



THE MAX-OUT

Newsletter of the Magnificent Mountain Men

AMA CHARTERED CLUB #177



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<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/MMMFreeFlight/>

2009-9A (Dec Supplement)

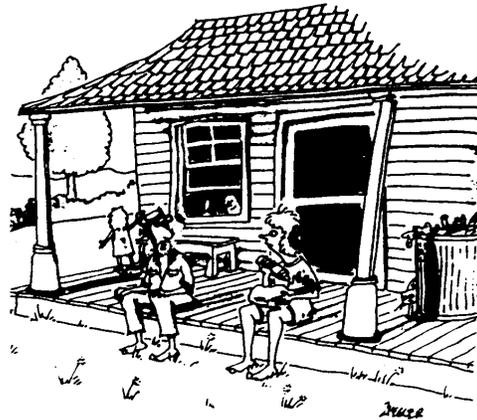


PONDERINGS DEP'T

So, I lied! That seems to be the politically correct thing to say these days. I told you that the last issue would be the last issue of the year, but the was not to be.

This is the "9A" issue, which catches all the last minute wrap-ups of the year...the November Indoor Results, the SWR's announcement, and a friendly reminder to show up at the meeting...and another episode of Phlyin Phil!

It's been a great year and next promises to be even better. Look forward to seeing y'all at the meeting. Get you two cents in and don't forget that there needs to be a new slate of officers next year! It's your chance to step up to the plate and influence the shape of things to come. Don't just rely on the usual folks to lead you around...be a part!



"Ma...darn...I can't think of anything to ask you to do!"

Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays, or whatever...
Rick

INDOOR CONTEST RESULTS

November 15th, 2009

Colorado Springs City Auditorium

A snowstorm rolled in Saturday evening and bode ominous for the contest. Sunday turned out to be acceptable to drive to the Springs, but one poor soul got nervous, Rick Pangell, who decided not to brave it out of his neighborhood. Too bad, he missed a good time.

HLG

Todd Reynolds	37.0+36.7	73.5
Rob Romash	34.1+33.1	67.2
Don DeLoach	33.5+33.6	67.1
Randy Reynolds	25.7+26.5	52.2

Standard CLG

Rob Romash	36.1+34.2	70.3
Todd Reynolds	32.5+34.2	66.7
Randy Reynolds	30.8+30.4	61.2

Unlimited CLG

Don DeLoach	39.6+40.5	80.1
Rob Romash	36.8+38.9	75.7
Todd Reynolds	33.7+35.2	68.9
Randy Reynolds	34.4+33.7	68.1

F1L

Bill Leppard	11:15+7:30	18:45
Don DeLoach	7:04+7:01	14:04

A-6

Don DeLoach	5:00
Bill Leppard	4:41

No Cal Scale

Bill Leppard	Spitfire	6:38
Don DeLoach	Spit XII	3:31
Jerry Murphy	Wildcat	:56

FAC Peanut

Eric Monda	Pietenpol
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WWII No-Cal Mass Launch

Bill Leppard	Spitfire
Don DeLoach	Spitfire XII
Jerry Murphy	Wildcat

Limited Pennyplane

Rob Romash	8:04
Bill Leppard	7:08
Frank Deis	4:37
Randy Reynolds	4:33
Jerry Murphy	3:33

F1M/Pennyplane Combined

Bill Leppard (PP)	10:29
Eric Monda (F1M)	9:49

Easy B

Rob Romash	10:16
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MMM SEASON POINTS SUMMARY FOR 2009 !

Category winners are:

Indoor Rubber - Bill Leppard
Indoor Glider - Rob Romash
Junior Champion - Ray Boyd Jr.
Outdoor Rubber - Don DeLoach
Outdoor Glider - Mark Covington
Outdoor Gas - Dave Wineland
HLG Combined - Todd Reynolds
Overall Champion - Don DeLoach

As we all know and the contest points affirm, the quality of flying this year was simply outstanding ! My congratulations to the winners !

Mel Gray



For more info contact Al Lidberg 480 839 8154
 International P-30 Challenge info contact
 Steve Riley 505 615 8112

INTERNATIONAL P-30 CHALLENGE

This trophy was donated by Mike Fruciano and looks even better than the picture.



