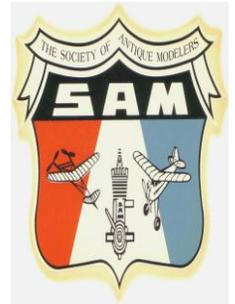
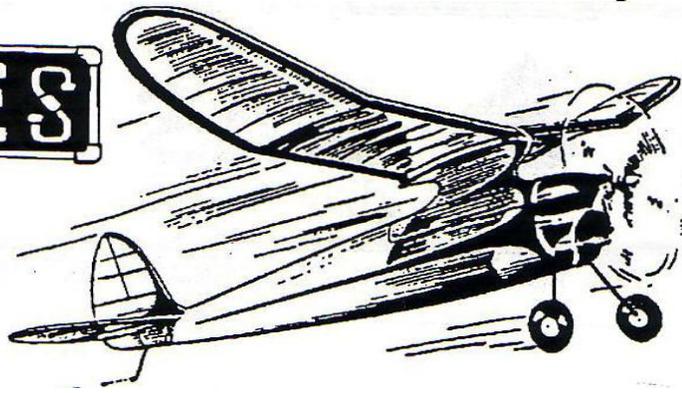


April 2012



Southern California Antique Model Plane Society -- S.A.M. Chapter 13 – AMA Charter #158
Website address: <http://SCAMPS.homestead.com>

Return Address:
Kevin Sherman
1521 S. Normandy Ter
Corona, CA 92882-4036



GAS



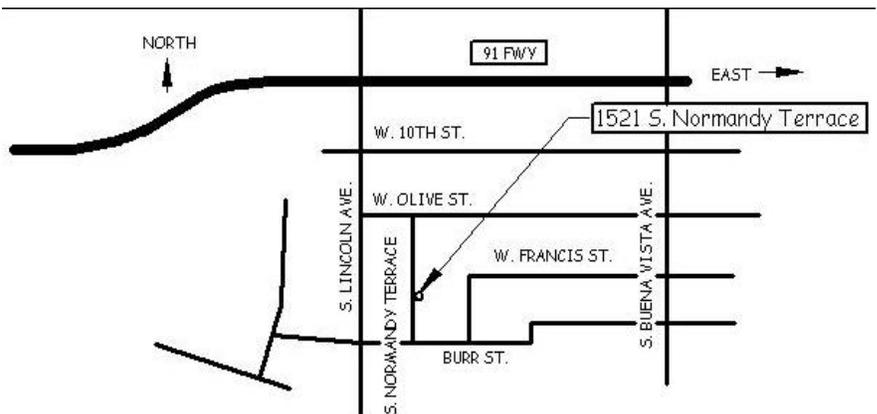
LINES

AMA 158 – Southern California Antique Model Plane Society – Sam 13

SCAMPS Officers

President	Daniel Heinrich	(909) 593-5789	AeronutD@cs.com
Vice President	George Walter	(714) 528-0774	GeorgeWalter@alumni.pitt.edu
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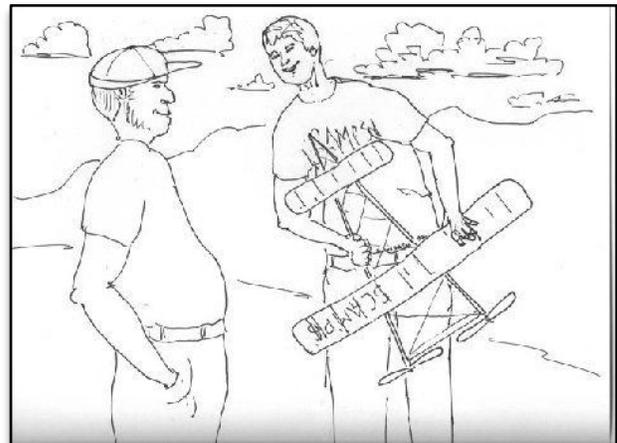
April SCAMPS Meeting Location



Gary and Kevin Sherman will be hosting the next club meeting on Saturday, April 7. A luncheon will be served starting at 1 PM, and all are welcomed to attend. The address is 1521 Normandy Terrace, Corona. If more information is needed please call Kevin or Gary at 951-737-7943.

