



Prop Torque

From the President

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Hello everyone

This issue of Prop Torque is the second-last for 2008. You would be forgiven for wondering where the year has gone now there's only a month left. The Annual Dinner has come and gone; if you missed it, you missed a good evening. A feature of the evening was to honour the contribution made by one of the founders of LMAC and one of its longest serving members, Dave Jacobs. We heard how Dave was one of four original members that started the first model aircraft club in Launceston in 1945. He later successfully competed in the one and only "Nationals" ever held in Tasmania. This was the 11th Nationals, held from December 28th, 1957, to January 3rd, 1958. (We are now coming up to the 62nd Nationals!) As ever, Dave was very modest and self-effacing about his achievements, but he did make a point of thanking the club for the fellowship it had extended to him over the years. Of course, he was 'spot on' there; there is no point in having a club if members cannot feel at home with each other. Speaking for myself, that feeling of fellowship is very much in evidence in LMAC.

I think a word in appreciation of our 'club photographer' George Camie would not go astray here. Please take a moment to look on our web site at the photos taken by George at the Annual Dinner. They are works of art. George seems to have captured the essence of each subject.

Thanks, George.

Geoff once again officiated as MC at the Dinner. After repeating last year's science lesson on how all things electric actually run on smoke (for details, ask Geoff), he went on to preside over the drawing of a number of worthwhile prizes. Some procedural irregularities were noted in that a couple of times a winning ticket was returned to the basket, but that was soon sorted out by representatives of the Electoral Office who recognized the problem and quickly restored order to the proceedings.

Even if you couldn't make it to the Annual Dinner, please make a point of coming to the Christmas BBQ and Fun Fly to be held in perfect weather on December 13th. The long-awaited Car Boot Sale will also be held on that day. Just bring something that you don't need anymore - one man's junk is another man's treasure, as they say - and offer it for sale. All proceeds will go to - YOU.

Well, after all the social chat and exhortations, I've not said anything about model flying. Well, that will have to wait until next month.

I look forward to seeing you at the flying field, hoping to catch a whiff of methanol (or maybe diesel) exhaust.....or, electric smoke!

Gerry

From the Secretary

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Hi All,

Another month has slipped by and here we are at the end of November, I have only a few things to pass on to you all this month.

The annual dinner was held on the 14th of this month and was well attended, with about 50% of our membership: all having a good night out together.

We had quite a few lucky door prizes to give out, these included bottles of wine, gift vouchers from Tiger Models, Col Taylor Models and a year's subscription to RCM News, with a few other minor prizes.

We made a presentation to Dave Jacobs who was one of the founding members of LMAC in 1945. He is still an active member of our club and is held in high esteem amongst the membership.

The committee has made a change to the start times of our events. It was felt that the 1PM start time for some events was too late, so from now on all events will start at 10AM unless stated other wise.

A not so pleasant comment must be mentioned, and that is our soft drink sales sometimes does not match the money received. As these cans are there for members' and the Club's benefit, they must be paid for at the time of purchase, unlike the Tea and Coffee which are free. This is being monitored so **please do the right thing so that this service can remain in the clubhouse.**

There has been a change in our December events as I mentioned in last month's report, and I would remind you all of this again.

December 13th will be the day of the Family fun fly event and will be combined with the **car boot sale and a free Christmas BBQ for all.** To help with catering arrangements, please let me know, (by phone or email) whether you will be coming, by **10th December.**

By the time that you all receive this newsletter we should have the concreting done at the club-house. Also in place will be a solar panel and associated gear. This was purchased for charging the mower battery and also another 12v battery. This battery can then be used by members for the winch, for charging our electric models or for anyone else that needs access to a 12v battery. In fact the first person to use it was a IC flyer whose starter battery had gone flat.

Birthdays for this month are John de Groot, Peter Riall, and Alice Robertson, we say a big happy birthday to them all and hope that their special day was all that it should be and a great year ahead

That about wraps it up for me for another month but I would leave you with this thought:

"When you're over the hill, that's when you pick up speed."

Happy Landings all

Geoff.

From the Contest Director

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The club pattern event was run and won on Saturday 15th November. Once again Mother Nature was throwing her fury at us poor souls!

There were only 3 of us to compete, with the others not willing to risk new models, which I can appreciate. Terry Pearson, Kevin Hay and myself took part.