We have 3 contests, same site, same dates:
 AMA / NFFS / SAM / FAC Free Flight
 FAI Free Flight
 SAM RC Old Timers
 16, 17, 18 January 2010.
 The event will be on Sunday. 5 flights (not in rounds) plus any flyoff flights.

www.aalmeps.com/swrtronu.htm
 for historical results and lots of pictures.
 A few updates have just been posted to the Southwest Regionals webpage:
<http://www.aalmeps.com/10info.htm>

From Murphy:
 In case you don't receive the newspaper attached is an article on the problems of the E470 toll road when someone drive through in a rented car. With the holidays [or any contests] coming it may come in handy. Evidently using the toll road in a rental car can prove very costly!
 This is also useful info for those who have people coming in TDY. I wanted to ensure everyone saw this.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 2009 | THE GAZETTE | A7

LOCAL & STATE

CASHLESS TOLLING CHAOTIC FOR CAR RENTERS

9 rental car companies at DIA use 3 firms to administer at least 5 plans

BY JEFFREY LEIB
The Denver Post

When Gary Warmker flew into Denver International Airport last month, he was prepared to pay tolls on E-470 while driving a rental car to Colorado Springs for a business meeting.

But when Warmker got socked with \$125 in penalties in addition to \$11 or so in tolls that he owed, the Overland Park, Kan., marketing executive cried highway robbery.

Since E-470 moved exclusively to cashless tolling on July 4, accounting for toll-road use by people renting cars at DIA has become complex and confusing.

Nine rental car companies use three private toll-collection companies to administer at least five separate plans for charging users of toll roads in metro Denver.

Warmker rented his car from Dollar, which along with its sister company, Thrifty, offers unlimited toll road access to its renters for \$8.95 a day, or a maximum of \$32.95 a week.

If Dollar or Thrifty customers don't sign up, and they use E-470, say because — like Warmker — they don't know about the toll-plan option, they are billed for the tolls they incur plus an extra \$25 penalty fee per toll transaction.

"I am more than willing to pay the tolls I owe, but the way they set this up smells like a scam," said Warmker, adding that his bill of about \$65 for a two-day rental ballooned to \$200 after \$125 in fees were tacked on top of about \$11 in tolls that he incurred.

As a frequent traveler, Warmker said he uses rental-car express services that allow him to bypass counter transactions and simply climb in the car and go.

He said he never saw a flier Dollar includes in the rental-car contract packet that informs customers about the toll-payment program.

The toll option at Dollar and Thrifty has caused problems for consumers since E-470 went cashless last summer, acknowledged Richard Klier, the companies' general manager at DIA.

But "it's getting better," he said, adding that Dollar and Thrifty are "doing our best to plaster" information about the toll-payment plan all around their facility so customers are aware of the options.

When Wayne Tack stepped up to Dollar's counter at DIA recently, he said he wanted the quickest way to get to Colorado Springs.

Normally, that would include a trip south on E-470 from the airport to Interstate 25, but when Dollar's counter clerk learned that Tack would only use the toll road for the trip down and then back from the Springs more than a week later, she suggested he forgo the \$8.95-a-day toll option.

"I do not recommend it," she said, routing her customer instead to I-25 via Peña Boulevard, Interstate 70 and Interstate 225.

The wide variety of rental car toll-payment plans at DIA only adds to the confusion.

Warmker, the Dollar customer, was so irate about the \$125 in fees added to his rental-car bill that he called the state attorney general's office and Denver Metro Convention & Visitor's Bureau, seeking relief or at least a sympathetic ear.

Warmker's vow to fight the fees apparently paid off. He said Dollar recently agreed to waive the \$125 in fees levied against him if he paid the tolls he owed.



Phlyin' Phil and his Aerial Chums

Episode 3: The Return of Phlyin' Phil



Synopsis: In our last episode, Phil had been shot by a sniper and Maryanne and Boozy had been captured by the evil Count Stupnagel Von Kraut (a.k.a. The Black Falcon). The Falcon had evacuated his base and flown off for points unknown...

“Sheesh,” grumbled Boozy, “If yez had just given me that measly fifty, yez would have found Phil that much sooner.”

“Vell,” smiled the Count, “Ve zeem to haff done der good chob mitoudt your help.”

“Say, big fellow,” said Maryanne sweetly, “Where are we bound for? I mean, a girl likes to know what to wear and all – and I do look great in a swimsuit if I do say so myself...”

“Yeah, if yer likes ‘em built along the lines of this here zep...” Boozy broke off as a pointed, high-heeled shoe crashed into his shin.

“You may not haff der time to vear der zwimming zuit,” remarked the Count, “Ve fly to der island of Decalage to der town of Swartzbach in der Zouth Atlantic. Vonce dere, ve vill locate der goot Herr Doktor Stubbington and ve vill...”

