



May 2008

Transmitter

The Newsletter of the Palomar RC Flyers

RC Web Site — www.PalomarRCFlyers.org

Parents please pass this copy of the Transmitter on to your Junior Member(s) as you see fit.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

MAY 8TH

Attention Palomar R/C Flyers: Your "Fun Fly" team needs your support!!!

I received the following message concerning our team and while I have not been able to verify its authenticity...its message is ominous! It came to me as follows:

“ Sent: Monday, May 05, 2008 11:42 PM

Subject: ATTENTION ALL PILOTS!!! Please Distribute as necessary!!!!

This is now your official notice that I will be giving out a **BOUNTY REWARD** to any and all of our pilots competing in our " Inland Invitational R/C Fly-Off" that can knock Bob Peterson off of first place in the points standing for the event. The Bounty will be as follows, \$25 to the person who is not a "Palomar R/C Flyers" competing pilot for each remaining day of competition. This means a total of \$75, smackaroonis, samolians, green stamps, pesos, greenbacks, George Washington's and any other way you can say it. The objective here is to aid me in "KICKING BOB'S BUTT!!!" Now I am not saying to break anything of his related to his flying, **BUT**, should his engine mysteriously fall out of his plane mid flight or he prematurely runs out of fuel, wheels fall off, wing stay put as his fuse pulls away from it, transmitter batteries disappear during flight, or should a severe case of ground interference occur, we all would feel very bad for him! Tee Hee Hee!!!! Never the less lets all remember this is all just about having fun. Isn't it BOB?!?!

In addition to that, taking out any other "Palomar R/C Flyers" pilot from the top four position's in the points standings will earn you a \$10 entry into the next day's event. That means you get a free ride and a chance to "DO IT AGAIN" !

Now isn't that fun?!

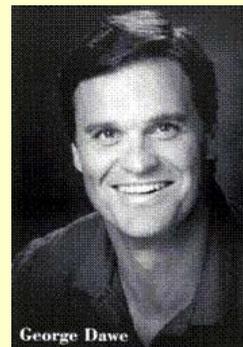
Angel J. Moreno

Menifee Valley Flyers-Club

President

&

"Palomar R/C Flyers" Bounty Reward Agent "



George Dawe

Normally I would think to myself self (that's me), this is just another case of Bob "Lawn Dart" Peterson being singled out

for his intense competitive nature. But this "BOUNTY" has been leveled against the whole team! It is an unmitigated outrage! (LOL) Its not the Palomar RC Pilots' fault that our pilots are so competitive that they seek perfection by blowing away the competition... is it?

Well...I guess from the other Clubs' point of view...it is a "FUN"-Fly so I guess the main goal is to have "FUN"...but winning is how the Palomar RC Pilots team has FUN...right? My question to my esteem Menifee counterpart is: "If your not suppose to WIN...WHY DO YOU KEEP SCORE!!!!??? LOL!!!"

Seriously, the Palomar RC Flyers team is in First Place and I encourage all of our club members to show up to our club's Interclub Fun Fly event on May 24, 2008 and support your team! Oh, and it is my understanding that Angel Moreno, Menifee Club President, and his lovely wife Tamara, will be at our field encouraging the other pilots and preparing lunch!

Please try to keep your comments to Angel, (regarding his "Bounty" email), civil. He means well and is just misguided. However, it is my understanding that Angel is finding his competitive spirit after being enticed to the "Dark Side of the Force" during the recent Palomar RC Flyer "Hunt for Yamamoto" Combat Event. (Recap below) Angel had apparently never seen a combat event before and became instantly hooked, planning to fly in our next event...so we should probably let his email slide...for now!

Our thanks go out to our Secretary David Truax, who with his relentless road crew, watered down the roadbase in order to make it a hardened surface. I heard the remark that the surface was now "like marble"...well not quite, but it was one heck of a fine job and it looks 150% better! Thanks guys!

The next phase of the demolition will be to cut-up the main sunshade of the fixed wing airfield into 300 cubic foot sections. By doing so, we will obviate the need to permit this sunshade. This will be accomplished shortly after the Helicopter Show.

