



Propwash

December 2018

From the President



With another year almost behind us and that time has come to set some new years resolution that we may or may not have any intension of completing, but it is good to have a goal for 2019 if nothing else. Mine will be get out and fly some more planes more often and it is one I am looking forward to achieving in 2019.



I would like to wish all the SWARMS members and their families a safe Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year and look forward to sharing 2019 with you all in the sky over the field.

The club Christmas function which was in the form of a Sunday luncheon was enjoyed by those who attended with only a very small amount of flying conducted through out the morning due to strong persistent gusty winds.

Two planes that did fly had a fateful end with a total wing collapse on one whilst heading back in the direction of the pits causing it's owner to run for cover as it careered towards the ground right where he was standing just seconds before impact. The other a Bixler was picked up by the wind after an aileron failure causing the plane to continue in a left hand circuit before disappearing behind the trees.

An extensive search of the area where it was assumed it landed failed to find any signs of the plane it is located somewhere in the paddock north of the clubrooms behind the cluster of large trees.



I see 2019 as another challenging year as we continue to develop the facilities of the flying field, already the matting and underlay for runway extension is available on site along with the painting of the pit pavilion and inclusion of more drain pipes I see a couple of busy bees coming on in the new year.

The annual IMAC Capel challenge dates have been set as 13th -14th April, 2019 so would like members to place these dates on their new 2019 calendar and as normal the field will be closed over this weekend, however, the club has been requested to cater for the event so any assistance from members would be appreciated during the weekend.

It will be interesting here to see what comes out of a request from the IMAC committee for 1800ft clearance for this event I indicated to them they would have to make their own request direct to CASA they also indicated that if they are not able to obtain a clearance for 1800ft, they may be forced to cancel the event.

SWARMS have made an official request to CASA for clearance for 1000ft to date we have not had any feed back on our request, during this process it was identified that there was no documentation to indicate that SWARMS field was registered as a model flying field so an application has also been submitted for this to be updated and officially recorded on the map in this area.

The task of removing the bowls carpet and underlay from the Boyanup Bowls Club and transporting it to the field has been successfully completed. This was a win / win situation for both the Bowls club and SWARMS they wanted to get rid of it and we wanted it. Thank you to the members who made this possible it is all now located on site at the field in preparation for upgrading even more of our existing runways.

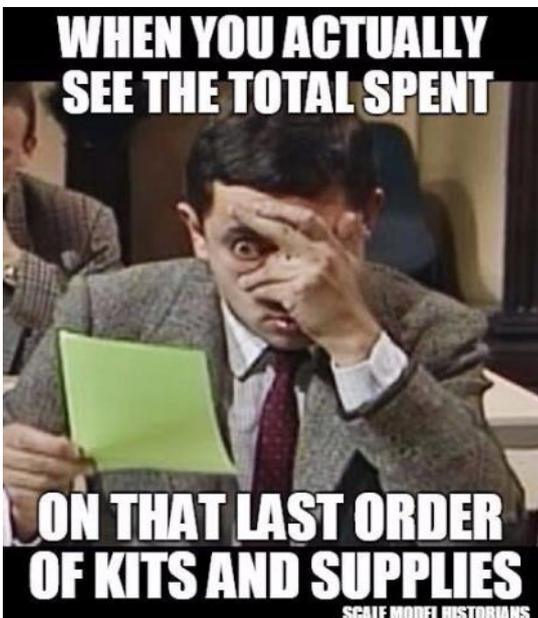


WARNING !

Those of you who are placing Christmas lights/decorations in your yards, can you please avoid anything that has Red or Blue flashing lights together?

Every time I come around the corner, I think it's the police and I have a panic attack. I have to brake hard, toss my wine out the window, hide the weed, fasten my seat belt, throw my phone on the floor, turn my radio down, and push the gun under the seat, all while trying to drive. It's just too much drama, even for Christmas. Thank you for your cooperation and understanding.

If you have been good and don't receive your Christmas presents on time this could be the reason, Santa caught out last year reading a book he should been delivering .



A recent flying incident at the field saw a member loose a foam flying delta wing whilst flying some where over the road in the adjacent paddock. For several weeks he tried to find the elusive wing all to no avail, however, I had reason to land a glider in the same paddock, all be it this was a controlled landing, and happened to come across the wing just inside the electric fence line whilst retrieving my plane.

