





Dear Members,

Welcome to the latest edition of the BFRCMS 'Flyer'.

By the time you read this, the leftover turkey has already been turned into soup, the Christmas decorations are really getting on your nerves, the must have new "Ronco" gadget is already broken and the till receipt has been binned with the wrapping paper, and if you see one more feel good festive programme the new 70 inch Plasma TV will be launched through the lounge window.

The last few months of meetings have all been fairly well attended by the usual suspects and some welcome guests from other clubs.

The Helicopter Night.

This was a simple test for any pilot, made harder by pressure from the stop-watch and the constant ridicule of fellow members bent on making one look like a fool.

The test was simplicity itself and consisted of five pairs of bamboo cane uprights, of different heights and strung with crepe paper forming "goals" through which the flyer had to do a full loop (under, back over and under again). Most of the helicopters were of the twin rotor infrared type which fly really easily, that is until you happen to be under scrutiny and pressure from those who shied away from the test. Trevor and John Prothero thought to be clever and flew, fly-bar-less, twitchy 3D micro helis with obvious results.

My little heli was brought out of its resting place, for a test flight, prior to the event. After about 30 seconds of buzzing around the lounge my wife commented on how well it handled and on my chances of winning. I then flew it straight into the chimney breast and snapped the unfixable fly-bar. Many thanks go to Tank Dave who lent me his 'copter for the test. I should surely have won if useing my own `copter! In the end I was relegated to 3rd behind Jason with 1^{st} place going to Zak.

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Zak with his prize

Tank Dave made a square edged board, fixed on a gimble, controlled by 2 servos on an X-Y axis. See photo. The board had 5 circles drawn on it. The exercise was to control the board so as to allow the cue ball to enter the circle under control and then remain stationary before moving on to the next numbered circle.

Most members took part and were fairly successful, but the winner demonstrated the power of youth over old- time skill. Ryan Patterson breezed through the test with Zak 2nd, Jason 3rd and me, pipped by 1 second, into 4th.

The feel and touch that Ryan has on the sticks is very impressive, this talent, mixed with his cool demeanour, proves him to be a force to be reckoned with. Of course that entire prospect might well disappear quicker than Lord Lucan when he discovers the sweet nectar of thirst-quenching alcohol and the allure of the female form with all its hidden charms.

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The growth growing on Harold's face is actually the "tongue of concentration"











Frank still can't understand why he could not see the board properly

Glider Night

Our yearly indoor glider event was another fun-filled evening, with participants producing all manner of flying machines with flight capabilities, ranging from superb to severely embarrassing.

The rules were the same as last year. Build a glider of your own design (or from the plans I supplied) in 1 hour. Each glider pilot has 3 consecutive throws. About 28 entrants stepped up to the "plate" and then promptly failed to get past the 2.5 second mark. Finger John was the early leader (the only model he has handled that has not cut him!).

Len from Barton then took to the floor with his Saturn-Prothero design- and scored a time of 4.8 seconds, although the flight would have been longer had he not got in the way of his own model!

John Prothero then showed us all how it is done with a winning time of 5.9 seconds to retain the trophy he won last year.

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If I could have awarded the trophy to the most interesting flight it would go to Peter Eyres for the Delta of his own design. On all 3 flights the delta produced superb twinkle rolls, in less than 2 seconds. You would need great skill to do that deliberately!



Unfortunately I forgot to take any pictures except for Andy's "not a sniff of winning, but I'm having a good time anyway "designed glider.







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AGM

Dig Dave Quiz and hotpot supper night

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Changes in 2011

Colonel Muammar Gaddafi died during the uprisings in his country.

American ground forces leave Iraq.

Osama Binladin found in complex in Pakistan and exterminated.

Prince William and Kate Middleton got married.

Riots in London, and then followed by violence across England.

The two pandas Tian Tian and Yang Guang arrive at Edinburgh Zoo.

Dave Swarbrick back pedals and embraces the small electric ducted fan foam models!

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Small TX or big hands-your choice









16 inches of foamy electric fun









A VIEW FROM THE HEDGE. (By Will Sparrow)

After weeks and weeks of rain, gales and yet more rain and gales, a decent flying day dawned. It was thus, with keen anticipation of something interesting to watch, that I settled myself on my twig on the ultimate Friday in October. The field had been recently cut, the weather was balmy and the wind was light ... yes, a perfect flying day.

Soon, a lone vehicle appeared picking its way down the track; it was John Smith armed with, I suspected, a boot full of models and a cheery smile. The smile, however, was not to last even as far as the car park. (You see, dear reader, the agricultural workers had been very busy of late spreading some strange-smelling material over the fields, material that had been delivered by enormous trucks and loaded onto the spreader by a tracked leviathan. The result of the workers' tender and sympathetic ministrations was a track which, at its lower part, had almost ceased to exist as a track! The ruts were eighteen inches deep and the mud would have done justice to the Somme on day two.) You will be ahead of me by now: John got stuck. Luckily, other modellers arrived (no modeller worth his salt could miss such a lovely day) and the extraction process began in earnest with much advice being given and much practical help supplied. By this time the queue on the track had grown to seven or eight cars, all with eager modellers keen to fly. The additional manpower and much additional advice saw John, at last, extracted from his predicament... and then they all went home. Not a model was flown, not an engine was started; the disappointment hung in the air like some nineteenth-century miasma. Interesting, instructive and entertaining as this activity was, it was not what I was hoping to view and appreciate from my vantage point in the hedge.

The clocks have now gone back, the nights are drawing in and we hedge-dwellers are fattening ourselves up (the berries have been especially good this year) in anticipation of the winter to come. Now then, Will, I tell myself. Be of good cheer! There are some good flying days to be had in winter and there is always a good view from the hedge.

I witnessed a minor miracle on the first weekend in November. Regular readers of my scribblings (does anyone read my scribblings?) will remember my reporting of the wheel that fell off a large-scale Cap 21 way out over the adjacent field back in the summer. Not just any old wheel, you understand, but one with lots of scale detail added. (The field was under crops

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so any search was going to be a waste of time)... Well, an eagle-eyed tractor driver recently spotted the wheel, retrieved it and gave it to members, who placed it in the club hut. It did my heart good to see the joy on the face of the owner when the two were reunited. There is a touch of irony to this tale, however; said owner was overheard saying that he had just taken delivery of some replacement wheels from China after waiting several months for them to come back into stock!

You modellers, engrossed in your own little worlds, may be totally unaware of our thriving avian community in the hedge. There are dozens of us, you know, out of sight for the most part but there nonetheless. The other day was the occasion of the hedge AGM. Now, these events are an important part of hedge life. In the past they have often been lively affairs and have always been well-attended (so much so that perching space has been known to run out) with birds of every feather turning up to express support and add their tweet. This year it was different. I arrived in the hedge at the appointed time and thought I had turned up on the wrong day! There were only a few birds present: the current hedge committee was there, a few of us regular sparrows, a handful of ancient starlings, a couple of hen sparrows and two fledglings. It is a shame that more birds do not want to become involved in the life of the hedge and, perhaps, contribute just a little to its present running and future success. Is it ignorance or apathy? Should we know? Do we care?

WS

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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, 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 01253 695711

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