The Fallbrook Airshow was held on April 20th and the Palomar RC Flyers were out in force! Glen Pohly, our project leader and "Airport Liaison" did an excellent job organizing this event. The Palomar RC Flyers flew the entire day with the event narrated expertly by President Emeritus, Bob Lang. Much credit goes to both Glenn and Varley Longson who together spent all day Saturday insuring that the 70 x 30 foot tarp was ready to go, loaded up and delivered to the field. They both put a lot of work into this event so thank them for their efforts the next time you see them! All participants earned some Palomar Dollars for this event so please contact Glen directly at 858.41.9749 or glen@pohly.net. how many dollars you earned. We had a great showing for this event and we were invited to participate at the upcoming Ramona Airfair! For those of you that have not participated in one of our illustrious Work Parties, Airshows or Mall shows this is your chance to earn some Palomar Dollars...the easy way, by helping to set up the tents, displaying a model, and or flying in the upcoming Ramona Airshow! Call Glen for details.

The Mall Show, originally scheduled for April 12 and corresponding Airshow/Swapmeet originally set for April 13th, was moved to May 3rd and 4th respectively. Unfortunately, despite Bob Peterson's gallant efforts not many members participated. There are many reasons why this show failed, but apathy tops the list. In fairness to all, the original date was probably better suited for the event given the events which occurred in San Diego on May 3rd - 4th weekend. I have learned that there was 3 area Model Events, one set of Red Bull Air Races and many members were helping to prepare for the upcoming Palomar RC Flyers Helicopter Show! The Board will take it on the chin for this one and try to spread out these events in the future! The winner of the RC Trainer Aircraft was David Drowns. I have personally contacted David and invited him to join the club! He then reminded me that he sits to my left at the Board Meetings...that's when I remembered that he and Butch Abongan flew in the last RC Combat event!

What an event it was! The Slow Survivable Combat Build was particularly entertaining! You see, it seems that all of the

“regular” Combat guys decided that they would gang up on your President! But in the end the “Butch or Bust” prevailed. I will let you all ask Butch: “What Happened?!” (Remember Butch, By the time you look to your six, its already too late!)

That action aside, the Slow Survivable contest had a good mix of differently skilled pilots. But, for the most part, the scores were very close! This demonstrates that anyone can fly successfully in a combat event with a little training. So come join the excitement and fun! (See the Combat article in this edition of the transmitter for details!)

By now the Helicopter show sanctioned for May 9th, 10th, and 11th is complete. Our Helicopter Chairman, Justin Barry did a fine job organizing the event. As I write this article, everything from Food to Sponsors is in place with the event 3 days away. Hopefully all went well as a lot of hard work went into the event by a lot of dedicated people! Our thanks goes out to all of those who assisted in the preparation and flew in the contest.

I want to remind the club that all work party schedules will be announced on an “as needed” basis at **either** the club general meeting or posted on the website. For those of you that can’t participate in physical labor this year offers many opportunities to exhibit your aircraft and earn Palomar Dollars in the upcoming Airshows and other events!

Again, I want to remind you Highway 15 slants in a NE direction. The further out you go, the more likely you will fly over the highway! Please be careful.

That’s all for this month. We have a few remaining events in late May and then we get a bit of a break until August. (Excluding the July 4th Cookout) Lets all have fun flying while keeping safety in mind! Again, I was amazed we had such a great turn out at our last meeting! At future meetings, particularly during the summer months, we have arranged some guest speakers that I hope you all will enjoy! Again, I hope you all will attend as many events as you can as participants and spectators!

Your President

George Dawe

In case everyone is wondering, the reason you received another e-mail of the newsletter is because I overlooked three pages of the President’s column. Also an item in the minutes for the Board meeting is inaccurate and unsubstantiated and therefore corrected. Editor

GENERAL MEETING 4-17-08

Meeting called to order by President George Dawe at 7:30 p.m.

A show of hands indicated we should have a good turn-out at the Fallbrook Air show this Sunday.

Sat. May 3rd will be our Mall show at Plaza Camino Real in Carlsbad, followed by an open house at the field on Sunday.

May 9th thru 11th will be our Heli Fun Fly at the field. Expected to appear are Curtis Youngblood and the Szabo Bros. Setup of the sunshades will take place on Thursday afternoon; volunteers accepted.

Negotiations are ongoing in our attempt to give the drivers stand from the car track to the Baona tribe for their racing facility. We demolished the sunshades for the side pavillions at the flying field and this will allow us some time before we have to do the division of the main sunshade into 300 square foot sections to meet the county requirements.

Joe Buko reported March expenses of \$3899. This included \$1085 for the aluminum tabletops, please wipe these down after each use to keep them from deteriorating. We also spent \$552 for the roadbase material under the sunshade. March's income was \$574. We have \$3083 in the checking and \$10467 in the money market fund for a total of \$13550.

George has a lead on a parcel of land through the BLM and he will be following up on it after our busy spring event .

Brad Butzbach's name was drawn for the attendance prize, an O.S. F.X. .25, but he was not here.