SCAMPS NEWS by *Clint Brooks*

Are you ready for some Free Flight? Well, hopefully the Taibi Annual has been completed by the time you read this. After a week delay for the last storm of winter, we are all poised to try again Sunday Mar 25th. Kevin and Hal are good sports to keep this event going and trying to get us all together to celebrate a day of fabulous Taibi designs and flying excitement. Quite an honor to have a traditional contest launched in your name, and well deserved for all the excellent designs Sal has developed over the years. Not to mention his long



history as a great competitor and all around great guy. We miss seeing you at Fairview Park on the weekends Sal, and hope you and Betty are doing well. You are often in our thoughts as we ponder our own musings with the sport of free flight aeromodelling. Having you around gives us depth we would not otherwise realize, and one of the reasons the SCAMPS is such an interesting bunch to fly with. All of you should be proud of your histories in this hobby and sport.

We have a report from the intrepid Bernie Crowe concerning recent adventures at Lost Hills. All I can say is the name “*Hot Pants*” for his next electric FF design might be in order, and see a potential market in Nomex underwear for electric FF modelers who prefer to keep certain devices on their person....

No Easy Days-Flying F1Q at the Isaacson and MaxMen contests, 2012

By Bernie Crowe

By now you are used to reading about my mishaps at F1Q contests, and this year was no exception. The Isaacson Memorial contest on February 11/12 was to host the Kiwi Cup, a world cup contest. A week later the Bob White Memorial/MaxMen International would also be a world cup event, both at Lost Hills. Lots at stake!

The Isaacson Memorial-Feb 11

Three weeks before the Isaacson Kevin Sherman said his dad Gary was not going to go this year, and would I like to travel up with him? They have a travel trailer so by sharing costs it promised greatly reduced expenses, so I said yes. We planned to leave Thursday before the Ike, so I shoved all my stuff into my Acura knowing that it would have to be transferred to his rig, including my bike, and so my mental check list was a bit different from usual. I got to Kevin’s house, about 50 minutes north of mine, at 5pm on Thursday and we began the transfer. Normally he would put his chase bike in the back of the pickup truck prior to hooking up the trailer, but since I would get there after the trailer was hooked up he decided to put both bikes in the back of the travel trailer. We cinched them down tight and set off for Lost Hills.

We made good time for an hour but then hit an accident scene on the 210 freeway and it took us an hour to go two miles, putting us way behind schedule. We pushed on and crossed the Tejon Pass out of Los Angeles into the Grand Central Valley at about 9 pm. Kevin pulled off the freeway at Frazier Park to fill up the pickup, which had been working hard over the mountain. He said, "Smells funny", and opened the trailer door to a strong reek of gasoline. The carpet had slipped under the bikes, and they had both fallen over spilling gas onto the carpet. We got them out and moved the carpet then strapped them down again, this time on the trailer floor so they wouldn't move. We set off again and tried to go under the underpass to get back on the northbound freeway, but some “gentleman” had pulled his big rig off the freeway the wrong way, and was jack-knifed in the underpass facing us along with five other trucks. The police were called in to sort it out, and after another hour or so we got back on the road again. We eventually pulled onto the field at Lost Hills at 11:45 pm in total darkness, tired and way behind our schedule. As soon as we opened the trailer door we knew we were not going to sleep in there - we would have asphyxiated, not to mention the fire risk! We got the bikes out and opened some windows to air it out, then drove back into Lost Hills in the pickup to get a hotel room for the night. An inauspicious start!

