



TORQUE BACK

Hobart Model Aero Club Inc. (00549C)

Patron: Doug Chipman

email: csvenn@bigpond.com

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Editor – Sue Venn

A Front Page of The Mercury 1976



Garth Wilmot's daughter, Sally, aged 13 years, taken at TAS state championships in a field opposite Kelly Field.

As Garth says, "My wife Jan, my eldest son Robin, and Sally all learned to fly, but only as a casual interest.

Jan even had her own glider with flower power stickers on the wings!

Youngest son Tony had no interest, but became proficient in model yacht racing which also came under the wing of the club, and he won a trophy for best junior at the national championships held at Risdon Brook dam in 1980".

President's Corner

Well there is little to write about this month as all has been very quiet at Kelly field. The usual participants have been flying no matter what the weather, almost in gumboots.

We have gained another new member and a possible second.

The rain recently has flooded KF and will be very slow to recede with little wind or sun to assist. The grass is slowly getting longer. This has made the strips difficult for flying, particularly aircraft with smaller wheels. This situation will continue for some time until it is dry enough to be able to use the mowers, so hang in there and it will be attended to at the earliest opportunity.

We have at present an issue with blockages in the Gents toilet. We are slowly getting to the 'bottom' of the problem with pumping etc. so in the meantime use the Female Toilet and leave it clean and tidy please.

Due to Covid and little business to conduct, our Committee meeting has been put off until 20th September. If you have any issues, please advise before this date so it can be included at the meeting.

Happy and safe flying,

Barry Gerrard



Editors Notes

Some of us have never seen Kelly Field in such a soggy state as this Winter. It did rather put a dampener on activities. However Spring is springing up, with hopes of more cheerful (and drier) opportunities for flying!

Sue



Peter Ralph's Timber UMX Ultra Micro. The runway being chronically water logged, STOL models both large and small have proved most practical. Conventional models have in some cases been unable to take off, and if they do become airborne, will quite often tip onto their nose on landing due to the extremely high drag of the grass with a layer of water on the ground surface.

Fun with a Spitfire

Bob Miller

My AVIUS (Hobby King) MKV Spitfire BM144.
1450mm wingspan. Flying weight 260 -2700 gms. 6S Lipo battery.



You will note that the roundels on the upper wing surface are incorrect.

I had stuck the lower ones on the top before realizing, so I should order a correct set to lay over these.



The pilot I had to buy from UK, part painted, and I finished the paint job before strapping him in.



This is a Microsoft Simulator screen shot of MKV Spitfire BM144 lined up for take off at Hobart Airport, so I can fly the Simulator model and my real model. This is just a coincidence and a good one for me.

Short final approach to Hobart on the Simulator.



Which one is the model?

The F4U Corsair is a Park Zone Ultra Micro. 400mm wingspan and takes 1S Lipos and weighs 42gms.



One of its flights was out of our garage and into the back yard, where it was pounced on by a pack of Bf....., no, ...Noisy Miners. It was an early flight and the pilot in his surprise managed to park it in a nearby small cloud, or was it a small gumtree sapling? My dreams have included a rear gun.

If the COVID thing had not occurred this year, last May Fiona and I were

booked to go to UK, and I had a Spitfire flight out of Biggin Hill. Fortunately most of our costs have been recovered. Sadly though, I don't see going back over there at the present.



Bob McAllister sent us info about RCH closing down.

Members may be interested

For remaining stock on hand look up:

rchqwerribee@gmail.com (Peter Abbey)

A Model Aircraft Story



What's this doing in the newsletter?

You've got to cut me a little slack guys. What with Covid 19, winter weather and a wife with a quad going up and down, round and round, dodging trees and and the occasional visitor, life is hard enough, but when the horrible thing comes and looks at me through the bay doors I get stressed.

"Yeah we understand, but model aeroplanes this piece is not" you say. So I put my case.

If it takes off, flies, lands in good usable condition after flight, and all this without a pilot or any form of radio or mechanical control then it is in my opinion a free flight model aircraft. Especially as it's flight lasted longer than for many models I've watched and it certainly looks better at flights end.

Like the pulse jet this piece goes back almost as many years. Out on one of the properties Butch (a mate) and I were given the enviable task of cutting up firewood using a ginormous Villiers 250cc two man chainsaw - which as an aside, is one reason for my intense dislike of 2stroke motors.

