



THE MAX-OUT

Newsletter of the Magnificent Mountain Men

AMA CHARTERED CLUB #177



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Or, join the web group at:
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/MMMFreeFlight/>

2009-04 (June-July)



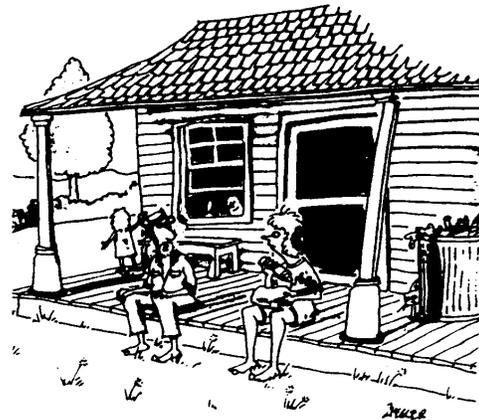
PONDERINGS DEP'T

That great champion Larry Conover just passed away on May 21, 2009. Many things will be written about Larry in the near future. My personal dealings with him were around the youth programs he so eagerly worked on...Grandpa Mentor...good job.

And time goes on.

To get a hard copy of the FAI entry form, call Chuck...to get a good one in full living color, get to the MMM web site and download it (Another work of wonder from Steve Jones). Registering early saves money! Our club is blessed with so much talent...both on the field and off.

Regarding the monthly Scramble scoring...it is head to head with no guaranteed outcome...now is your chance to hone your skills too...!



"Ma ...I know where the time goes, but where does it come from?"

Thermals!, or heat from the lights, or whatever...

Rick

"The MAX-OUT" newsletter is printed about the second or third (?) week of the month. Submissions should be not later than the end of the prior month.

TO JOIN THE CLUB OR SUBSCRIBE

- Full membership is offered to any current AMA member: \$40
- SAM-1 Crossover membership: \$20
- Newsletter Subscription Only: \$15
- Send \$ to:
Chuck Etherington
 33946 Goldfinch Dr.
 Elizabeth, CO 80107-7419

NEAR TERM EVENTS:

MMM MTG!	Every 3rd Tuesday at 7:00 PM, Castle Cafe in Castle Rock.
Wings Over the Rockies Indoor 7711 E. Academy Blvd. Denver	Various Sundays of every month from 1-5pm. Admission. Lowry AFB
JUNE 27	MMM PICNIC (re-scheduled)
JULY 3-5th	30th ANNUAL 14 ROUND FAI MEET
JULY 19	MMM MONTHLY & SAM COMBO

MMM Club Officers and Contact List

President:

Jerry Murphy 719-685-3766

Vice President:

Marc Sisk 719-487-8292

Vice President At Large:

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Pete McQuade 719-522-1239

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Rick Pangell 303-798-2188

Flying Field Weather Line: 303-766-0020

Note: For those of you who wish to have a real live MMM Club Member Name Tag, you can order them yourself through:

Sun Signs
4420 Tennyson
Denver, CO 80212 - 2310
(303) 477-1594

Call and tell them you are with the Magnificent Mountain Men FF Model Airplane Club. The cost is about \$5 delivered to your door.

NOTE: !!!!

Going to the field Monday-Friday!
Don't forget to call the Corps of Engineers trailer on Quincy Rd,
The number is (303) 690-3816

Motorcycle Use on the Field Policy:

- *Follow the roads wherever possible and not to follow the planes cross-country. If the plane lands within walking distance of the road, park the bike and retrieve the plane on foot. If not, take the shortest path possible to the plane in order to retrieve it.*
- *Avoid riding through noxious weeds.*

A GREAT FLYER IS GONE ...

Lawrence H. (Larry) Conover of 324 Crompton Road, Waynesboro, VA 22980, died early Thursday, May 21st, at Avante Nursing Home in Waynesboro. He had suffered a stroke the previous month.

Larry's life long passion was the design, building, and flying of free flight model airplanes.

He began building model airplanes at the age of 8. Later, he worked in aviation research and design with Dr. Alexander Lippisch at Collins Radio Company, Cedar Rapids, IA, in the 1950's.

Larry became a famous name in the

model aviation world when he was a first place winner at the 1960 FAI World Championships in Cranfield, England. His original design, the "Lucky Lindy" is still being built and flown today.

Even in retirement, Larry designed and produced kits for beginners and taught model flying in after school enrichment classes in the public schools in Longmont, Colorado, with his wife, Dorothy, until failing health necessitated his retirement.

