

Servo Chatter

Palmerston North Aeroners

www.aeroneers.com

**Indoor Flying @ Arena 2, Arena Manawatu,
23 Pascal St, Palmerston North.**

7.30 - 9.30pm

Cost \$10 per pilot

Radio controlled Aircraft (micro, small and 3D types), Free flight, Helicopters, Multi Rotors, Quads, Cars

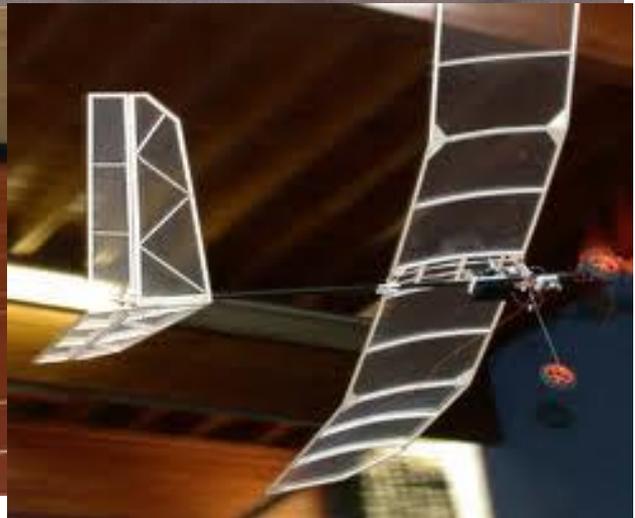
Flying nights for 2014

Tuesday 29th July

Tuesday 19th August

Tuesday 9th September

Tuesday 14th October



Club Night @ Senior Citz Hall, Thursday July 24

Thursday July 24, 2014 7:30 PM - 9:00 PM
309 Main Street, Palmerston North

David James will be joined by national gliding representative (2011 and 2013 F3k world events) Peter Williams to give an illustrated talk on how improve the performance of our gliders.

That's whether they're our 2 m or the Radians. Should be most interesting!

Glider Competition Results: 6/7/14

All in all another great outing with 11 initial entrants, reducing to 10 when Phillip P suffered a sad servo - fortunately spotted prior to launching.

Conditions were a little challenging at the start, with a gentle northerly drift creating a crosswind launch for the earlier fliers. However the wind gradually veered to the west through the morning allowing easier launches. But as the flight times show, lift was very fickle. Those who were lucky (or very clever!) in round 2 to time their flights right did well. Peter V says the excellent spell of lift he launched into was due to "presidential rights!" Scott Benjamin eclipsed all with near perfect flights in both rounds, topping out with 507 points, with Peter not too far behind at 462 for second place, followed by several also in the 400s.

Results

| | | | | |
|----|-----------------|---------|----------|-----|
| 1 | Scott Benjamin | 2.41/50 | 4.00/50` | 507 |
| 2 | Peter Vining | 2.03/50 | 3.59/50 | 462 |
| 3 | Brian Dickons | 1.54/50 | 4.12/50 | 442 |
| 4 | Bruce Woodfield | 2.33/50 | 3.49/- | 432 |
| 5 | Wayne Bilham | 2.56/50 | 2.26/50 | 422 |
| 6 | Brad Pierpoint | 3.02/50 | 1.58/50 | 400 |
| 7 | Bruce Withell | 2.36/- | 2.47/50 | 373 |
| 8 | Bruce McKay | 2.15/- | 2.25/50 | 330 |
| 9 | Mike Randall | 2.37/- | 1.05/50 | 272 |
| 10 | Bruce Fryer | 1.21/50 | 1.30/50 | 271 |

Bruce Withell (acting steward)

Dear Clyde

I am writing to you because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's licence back. You keep telling me you got all the right contacts. Well now's your chance to make something happen for me because, mate, I'm bloody desperate!

But first, I'd better tell you what happened during my last flight review with the CAA Examiner.

On the phone, Ron (that's the CAA d*#"head), seemed a reasonable sort of a bloke. He politely reminded me of the need to do a flight review every two years. He even offered to drive out, have a look over my property and let me operate from my own strip. Naturally I agreed to that.