It was lying upside down in the long grass and it looked a little strange and worse for wear, it did not represent the true outline of a delta wing so when I turned it over was quiet surprised as to what I found. It would appear that cows have a desire to consume foam planes whilst grazing around the paddock as the attached picture indicates.



All the contents of the plane ie: battery, speed controller and receiver were missing the only thing left intact was the motor and prop. It was clear that the plane did not actually land where I found it which would also indicate the cow, cows carried it to this location from somewhere in the paddock.

Moral of the story, if you loose a plane and it is foam the cows will almost certainly return it after consuming what they want from the plane at the crash scene Not sure if the battery and receiver are still connected and operational inside a cow only time will tell, if a cow starts to respond to some radio input whilst on the flight line it could well be still operational within.

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A young and foolish pilot wanted to sound cool over the radio.

While approaching the runway during his first night time landing tried to make a joke.

"Guess who?" he said to the control tower, instead of following the official protocol.

The controller switched the runway lights off and replied: "Guess where?"

I like the old analogy that says “you learn something new every day” I certainly learnt something today Sunday 4th November.

Several weeks ago I experienced a problem with the club Boomerang trainer whilst conducting a training session and no it was not Doug’s fault. Whilst we were flying circuits returning down wind the plane began to act erratically dipping one wing then the other. I turned the trainer switch back to my radio to take over control all to no avail as it continued to perform these moves.

I throttled back and things began to settle down so the decision was made to land and conduct a check of the model, I was now flying down wind and made a turn onto a base leg for landing, all was looking good at this stage as I turned into the wind.

As I approached the runway into a pretty stiff breeze and now only a couple of metres from the ground there was a need to increase the throttle to safely make the end of the runway. As the throttle was increased the plane dipped violently to the ground with a devastating result, wipe out !! There was no clear evidence as to what may have caused the interference.



There was a need to obtain a new club trainer however in the mean time I fitted my receiver and used my radio to conduct further training session with the new plane whilst I sorted out the possible cause of the failure in this incident. Further flights were conducted under normal circumstances with this equipment change with no further drama.

In the mean time I sacrificed one of my planes as a test unit to try and find the problem by fitting the club receiver to my model and using the club radio to fly the plane to see what effect it had if any on this model. Four flights were conducted without any signs of interference so I decided to fit the club equipment back into the Boomerang.

So today 4th November it was the first flight back on the club trainer with the original club radio equipment that had been replaced into the plane and “WOW” what an outcome. All seemed ok when testing was conducted on the start line, all surfaced correct, motor check and tuned and it was ready for take off.

There was a bit of a stiff breeze blowing and it was constantly changing direction so a decision was made to take off on the east / west runway heading in a westerly direction.

All went well on the taxi out and the turn was made to head off down the strip, throttle was applied and the plane jumped into life into a stiff headwind. About one metre from the ground the plane again began to act erratically only this time it was headed directly into the pit area, I had both thumbs working to correct it’s behavior and out of the corner of my eye I could see a lot of activity in the pits and I am sure they were not making any effort to come and assist it was time to find a safe place to hide.

I dropped the throttle and I again had control of the ailerons and elevator, however I was heading into a stiff breeze so there was a need for me to increase speed to clear the pit pavilion. Throttle forward plane lifted the nose and cleared the pits, however, I had lost control of the plane again with no response to any input from the radio.

By this time it looked like an uncontrolled landing was unavoidable but the car park was in direct line of where the plane was heading and it was full of vehicles, throttled back again and regained some control and thankfully no contact was made with the ground. Clear of the car par and now heading to the western end of the field it was time for a few more revs to get this thing back around onto the ground, throttle increased and off it went doing it’s own thing again, by this time a whisky might have been a good idea however I continued to struggle to get control.

I was now heading away from the pits down wind towards the end of the runway in an attempt to get back on the ground, turned back into the wind for a touchdown increased the throttle again to make the runway and it triggered the same response again.

From here it was a little throttle gain a bit of speed with no control then the throttle off and gain a bit of control no speed until a successful landing was completed.

What a flight not only was it disturbing for those positioned in the pits is was certainly nerve wracking for me on the sticks.

Back to the pits the wing removed to check out the radio responses again, this time with a crash investigation team only to find that all systems were operating effectively on the start line, a range check was performed and again no problems were identified.

The motor was then started and another range check was performed with a different outcome this time, only metres from the plane with the radio in range check mode the received lost signal with the light turning off indicating no signal from radio getting through to the controls.

Conclusion was that there was a problem within the receiver aggravated by vibration when the throttle was increased causing signal to be lost to control surfaces also causing severe anxiety to the pilot.