We completed 2 rounds before lunch, with it's not being as bad as I expected in the air: as always the landings get a bit hairy in these strong winds. During the lunch break it started to rain requiring a mad scurry to get all aircraft into the hangar, followed by another shower as we went back out to start round 3.

Due to a broken exhaust manifold I was forced to use my Ultra Sport 1000, which I feared was too risky in the high wind with its very large wing area. On take off it however it leapt into the air

after a 2 foot roll out, but proceeded to track better than my old Storm!

At the completion of round 3 we called a halt to proceedings and declared the event over, in good time as it turned out, because the rain returned, giving us a wet drive home.

The results were :

First place Kevin Hay flying his YS 140 powered Magic.

Second place Terry Pearson with his OS 140 powered Giles

Third place Chris Klimeck needing 2 planes to finish!

Many thanks go to our 2 judges Geoff Hays and Andrew McEntyre and judging scribe George Carnie for sitting out in the cold wind.

Chris

Editorial Notes

From the Editor's Desk

Richard Cooper: 6369 5142

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Thanks.

Dave Jacobs has just phoned in to say that: He is still absolutely 'Gob-smacked' by the award he received at the Club Dinner, and doesn't know what to say. He would like to say thank you to everyone for their kindness.

History: 30 years ago.

I am always fascinated by the history of aero modeling. When I asked Dave Jacobs whether he had any more interesting articles following the one on our web site, he promised to come up with more. Very soon after that he sent me an issue of Airborne Magazine from 1979, with an article on a model aircraft flight from Launceston to Hobart! I have reproduced this below with very little

editing, with permission of the author- John Bell, the pilot- Max Wiggins and the editor of Airborne Magazine, John Rogers. Thirty years later, I think that this would be very difficult to repeat, given that they kept only just within the speed limit, quite apart from the skill required to fly a model aircraft for such a long time, over so many varied conditions! Has someone yet flown Bass Strait with a model?

Richard.

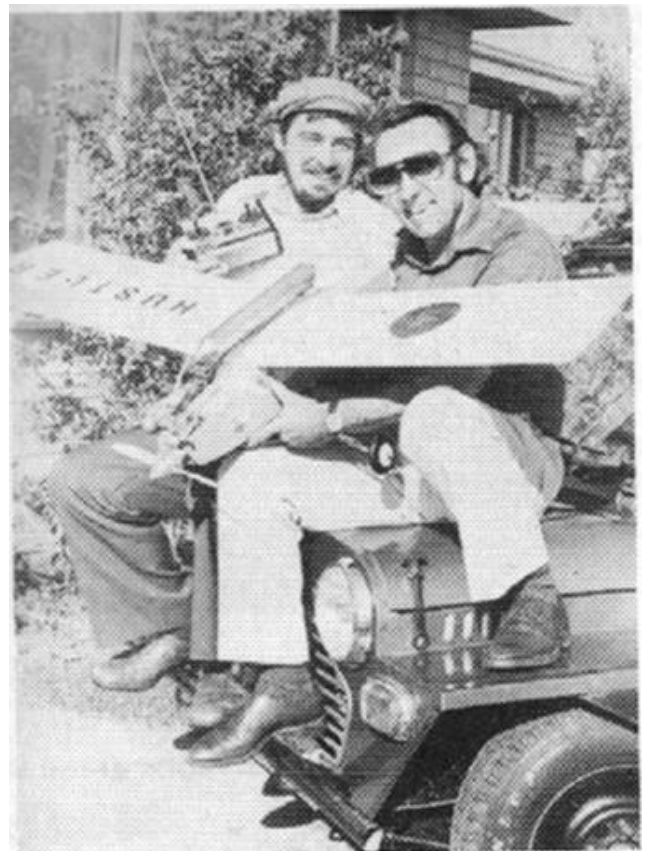
(Yes Richard, Mike Farnan of "Model Engines" flew a model helicopter across Bass Strait. The story can be found here http://mrchc.org.au/pictures/tas_flight/. George)

RC MODEL AIRCRAFT FLIES FROM LAUNCESTON TO HOBART!

From **THE EXAMINER, Monday, October 2, 1978.**

Two Launceston men believe they are the first to fly a radio-controlled plane from Launceston to Hobart. Max Wiggins and John Bell (pictured to the right), both members of the Evandale Radio-Controlled Model Aircraft Fliers Club, made their flight on Saturday morning. They used a car to keep the plane within their sight during the trip.