Anyway, Ron turned up last Wednesday. First up, he said he was a bit surprised to see the plane on a small strip outside my homestead, because the "ALA"(Authorised Landing Area), is about a mile away. I explained that because this strip was so close to the homestead, it was more convenient than the "ALA," and despite the power lines crossing about midway down the strip, it's really not a problem to land and take-off, because at the halfway point down the strip you're usually still on the ground.

For some reason Ron, seemed nervous. So, although I had done the pre-flight inspection only four days earlier, I decided to do it all over again.

Because the prick was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times instead of my usual two.

My effort was rewarded because the colour finally returned to Ron's cheeks.. In fact, they went a bright red. In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him I was going to combine the test flight with some farm work, as I had to deliver three "poddy calves" from the home paddock to the main herd. After a bit of a chase I finally caught the calves and threw them into the back of the ol' Cessna 172. We climbed aboard but Ron, started getting onto me about weight and balance calculations and all that crap. Of course I knew that sort of thing was a waste of time because calves, like to move around a bit particularly when they see themselves 500 feet off the ground! So, it's bloody pointless trying to secure them as you know.

However, I did tell Ron that he shouldn't worry as I always keep the trim wheel set on neutral to ensure we remain pretty stable at all stages throughout the flight. Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimized the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500 rpm. I then discovered that Ron has very acute hearing, even though he was wearing a bloody headset. Through all that noise he detected a metallic rattle and demanded I account for it. Actually it began about a month ago and was caused by a screwdriver that fell down a hole in the floor and lodged in the fuel selector mechanism. The selector can't be moved now, but it doesn't matter because it's jammed on "All tanks," so I suppose that's Okay.

However, as Ron was obviously a nit-picker, I blamed the noise on vibration from a stainless steel thermos flask which I keep in a beaut little possie between the windshield and the magnetic compass. My explanation seemed to relax Ron, because he slumped back in the seat and kept looking up at the cockpit roof. I released the brakes to taxi out, but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell" I thought, "not the starboard wheel chock again." The bump jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked around just in time to see a rock thrown by the prop-wash disappear completely through the windscreen of his brand new Commodore. "Now I'm really in trouble," I thought..

While Ron was busy ranting about his car, I ignored his requirement that we taxi to the "ALA," and instead took off under the power lines.

Ron didn't say a word, at least not until the engine started coughing right at the lift-off point, and then he bloody screamed his head off. "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"Now take it easy Ron," I told him firmly. "That often happens on take-off and there is a good reason for it." I explained patiently that I usually run the plane on standard MOGAS, but one day I accidentally put in a gallon or two of kerosene. To compensate for the low octane of the kerosene, I siphoned in a few gallons of super MOGAS and shook the wings up and down a few times to mix it up. Since then, the engine has been coughing a bit but in general it works just fine, if you know how to coax it properly. Anyway, at this stage Ron seemed to lose all interest in my test flight.

He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and became lost in prayer.. (I didn't think anyone was a Catholic these days.) I selected some nice music on the HF radio to help him relax. Meanwhile, I climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 10,500 feet. I don't normally put in a flight plan or get the weather because, as you know getting FAX access out here is a friggin' joke and the weather is always "8/8 blue" anyway.

But since I had that near miss with a Saab 340, I might have to change me thinking on that. Anyhow, on levelling out, I noticed some wild camels heading into my improved pasture. I hate bloody camels, and always carry a loaded 303, clipped inside the door of the Cessna just in case I see any of the bastards.

We were too high to hit them, but as a matter of principle, I decided to have a go through the open window. Mate, when I pulled the bloody rifle out, the effect on Ron, was friggin electric. As I fired the first shot his neck lengthened by about six inches and his eyes bulged like a rabbit with myxo He really looked as if he had been jabbed with an electric cattle prod on full power. In fact, Ron's reaction was so distracting that I lost concentration for a second and the next shot went straight through the port tyre.