Solution replace the receiver.

A new receiver was purchased fitted to the trainer and proved to be a wise decision with a satisfactory outcome.

The question was then asked why did the club receiver and radio work so effectively with out any signal failures or interference of any description whilst being used in my plane ?

And then the penny dropped the four test flights were conducted in one of my electric models with little or no vibrations being transmitted from the motor through to the receiver which was causing the intermittent failure to occur.

Case solved.

If any one would like a Futaba receiver to fit into one of their electric plane with minimal vibration I know where you can get one at a reasonable cost, is it worth the risk ?.



Seen over the field at dusk on Halloween night, any idea who the pilot may be ?



This was a photo of the pit activity taken by Arie whilst operating his drone at the Morrissey House visitors day, some of the visitors seen relaxing enjoying the days action.





Remembrance day around the world and it was not forgotten at the SWARMS field, the flag was at half mast during the morning and at 11am we held our own tribute to those who fought and passed in war in order to give us the freedom to fly on Sunday mornings and any other day we may choose.



During the morning I made a comment that it would be nice if we had the last post to play as we raised the flag to full mast after the 1 minutes silence and to my surprise with all this modern technology it happened.

Troy had googled a link on his phone and Chris had his blue tooth speaker at the field so the last post echoed out over the field as a real tribute to those who lost their lives during the war.

The group of members who were present on the day who showed their respect under the flag at 11am.



Super sonic boom from jet as it breaks through the sound barrier.



A man was interviewing for a job and it was going quite well until the very last question was asked.

The interviewer said, "In this job we need someone who is responsible. Would this be you?"

"Oh yes!" The man replied happily. "At my last job, every time anything went wrong, they always said I was responsible."

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On Wednesday 28th November we were hosts to a group of gentlemen from Morrissey House who came to the field to view the activities of the club. The morning started with a briefing in relation to what the club was all about and the various types of models available on the market today and how to get into the sport.

A demonstration of the workings of the club trainer was given and details of the training program that is available to new members. It was then time for morning tea which had been brought along by the group and then it was into some flying demonstrations.

We were all set up in readiness for their arrival waiting for some bums on seats.



The flying began with our guests taking up a comfortable position out of the sun to enjoy the activities. Arie took to the sky and flew his scanner and Steve flew his electric 3D plane to a lot of oo's and arr's in the pits during the performance.



Arie seen here briefing the guest on what combat flying was all about and that the aim was to attempt to cut the streamer attached to the other plane without getting caught out yourself.



The planes on the start line ready for action with Arie on one control and Steve on the other.



The crowd waits in anticipation for the first strike all to no avail, the planes came back unscathed and the streamers were the same length as at the start.



There was a wide variety of planes set up for a static display and this created a good talking point for the visitors and they all had their own favorite.



One visiting gentleman in particular who I was privileged to be able to sit and have a discussion with was very interested in how far the model sport had come over the years, he was a very fit and active 92 year old gentleman who had been into control line model flying when he was very young and could still recall all aspects of the sport even the motor types used back then.

He migrated from Germany when he was a teenager and when he settled in Australia he was not in a situation where he could continue with his flying so had to give it away. I asked him if he would like to have a fly of the club trainer on the buddy line and he indicated that it was all behind him now and was happy just to sit and enjoy what was going on around him.

When the group departed the field they were all very appreciative of the hospitality shown to them by the club members, it was a great morning out thank you to the club members who assisted.

Some background on the photo- This was from a series of photos taken of the Roulettes over Sydney Harbour in 1994, using "Smoke" for the first time on the PC-9s. The platform for the photography was from the lowered rear cargo ramp and side door of a C-130H Hercules. (Ex RAAF Photographer



The old PC9 that is being phased out and the new PC 21 that will replace them with totally new colour scheme.



