

Leek & Moorland Model Gliding Association

Web Sites: - <http://lmmga.org>
<http://www.lmmga.co.uk/>



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A Plea from the Editor

I should like to re-iterate Ivan's perpetual request for contributions including pictures, tips, articles, anecdotes etc to keep your newsletter alive and well. Constructive criticism is also welcome especially if accompanied by articles etc. showing how it should be done! Please send to:

Ted Horton at 1 Ridge Croft, Stone, Staffs, ST15 8PN or e-mail eghorton@talk21.com

On paper, by e-mail or even on stone slabs!

Front Cover Derek Illsley's impressive own designed 21ft Powered Glider Flying at the Gate last year

Editorial

Can I introduce myself as your new trainee Editor? Like many, I started aeromodelling as a teenager with balsa wood and tissue. A favourite was a KeilKraft "Chief" A2 glider, though it was always too heavy!

Many years later, after a lifetime of marriage, children and work, in 1977, on a journey home from Sheffield (over the top) I spotted two guys flying and was amazed to see them landing them 'at their feet'! My 'road to Damascus' moment. I soon became the proud owner of a Ripmax Medalian two-channel radio accompanied by a 100" glider, a Kamco 'Kloudrider'.

I joined the club in 1977/78, after a lot of practice landing at an old wartime airfield (Hixon). Slope soaring was a 'joy'! A few years back I started mixing 'slope' with 'flat' using an electric motor for launching. My latest model was an FVK 'Silent Dream', loading 10.3oz with an outrunner and lipo's, which came to grief late last year, after I experienced radio problems (that's my story, anyway).

As anyone who knows me will confirm, I'm a 'stooger around', although I flew in a lot of club competitions. Less so, when, under orders, visiting my nine grandchildren for birthdays and the like took precedence. Now they're all either adults or teenagers and not one is interested in the noble art, so I should be at most of the comps this year.

For those members who were not at the AGM, when the time came to elect or re-elect new officers, Ivan said, as he did last year, that he wanted to relinquish the Editorship of the Newsletter. A stunned silence followed, when those present, realised, that this time, he was **really** serious. We all thought "The newsletter without Ivan, impossible!"

The request for a volunteer was met by another stunned silence. After some time I said I would 'have a stab at it' but only with Ivan as my mentor. The Club owes a huge debt of gratitude to Ivan who has, for years, kept us all in touch, whether old or new, local or distant, flying or non-flying.



Ted Horton

More Unimportant Ramblings By a Very Ancient Aeromodeller

A tad more on insurance

I noticed that in both the October and December's BMFA Newsletters, Manny Williamson, in his Column 'Checkfield Chat', has written a piece about insurance.

It appears that out of a membership of over 36,000, there are on average between 25 to 30 accidents per year and, from what I understand, nearly all these involve models crashing into cars or the pit area.

Manny suggests that most of these accidents could be avoided if pilots planned their flights better by keeping their options open. (Putting the model down early in a safe area instead of hanging on with a sick engine until the inevitable happens) Now I'll be the first to admit that anything planned has got to be infinitely better than something not planned, but a couple of things came to mind when I read this piece.

In both the Oct, and Dec. articles there was no mention of Gliders; he only spoke of power planes. I can only assume therefore, that this is because the majority of these claims are caused by power planes.

We can conclude what we will from this; I'd like to think it's because Glider Pilots are better fliers than their counter parts who have to use expensive fans to keep their model airborne (That could get a reaction Mr. New Editor) but to be honest, I think it's because most glider fliers are slope soarers and most of our sites are further away from parked cars than our fellow power fliers.

Most model flying sites, whether glider or power are in fairly remote areas. (Moorland or some farmers field well away from built up areas etc.) Usually, the only things of value liable to be hit are the modelers' own cars unless you want to include trees, fences and walls plus the odd cow. Therefore, it's not surprising to me that most of the claims made will involve some damage to a car.

I disagree with Manny when he says that pilots hang on flying their model until the ultimate happens. Most of the guys I have flown with over many years (both power and gliders pilots) would, without hesitation, put their model down even if it meant model damage before risking hitting a car or person. However, one of the most difficult things fliers have to cope with when flying models of various sizes is 'Depth Perception'.