Darrell Albert will be the C.D. for this Sunday's combat event. Classes will be .25 open and .15 Slow Survivable Combat

Augusto Aravalo addressed the club to clarify an event that occurred the previous weekend. Membership chairman Varley

Longson had received faulty information about Augusto's current membership and approached Augusto about it. George appoligized for not providing Varley with correct background on Augusto and asked all members to show respect for all our members.

Glenn Pohley showed a battery analyzer from West Mountain Radio available from West mountain radio on line for \$150. The test results were far more complete than those from our usual load meters.

Justin Barry won model of the month with his Avant FX helicopter with carbon fiber upgrades, Y.S.91, Spectrun receiver and a Futaba gyro.

Joe Buko brought in his U Can Do 3D with a

Saito .61 4 stroke for power.

Terry Harner showed an SSC Mig with an O.S. L.A. .15 that he built at the session at George's house in March.

Raffle Winners

P-51 ARF	new member David Lang
S-3-A Viking	Darrel Albert
P-51 diecast	Mario Delisi
Magnum .46	John Hartzall
P-51 wooden display	Mario Delisi

BOARD MEETING 4-30-08

Meeting called to order at 7:00p.m.

Members in attendance:-

Buteh Abongen	Joe Buko
David Drowns	Curtis Kitteringham
Bob Peterson	George Dawe
Darrel Albert	David Truax

A car track member loaned his gate key to a non-member. George repossessed the gate key and told the member to appear before the board to reclaim the key but he did not appear.

The Board voted up to \$500 to pay for season's repairs. Larry Hufford was out today mowing for up-coming events.

Dave Truax finished watering & compacting the road base under the sunshade. It's now finished off like polished marble.

The Board voted to give George Dawe a check to pay a disposal company to clear out the wood and pipes stacked behind the dumpsters.

George has laid out the cuttings needed to make the heli and pilot sunshades legal in the county's eyes. These projects will be done over the summer.

Joe Buko's Treasurer's Report

\$820	income
\$814	expenses
\$3,190	checking account
\$10,440	money market
\$13,630	total assets

The Raffle fund stands at \$400. The Board voted to add \$200 to the raffle fund.

Meeting adjourned at 8:30 p.m.

FUN FLY TIME

May 17th is the date. We will be having what would normally be called out Club Fun Fly. This time we are inviting anyone with an AMA membership to join us. The reason is we have not been having the greatest turnout for these events. The cost to fly in this event is NOTHING. The prize to the winner is just the honor of beating all those other LOSERS. It is a chance to hone your skills and have fun doing it.

The Fun Fly will start at 10AM. It should be over about noon. We will fly as many flights as possible depending on the amount of entrants. No part of the event will threaten your airplane any more than regular flying. No Limbos, balloon busts, or figure 9's. Don't let FEAR stop you, 'Mon down.

MALL AND AIR SHOW

Our spring mall show and air show were a complete disaster. About 35 airplanes were promised for the show, but only 12 showed up. I think we need member support to make these events work. Butch came by to help and I talked him into bringing 4 of his combat planes in to help fill the void. As the display wasn't anything to brag about, we didn't get many people stopping by to ask questions. Last years Raffle brought in \$600 on the first day. This year we got a big \$65 for the whole day. We opened it to members and ended up with \$240. The "Ready to Fly" trainer was won by Dave Drowns. He bought his tickets on Sunday morning about an hour before the drawing. He will be using it for training new pilots. Thanks, Dave.

INTER-CLUB FUN FLY

Our 3rd event of this fun fly will be at our field **on May 24th**. We will have teams from Temecula, Menifee, Hemet, and Gillman Springs here to compete.

After 2 completed rounds the Palomar team is in FIRST place. Our team members, Bill Hill, Butch Abongan, Gary Thompson and I are all in the top 5 places overall. There has just been a bounty put on all of us of REAL cash to knock us out of the top places. We would sure appreciate having some of you come down to cheer us on. There will be Hamburgers or Hot Dogs and Chile for only \$5. Before eating you can watch YOUR team kick butt. This event also lasts only about two hours. There will be open flying for all after the event.

This is an email sent to all the clubs participating in the Inter Club Fun fly. See why we need your support????

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Angel J. Moreno

Menifee Valley Flyers-Club

President & "Palomar R/C Flyers" Bounty Reward Agent



Richard Martin, Jr - Yak 54
w/OS.



John Cutler - Beautiful Fleet Biplane



David Drowns (middle)
winner of mall raffle.