It gets worse. At 06:00 I got a call from Kevin saying he was in trouble. He couldn't move. It seems that in pushing the huge tailgate of the trailer back up after we got the bikes out he had pulled a muscle in his stomach, maybe even got a hernia. He managed to get on his feet and we made our way out to the field. At this point we discovered that the fall had broken the kick stand on my bike, so I was not going to be able to get off it unless there was something to prop it up against. We sorta solved that one by borrowing a couple of large blocks of wood (think: cross ties) from his truck. Kevin called his Dad, and asked him to drive my car to Lost Hills to rescue us. Fortunately I had left my keys with Gary in case he needed to move my car. Gary arrived at 11:00 am and we transferred all my stuff out of the trailer and back into my car. At this point I discovered that I had not packed the box with my trackers in it. Ouch! Kevin offered me one of his beacons,

along with suitable batteries, and another FAI flier Al Ulm loaned me his spare receiver. After fiddling around to get them to "talk" to each other, I managed to put them in my F1Q but in a different position from my normal trackers. I decided it was prudent to put up a test flight to make sure the CG hadn't shifted. Painfully, and ruefully, Kevin took off for home with his Dad, disappointed as heck. This would have been his first F1Q contest, his planes are good, and he was looking forward to it.

Having fun yet?

Friday had been a glorious day, warm and sunny, necessitating sunscreen and hats. Saturday dawned cold and windy with an ominous black overhead of low clouds. I went out to the FAI flight line where Julie and Faust Parker from Texas were eyeing the streamers with concern. The streamers, belonging to the "real" FAI fliers of F1A and F1B, were all downwind of us and not much use. Frank Pollard from Washington State showed up and someone opined that we needed our own streamer at the F1Q position. I had mine with me, so I dutifully went to my car and got it out. When I took the mylar streamer out of my box it was smartly whipped out of my hand and unraveled all over the field. I looked around for help but all the Q-rs had gone back to the car line. It took me about 15 minutes to gather up the streamer, which was behaving as though it had a life of its own. I finally got it attached to the pole and started to erect it, when the wind tore the streamer off the swivel and off I went again. By the time I finally got the ^% !&% ^*\$* thing up I was exhausted and there was only 5 mins left til the contest opened. My friends all showed up and thanked me for putting up the streamer for all of us to use (!) By this time John Oldenkamp and Mike Pykelny from San Diego had shown up too.

The horn sounded for Round 1 and we all stood looking at each other, wondering who was going to be the first to go. The streamer was almost horizontal and crackling lightly in the wind. I thought I saw a twitch and thought what the hey, and launched. "Noah's Quark" #5 climbed high and transitioned well, and it looked as though it was a shoo-in for three minutes. I gave a big sigh of relief and turned to get my chase bike. My timer yelled "oh no, Bernie, what are you doing?" I turned back to see that it had DT'd at one minute. I hadn't reset the timer from last evening's test flight! I was down in about 1:30 and that was my contest finished. To do this in a World Cup event was embarrassing, to say the least, but it paled in comparison to the feeling of knowing I had already lost, with six more rounds to go. I don't quit, so I had to grit my teeth and go on. It was a long day.

I dropped two seconds in Round 3, but it didn't seem important now. I maxed out through Round 6, but couldn't find my plane this time. I thought I had a good line, but though I rode it three times out to about two miles, there was no sign of the plane. The unfamiliar tracker was giving me very confusing signals, sometimes seeming to come from two directions at once. I wondered if another flier was using Kevin's frequency; we normally get the frequencies assigned to avoid conflict, but Kevin's beacon was from an independent manufacturer. On the way back in after the third run out I realized my front tire was flat. Someone said Hal Cover had an inflator, so I went to him and he tried to pump it up. It wouldn't take pressure and I knew I must have ripped the valve stem out riding the flat. Hal promptly loaned me his Polaris quad bike, and I borrowed a yagi antenna from John Oldenkamp. But the cable didn't have a BNC connector so I couldn't use it; Al Ulm loaned me his cable and I set off again, this time with Al trailing me on his bike with his receiver tuned to Kevin's frequency. It's amazing the way everybody drops everything to help you when you're in trouble on the Free Flight field!