An Example::

The wall at our Gate site isn't all that far from the flightline. Nevertheless,

the number of times I've seen pilots land on the road side of the wall when they have been convinced that their model was well inside the field area is in the hundreds; I've done it myself. I would therefore think that misjudging the distance between a flying model and a parked car was probably the main cause of car damage rather than poor pre-flight planning. (It could be argued that models should never fly anywhere near parked cars but this is inevitable on some sites when so many things have to be considered)

In view of our recent clash with the BMFA over such a claim, I would love to know what proportion of claims receive by the BMFA are turned down on first time of asking.

25 to 30 claims per year from an estimated 5,000,000 flights per year, seems a very small accident rate to me. (These are BMFA figures)

Sign of the times

A few weeks ago my keyboard gave up the ghost. Couldn't grumble though, it had seen out a couple of major PC updates in its time. I needed to replace it in a hurry so an online purchase was ruled out; in any case I think I would have found this a tad difficult with a dickey keyboard.

After I returned from PC World with my new shiny keyboard I couldn't resist looking up the price of the same model on the internet just to see how much PC World had taken me to the cleaners for. Never a good idea this. Suffice to say I suffered from acute indigestion for the next two days as a result.

After I'd got the keyboard up and running I did this man thing and read the instruction book. It was one of these multi-language booklets which seem to be the norm these days. What surprised me was there was only 1¼ pages of simple basic instructions to get the thing installed etc, (this was in a fairly large print), compared with seven pages of what I call 'arse covering bumf'. (This was in microscopic print and was repeated in every language), not that I'm a multi-linguist you understand, I just counted the pages.

I'd only got to page three on the 'arse covering stuff' before my eyeballs felt as though they were about to explode due to eye strain.

Does anyone ever read these so called dire warnings that manufacturers churn out?? I often wonder how many people, capable of reading and understanding microscopic print, don't already know that it's dangerous to lie in a bath full of water and fiddle with a live 250 volt appliance, or, that

pouring boiling water onto the skin should be avoided. Do these manufacturers think that we are all devoid of all life skills and commonsense?

I sometimes wonder how long it will be before I go to my favorite picnic beach and see notices, erected at 100 yard spacing by some paranoid council, warning me that I could exceed my daily recommended intake of salt if I drink seawater and that the sand on this beach may contaminate food if the food isn't placed in a sealed container

You may tut-tut and think that I've gone completely loco, but I once thought that no educational authority in their right mind would ever ban the game of conkers or snow balling in the school play ground on a Health and Safety ticket. And; only a few weeks ago I read that some Bingo Caller in Sudbury, Suffolk, had been approached by a guy from the local council and told to moderate his method of calling out numbers. He said that a call of "Two fat ladies 88" could offend his audience. Later, the town council defended the advice they had given to the Bingo Caller saying he should stop saying "two fat ladies" and "legs 11"

I have this theory.

We should conscript all the guys who work for these 'LAWYERS SCREW 'U' DOT Com' firms who advertise their ware on the telly and ship every man jack of them off to Afghanistan to clear roadside mines. If we did this, I bet that commonsense would once more reign supreme and the next time I bought a keyboard, all the 'arse covering bumf' would fit on just one page