He was also a member of the Academy of Model Aeronautics, and was inducted in 1982 into the National Free Flight Society Hall of Fame.

Condolences to sue@suetaylormusic.com

GREEN CHASING DEP'T

Hey Guys

I hear you are considering the Panzer motorcycle for a chase bike? Our Zero X is much quieter and you can even run to the store for a beer with it.

Let me know if you have any questions?

Regards

Jeff Jolin

Zero Motorcycles

#1 Victor Square

Scotts Valley Ca. 95066

Phone 888-786-9376 EXT 75

www.zeromotorcycles.com



RMC UPDATE DEP'T

There are a bunch more FAC events at the Rocky Mountain Champs at Denver, as there have been for three years running. This year we'll be graced by the presence one of the FAC's top aces, the incomparable Mike Isermann from Houston, Texas. You've seen Mike's gorgeous models in the pages of *Flying Models*, *Model Aviation* and *FAC News*.

The meet flyer/signup will be ready shortly. In the meantime mark your calendars: flying on September 5-6-7, 2009, with static judging (FAC Peanut and FAC Scale only) on Friday evening, Sept. 4.

Here is the FAC event lineup:

- FAC Peanut Scale
- FAC Rubber Scale
- WWII Mass Launch **\$100 cash to the winner!!**
- WWI Mass Launch (biplanes only)
- Greve/Thompson Mass Launch
- Golden Age Scale
- Dime Scale
- Jimmie Allen

Plus SAM Large OT Rubber, SAM Small OT Rubber, and dozens of other AMA, SAM, and FAI free flight events, in a relaxed setting, at one of the world's largest flying fields (35 square miles of treeless prairie)!

STUMP CLUB DEP'T

This is the place where club members can share their most treasured learning experiences

F1B SEARCH:

Terrific weather for a contest and it lasted to the end at 5:00 pm. For me this was the antidote for a long period of the uncooperative weather doldrums. Better to have sunburn than windburn.

Really good activity and participation as we had 17 contestants and 24 events flown. The Scramble seems to be working in terms of adding interest as we had three flyers vying for the win right down to the end. The scoreboard is easy to use and adds interest as it is possible to quickly see how others are doing.

For the second month we had a handlaunched glider right in the hunt along with the more "advanced" model types. Last month Mark Covington took second with four maxes and this month Todd Reynolds took second with five.

Best scene was Don DeLoach's Yak 3 speeding across the field at about 80' exactly like the full sized version. Always my disappointment to see scale models flitting around being dragged upstairs by a huge prop and Don's Communist airplane demonstrated that they don't have to climb like Mini Pearls to achieve good flight performance. This one will be tough in Mass launch competition.

I lost my F1B when I failed to start the timer on a 300 turn trim flight. Duh! This however was a testament to the good air at mid-day

Todd and I went up to the field to try another search and found the escaped F1B. We got a very weak signal as we passed a hill just after the turn off from the Hunt Club. It wasn't more than a few faint blips. This was about 8:00 to 8:20 and in approaching darkness. We were not able to take a bike but had decided to try an idea and just see if there was a signal so we could go back up on Wednesday on Todd's day off.

Finding the very weak direction we started off on foot over hill and dale just to establish a bit more of the probable direction don't you see. After a

couple more hills and dales and stumbling over a porcupine that was seemed as big as my Border Collie we got an even stronger signal.....likely just over the next hill and it would be a shame to go back if that's where it was.

About 20 minutes later I could just barely see Todd's white T-shirt from about 40 yards away and he was bearing pretty strongly to the east and up a couple more hills. By now it was dark but you could see just enough to walk without too much trouble. Might as well keep going now since it was dark anyway. Couple more hills and dales and the signal was very strong and there was a storm brewing and the wind was picking up. A few big lightning strikes way off to the east helped visibility and we eventually found the model about 30 feet off Todd's line (he with the receiver)

The airplane wasn't damaged but was upside down and we were pretty excited to have succeeded. The leading and trailing edges have been nibbled pretty good by mice or grasshoppers and it looks somewhat like a Fokker D7 on both tips. Should be repairable though without much problem.

Now began the trek back to the vehicle which was probably about 3 miles back....let's see...that way? After an eternity it seemed we had come 3 miles in but it was going to be 5 miles back in increasing winds up to 35 mph. To make a long story short we finally did get back to the car at about 9:45 both of us exhausted and facing a 70 mile drive back home. Amazing how a car with lights can bring civilization back into your life. It was good that we found the model tonight as it is likely that it wouldn't have survived another night with such strong winds and hungry wildlife. Another reason to build with composites I suppose

So anyway thanks to everyone who helped with suggestions, concerns and stories of other retrieval expeditions. I guess this is our application for the Tough, Overly-Persistent Free Flighter Club. I'm already a charter member of the Dumb as a Stump club for failing to start the timer causing such lot of work.