Airshow & Swap Meet

May 4, 2008

The Swap meet got underway before 7am with a half dozen early bird sellers. The number of sellers was very low this year, but surprisingly many of the sellers went home with little or nothing left. One of the windfalls for the club, was from the Grimmicks, former members, who have been out of the hobby for quite a few years. They brought three very nice and unopened kits, donated to the Club, that were turned over to Dennis Teason to be used in the Club raffle. You may want to attend upcoming Club meetings to get in on the coming monthly raffle.

The Airshow started promptly at 9am, however only 3 pilots showed up to fly.

Gary Thompson - Mach Racer and Paratroop Jumper, John Cutler - Beautiful Fleet Biplane, Richard Martin, Jr - Yak 54 w/OS .61

Later Bill Hill also put on a show with his Electric speedsters and David Drowns also put up a couple of his new combat planes. And as the show closed, David put up one of the Club Trainers and instructed several of the kids at the show using a Buddy box. These kids really enjoyed their first taste of RC flying.

The raffle of a complete Trainer aircraft, Radio and Club membership was run by Bob Peterson. The raffle was started at the Mall Show, the day before, at the Carlsbad Mall. The winning draw went to none other than David Drowns. (see photo below).

Gary Thompson

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- P-51B Shangri-La Olive 46 ARF Airplane
- P-51D Mustang Silver 46 ARF Airplane
- Macchi 205 Veltro Series-I 46 ARF Airplane
- Kawasaki Ki-61-I Hien 46 ARF Airplane "Blue Tail"
- Kawasaki Ki-61 Hien ("Tony") 46 ARF Airplane Camo/all
- Cap 10 1.20 ARF Airplane
- Dragon Fly Yellow/Black EP/Glow Airplane
- Cap 10.60 Red 60 ARF Airplane
- Hurricane 60 ARF Airplane Brown Camo



NEW PLANES DUE LATE MAY:

- AT-6 Texan Red 46 Size ARF Airplane
- Focke-Wulf FW-190A 46 ARF Airplane Green/Yellow
- Focke-Wulf FW-190A 46 ARF Airplane Olive
- Mig-3 46 ARF White Airplane

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Sent in by
Robert Wylie



MODEL OF THE MONTH

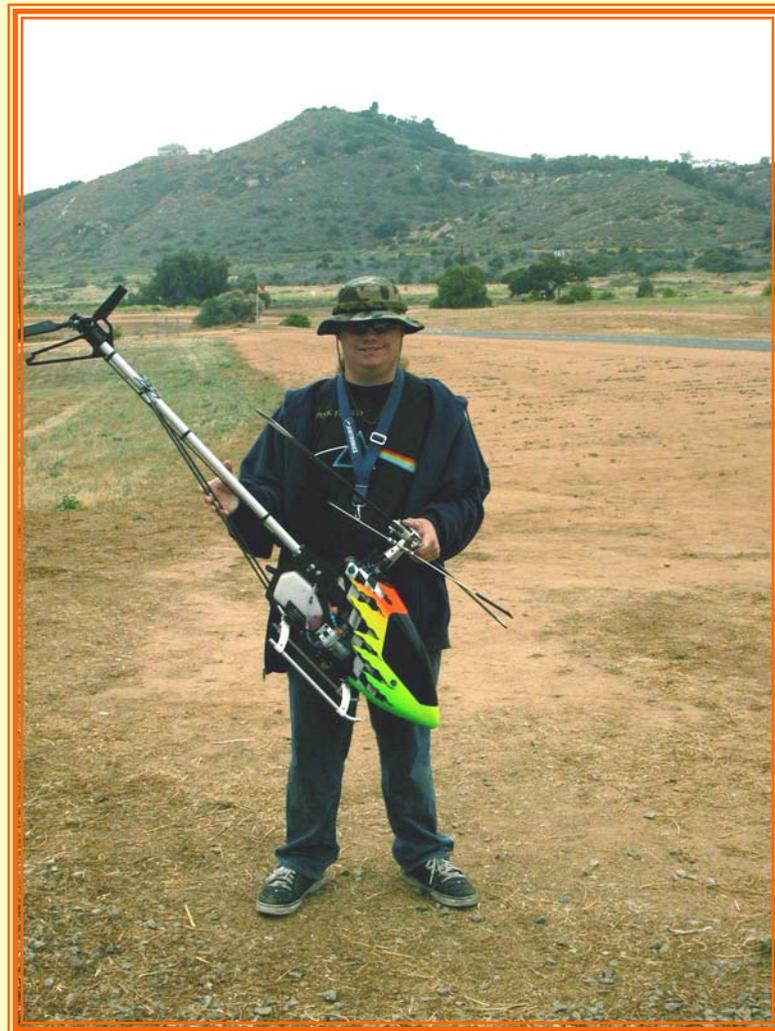
For APRIL

Won by Justin Barry

AVANT FX Carbon Extreme

Powered by a YS 91 Sr. The model comes from a kit and has a rotor span of 690 mm.