Wiggins, who has been flying planes for eight years, controlled the plane, while Bell, a veteran of 30 years' experience, drove the car. They cruised along about 110 km/h, making four fuel stops before they reached Hobart suburbs. Total flying time was about two hours.



Max and John nurse the model and RC gear on the bonnet of their borrowed Mini-Moke. Note that fuel tank above wing is pressurised from the muffler. Smiles indicate a successful journey. Photo from The Examiner Press.

Belated but significant, here is the story told in the Co-pilot's own words.

“HISTORIC HOP, IN TASMANIA”

By John Bell

Airborne Magazine Number 32: May 1979; pages 19-20.

PLANS

It began about 2 years ago. Following a pleasant afternoon spent flying our models, Max Wiggins and I were enjoying a quiet beer together.

One of us suggested that it should be possible to control a 60 inch wing span machine fitted with a gravity-feed long range fuel tank. For such a venture, an open car would be preferable. Our tentative route would be the 120 mile highway which linked the two major cities in the state, Launceston to Hobart.

Some months later, Max appeared one evening, full of enthusiasm. He suggested that we make the attempt on Saturday, September 30th, only ten days away! He must have realised that I wouldn't be opposed to the project as he'd already organised insurance, permission from the relevant authorities and the selection of a Mini-Moke, loaned to us by a local motor firm. Finalising our plans, we decided to leave Launceston at 05.30 hours from the sports oval of a nearby high school.

PATIENCE

On the evening before our epic flight weather conditions appeared promising; clear sky and a temperature of 12°C., typical for early spring in Tasmania.

Next morning I was at Max's home by 0400 hours. We checked the gear in the 'Hustler' plus other equipment we'd need, then loaded the lot into

the Moke'. Our homes are situated on the high perimeter, surrounding the city basin, and as we drove downhill towards our takeoff point our hearts sank; fog enveloped us. When we reached the sports oval murky mist was down to the deck. An hour passed as we waited for clearer conditions—then two hours.

It was essential to begin the flight as early as possible to avoid the heavy volume of transports and weekend motorists who used the major highway, which was to be our route. To fill in time as we waited, I suggested that we fly the Hustler for a circuit and determine what visibility there was, if any! It was a dicey flight as the model was only visible for 100 yards ahead. With a full load of fuel on board, Max strived to fly as slowly and cautiously as possible but the Hustler stalled and started to spin down behind a nearby shed. After some frantic manoeuvring with the controls the model recovered and Max brought it down. So again we waited restlessly for clearer conditions.

By 08.30 there was a break in the murk so we decided to leave and cope with any hazards as they might arise.

PROGRESS

It was a good feeling to see the Hustler circling above us on the highway, ready for the long flight ahead. Although I drove the Moke at full bore, the Hustler was travelling faster. Speed was essential as the model was only just clearing the tops of telegraph poles. Even so it was only just within visible range and the fog appeared to be denser than previously. It was unlikely that clearer conditions could be expected

for some time because our route lay through low, flat country in the centre of our island state. Another anticipated hazard were pine trees which bordered the highway. We were also mindful of the possibility that the Hustler's engine could fail so we wanted to reach the city boundary as quickly as possible. I kept the Moke flat out until I saw a police car in the rear vision mirror. I said to Max:

"There's a police car showing more than a passing interest in us."

Preoccupied with flying the Hustler, he made no comment. Next thing I knew the police officer indicated for me to pull over. By this time Max had become aware of what was happening so he circled the Hustler below fog level, which was then about 75 feet; pine trees on either side of the road reached to 50 feet. The police officer engaged me in serious conversation and as I made my explanations, Max was trying to fly the Hustler through the narrow gap between fog and trees. As time passed the tense situation became unbearable.

"Well," Max asked the officer. "Are you going to hold us up much longer? There's \$700 worth of model flying up there!"

For official confirmation of the Hustler's flight another police officer had been following our progress; it seemed appropriate to let them converse together. Max sighed with relief.

By now it was 08.50. As we travelled along I noticed surprised expressions on the faces of passing motorists as they saw the 'Hustler flying above the road, going like a bat out of hell. Then we were passing Perth, the first

township along our route, 12 miles from takeoff point.