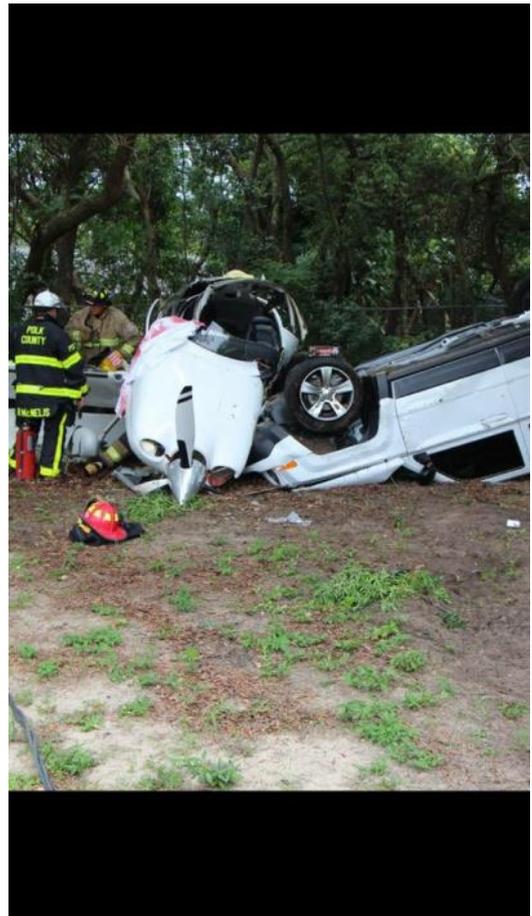
One way to beat the fuel price hike !!



Another photo of the pit area and startup line taken from Arie's drone prior to the visitors arriving (oh ! and me cleaning up the grass clipping from the recent mow). The deep blue sky is an indication of the type of weather we had to endure on the day.



Not sure who had right of way here the plane or the car.



“The idea of dying young when you're 25 is kind of cool — a bit romantic, like James Dean.

But then you realize that life and flying model airplanes is too much fun to do that.”

A very enjoyable Christmas lunch was shared by a number of members who were in attendance on Sunday 16th December, Troy indicated that he did have some problems obtaining the meat for the burgers with a carton of the wrong meat being taken home, only to be identified after the supplier had closed which made it impossible to rectify the problem, however, the substitute was enjoyed by all.

He is a happy little vegemite here after things turned out for the better



Trevor was fortunate enough to have Erica there as he had to be dressed for the occasion.

A young lady was whippet snipping the back yard when she accidentally cut off the tail from the pet cat who was hiding in the long grass. She rushed the cat along with the tail over to Wal-Mart !

Why Wal-Mart ?

Helloooooooooooooo !

Wal-Mart is the largest retailer in the world !!!

Terry might look like he just got out of bed and did not have time to dress properly but he was there early.



Not a lot of talking going on here but a lot of eating.



Erica was observed sitting enjoying her lunch inside away from some of the million flies in attendance. flies.



Trevor did not miss out on the delicacies caught up with here sorting through the goodies.



There was a tossup here as to who would make the better Santa. (I think it is easy to see who won)

Chris was also enjoying the meal and he looks very protective of what he is in front of him.



When food of such a high quality is presented at the field there is little time for talking as it is proved here and if you were to stand too close who knows what might happen.

These couple of elderly statesman settled back and enjoyed what was on offer after Trevor had prepared the meal over a hot BBQ.



Troy had his Tamecat at the field for a flight and would you believe he actually gave me the radio to test fly it so me being me I obliged. Set up on the start line motor tuned and ready to go, just as I was about to leave the runway I heard a voice say to me “last time we flew this it went vertical from take off” and it did the same thing again this time.

After feeding in a lot of down elevator it was off across the sky with every attempt to trim in some down elevator to lessen the severity of the climb. Having now got some control the plane was turned back towards the pit area, when it turned into the wind it was another story.

A loop, a roll and a spin all none intentional (but looked very impressive from the pits) until we had a total wing collapse with one side of the wing turning up and breaking off the fuselage. With little or no control over the destiny of the plane it was time to shut off the throttle and watch it all unfold.

The doomed plane was now heading towards myself and troy and within seconds the fleet footed Troy jumped out of the way just in time as what was left of the plane landed nose first onto the spot where he had been standing only seconds before.

Troy seen here trying to convince me it was a Tamecat.



A blonde was taking helicopter lessons and she was finally ready to try it on her own. The instructor told her to radio him every 1000 feet to make sure everything was okay.

At 1000 feet she radioed him, "Everything is fine." At 2000 feet she radioed him, "Everything is fine, just getting a little cold."

But before she reached 3000 feet the helicopter began to slowly come down. It crashed into the ground ruining the helicopter, but the blonde was fine. The instructor ran to her side to comfort her, "What happened?"

She replied, "I told you it was getting cold. So I shut off the giant fan."

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If you zoom in here you will detect just a small tear in the left eye.