“Doctor Stubbington!” breathed Maryanne deeply.

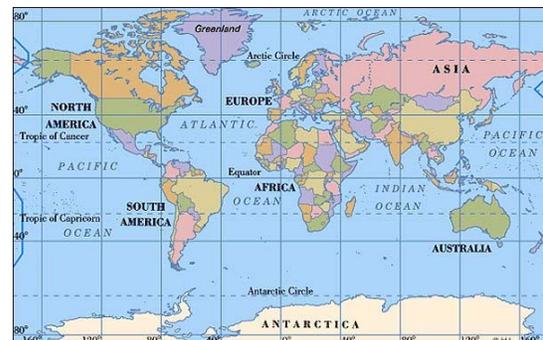
Boozy, the Black Falcon, and Igor all paused to watch in awe.

“But he’d dead; he died in the explosion of his laboratory during his fuel additive experiments!”

“Not at all, mein vienerschnitzel,” chuckled the Count, “He merely re-located his laboratory vere der vould be no meddling from der authorities. Und after years of vork, he has finally arrived at der ultimate synthesis.”

“Huh?” inquired Boozy brightly.

“He has developed a zecret combination of Amberoid, Zip-kicker, nitro-methane, castor oil, butyrate dope, Floquil “Earth Brown,” SPF-40 sun blocker, und der ztuff dot turns der vater in der toilet bright blue. Ven mixed mit der aircraft gasoline, der duration of der aircraft increases by der factor of ten! Mit der range of mein Black Squadron increased by ten times, I can rule the world, or at least a large portion of Dubuque, Iowa.”



The World: One of the Black Falcon’s targets for conquest



Dubuque, Iowa: The Black Falcon's alternative target for conquest

Maryanne and Boozy gazed at each other in horror. Losing Phil hadn't been a bad idea, but to replace him with a monster like the Baron was unthinkable. And as Boozy described their feelings later, "There wasn't no way we could make no money out of the deal, anyways."

The monster Zeppelin droned out over the blue South Atlantic. Decalage was the most isolated island of the nearly unknown (except to pulp writers, of course) St. Condoleezza the Inept Islands. With every passing moment, they were closer to their destination, and the future of the world (or possibly Dubuque) became more in doubt.

At this same point in our narrative, a Beechcraft G-17 sat silently in a forest meadow. There was a small, round hole in the windscreen. A figure was slumped over the controls – or was he? The figure moved slightly, moaned, and sat up straight. His hand went to his brow, where he felt the clotted blood. He said a naughty word derived from his exhaustive study of scatology.

From under the sleek cowl of the Beech came a whine from the starter, and a sudden puff of blue smoke from the exhaust of the big radial. In a moment the Beechcraft was thundering across the meadow and had winged aloft. Behind the firewall sat a grim figure. His manly jaw clenched against the pain of his wound, the redoubtable Phlyin' Phil was doing his best to put as much distance between himself and the Count as he could. Phil being Phil, he naturally

settled on a course that was wrong by 180 degrees. He was headed directly for The Black Falcon!

Aboard the Count's silver sky-craft, Boozy, Maryanne, and the Count sat in the control car. "It's chust ofer der horizon," chuckled the Count, "Zix or zeven more hours, und I vill haff der means to rule der vorld (or maybe Dubuque) in mein possession!"

There was a sudden whistle from a speaking tube that pierced even the rumble of the massive Maybach V-12s. "Lookout to control, lookout to control – unidentified aircraft at six o'clock and closing. Aircraft appears to be a Beechcraft Staggerwing."

Maryanne's heart sang with joy. "Will you shut that thing up," snarled Boozy, "You really oughter see a doc about that."

The Beech made several wobbly circuits around the airship. Machine guns rattled out their songs of leaden death as the Staggering staggered closer to the Zeppelin.

"Ve vill chust wait a few minutes," laughed the Count, "He must be nearly out of fuel. Vatching him zpin into der ocean vill be most pleasant."

"Oh Phil, my poor, brave, mad, fool," breathed Maryanne.

Once again, Boozy, the Count, and Igor paused in hopes that Maryanne would breathe some more. No such luck.

"What a bozo," remarked Boozy, "The dude's shark bait for sure."