Stewart Howard
the club's new Safety Officer



Ian Buckley's P51

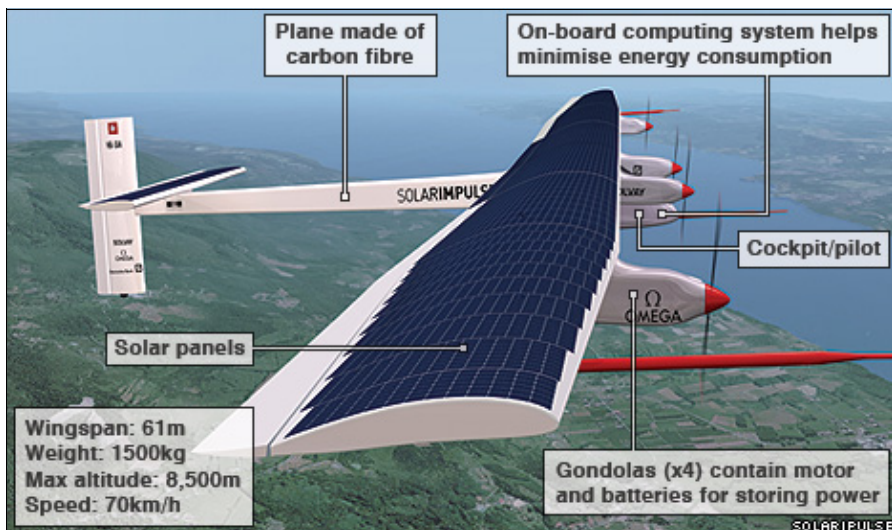
First test for record solar plane

The prototype of a solar-powered plane destined for a record round-the-world journey has made its first trip across a runway. On Thursday, the plane covered at least 2km at speeds of up to five knots on the landing strip in Switzerland.

This week saw the Solar Impulse plane outside its hangar for the first time, with tests of its motors and computer. As wide as a jumbo jet but weighing just 1,500 kg, it will be piloted by Swiss adventurer Bertrand Piccard. The plane's maiden flight is scheduled for February, and a final version will attempt to cross the Atlantic in 2012.

Thursday's "taxiing" test was carried out with a security trolley device under the cockpit to protect the craft in case the landing gears broke. But Friday's test will be carried out without this device. The team will also try to double the speed to 10 knots.

A spokesperson for Solar Impulse said the first runway test went just as planned. "It was just fantastic today. We are very excited about it," she told BBC . Today's activities are designed to give the test pilot a feel for how the plane moves on the ground.



If the tests are successful, the next step will be a short flight, or "flea hop" in about two weeks' time. Solar Impulse chief executive Andre Borschberg told BBC News: "We'll take off at the beginning of the runway, fly a few metres above it - a little bit like the Wright brothers did in 1903 - and then land again, to see how it behaves at the beginning of the flight.

"If this is satisfactory, we will dismantle it and transport it [to Payerne air force base in western Switzerland] where we will do the real first flight of about two hours, in February." But each step will be a careful one, Mr Borschberg stressed. "This is truly a new design - an airplane the size of an Airbus and the weight of a mid-sized car - so we're not taking risks by not understanding something."



Mark O Conner with his
3M Storm (December)



Keith Rathbone and Ken Buckley having a chat
with Ken's and Phil Clarke's Canberra's



Peter Stanwell

Spectacles and Spectates

By Derek Illsley

Simon's article on his half scale glider caused me some amusement since my sanity is also suspect.

Some hundred of hours of work in the design and build, a couple of grand's worth of building materials, motor, batteries, electronics etc and then all heaved off a hillside into half a gale.

To a non modeller (and to plenty of modellers) it would seem a bit odd but the spectacle of a 6m plus glider soaring away against the backdrop of grey clouds and rolling moorland is a thing of beauty. The old ego thing is there of course but so is the sense of achievement and the adrenaline fix. OK, the logistics of carting it around the country can be a bit of a bind and assembly on the hill or field is not done in a minute or two but the bigger the effort the bigger the reward.

These larger models have the benefit of being more easily seen at a distance and that brings me to the Spectacles part of the heading above. Eyesight often deteriorates with age and can be slow. This slow deterioration is insidious and in my case was only really brought home when I obviously couldn't see models at a distance as well as fellow fliers.

Purchase of spectacles followed an eye test and reading was greatly improved. Clarity of distant objects did not initially seem to be much improved and I felt resigned acceptance. It so happens that 1m span electric projectiles flying at around 200 mph are the current thing in the local club. I had the greatest of difficulty in seeing these missiles hurling about but the spectacles made all the difference.

Hopefully this improvement will result in a change to the "Which way is it going?" scenario and the ensuing problems. Apart from other benefits such as one crash averted saves more than the price of the spectacles.

