer of the feat, announced.

A blacksmith's son, Maynard Luther Hill was born on February 21 1926, in the coal mining town of Lehigh, Pennsylvania. He numbered Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart among his childhood heroes but was always more fascinated by tiny aircraft than their full-sized counterparts.

"By age 9," he wrote, "I had acquired a fairly serious addiction to balsa wood and glue."

In 1943, having graduated from high school, he joined the US Navy and during the Second World War served in Panama. After the war, Hill took two degrees in Metallurgy at Pennsylvania State University. His balsa-and-glue habit was already so severe that he had trouble controlling it, even during his final exams.

Years before his transatlantic feat, Hill had carved a niche in the aeromodellers' hall of fame. In the 1960s, he set 25 world records for speed, duration and altitude, flying his radio-controlled aircraft as high as 26,990 feet, as long as 38 hours and as fast as 151mph.

Hill worked as a metallurgist at the Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Laboratory in Baltimore, eventually persuading his supervisors that he should be allowed to develop at work the hobby he pursued in his own time in his basement workshop. He became a pioneer in developing unmanned aerial vehicles – drones – for the US military. In the 1990s, by then retired, mostly deaf, and registered blind as a result of macular degeneration, he announced that he intended to fly a model airplane across the Atlantic – from Newfoundland on the Canadian seaboard to Ireland.

Everyone thought this was impossible – except Hill. According to international rules, to qualify as a model a plane must weigh less than 11 pounds – fuel included. No such plane had flown even one-third as far as Hill had in mind.

Hill was inducted into the Model Aviation Hall of Fame in 1977. Several of his planes, including the Spirit of Butts Farm, are on display at the National Model Aviation Museum in Indiana. Another plane is in the National Air and Space Museum's collection. Maynard Hill, who died on June 7, is survived by Gay, his wife of 59 years, and their three children.

Alan Dawson

The death of Alan Dawson in June came after a long battle with heart problems. He was a friendly and helpful person who was well liked in the club. The last time Alan was seen at the field he was driven off in an ambulance straight to the Victoria Hospital. Alan never really recovered from that episode, which also knocked his confidence, and he was never seen at the field again. Several club members would visit him and no amount of persuasion would get him flying again. His life partner, Marlene, would like me to thank, on her behalf, all those who went to the funeral and to apologise for not being able to thank us at the time, as she was rushed by the funeral director to Manchester, for the burial.

I remember Alan, with a Big Stick, telling me that it was no good.

“Why, what’s wrong with it?”

After a slight pause he said.

“Well, nothing really, but you just know when a plane is right or wrong and something tells me this Big Stick is a wrong ‘un’.”

“Have you given it a good once over?” I replied, inquisitively.

Shaking his head Alan remarked,

“There’s nothing wrong with it; it’s had several flights but it definitely is not right.”

The next flight the Stick was flying sweet as a nut. Rolling, looping, stall turns, reversals, the lot.

“Well, there’s nothing wrong with that,” I said smugly, just as the wing parted company with the fuselage.

We watched the fuz disintegrate in the cornfield and, as the wing fluttered down to join the rest of the model, Alan turned off his transmitter shaking his head and said knowingly,

“Told you, a wrong ‘un’.”

And another obituary from John Prothero.

Captain IAN K WALL

1944-2011

I regret to inform the club of the passing of Ian K Wall, on Saturday 20 August 2011.

Ian, as most of you know, was the pilot who flew the helicopter from Blackpool Airport to Woodvale when our club took part in the Blackpool Victoria Hospital Scanner Appeal. Ian had led a very interesting life in the military before joining Bond Helicopters. He also worked with Aerospatiale to bring the Dauphine Helicopter into North Sea service. He was in fact the development pilot for the Dauphine.

Two years after our Woodvale adventure, we were approached to do a similar event, this time with two helicopters, so two model helicopters were flown in formation from Blackpool to Woodvale. This was a world's first - it had never been done before and I doubt if it will ever be done again. I personally will never forget the sight of the two models flying in formation with smoke on alongside the full size aircraft!

Our sympathy and thoughts go to Ian's wife Diane and family.

Event Calendar

The indoor meetings start in September with two a month. The meeting on the first Wednesday of the month will have a theme/event or be organised and the third Wednesday of the month will be an informal meeting.

September meeting 7th -Helicopter Night

Bring along your indoor helicopter and we will have a fun event with obstacles, relay race and a dog fight - get your heli above the other and the down draught will knock it out of flight. The helicopters MUST be 250 sizes or less - even better are the infra-red contra- rotating type. The prize on the night is an all-wood model kit.

October meeting 6th - Build a glider night

Last year's event was a great success with modellers from different cubs attending the "build a glider in an hour" event. I will be supplying the kits- plans, building board, knife, straight edge, glue etc for £1. John Prothero won last year so this year we all must improve so as to wipe the smile off his face!