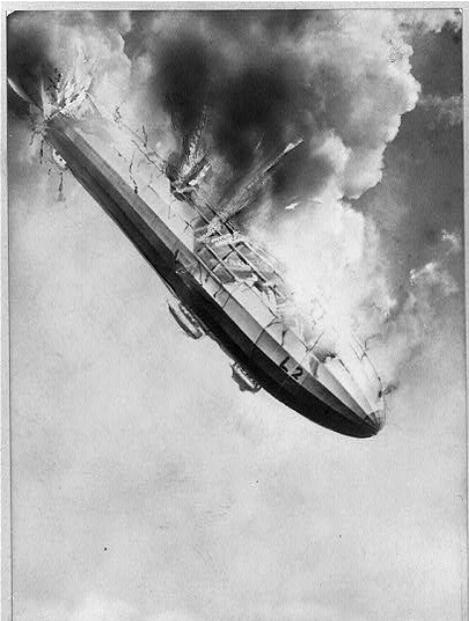
A Bozo (typ., not to scale)

It looked as though the irrepressible Boozy had a point. The Beech had to be flying on fumes. There was a sputter from the plane's exhaust. Phil put the nose up, fire-walled the throttle, and asked for all the power the flagging radial had left. The Beech disappeared from sight as it climbed above the Zeppelin.

"Any minute now..." laughed the Count.

There was a tearing crash from above their heads, and the massive sky-ship shuddered throughout its length. The speaking tube shrieked again. "He's crashed into us; the Beech is buried in the hull aft of frame 46!"

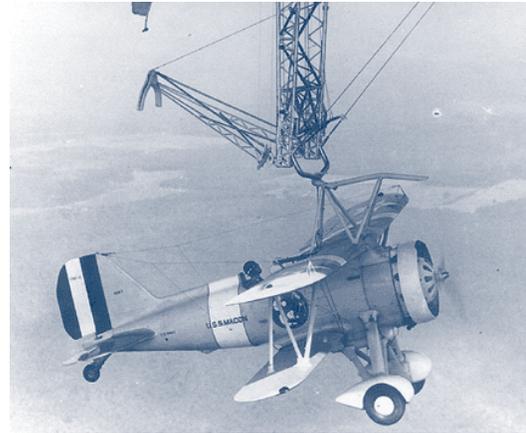
The Count, no fool, had made sure to fill the Zeppelin with helium, so there was no danger of fire. But the gas poured from torn gas bags, and nose high, the crippled zep began its long, slow, fall to the ocean below.



"...the Zeppelin began its long, slow fall to the ocean below..."

The Count snarled with rage. To be foiled while so near to his goal was galling. "Abandon ship," he shouted into a speaking tube, "All hands to the hangar!"

"Egzept for you two," said the Count, "I fear ve made no accommodation for guests when ve loaded der Curtiss Sparrowhawks aboard. Und now, I fear I must take mein leaf."



The Black Falcon takes his leave...

Bowing politely, the Count turned, and ran like a rabbit for the hangar. The Maybachs were silent, their fuel having been dumped to increase the time the doomed zep could remain in the air. Boozy and Maryanne gazed deeply into each other's eyes as the small Curtiss fighters left the ship.

"You drunken little mick..." began Maryanne.

"I oughta have my noggin examined for having listened to a washed-up tramp..." started Boozy.

"Hi, chums!" cried a familiar voice.

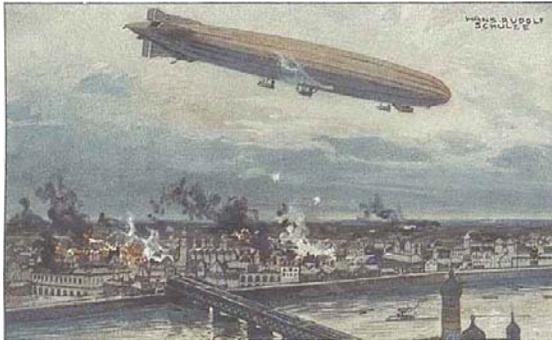
United in their adversity, the two chums turned gladly to Phil. "You MORON!" they cried, "You (expletives deleted) FOOL! We're going to have to become instant experts in long-distance swimming, and it's all your fault!"

"Now, now," smiled Phil, "All is not lost. We'll just cut off the damaged aft portion of the Schutte-Lanz, but once that's gone, we can free-balloon to yon island."

And indeed, the island of Decalage was just visible on the horizon.

“Waidaminit!” said Boozy, “The Narrator has been calling this a Zeppelin throughout this silly story. What’s a Schutte-Lanz?”

“It’s the same thing as a Zeppelin,” chuckled Phil, “But the frames are made from light wood instead of aluminum. It will be the work of but a few moments to cut the craft in half.”