Randy Reynolds

VISITING A “SCALE FACTORY” DEP’T

While having to travel to Minneapolis to deal with some family issues, I was fortunate enough to have Dave Edmonson invite me to the Minneapolis Model Airplane Club meeting, one of their monthly contests and then Dave arranged for me to visit the “Scale Factory” of Greg Thomas.

Greg is the CEO, CAD model builder, drafter, parts cutter and kit box packager for the whole factory! His company, Thomas Designs (www.thomasdesigns.net) comprises most of his basement and all of his office and shop walls.



Greg is featured in Gene Smiths FF Sport column in the latest Model Aviation. The photo in the column is of Greg and his BEAUTIFUL Ercoupe Scale Rubber model. I saw that model first hand and it is a work of art.



Greg starts with a full blown CAD solid model of each part in the model and his CAD models reflect as close to detail as he can discover. Then

he makes each part on his own laser cutter and if it’s shown on the plans, it’s in the kits he sells.



Here is another example of his work.



Many thanks to Dave and Greg for the wonderful experience.

SCRAMBLE SUMMARY

Thru the May Contest

	ENTRANT	TtL Pts	4/19	5/17
1	Andrade, Paul	160	60	100
2	DeLoach, Don	147	100	47
3	Covington, Mark	126	84	42
4	Sisk, Mark	125	75	50
5	Reynolds, Todd	100	9	91
6	Murphy, Jerry	84	55	29
7	Leppard, Bill	83		83
8	McQuade, Pete	73	25	48
9	Reynolds, Randy	61	38	23
10	Etherington, Chuck	44		44
11	Jones, Darold	43		43
12	Myers, Neil	42		42



Phlyin' Phil and his Aerial Chums

Episode 2: Phil Phumbles, Phearse Phight
with the Phalcon!



Synopsis: Last month, Phil pursued his old nemesis, the evil Count Stupnagel Von Kraut, a.k.a. "The Black Falcon," whom he spotted flying over a nameless lake in Canada. Phil pursued the Falcon's giant Zeppelin, only to meet trouble in the form of machine gun fire from the zep. When we last left Phil, the pure and innocent Maryanne "Boom-Boom" Yazinsky, and Phil's irrepressible companion Boozy MacDougle, their Loening amphibian was spiraling to Earth in what could only be a death-dive...

The big Loening droned on through the night. Though fuel was low, the next airfield was well within reach.

"Whattheheck?" interjected the irrepressible Boozy MacDougle, "What happened to the death-dive? You know the one we were in after the evil Count Stupnagel Von Kraut (a.k.a. The Black Falcon) machine-gunned our elevator cables?"

"Never mind, Boozy," came the sure and confident reply from Phlyin' Phil, "We're out of it, and that's all that matters."

"Baloney!" chuckled Maryanne "Boom-Boom" Yazinsky. "The artful escape of the main characters from impossible situations is the essence of pulp fiction. Our readers will never buy a cheap trick like that!"

"Bet me," replied Phil, "Remember – many of our readers play with toy airplanes far into

adulthood." Seeing that Maryanne's pretty face had begun to pout, and recalling that the last time she pouted, he had also been kicked with sufficient violence to permit him to perform as a convincing soprano in the choir of the Third Avenue Cathedral of St. Bingo, Phil relented and began to explain. "Well, you see, what we did was we..."

"C'mon, c'mon," urged Boozy

"Well, Boozy, what we did was this: we removed a certain item of feminine attire from Maryanne's person. This article is known the world over for its ability to restrain and contain, no matter what the circumstances."

"JUSTADOGGON MINUTE!" interjected the miffed, but normally bouncy, Maryanne (now noticeably more bouncy than usual), "YOU DID WHAT?"

"Then," continued Phil, "We used the aforesaid item to repair the elevator cables, and here we are, droning through the night. Satisfied?"



General arrangement drawing, Phil and Boozy's repair kit (not to scale)

“NOT BY A LONGSHOT!” yelled Maryanne.

“Me either,” said Boozy, “Would you care to explain precisely how we removed the – uh – garment from her person?”

“Delighted,” said Phil. “We simply grabbed her and...”