The crash investigation team were quick on the scene and found the cause of the incident to be a failure to have an adequate wing spare fitted. (I believe that Troy did not build the plane)





One Christmas many years ago, Santa Claus was getting ready for his annual Christmas trip around the world, but he ran into a few problems.

Six of his elves were sick and the trainee elves didn't produce the toys as fast as the others. Santa was beginning to feel the pressure of being behind schedule.

To make matters worse, Mrs Claus told Santa her mother was coming to visit, which stressed him out even more.

When he went to harness the reindeer, he noticed three of them were about to give birth and two had jumped the fence and ran away. This made him even more stressed.

As if his day couldn't get any worse, he began to load his sleigh when one of the boards cracked, causing his sack of presents to fall and scatter the toys everywhere.

Fed up, Santa decided he would return home for a cup of coffee and a shot of whisky.

He went to the cupboard and discovered the elves had drank all the whisky, meaning there was none left for him. He also accidentally dropped his favourite coffee mug, causing a thousand tiny pieces to shatter on his kitchen floor.

Santa attempted to find a broom to clean up his mess, but the mice had eaten the straw it was made from. Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

When he opened the door, Santa was greeted by a Christmas angel.

"Merry Christmas," she said. "Isn't today just the best? I have a lovely Christmas tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?"

And that is where the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas tree began.



A woman was driving when a traffic camera flashed. She thought her picture was taken for exceeding the speed limit, even though she knew she was not speeding. Just to be sure, she went around the block and passed the same spot, driving even more slowly, but again the camera flashed.

She thought this was funny, so she slowed down even further as she drove past the area, but the traffic camera flashed yet again.

She tried a fourth time with the same result.

The fifth time she was laughing when the camera flashed as she rolled past at a snail's pace.

Two weeks later, she got five traffic fine letters in the mail for driving without a seat belt.

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A plane ran into some turbulent weather. To keep the passengers calm the flight attendant brought out the beverage cart.

"I'd like a coke," one passenger in the front row said.

Moving along, the flight attendant asked the man behind her if he would like something.

"Yes I would," he replied. "Give me whatever the pilot is drinking."

Oops these two slipped through the net on the previous pages but got caught up with before the last page, still enjoying the meal.



A shopping centre Santa Claus was surprised when he spotted a 25-year-old woman waiting in the queue to meet him.

While he didn't usually take requests from adults, he smiled with glee and allowed the young lady to sit on his lap and make a Christmas request.

"Now tell me! What would you like for Christmas?" he asked the young lady "Something for my mother," she replied with a smile on her face.

"Something for your mother?" Santa said. "That's very thoughtful of you. What do you have in mind?"

Without missing a beat, the young lady looked at Santa dead in the eyes and made her request.

"A son-in-law."



Now !! that's a jet



As you get older, you'll realize that a \$300 watch and a \$30 watch both tell the same time.

A Michael Kors wallet and a Forever 21 wallet hold the same amount of money.

A \$300,000 house and a \$100,000 house host the same loneliness.

A Ford will also drive you as far as a Bentley.

True happiness is not found in materialistic things, It comes from the love and laughter found with each other.

Stay humble...the holes dug for us in the ground are all the same size.

If you wakeup on Christmas day and your wife / partner looks like this might be a good idea to roll over and go back to sleep.



With the persistent strong gusty winds we have experienced at the field on recent Sunday mornings it is probably a good thing we do not have Christmas tree planted around the field. They may well be a good wind break but we could have a situation where they give into the wind and grow with a natural lean.



A man staggers into an emergency room with a concussion, multiple bruises, two black eyes and a five iron wrapped tightly around his throat. Naturally, the doctor asks him what happened. "Well, it was like this," said the man. "I was having a quiet round of golf with my wife, when at a difficult hole, we both sliced our balls into a pasture of cows." We went to look for them, and while I was rooting around noticed one of the cows had something white at its rear end. "I walked over and lifted up the tail, and sure enough, there was a golf ball with my wife's monogram on it stuck right in the middle of the cow's butt." "That's when I made my big mistake." "What did you do?" asks the doctor. "Well, I lifted the cow's tail again and yelled to my wife, Hey, this looks like yours!" "I don't remember much after that!"



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By the time this edition goes to press the B36 should still be waiting for its maiden flight date, it has been constructed by our own large model builder Woody, fitted with six 10cc petrol motors it should look and sound very impressive in the sky. Full report of the test flight in the next edition.



**What do you call a bulletproof Irishman?
Rick O'Shea.**

Catch you when we fly into the new year edition in 2019. Happy New Year to all readers.