Al and I searched for another half hour without luck, and I reluctantly gave up and went in to get my back-up plane, NQ4. This one was not transitioning well, and I had planned to spend time getting it sorted out on the Friday, but I guess other events got in the way (see paragraphs 4 and 5.) I got to the flight line with about five minutes left in the contest. All the other Q fliers were out chasing their planes, so Frank Pollard's wife, Linda, timed for me. I waited as long I could for some sign of lift, and eventually went with less than a minute left in the round. The plane got reasonably high, but the motor quit with the nose pointing straight up. The plane

made a lousy transition and lost most of its height before gliding down for a miserable 1:35. The icing was on the cake. I would come fifth out of five fliers.

Only Julie Parker and Frank Pollard had maxed out. Under the 2012 F1Q rules they were required to go for a five-minute max using the same motor run as during the regular rounds. I was one of the co-timers for Frank. They launched at about 4:30 and headed downwind into the evening sky. At first Julie seemed the higher of the two, though Frank eventually out-glided her. But they had both made the five minute flight! In half an hour they flew again, this time for a seven minute max. Neither made it and Frank had the longer flight and so won. Great flying from both of them! While I was timing them, Ken Kaiser's son Don rode up and said I understand you have lost a plane? I gave him my best line and off he went, while I turned my attention back to the fly-off timing. In less than three minutes he was back carrying my plane, much to my relief. He was joshing me, saying I don't know how you could have missed it, it was in plain sight right on the line you gave me. And I had spent a total of almost two hours looking for it! A little while later, Peter Alnutt from Canada called out to me, "Did you find your plane?" I told him Don had found it, and he said "I saw it two or three times when I was out there, but it was upside down and really hidden in the grass, so I stopped and stood it up on its nose so the stab would show." I thanked him and thought, well that explains why I couldn't get a signal and couldn't see it. Sheesh. I stayed overnight and flew E-36 on Sunday, but my heart wasn't in it. I called Kevin two or three times to see how he was but couldn't reach him or his family. I made my first two maxes flying my E-36 "Slick Willie the Second" then dropped on the third, having spent a lot of time searching for the little beggar with no tracker and no bike. I finished way down the roster. I left the field early in the afternoon and wasn't sad to see Lost Hills in my rear view mirror!

I spent part of the time between the Isaacson and the MaxMen weekends installing an Energy Limiter prototype from Dick Ivers of Massachusetts in my F1Q. I got it to work but could not install it in my NQ5 plane because of the wiring requirements, so I couldn't use it in the contest. I spent the flying session at Perris on Wednesday trying to improve NQ4's transition pattern. On Saturday, I headed back to Lost Hills, not without trepidation. This time I had my trackers with me, but of course no chase bike. When I got there the FAI fliers said the weather had been good throughout Saturday, and that the forecast for Sunday was almost as good. Well, it can't be as bad as last week, anyway, I thought.

The MaxMen International Feb19.

On Sunday morning I was up at 5:30 and heading out to the field at 6:05. I had woken up during the night and remembered that I had forgotten to bring my batteries in from the car, in case it got cold in the night. It was fairly brisk, so as a precaution I took my two best batteries and put them in my coat pockets to warm them up. As an afterthought, I moved them to my pants pockets so they would be really warm. Short of using them as suppositories, I couldn't think of anything better to do. On a whim I pulled across the street from the Motel 6 into MacDonald's to get a cup of nice hot coffee, stuffing my car keys into my right pants pocket. As I was paying for my coffee, I noticed the eyes of the guy behind the counter get real big, and he pointed at my, well, umm, nether regions. I looked down and there was a big dark mark on the front of my pants. My first thought was that I had cut myself, and this was blood, but then I noticed a wisp of white smoke coming out of what turned out to be a hole in my pants. At about the time, as my aged brain was processing the probable cause of this, I noticed that lots of white smoke was pouring out of the right leg of my trousers, accompanied by an acrid smell. Somewhere a little alarm was going off in my mind and whispering, "LiPos."