Twenty miles farther on we made our first refuelling stop at Epping. Max made a perfect 3 point landing with the Hustler but the ground was too bumpy for takeoff. We decided to use a clear spot beside the road. By now, too, the fog had begun to lift and we estimated the ceiling at 500 feet. I watched for traffic then gave Max the 'all clear' and as he gave the Hustler full power it climbed away until the engine coughed, spluttered then died. The Hustler was flared out ready for landing again when a flock of sheep came into view, running straight into the path of the oncoming model! One sheep, frightened and disgusted, limped from the scene, but Max and I were more disgusted as the model nosed-over, both convinced it was severely damaged. On inspection we found that a broken elevator was our only problem and this was soon repaired with some 5 minute epoxy!

Again the Hustler climbed into the sky, flying perfectly. Then more trouble struck. Plastic sheets stowed in the rear of the Moke broke free, covering our heads and hands and blinding us for several seconds. There was panic as we struggled to free ourselves. Finally, the sheets blew away to be retrieved by our escort.

For some miles we were able to enjoy incident-free progress. We were travelling through the flat fertile plains of grazing properties, the sky above was clear, fog completely dispersed and our goal seemed an actual possibility. Then we were approaching Oatlands; time to refuel the Hustler.

After refuelling Max had the model airborne and it was flying well until a

flock of pigeons came into view. From the ground it seemed as if the Hustler flew right into the flock so that some of the birds altered their flying direction pretty smartly. But the Hustler continued in flight without missing a beat while Max and I sighed with relief.

Miles passed and Max was showing signs of fatigue. We'd also reached a stage of our expedition where flat terrain gave way to rough country and a chance of unpredictable weather conditions. Fuel was getting low in the model when we approached another small township, Jericho. Luckily, I spotted a private landing field, ideal for our purpose. Max landed the 'Hustler perfectly, then a very surprised farmer arrived on the scene. It didn't take long to explain our activities and it was pleasant to chat for a while as he was the only spectator to whom we'd spoken.

Our final refuelling stop was at Kempton and we were anxious to press on towards our destination but another hazard loomed into sight; a vertical lift bridge spanning the Derwent River at Bridgewater. Due to the steel superstructure it was impossible for Max to view the model during our crossing. An additional hazard was a high-voltage transformer at the other end of the

bridge; we could only hope that the Hustler would maintain a straight course. It did! We arrived with the model unscathed: then Max flew the Hustler over the suburbs of Hobart, when it was time to land the aircraft, mission completed. From memory I recalled a large field along a nearby road. I was wrong, it was strewn with large rocks. So on we drove until we found a suitable field. It was time to unwind.

I cleaned the model and took a few photos while Max drove away to buy champagne. Two exhausted but satisfied aero-modellers shook hands and drank the bubbly. We're also very grateful to Constable Isles for his assistance. Our next challenge is to fly a model across Bass Strait, the 150 mile stretch of water which separates Tasmania from mainland Australia; reputedly one of the roughest water crossings in the world. If any Australian RC flyers have ideas or comments on this project we'd like to hear from them.

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Events Calendar for 2008-09

July 5 th	Club Day
July 19 th	F/F 9.am----- Old timer ----- 11.am
August 2nd	Club Day
August 16th	F/F 9.am----- Old Timer ----- 11.am
September 6th	Club Day
September 20th	Electric Glider ---- ----- 1.pm
October 4th	Club Day
October 18th	Thermal Glider ----- 1.pm
November 1st	Club day
November 15th	Club Pattern ----- 1.pm
December 6th	Club Day – No Canteen
December 13th	Fun Fly, Xmas BBQ & Car boot sale ----- 10.am onwards
2009:	
January 3rd	Club Day – No Canteen
January 17th	Scale Day ----- 10.am till 2.30 pm
February 7th	Club Day
February 21st	Thermal Glider ----- 10am
March 7th	Club Day
March 21st	Electric Glider State Championships – 10.am
April 4 th	Club Day
April 18th	Club Pattern----- 10am
May 2 nd	Club Day
May 16 th	Fun Fly Day ----- 10.am till 2.30 pm
June 6 th	Club Day
June 11 th	Annual General Meeting
June 20 th	Scale Day -----10 am till 2.30 pm

Number of events by category:

Free Flight:	2
Old Timer:	2
Electric Glider:	2
Thermal Glider:	2
Pattern days:	2
Scale Days:	2
Fun Fly Days:	2
Club Days:	12