Hands-free binoculars, 2006

Can't see the action from your seat in row Z? Arms full of snacks from the concessions bar? Sportbinox's strap-on binoculars are for you, providing hands-free long-range vision for only \$24.95, plus the additional cost to your dignity. Launched in 2006 and (amazingly) still on sale now, find them at snorthbinox.com



Sophisticated Lady -- Wing Redesign.

By David Read.

When I joined the L&MMGA in the summer of 2000, after a recommendation by Phil Clarke and Don Robinson, I only had one glider amongst my collection of power models and that was a 72in span basic design appropriately named Simpleton from Bowmans of Ipswich.

This model kept me going for a little while until I built a Pogo, from "Bradbury Models", which really should have been made from plywood as it kept being mangled in combat and didn't last very long. So I built another one, no, not in plywood!

However, after gaining a bit more experience of slope soaring I thought it would be nice to have a lightweight glider, better than the Simpleton, for the days when the wind dropped and thermals took over.

Phil and Don recommended the Goldberg Sophisticated Lady, 76in span rudder and elevator glider, as they both had them and they seemed to go quite well. Phil lent me the plan and I built the model using balsa and ply and included the small changes, that Phil recommended, to strengthen the fuselage and fin.

The model flew ok but after a while I noticed that performance was not as good as other built-up lightweight gliders flown in the club and assumed that this was due to the flat bottomed wing section of the S/Lady compared to the under cambered section of the other models.

This brought out the competitive instinct in me so I had to find another better lightweight glider or as Phil suggested, design another wing for the S/Lady which would be a cheaper alternative.

I had a look at the sections included in John Hunt's aerofoil wing section program which is downloaded from the L&MMGA website <http://www.lmmga.co.uk/downloads.html> Foils 4.2f The comments in the Edit heading for the SD7032 section seemed to match what I wanted which was a high-lift slow flying thermal glider.

The website http://www.glanders.dk/airfoil_history_class.htm also gave the SD7032 a good write-up so that confirmed the decision. Incidentally, that website also gave information on an Aquila aerofoil (Aquilasm) which is the same one used in the S/Lady and given a thumbs down for aerodynamics.

After discussion with Phil and Don we decided to go for a 7ft span with the same root chord as the existing wing, 9in, tapering to 7in at the tip. This allowed me to have a centre section 5ft long, which fits in the car, and removable tips of 1ft each. The centre section only would

have flaperons. The new and existing wings would be interchangeable.

Using Foils 4.2f program I printed off the 3 sections required allowing for 1/16in balsa covering and stuck them on aluminium sheet which was cut and filed down to suit the aerofoil. Phil, aided by Ken Buckley, (experts in the job) then hot wire cut the centre sections and tips from polystyrene virgin foam blocks supplied by me. I covered the separate pieces of foam with the 1/16in thick sheet balsa then added the balsa leading and trailing edges but leaving room for the 2ins wide flaperons. The centre sections were epoxyed together with 1ins total dihedral while the tips were plugged in at a dihedral of 1in each side relative to the centre section. The tips were covered in green Solarfilm and the centre section in white Solartex. Each flaperon was controlled by a Hitec HS82 MG servo.



Dave Read

The first flight was at the Pool on a day when weather and lift were poor but the model did fly without doing anything much different from that before the modification. The encouraging thing was the positive positioning for landing with the aid of flaps as the model didn't waffle about like the original did. The next flight was on another day when Phil flew his S/Lady so there was a direct comparison but there appeared to be no improvement in flight performance.

I then decided to increase the wing span to 9ft by building up 1ft long tips and bonding them on to the existing wing tips. This was done and from the one flight so far it seems that the performance has improved. The model has slowed down and now has to have coupled rudder and aileron to make an effective turn. The tailplane is unaltered and I don't intend to make any more changes to the wing.

The website http://www.ae.uiuc.edu/m-selig/ads/coord_database.html is a useful site for those who want an aerofoil. An aerofoil's co-ordinates can be downloaded and pasted into Foil's 4.2f provided the number of co-ordinate points do not exceed 61.

I know that we are all looking forward to some good flying days in this coming season and that flying a lightweight thermal glider is like watching paint dry but at least it allows getting into the air when everything else is grounded due to lack of lift.