November meeting 3rd -Bring a model night

Bring along any models that you are working on or have finished so that we may all admire your handiwork!

November 5th -Bonfire night

Bonfire night has always been great fun and this year's event should be even better as it will be held on the 5th so we should be able to see all of Blackpool setting off their fireworks. The committee has decided to donate £100 out of club funds to buy fireworks and if anyone else wishes to bring some pyrotechnics then they must give them to me BEFORE the 5th (for setting up). The food will be as usual i.e. a Jacobs's join (bring your own food and share it with others).

December 7th our yearly AGM

December 21st – Quiz and hot pot supper

Big Dave will be sponsoring the hotpot supper plus his all-round entertaining quiz, with the most obscure marking system known to man.

* 7th September	Indoor helicopter events
* 6th October	Indoor glider event at Tennis Club
* 2nd November	Informal bring a model night at Tennis Club
* 5th November	Bonfire night at Weeton Field
* 7th December	AGM at Tennis Club
* 21st December	Hot Pot and Quiz at Tennis Club

A VIEW FROM THE HEDGE. (By Will Sparrow)



After the trauma that was May 2011 – I have never experienced such a sustained attack from the wind and weather gods since I was hatched – the 3rd June turned out to be the day that summer arrived at the hedge. The sun was shining, the wind was a light easterly and the other birds were singing (we sparrows don't sing, of course); a group of carefree modellers was enjoying itself on the field. A Large CAP 21 had had a few nice airborne excursions already that afternoon but on this flight, and in the far distance, I spotted that it had shed a wheel. At this juncture let me reminisce a little: Great-uncle Bill Sparrow only had one leg (we chicks were never told how he lost his leg but we were warned never to try to make friends with cats), and he seemed to manage okay with perching, landing and the like. He always said, however, that he was forever grateful that he was not hatched as a 22lbs turkey as life with one leg would have been much trickier. This CAP 21 was not in the least like Great-uncle Bill but was much the same weight as the

turkey. Much to my relief, the model managed to execute a nice, one-wing-low, very slow landing and suffered no damage at all.

Saturday, 4th June brought a return to blustery winds, a weather pattern that was repeated on the Sunday; the day of the club's only planned event of the year. I was up early watching the preparations. I must say that I was impressed; the crisp, white tent of transmitter control, the fences, signage and, of course, the field verdant and in immaculate condition. But where were the throngs of flyers? I recognized six or eight of the usual club flyers but I saw **not one** aeroplane from outside the club. What a sad state of affairs. I had invited a few chums over to our hedge to watch the proceedings but they flew off early, disappointed.

July and August, true to form, had we hedge folk going about our normal business (nesting is less fun than you might imagine when one is continually battered by gales and drenched by rain) with little modelling activity to view. A few big, new, home-built aeroplanes appeared – “Big Sticks” I think they called them – as modellers rebelled against the sameness of the ARTF tide: the models all seemed to fly well. The warm glow emanating from their owners was noticeable, even from the hedge.

A Friday in late August almost provided me with a repeat experience of the Katana crash trauma, of recent memory, (I'm still all of a quiver when I think of it) as a large electric biplane, after having experienced a loss of power, crashed into the hedge. Unlike the Katana, there was little damage to the aircraft, apart from a few holes in the covering, as the model yielded to the thorny embrace of the hedge. I flew over to the pits to eavesdrop on the post mortem. At first it was thought that the battery had run down, but this was refuted, since the usage had been little and the measuring instruments in use showed plenty of charge left. It transpired, from what I could make out from the techno-speak, that the speed controller had been making “funny noises” prior to the incident. The modellers and beard-scratchers present decided on a ground run with a fresh battery to see if the fault could be made to repeat itself. After a short run the fault repeated itself – a “funny noise” was clearly heard. The “funny noise” was followed by a not-so-funny puff of smoke followed almost immediately by a lot (and I do mean a lot!) of smoke. Man of the hour was Justin whose lightning-quick actions with screw driver, fire extinguisher and asbestos hand saved the day and the model from thermal destruction. Once the acrid smoke had cleared the speed controller was seen to be a charred, unrecognizable lump. It had even shed a handful of its chips into the fuselage!

The unlucky model must have wished it had stayed un-flown in its hangar. Being crashed is bad enough, but to be crashed and then cremated is definitely worse. As I flew off, the unfortunate owner could be seen putting the cooled remains of the speed controller into a plastic bag and muttering something about returning to the model shop from whence the device came.

WS

Contributing to the Flyer

As ever, if you have any ideas for what you would like to see in the Flyer then drop me an email, a text or a letter and I'll see what I can do. All ideas will be considered.

That's all for now folks, apologies for taking so long getting this edition out!

Happy Landings!

Glenn Block

A BMFA Affiliated Club

Club website: www.blackpoolmodelflyers.org.uk Page 1

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