A Schutte-Lanz Airship bombs London during the Great War

“But why didn’t the Narrator say that from the beginning?” asked Maryanne, “This smacks of the most egregious form of *Deus ex Machina!*”

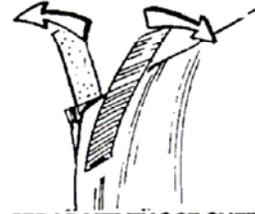
(Author’s Note: Yet another reason why you should have paid attention in your Senior English class.)

“I think you’re exactly right,” said Phil, “I really don’t think that the Author know how complicated these old pulps could get when he started this turkey, and now he’s doing everything he can to keep it limping along.”

Is Phil right? Will the chums succeed in getting the Schutte-Lanz trimmed to size before the Author runs out of patience and/or ideas? Watch for our next thrilling episode to find out.

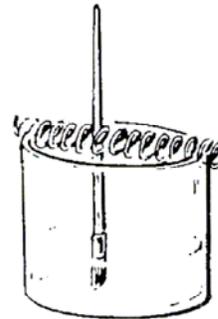
TIPS & TRICKS

From the newsletter for the First Weed Wacker Aerosquadron, Lakeside, California via: The Newsletter of the Mid-Hudson Modelmasters Ed: Barry Knickerbocker



SEPARATE THOSE SHEETS

The protective backing on some covering films can be difficult to separate, initially. A strip of masking tape applied to each side creates a “handle” on which to pull—sheets then easily peel apart.

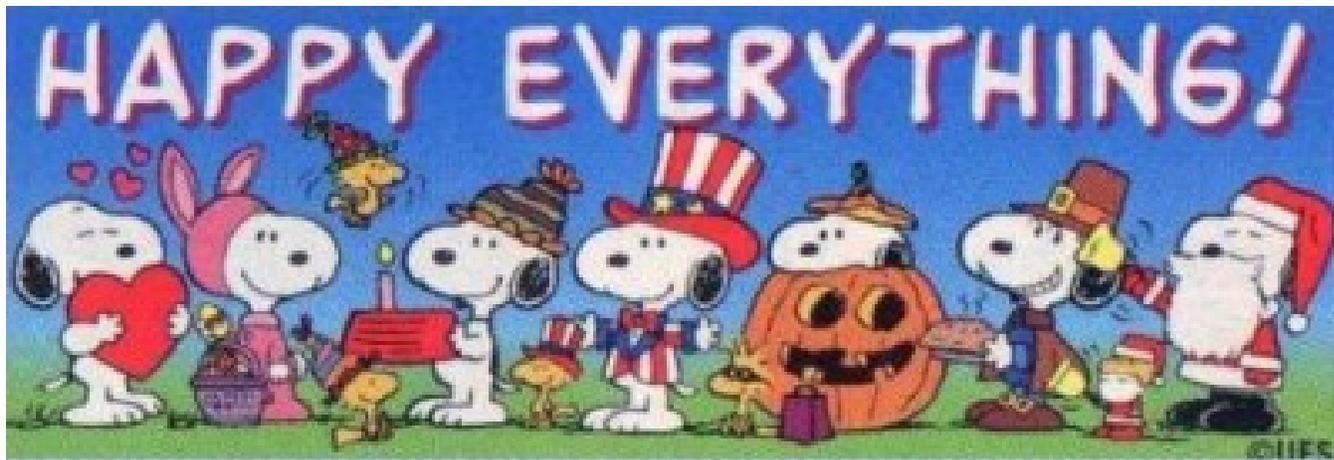


BRUSH PARKING

A spring stretched across a jar of thinner provides a convenient spot to park the dope brush clear of the bottom.



**The Magnificent Mountain Men
Free Flight Model Airplane Club of Colorado
Welcomes you!**



For more information on Free Flight and the MMM, please feel free to contact:

Rick Pangell @ 303-798-2188 or Don DeLoach @719-578-1197

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**FREE FLIGHT WITH AN ALTITUDE!
UPCOMING EVENTS**

<i>DATE</i>	<i>EVENT</i>	<i>FEATURE EVENT</i>
<i>December 12, 2009</i>	<i>MMM Annual Meeting</i>	<i>2010 Planning</i>

FIRST CLASS



IF THIS BOX IS CHECKED, THIS IS YOUR
LAST ISSUE UNTIL YOU PAY YOUR DUES!



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80120

**The Magnificent
Mountain Men**