Some Notes on the Newsletter

Ted Horton

Sitting at my PC with the obligatory green eyeshade on (What else does a trainee Newsletter editor wear?), my first thought was, "What do I do now?" Being a chronic hoarder, I dug out my LMMGA file, which goes back to 1976 and turned to the first entries. These are one or two sheet newsletters produced by, who else, but our much loved retiring editor. Some of these were produced on a spirit duplicator showing, even then, that Ivan was at the cutting edge of technology. They were usually annual, sometimes two in a year. The main content, then, was competition dates and results and the club finances. There were also pleas for members to stick to the rules (nothing new there then!). Problems with the gates, litter, power models on the full-size club field, para gliders and, in 1986, we were close to losing the Elkstone site due to someone persistently overflying property at the foot of the slope. Later, names like John Varley and Bruce Wood were producing newsletters. My early newsletters run from 1978 to 1988 with one newsletter in June 1993. Were there any I missed?

In 1980 an annual inter-club competition began with a club called H.O.R.S.E (Hill Or Ridge Sourcing Enthusiasts) who 'flew' at Weston Coyney. I quote from the 1980 newsletter:

Comp 1

This in the trade could be called a grudge flight. A motley bunch of guys (one in particular) who fly on a couple of ant hills near a place called Weston Coyney, have been shouting the odds and making themselves a thorough nuisance for quite a while now. The gauntlet was finally thrown down when the above person (who shall be nameless) said that the only good flying he'd seen on our slopes was when one of our chaps had a spot of radio trouble. The bell for the first round will go at 11am prompt.

I'm sure you recognise the style? When I first went to their site I thought "If they can fly here, they should wipe the floor with us; they didn't. I seem to recall them marching in a line down to the pool launch point headed by a bagpiper in a kilt. Does anyone else remember this, or is it me? 'Horse' continued to feature in competition lists for some years.

In March 1996, as if by magic (or was it Ivan?), the newsletter became a 20 page booklet. Black and white photo's featured on the cover until, in July 1997, a colour front and back page appeared. Ivan introduced more and more colour. (How many members still have 'A ROUND TUIT' Ivan sent with the December 2000 issue? This was to work miracles with all my outstanding jobs or so I thought!)

Browsing through, I was struck by the number of people who contributed to the newsletter over the years. Names like "Grumble Bee", "Di and

Polly” and “Ramblings of an Ancient Aeromodeller”. Long may they continue!

Ivan will be a hard act to follow!

How Green is My Valley

By Derek Illsley

It is interesting to compare the carbon footprint of a slope soarer with a gas turbine model when both are in flight. It is even more interesting to compare the efficiency of the model turbine with its big brother

The soarer has effectively no footprint, causes no aggravation and buzzards are even happy to fly alongside in lifting air. A far cry indeed from a model gas turbine with a voracious appetite for fuel.

A litre of fuel for my 20lb model will keep it aloft for about 12 minutes. In that time it will have flown around twenty-five miles. A gallon would therefore have taken it a hundred and twenty-five miles (or near enough)

There are two hundred and eighty gallons of fuel in a ton so a ton of fuel would take it thirty five thousand miles. The twenty pound of model weight is, let us say, one hundredth of a ton so, in ton miles per gallon, the model turbine would go three hundred and fifty miles. Your Boeing weighing 300 tons and flying the two thousand miles to New York would need :-

$$\frac{300 \text{ tons} \times 2000 \text{ miles}}{350 \text{ miles per ton}} = 1714 \text{ tons}$$

A gallon of diesel will take my car, weighing a ton and a quarter, sixty miles. This equates to seventy five ton miles per gallon or 21,000 ton miles per ton of diesel. At this rate the Boeing would need :-

$$\frac{300 \times 2,000}{21,000} = 28 \text{ tons}$$

This is in the same order (I think) of the actual case. My figures for the model turbine must surely be wrong and I am open to correction.