Anyway, I digress. Becoming bored with the intellectual challenge of firewood cutting we explored a big shed nearby which contained a Case tractor, hay and a rusting heap of old gear. Butch gave a shout for me to see what he'd found. A long pipe (12yo boy long) with some largish holes drilled along it's length with about 6 heavy chains attached just below a screw on cap on one end and a point on the other. Each chain had a big cast hook on the free end. We dug it out and laying it in the grass, set off to settle our curiosity.

Turns out it is a log gun for splitting logs to make fence posts. The idea being, you drilled a hole down the centre, drove the pipe in attached the chain to the base of the log by hammering in the hooks and with the aid of dynamite and a bang, produced about 6 or so nice clean posts. To be honest I have no idea if this was some weird invention attributable only to the fertile imagination

of one of the family under alcoholic stimulation or a successful genuine product available on the market but I now think the former is closer to the mark. We absorbed the info and set off to put theory into practice.

You can see what's coming, but I should point out that Butch and I had spent some time during previous holidays on a farm at Rotorua where his uncle had a problem with steep sided holes formed by volcanic activity. Sheep could fall into them ok but not get out, and we were supposed to help as gofers (though I now suspect it was to provide respite for our parents) when they started blasting the holes into more acceptable depressions out of which a sheep could climb. Worked well and we became quite familiar with explosives in a sort of ignorant way.



We augured a nice tight hole in the log, used a sledge hammer to encourage the pipe to enter, and attached the hooks round the far end. It all looked pretty good except laying flat on the ground didn't seem best engineering practice so we stood it up on it's hooks, removed the end cap and shoved a quantity of blasting powder down the pipe along with a det and fuse out through a hole in the cap.

The gods must have been smiling that day, there was one hell of a bang, the log was reduced to firewood and chips and the pipe was no longer there. Butch spotted it and advised me of the fact by shouting NILS RUN. Which I did, overtaking him easily. Having covered the 200M in about 2 seconds we stopped to look and there it was, chains flailing above the trees descending, to arrive, relatively undamaged, with a thump on the shed roof in which it bashed a few more holes. I think we might have mis-judged the quantity or type of explosive somehow.

We got away with that one. The adults thought a neighbour was blasting, and whilst my old man questioned the quantity of splintered wood he never deduced the cause and why the wood heap grew by a couple of sqM of very ragged firewood, in a great variety of sizes. The good news - we now were experts in using log guns.

When we arrived back home, mum appeared pleased to see us, baking a special cake and the old man spent a couple of weeks in the knowledge something had been going on but he couldn't figure out what.

I claim this is a model aircraft story suitable for our newsletter.

Fly safely guys

Nils Powell

On hearing of Nil's boyhood escapades I am amazed he made it to adulthood! Ed.



The Chief Flying Instructor having the finer points of drone flying pointed out to him by his wife Billie. Billie is flying her DJI Mavic Mini.



Anyone have an old laptop computer that is surplus to requirements? Up to 10 years old is no problem. Must be able to boot though.

Peter Ralph: Phone/text 0431 821 966

Photos taken last month at Kelly Field

Once again many thanks to Peter Ralph.



Instructor JJ with student Peter Arrowsmith. Peter is making rapid progress in a very short time. A good instructor or a talented student? Undoubtably a mix of both.



Relaxing flying..... Stuart Smith's glider. Must be one of the longest lived models at HMAc. Seems to have been around for ever.

Phil Murrel says, "This one I built from plans in about 1980 and it sat unfinished for many years until I dragged it out a few years back . Powered by Enya 60 it flies well and goes where it is pointed. I think it was a 1970's design called Cresendo, have long since lost the plans."



"This is an old Topflight kit called 'Freshman Trainer' dates back from 1970's. Originally for .29 to .40 2 stroke but flies much better on Electric power source. Model sustained multiple crashes and only original parts are outer wing panels and rear half of fuselage, should have been put in bin years ago but I had a degree of sentiment about this model so glad I didn't."
Phil



A Hobby King model of a T2000 ultra light from the Czech Republic. Model owned by Glenn Pearce.

A member with various interests - Damian Blackwell has a variety of fixed wing models from gliders to jets. Very slow to very fast. Also helicopters, and quads, and recently cars.



Word has it that the cost of set of replacement tyres for the car is approaching the cost of a set of retreads for the average family car.