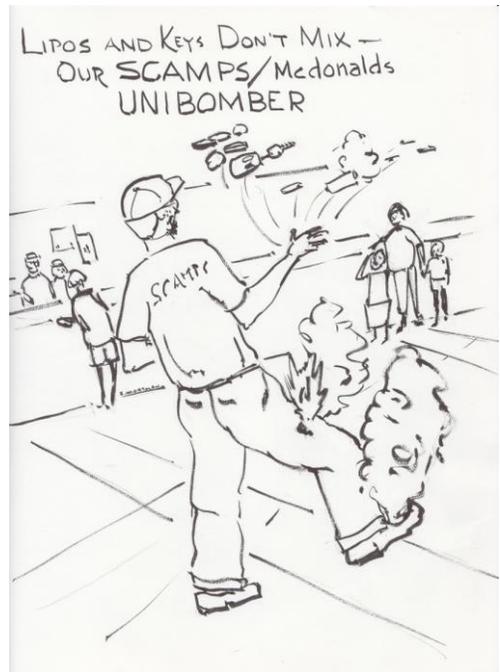
I then entertained the folks who had come to MacDonald's for a relaxed breakfast with a sort of Whirling Dervish dance, flinging the contents of my pocket, including loose change, car keys, and the smoldering 11v Lithium Polymer battery, all over the floor of MacD's. Burning LipOs are bad enough, but I imagine these poor folks were probably thinking, "Underwear Bomber!" or something similar. I grabbed a pile of napkins and rushed the stinking battery outside and over the fence at the rear of the store. At this point it dawned on me that the acrid smell was not coming from the LiPo, it was from my smoldering synthetic trousers' material. There was a pair of holes in the front of my pants, and most of the pocket inside had gone too. I

think I was saved from an even more embarrassing fate by the motel key card, which was between me and the battery. If it hadn't been for that, there would have been a whole new meaning to the phrase, "roasted nuts." It was starting to look as though this weekend could cap even last weekend's debacle.

I got to the field minus one good battery and minus most of my dignity. The weather thankfully seemed better than at the Ike, so I tried to adopt a stoic attitude of "what else can go wrong?" to help me face the day. There were five entries again, though surprisingly John Oldenkamp and Mike Pykelny were not among those present. Aram Schlosberg from New York was entered, along with Ian Kaynes from Great Britain. The field was rounded out by July Parker and Frank Pollard, plus yours truly, Burnin' Bernie, as Frank called me. (Surprisingly, they had noticed the burn holes in the front of my pants, and Frank had wisely chosen to ignore sexual prowess as the cause.) Unfortunately, Ian Kanes had damaged his F1Q in practice the day before, and was unable to compete. Likewise, Aram had just got back his modified ESCs from Castle Creations and found they had been "factory reset", and lacking the suitable cable to reprogram them, he too was out.

I maxed the first round, while Frank and Julie both had problems with the air and dropped 20 to 30 seconds each. The second round was tricky, and I dropped two seconds again (habit-forming, this kind of thing) but I was still ahead. Some of the retrievals were lengthy as I was pursuing my plane on foot, but at least had a reliable tracker this time. Too, the ventilation holes in the front of my right pants pocket made the increasing temperatures more tolerable (though I did have to keep glancing down to make sure that my finest qualities weren't showing.) By this time Ian Kaynes from England had volunteered to time for me, and he did so for the rest of the day, for which I was very grateful. When picking lift is difficult and requires lo-o-ong, patient wa-a-its staring at the streamer, it is hugely beneficial not to have to go searching for a timer. I maxed the next round, but then in Round 4 I dropped a clanger in what I was fairly sure was good air, but turned out to be a downer that put me on the ground in 1:45. Once again I began to feel the agony of early defeat. However, Frank and Julie obligingly followed suit, with a 1:38 and a 1:30 respectively, so by the skin of my teeth I was still alive. After the fifth round, all the FAI "mini-event" fliers were finished, and they gathered up their streamers and other thermal detecting devices and vacated the flight line. This left me with no way to keep my eye on wind direction and even possible streamer twitches. Ian Kaynes kindly went and got his pole from his car and stuck it in the ground, while apologizing for the fact that the pole is quite short due to the requirements of carrying it on the plane from England. It was in fact about six feet tall, a bit low to really see the wind effects. Ian's wife kindly elected to hold the pole up at arms-length so that it became much more usable; I felt very guilty making her wait at full stretch many minutes at a time until I thought it was time to launch, but she never wavered, and never complained. I owe a big thanks to the Kaynes family for their help.