A Tale of a Winters Day at the Gate
By Lance Boil

With the second half of December and most of January seeing the UK covered in a thick blanket of snow with temperatures rarely above freezing, I thought this tale from the passed appropriate

You would think that a guy with a name like Mac McDermac would be more Scottish than Robby Burns was when he had a glass of Single Malt Scotch Whisky in one hand and a half eaten Haggis in the other, but you'd be wrong. Mac McDermac was born, bred and brought up within the sound of



Bow Bells and what's more, he was proud of it. He always made a point of slipping this little nugget into the conversation at least once a day no matter what the topic was at the time. As a matter of interest, he was well into his 22 year by the time he first crossed that great divide at 'Watford Gap'

It goes without saying that a man who has spent the first part of his life in ear shot of the famous Bow Bells would have a strong cockney accent; but only those who have actually spoken to Mac will appreciate the importance of those skilled translators at international diplomatic conferences. In fact, I think Mac deliberately over did the cockney bit just to make a statement. It was because of his exaggerated cockney accent that most guys on



the slope called him 'Free Macs'. This was because he had three Macs in his name and he pronounced his 'Th's as F's' -- e.g. " Firtyfree fousand fefers on a frushes froat"

I wouldn't exactly describe Free Macs as an obnoxious man but having said that, most of the regular slopers could only tolerate him in small doses. ~ You probably know what I mean! We've all met a Free Macs in our lives.

I personally felt that if I spent more than a couple of hours in his company I would become a prime candidate for those men who wear white coats and arrive on the scene in a modified NHS van. Mind you! I never really put this theory to the test because I always found some excuse to get away from him before the allotted two hours were up.



What really got up my nose about Free Macs was that no matter what the subject of conversation was, he would always go one better than you. For instance! If I said that I'd manages to build my latest floater for as little as 5 ounces a square foot;

Free Macs would have finished building his floater a week earlier than me and his had come out at $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces a square foot. On the other hand, he could always manage to find the extra space to squeeze half a pound more ballast into an identical model than I could.

However, Free Macs had an Achilles heel. To compare his wiring installation to a snake pit would have been an insult to any God fearing snake. In fact, it was not unknown for Free



Macs to save the price of a plug and socket by twisting the ends of two pieces of wire together. Needless to say, he had more land outs than anyone else although he always put this down to his incredible run of bad luck in finding all the patches of sink.

The last time I ever saw Free Macs was sometime in the mid 70's. I don't remember the year but I do remember that it was a Sunday in January and we had to leave the cars on the wrong side of the Mermaid pub and walk the last bit to the Gate because of a couple of really deep snowdrifts.

it had stopped snowing but there was still a fine powder of snow being misted along the ground in the wind leaving about 3 to 4 inches of hard frozen snow on the hillside but filling up all the gullies and hollows so that the Gate site seemed almost featureless.

We hadn't renewed the old wooden gate in the mid 70's and it was nailed shut to prevent it from falling down. This meant that most pilots in the early to mid 70's preferred to stand on the road side of the wall to the left of the gate and launch their models over the

reeds. The wall also offered some relief from the biting cold wind ~ you should try it sometime. ~ Only four of us including Free Macs had braved the weather that day; the other two were Shuff and Brookers.



We'd been flying for about half an hour when Free Mace hit one of his 'Patches of Sink' and landed out to our left by the fence that overlooks the pub. It

wasn't so much a landing more a vertical ground attack. I heard the crunch, looked across to see a yellow fuselage standing almost vertical in the snow with its tailplane sticking out sideways giving it a crucifix like appearance. The nose was buried in the ground just stopping a millimetre or so short of where the leading edge of the wing should have been. The wing itself was nowhere in sight.

"An excellent spot landing Mac", Shuff said as Free Macs climbed over the gate and started his trek towards the plane.

As he crunched his way past us on the other side of the wall, I said to the two other guys, "Do you think we should remind him about the Gully?" The gully was more like a ravine and is at least 30ft deep in places. However, there was no sign of it today. It was filled in to the same level as the rest of the surrounding ground.

There was an exaggerated hurt look of surprised on their faces and a shrug of shoulders that equated to a resounding no. I must admit I felt the same, after all, how do you tell something to a man who knows everything?

I kept one eye on my model, which was at a reasonable height and the other on the bobbing head and shoulders of Free Macs as he headed

toward his plane. Suddenly the bobbing head and shoulders disappeared.