Ron was a bit upset about the shooting (probably one of those pinko animal lovers I guess) so I decided not to tell him about our little problem with the tyre. Shortly afterwards I located the main herd and decided to do my fighter pilot trick. Ron had gone back to praying when, in one smooth sequence, I pulled on full flaps, cut the power and started a sideslip from 10,500 feet down to 500 feet at 130 knots indicated (the last time I looked anyway) and the little needle rushed up to the red area on me ASI. What a buzz, mate!

About half way through the descent I looked back in the cabin to see the calves gracefully suspended in mid-air and mooing like crazy. I was going to comment to Ron on this unusual sight, but he looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the feral position and was screaming' his bloody head off.

Mate, talk about being in a bloody zoo. You should've been there, it was so bloody funny! At about 500-feet I levelled out, but for some reason we kept sinking.

When we reached 50 feet, I applied full power but nothing happened. No noise no nothin'. Then, luckily, I heard me instructor's voice in me head saying "carb heat, carb heat." So I pulled carb heat on and that helped quite a lot, with the engine finally regaining full power. Whew, that was really close, let me tell you!

Then mate, you'll never guess what happened next! As luck would have it, at that height we flew into a massive dust cloud caused by the cattle and suddenly went I.F. bloody R, mate. You would have been really proud of me as I didn't panic once, not once, but I did make a mental note to consider an instrument rating as soon as me gyro is repaired (something I've been meaning to do for a while now). Suddenly Ron's elongated neck and bulging eyes reappeared. His mouth opened very wide, but no sound emerged. "Take it easy," I told him, "we'll be out of this in a minute" Sure enough, about a minute later we emerged, still straight and level and still at 50 feet. Admittedly I was surprised to notice that we were upside down, and I kept thinking to myself, "I hope Ron didn't notice that I had forgotten to set the QNH when we were taxiing." This minor tribulation forced me to fly to a nearby valley in which I had to do a half roll to get upright again.

By now the main herd had divided into two groups leaving a narrow strip between them. "Ah!" I thought, "there's an omen. We'll land right there."

Knowing that the tyre problem demanded a slow approach, I flew a couple of steep turns with full flap. Soon the stall warning horn was blaring so loud in me ear that I cut its circuit breaker to shut it up. But by then I knew we were slow enough anyway. I turned steeply onto a 75-foot final and put her down with a real thud. Strangely enough, I had always thought you could only ground loop in a tail dragger but, as usual, I was proved wrong again!

Halfway through our third loop, Ron at last recovered his sense of humour.

Talk about laugh. I've never seen the likes of it. He couldn't stop. We finally rolled to a halt and I released the calves, who bolted out of the aircraft like there was no tomorrow. I then began picking clumps of dry grass. Between gut-wrenching fits of laughter, Ron asked what I was doing. I explained that we had to stuff the port tyre with grass so we could fly back to the homestead.

It was then that Ron really lost the plot and started running away from the aircraft. Can you believe it? I saw him running off into the distance, arms flailing in the air and still shrieking with laughter.

I later heard that he had been confined to a psychiatric institution - poor bugger!

Anyhow mate, that's enough about Ron. The problem is I got this letter from CASA withdrawing, as they put it, my privileges to fly until I have undergone a complete pilot training course again and undertaken another flight proficiency test. Now I admit that I made a mistake in taxiing over the wheel chock and not setting the QNH using strip elevation, but I can't see what else I did that was a so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flaming' licence. Can you?

Ralph H. Bell Mud Creek Station

Vintage and Tomboy 13 July 2014

A calm morning which got breezier as the day progressed saw a good turnout of Flyers for this month's Tomboy and Vintage competitions.

In Tomboy the close competition between Mike, Wayne and Bruce Woodfield continued, with Peter Vining having an excellent flight too.

In Vintage it was good to see Brian Trelor and Les Cole again from Ashhurst, and also Des Richards who is known to many members of the Club. Also John Selby made the trip from Wellington to fly with us.

Bradley's good sense of timing saw him drop only one second total from all three flights, to take out the competition with most others within a few points of each other.

Thanks again to Christine for the scones and jam!

See you next month.