(Editor’s Note: In keeping with the high moral tone of this publication, Phil’s explanation has been deemed by the Management and Staff of the Max Out to be unsuitable for publication herein. Suffice it to say that the garment was removed, the elevator cables repaired, and that the Loening was, in fact, droning on through the night as was indicated many, many paragraphs ago.)

“Boy,” said Boozy, “That must have been swell fun.”

“You bozos try any hanky-panky like that again and I’ll paste you both in the...” began Maryanne.

“Oh, look!” cried Phil, “There’s the aerodrome!” And so it was. The chums could see the reassuring green and white light flashing through the gloom below. Phil arced the big amphibian into its downwind leg and began to make his final approach.”

“This is where the Author always used to cross ailerons in his Super Buccaneer,” chuckled Boozy.

(Author’s Note: This little rummy gets killed off in a future episode for sure)

The silver sky-craft was somewhat sloppy in the air as the nature of the repair was somewhat elastic. To make matters worse, Phil had gotten confused about “upwind” and “downwind” again. The Loening was cooking along at 100

miles per hour as Phil began his phinal approach.

“Up we go, into the wild blue yonder,” sang Phil as he wobbled on to the glide path.

“Nearer my God, to thee,” chorused Maryanne and Boozy as they checked their seatbelts one last time.

The Loening neared the airfield. “The wheels, the wheels! For once in your life, lower the ^#\$\$# wheels,” shrieked Boozy.

It was too late. Phil made what was (for him) an unbelievably good touchdown. It was to no avail. The central float of the Loening was quickly transformed into Brillo pads by the runway pavement. Then a tip float touched, and the doomed Loening slewed, narrowly missed a rather ratty Waco YPF-N-452-6¾, and augured into an empty hangar. There was a deathly silence.

“Fathead. You consummate fathead. You unbelievably moronic, sketchily described, cliché-ridden, trite, plagiarized, fathead!” observed Boozy cheerfully.

“Yeah,” said Maryanne, always the mistress of clever repartee.



Phil’s Landing

Shortly, the three chums emerged from the mass of twisted wreckage. A quick look around showed them a crowd of irate airport personnel running toward them. But all of the chums were past masters of sneaking, hiding, skulking, and lurking, and it was the work of a moment for them to fade back into the shadows.

“We daren’t let the Black Falcon know we’re here,” said Phil, “Otherwise, we’d show ourselves to the airport management immediately.”

“We also daren’t let the local coppers know we’re here,” observed Boozy, “I b’lieve that this is one of the places where we moved a bunch of those “French Postcards” of Maryanne’s.”

Ignoring Boozy’s vile canard, Phil continued, “We’ve got to get another plane...somehow, some way, we’ve got to get another plane.”

“Yeah,” giggled Maryanne, “Especially since the owner of the last one will probably be able to catch up with us if we hang around here too much longer.”

The chums inventoried their net worth. Phil had a ball-point pen, a “Micky Rat” wristwatch (stopped), and \$3.87 in Yugoslavian zlotnies. Maryanne had several of her infamous postcards, a “Stan’s of Warsaw” lingerie catalogue, and a lead slug about the size of a quarter. Boozy had

(Editor’s Note: The contents of Boozy’s pockets were so unspeakable that decorum forbids the inclusion of those items herein.)

“Looks as if we’ll have to make other arrangements for an airplane,” remarked our hero, as he idly spun a crowbar (suitable for jimmying a door) on his fingers.

“Youse may have a pernt,” remarked Boozy, as he played with a blackjack.

“Hmmm,” mused Maryanne as she examined a set of lockpicks.

“Of course, we’ll make restitution just as soon as we can,” said Phil stoutly.

“You betcha,” snickered Boozy and Maryanne.

There was a lonely Beechcraft G-17 sitting at the edge of the airfield. The three sky-warriors bravely slunk up to the craft. There was a muffled thud, and the mechanic who had just finished work slumped to the ground. Phil jimmyed the door and Maryanne quickly had the ignition hot-wired.



Phil’s Beechcraft

The Beechcraft roared to life, pointed its nose directly downwind, and streaked aloft. “Damn,” breathed Boozy, as the branches of a large oak brushed the belly of the Beech, “He’s just going to have to learn that there’s a difference between ‘upwind’ and ‘downwind’.”

The chums flew on for nearly an hour without sighting the Black Falcon. Over the roar of the big radial, Phil and his chums made plans. “We’ve got to find that zep,” said Phil, “If only we could spot where they moor the beast.