I maxed out the rest of the day, some by only a few seconds, others by eons when the plane took 4-1/2 minutes to come down after DTing. On the sixth Round the plane DTd a few feet off the ground, flipped on its back, and broke the rudder. With help from friends I glued it back together again and as I launched for the last flight, prayed that it hadn't changed the trim. It hadn't, and I maxed. A couple of the retrievals had been iffy and protracted, but at the end of the day I had racked up enough time to win my first points in World Cup competition. Very satisfying after the previous contest! I drove home happily, and this time I was required to explain to my long suffering wife, not "where are you going to put that big trophy?" but rather "how on earth did you burn a hole in your pants from the *inside*?"



SCAMPS Club Contest March 14, 2012

By Bernie Crowe

Our March Club contest was for Old Time Small Stick and Cabin rubber models (combined), and 1/2A to C Nostalgia gas models. The day dawned pretty foggy, and the fog hung around for a while as the sun tried to peep through, not conceding until about 8:50. Early arrivals stood around trading friendly banter in the form “Chicken!” and “Idiots!” between those who had shown up for last Wednesday’s 25 mph winds and 40 degree Frigenheit temps, and those who hadn’t. Determining which was which is left as an exercise for the reader (answers on page 197.)

The sun broke through just prior to the all-important donut time, and common sense dictated that the serious part of the day was attended to first, before the flying. Those present indulged in a desultory exchange of witticisms, falsehoods, exaggerations and political observations for a shorter than usual period, when a mad dash was made for the winding stooges and starter motors as the sun finally showed that it was serious. I decided it was time I participated in a Club contest, and chose to fly my Gollywock which hadn’t been out of its box for over a year. I have been flying FIQ electric events to the exclusion of almost everything else, and was in real danger of becoming monoQistic, so a change to OT small rubber seemed just the solution. I found a motor marked “12-9-07” which hadn’t been used, but was still five year-old rubber, and loaded it into the plane. I cranked in the indicated 890 turns, and let go. The ‘Wock hurtled out of my hands and climbed for about 1.37 seconds, then there was a loud bang and the plane dove nose first into the turf. The motor peg anchor had given way and the fully-wound motor became instant nose weight, dismantling the fuselage in the process. So my Qteness must continue for a while longer.

There were 8 entries in Small Rubber other than myself, including Paul Burns, a perennial visitor from places far to the north, who entered two planes – a Jabberwock and a Riser Rider. Paul confided he was nervous as this was the first time in his life he had entered a contest, but I saw him later in the day with a grin as wide as the freeway so I guess he was enjoying himself. He must have been pleased– he placed first and second, not bad for a first contest! The main competition was between George Walter and Hal Wightman, both maxing in the first and third rounds, and both dropping in the second. Hal dropped four seconds more than George, who went on to win. Last year’s winner, Caley Hand from Twenty-nine Palms, waited until late in the contest to fly her Gollywock, by which time the thermals were plentiful. Unfortunately she forgot to light her DT, and her plane was last seen, in her words, headed for Murrieta.

The Nostalgia Gas boys were flying to two-minute maxes per the rules, and put up quite a show. Ted Firster dropped out early when his Lucky Lindy spiraled in on the glide and comprehensively dismantled the airplane. See Ted if you are looking for a Lucky Lindy kit. The remaining four fliers all maxed their first two flights, until Joe Jones Racer let him down with a 77. The other three, Kevin Sherman, Ken Kaiser and Jeff Carman maxed out. Kevin’s timer (the one on his model) failed in flight, leaving Ken and Jeff to battle it out on their 6-second engine run fly-off flights. Jeff beat Ken by 38 seconds to win.