Philip

Tomboy

| Name | Model | Round 1 | Round 2 | Round 3 | Total Points |
|------------------|-------|---------|---------|---------|--------------|
| Bruce Woodfield | | 14 | 14 | 11 | 39 |
| Mike Randell | | 12 | 11 | 14 | 37 |
| Wayne Bilham | | 11 | 10 | 12 | 33 |
| Tama Randell | | 10 | 9 | 10 | 29 |
| Peter Vining | | 8 | 12 | 9 | 29 |
| Bruce Withell | | - | 8 | 8 | 16 |
| Philip Pearpoint | | 9 | - | - | 9 |
| Bruce McKay | | 7 | - | - | 7 |

RC VINTAGE

| Name | Model | Round 1 | Round 2 | Round 3 | Total Points |
|-------------------|----------------|----------|----------|----------|--------------|
| Bradley Pearpoint | Trenton Terror | 3.00 +20 | 3.00 - | 2.59 +20 | 579 |
| John Selby | Vespa | 3.09 +20 | 2.58 - | 2.56 - | 545 |
| Tama Randell | Junior 60 | 3.08 - | 3.04 +20 | 2.56 - | 544 |
| Les Cole | Red Zephyr | 3.01 - | 3.03 +20 | 2.45 - | 541 |
| Philip Pearpoint | Junior 60 | 2.58 - | 2.21 +20 | 3.01 +20 | 538 |
| Mike Randell | Junior 60 | 3.15 - | 3.05 - | 3.04 +20 | 536 |
| Brian Dickons | Junior 60 | 3.11 - | 3.09 +20 | 2.29 - | 509 |
| Merv Matthews | | 2.17 +20 | 2.30 - | 2.29 +20 | 476 |
| Des Richards | Junior 60 | 1.31 - | 1.28 - | 1.12 - | 251 |
| Brian Trelor | Red Zephyr | 3.01 - | - | - | 179 |

Pictured is John Selby from Wellington with his 1941 Vespa powered by a 30 4-stroke.



Aeroneers Club Auction is coming up in AUGUST!

Starting sorting out those kits, planes, motors, electrics, and other things you haven't used and 'maybe' get some cash for them.

More details soon!

Some weather sites to check before you fly:

<http://www.metvuw.com/forecast/forecast.php?type=rain®ion=nzni&noofdays=7>

<http://www.metservice.com/towns-cities/palmerston-north>

http://weather.niwa.co.nz/Palmerston_North

<http://www.feildingweather.com/gauges-ss.php>

<http://www.wunderground.com/cgi-bin/findweather/hdfForecast?query=-40.225%2C175.567&sp=IMANAWAT15>

COMMITTEE REPORT

Club Events Check: <http://www.aeroneers.com/apps/calendar/>

July 2014

24th Club Night @ Senior Citz Hall, Main St, Palmerston North

David James will be joined by national gliding representative (2011 and 2013 F3k world events) Peter Williams to give an illustrated talk on how improve the performance of our gliders. That's whether they're 2 metre or the Radians. Should be most interesting!

27th Cub, Sport & Scale Flying

August 2014

Aeroneers Club Auction is coming soon!

Starting sorting out those kits, planes, motors, electrics, and other things you haven't used and 'maybe' get some cash for them.

More details soon!

3rd Glider 2metre

10th Tomboy & Vintage

17th Combat Flying – SPAD & Assassin

24th Cub, Sport & Scale Flying

Club Subs

Family \$140.00
Senior \$135.00

Junior (under 18) \$40.00
Associate \$40.00
Associate (Flying) \$80.00

Subs are per annum. Please pay to Bruce Withell (Treasurer) or any Committee Member.

The club needs to pay the Insurance Fees to the NZMAA prior to July 1st to ensure all Club Members are covered by the MFNZ Public Liability Insurance.

You need to be a paid member to fly at the Club Airfields!

Dates to remember for 2014

- Indoor Flying being booked for one Tuesday per month April through October
 - July 29th
 - August 19th
 - September 9th
 - October 14th

Model Flying NZ Up and Coming Events NDC 2014 Calendar

CLUB DETAILS

Opinions expressed in this publication are those of each contributor only.

The Editor and Committee reserve all right in respect of submitted material. Contributors are reminded that the deadline for publication is the 18th of each month.

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| | | | |