“Is it like big tower with a Zeppelin on the end?” asked Maryanne, “Like that one over there in that meadow?”



The Black Falcon's Zeppelin at its Mast

Maryanne's pure and innocent (albeit beady and bloodshot) eyes had played her true. The Zeppelin was moored in a clearing in the dense forest below. As they watched, tiny figures pulled camouflage netting over the giant craft.

"We'll land in that clearing," cried Phil, "Then we'll make our way to the Black Falcon's base!"

After Boozy put the gear down for Phil at the last moment, and after a mild ground-loop, the Beech came to rest in the clearing.

"I'd like to go with you on this scouting mission, chums," said Phil stoutly, "But someone's got to stay with the plane. If you get captured, someone has to be able to fly the plane out to get help."

"But we can both fly the..." began Boozy.

"Now Boozy," said Phil sternly, "We've no time for arguments. Off you go."

Boozy and Maryanne began their quiet stalk through the woods, a primeval forest, deep and dank, ominous in the darkness. They worked their way closer and closer to the meadow that was the Black Falcon's base. Naturally, they walked directly into the arms of one of the Black Falcon's patrols.

They were taken to a camouflaged Quonset hut at the edge of the meadow. There, outlined

against the harsh light of mercury vapor lamps, sat a lean figure. They approached his desk.

"Vell, vell, vell," said the figure, rising. "I zee dot ve haff zome guests." The light glinted from a monocle. A long dueling scar on his cheek shone. A hand-painted necktie inscribed with the words "Kiss Me In the Dark, Baby" glowed with its own malevolent light.



Count Stupnagel Von Kraut (a.k.a. The Black Falcon) Photo courtesy Imperial Army Archives

"Verdamt!" he exclaimed, "I am der educated man; why it iz dot der author makes me to zound like I chust got off der boat?"

"I don't zuppoze dot you vood care to tell me vere dot do-gooder Phil iz, now vood you?" inquired the evil Count in an ominous tone.

"Never!" cried Boozy and Maryanne.

"Vell den," smiled the Black Falcon, "Dis looks like a chob for Igor. I tink dot you vill find dot he has a liddle something dot may change your minds."

Igor!” he cried.

Out of the gloom came a giant figure. It shuffled slowly toward the two chums. They could hear his heavy, hoarse, breathing. As he drew closer, they could smell his fetid reek. They saw his coarse, brutal, features – more ape-like than human. As they gazed into the pig-like eyes of Igor, they saw the heart of a man who had sold his soul.



Igor – The Black Falcon’s henchman

Igor groped in a pocket, and withdrew a battered leather case. He opened it, removed the contents, and flourished it gently under the noses of Maryanne and Boozy.

“He’s in the Beech staggerwing sitting in the clearing!” cried the chums as they grabbed for the cash. “He’s probably asleep and you can knock him off easy.”

“For an extra fifty, I’ll take you there myself,” offered Boozy.

The moonlight glistened on the staggerwing. A stalwart figure snored in the cockpit. From the edge of the forest a dark figure emerged, crouched, and raised something to its shoulder. There was a flash, and a muffled “phut!” The plexiglass of the Beech’s windscreen shattered silently, and the figure in the cockpit slumped

forward and was terribly still. The sniper vanished back into the forest.

Shortly thereafter, flames began to lick out from the Quonset hut. There were muffled rumbling noises as massive Maybach V-12s came to life. A giant silvery cigar shape rose nearly silently into the sky. More flames consumed the mooring mast. In a moment, there were only ashes, ashes that could have been caused by a forest fire, to mark the erstwhile base of the Black Falcon.

The Beechcraft sat silently in the clearing. There was no sign of life. Slowly, the forest creatures began their multitudinous variety of cries, roars, songs, and whimpers. It was dawn.

Has Phil bought the farm? Have Maryanne and Boozy copped out? How do you feel about your portfolio these days? Stay tuned for the next episode of Phlyin’ Phil and his Aerial Chums!





FREE FLIGHT WITH AN ALTITUDE!
UPCOMING EVENTS

<i>DATE</i>	<i>EVENT</i>	<i>FEATURE EVENT</i>
JUNE 27	MMM PICNIC (re-scheduled)	At the home of Marc Sisk
JULY 3-5th	30 th ANNUAL 14 ROUND FAI MEET-Flyer on web site	Chuck Etherington / Marc Sisk
JULY 19	MMM MONTHLY & SAM COMBO	Randy Reynolds

FIRST CLASS



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



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 Mountain Men**

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