Great flying day, good turnout, and lots of fun. Thanks to Hal Wightman for running the desk, and to all who participated.

SCAMPS O/T Small Rubber Club Contest Results March 2012

	NAME	MODEL	ROUND 1	ROUND 2	ROUND 3	FLYOFF 1	FLYOFF 2	SCORE	PLACE
1	Burns, Paul	Jabberwock	96	120	46			262	4
2	Burns, Paul	Riser Rider	144	115	26			285	3
3	Jones, Joe	Gollywock	113	107	dnf			220	6
4	Crowe, Bernie	Gollywock	att	dnf	dnf			-	9
5	Richardson, Al	Albatross	72	75	93			240	5
6	Walter, George	Miss Canada	180	140	180			500	1
7	Arnold, Allen		30	dnf	dnf			30	8
8	Wightman, Hal	Double Feature	180	136	180			496	2
9	Hand, Caley	Gollywock	180	lost				180	7

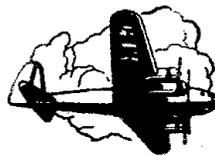
SCAMPS 1/2A to C-Nos Gas Club Contest Results March 2012

	NAME	MODEL	ROUND 1	ROUND 2	ROUND 3	FLYOFF 1	FLYOFF 2	SCORE	PLACE
1	Sherman, Kevin	San deHogan	120	120	120	dnf		360	3
2	Jones, Joe	Racer	120	120	77			317	4
3	Kaiser, Ken	Spacer	120	120	120	59		419	2
4	Carman, Jeff	Texan	120	120	120	97		457	1



SCAMPS 2012 Club Contest Schedule

Mo	Day	Rubber	Power	CD
Apr	11	P-30 / Greve mass launch	OT ABC Fuselage	J. Jones
May	9	Moffet / Twin Pusher	1/2A - D AMA Gas	
Jun	6	4oz Wake / 8oz Wake	F1Q / E36 / Harbor	
Jul	11	Jimmy Allen / Comml Rubber	30-sec Antique	
Aug	8	OT Large Rubber (comb)	1/2A - C Gas (Nos)	
Sep	12	Coupe (F1G) / HLG / CLG	OT ABC Combined	
Oct	17	Nos Wake / Nos Rubber	F1Q / E36 / Harbor	
Nov	14	P-30 / Jimmy Allen	1/2A - D AMA Gas	G. Walter





SCAMPS & SCIFS Texaco

April 14th & 15th 2012 – Lost Hills, CA - A.M.A. Sanctioned Contest
—Run in Conjunction with the San Valeers Club Annual—

**** Any Event can be flown on either day, do not have to finish same day! ****

Saturday

7:30 AM to 4:00 PM

½ A Texaco

(8cc fuel, best one of three official flights, 7:30 AM to 10:30 AM any glow IC engine .051 or smaller)

Gas Scale

O.T. Small Rubber Fuselage

(3-minute max)

O.T. Large Rubber Stick

(5-minute max)

.020 Replica

(Engine run is 12 sec. HL, 15 sec. ROG, 3 minute max)

*A/B Pylon

*C Fuselage

4 oz. Wakefield

**A/B Nostalgia

**C Nostalgia

Twin Pusher Mass Launch (8:30 AM)

***Old Time HL/CL Glider

Sunday

7:30 AM to 3:00 PM

Dawn Patrol Texaco

(7:30 AM to 10:30 AM, best of 2 official flights ¼ ounce of fuel per pound of model)

30 Second Antique

O.T. Small Rubber Stick

(3-minute max)

O.T. Large Rubber Fuselage

(5-minute max)

*A/B Fuselage

*C Pylon

Vintage Wakefield

(1938-1950, 8-ounce weight rule)

Pee Wee Antique

(2.2cc fuel, best of three official flights, any .024 or smaller IC engine)

**1/4A Nostalgia

***OT HL/CL Glider can be launched overhand, discuss or catapult. No modifications can be made the plan form other than a hook added for catapult launch. Modifications for DT okay as long as plan form is adhered to. No Scaling. For Catapult launch, a 9" loop of ¼" rubber may be used on a 6" stick (two 9" loops of 1/8" rubber may be used). Up to 9 launches for 3 two minute maxes. If you have 3 maxes, fly till you drop a flight.