No one spoke for well over a minute. "He'll only have gone down to his knees" Brookers eventually said; there was another minute's silence before I stepped up to the wall and glanced in the direction of where the gully should have been. I saw a hole about 2ft 6 inches in diameter at the end of a line of footprints; there was no sign of Free Macs. "You're crap with your down to his knees estimation I said to Brookers There's nothing out there except a hole in the snow"

"We'll give the bugger a couple of minutes to cool down Shuff said, and in any case, it'll be nice to have a minutes or so free from his bullshitting."

We continued to fly our planes with not a word passing between us; it was a bit eerie. I think that minute or two free of bullshitting stretched to more like three or four minutes before we finally landed and set off to look for Free Macs.

Being the lightest, I was conscripted into making the rescue attempt. I lay flat on my stomach to spread the load and inched my way towards the hole.

Lying down to spread my weight made great sense to me because given the choice of spending time trapped in the same hole as Free Macs or having both of my thumbs savaged by a 3lb lump hammer I would have chosen the lump hammer every time and we all know the value of thumbs to a man who flies radio control models.

Free Macs's head was about 18 inches below the surface of the snow. There was some evidence of a bit of thrashing about but when I first peered down he was quite still.

"Are you OK I asked?" For the next minute and half the outburst of blasphemous language coming out of that hole would have shamed a wagon full of drunken coal miners. I'll give credit to Free Macs for one thing; he never once used the same word twice.

When he finally ran out of word I told him to keep still while Brookers ran back to the cars for his tow rope.

It was while we were waiting for Brookers to come back with the

rope that I remembered an occasion that happened in my short trouser days. I'd come into the house rather blooded from a fight with a bigger lad. My mother looked at me and said. "The next time you pick on someone bigger than yourself, make sure they are in a position where they can't hit back".

Now that Free Macs had finally run out of words I couldn't miss this once in a lifetime opportunity so I told him this bullshit story of how

I was once trapped under the snow for $23\frac{1}{2}$ hours as a result of an avalanche accident during a skiing holiday in Switzerland. I lauded it on about having nothing to eat or drink etc. and ended up saying that in my opinion even James Bond would have struggled to have survived such an ordeal.



Then I added under my breath 'Beat that you bragging bastard'

It was exactly 25 minutes to the second from the time Free Macs had disappeared until he was once more standing on firm ground. He'd not said a word since that initial outburst. His usual ruddy face was now pale and it had a slight hint of florescent blue about it particularly on the ear lobes and at the end of his nose and he had a shaking ague that made his bottom lip quiver so much that his intake of breathe was staccato like

We managed to get him over the gate and back to his car without too much trouble although he did hesitate a little when we came to the first of the two snowdrifts until I managed to convince him that it was only three feet deep.

I started the engine, turned the heater up to maximum and helped him into the driving seat. We told him that we were going back for

the models and would see him later

When we arrived back at the cars Free Macs had gone, mind you, we did have another half hour or so flying while we collected the models.

I never saw or heard from Free Macs again. There was talk of him tuning all religious and becoming a minister of the church, but having heard that outburst coming out of the snow hole that Sunday in January, I never did give this rumour much credence.

PS

Bye the way! If you ever find yourself in a pub or restaurant and overhear someone talking in a strong cockney accent and he mentioned Bow Bells and tells a story of how he was trapped under the snow in a crevasse for 24 hours up on the Leek moorlands; That'll be Free Macs and the buggers at it again.

Event Dates 2010

From our event organiser Simon Cocker

April 18th FFF

May 16th FFF

July 25th FFF

August 21/22 Scale Sailplanes Fly-in

September 26th FFF

As the weather will always dictate when and where we fly, if we fly, I am not specifying a flying category. We will know the Saturday before what should happen & then we will decide what we will do.

Pylon, cross country, aerobatics, speed, limbo, foamy fun, we will need to have all types of models on standby including electric gliders too..

We have to be totally fluid to beat the weather Gods!!

If in any doubt bring them all that will be our policy. Be warned we will be having a good laugh on our FFF days out together. **Simon.**