**All Nostalgia Events, (10 Second Hand Launch, 13 Second VTO or ROG, then 7&9 seconds), 3 minute Max

*SAM Power events to be flown using SAM Rules. 20 Second engine run hand-launch, 25 seconds R.O.G. 5 Minute maxes (weather permitting). Rubber ties will be broken by increasing Max times (weather permitting) \$10 entry (includes first event), \$5 each additional event. Merchandise awards 1st, 2nd, & 3rd all events.

SCAMPS (CD) Contact, Dan Heinrich (909) 593-5789 (E-mail AeronutD@CS.com)

SCIFS Contact, Dave Wagner (818) 342-8201 (E-mail centmfgDavid@sbcglobal.net)



SCAMPS Twin Pusher & Lotto Fun Fly **Sunday, June 17, 2012 - SCAMPS Field – Perris, CA**

EVENTS:

LOTTO FUN FLY – FLY ANYTHING, Gas – Glow – Rubber!
Twin Pusher (Mass Launch 1 Flight)

***Perris Special** (15 Second engine run glow & 20 sec. Ignition)

***ABC Old Time Gas Combined** (20 Second engine run)

***Small O.T. Rubber** - Combined - (Stick & Fuselage)

***Large O.T. Rubber** - Combined - (Stick & Fuselage)

***ABC Nostalgia** — (10 Second Hand Launch, 13 Second VTO or ROG, then 7&9 seconds)

***1/2A Nostalgia** — (10 Second Hand Launch, 13 Second VTO or ROG, then 7&9 seconds)

* **F1Q ADDED!** — (motor run time to be determined by CD)

* **3 minute Max**

FEES: The price for regular events is \$5 each, and this will include entry into the Lotto. For Lotto only, it is \$1 per entry.

Merchandise Prizes – Flying is 7:00am to Noon!

CD Hal Cover

(909) 591-3717



SCAMPS/SCIFS Old Time Fall Annual

Combined with SAN VALEERS Nostalgia Annual
CD: Terry Thorkildsen (805) 495-6135
Co-CD: Tom Laird (310) 544-7606

****** Any Event can be flown on either day, do not have to finish same day! ******

November 10th & 11th 2012, Lost Hills, California

Saturday

7 AM to 4 PM

*A/B Cabin
30 Second Antique
½ A Texaco (7 AM to 11 AM)*
C Pylon
Large Rubber Cabin
Small Rubber Stick
Pee Wee Antique
***A/B Nostalgia*

Sunday

7 AM to 2:30PM

*Texaco (7 AM to 11 AM)
.020 Replica
SAM Gas Scale
A/B Pylon
C Cabin
Small Rubber Cabin
Large Rubber Stick
*** C Nostalgia*

Entry fees: \$10.00 registration (includes 1st event), \$5.00 additional events

Lost Hills Membership required

**Gollywock Mass Launch Saturday 8 AM
Twin Pusher Mass Launch Sunday 8 AM**

**1/2 A Texaco: 8cc fuel, any .051 or smaller glow engine, best single flight of 3*

*SCIFS (CD): Dave Wagner (818) 342-8201 centmfgDavid@sbcglobal.net
SCAMPS Contact: Daniel Heinrich (909) 593-5789 AeronutD@cs.com*

*****Nostalgia Gas engine runs are 10 Second Hand Launch, 13 Second VTO or ROG, then 7&9 seconds**