Justin acquired it used for about \$1700.00 with the AVANT programmable head and quick UK swash plate.



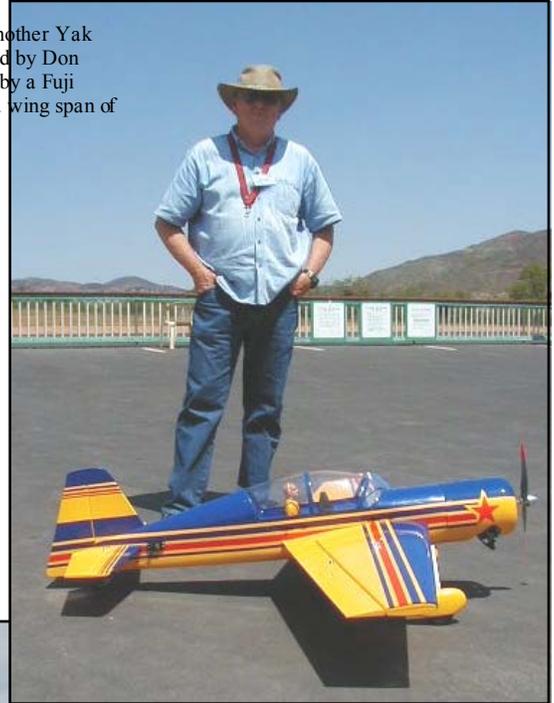
SEEN AT THE FIELD

By Ethyl Burke



Our Newsletter Editor showed up at the field with his completed Mig 7 combat aircraft for it's maiden flight which went off without a hitch. Sean says he's ready for George. We'll see next Sunday

Popularity is rising with another Yak by Seagull brought to our field by Don Cleary. This one is powered by a Fuji 24cc gas engine 2.4 lb. with a wing span of 64-1/2 in.



Alan Wolstenholme has built a Four-Star kit from Sig and has flown many successful flights. It is powered with a 60 size 2-stroke and covered with Solartex. Alan had flown years back and built several warbirds covered with silk. We are glad to have him re-established in the hobby again.

John Cutler is flying a new Aeroworks Yak 54 with a DA-50 gas engine and 85 in. wing span. He made his own race pilot out of styrofoam & fiberglass. John liked this one so much that he bought another Yak by Maxford Products that weighs less than 10 lbs. He runs an SPE-26 gas engine in this one and it has a 70 in. wing span.



HUNT FOR YAMAMOTO

April 27th







A pilot's story about the SR-71, the Black Bird

In April 1986, following an attack on American soldiers in a Berlin disco, President Reagan ordered the bombing of Muammar Qaddafi's terrorist camps in Libya. My duty was to fly over Libya and take photos recording the damage our F-111's had inflicted. Qaddafi had established a 'line of death,' a territorial marking across the Gulf of Sidra, swearing to shoot down any intruder that crossed the boundary. On the morning of April 15, I rocketed past the line at 2,125 mph.

I was piloting the SR-71 spy plane, the world's fastest jet, accompanied by Maj. Walter Watson, the aircraft's reconnaissance systems officer (RSO). We had crossed into Libya and were approaching our final turn over the bleak desert landscape when Walter informed me that he was receiving missile launch signals. I quickly increased our speed, calculating the time it would take for the weapons—most likely SA-2 and SA-4 surface-to-air missiles capable of Mach 5—to reach our altitude. I estimated that we could beat the rocket-powered missiles to the turn and stayed our course, betting our lives on the plane's performance.

After several agonizingly long seconds, we made the turn and blasted toward the Mediterranean. 'You might want to pull it back,' Walter suggested. It was then that I noticed I still had the throttles full forward. The plane was flying a mile every 1.6 seconds, well above our Mach 3.2 limit. It was the fastest we would ever fly. I pulled the throttles to idle just south of Sicily, but we still overran the refueling tanker awaiting us over Gibraltar.

Scores of significant aircraft have been produced in the 100 years of flight, following the achievements of the Wright brothers, which we celebrate in December. Aircraft such as the Boeing 707, the F-86 Sabre Jet, and the P-51 Mustang are among the important machines that have flown our skies. But the SR-71, also known as the Blackbird, stands alone as a significant contributor to Cold War victory and as the fastest plane ever—and only 93 Air Force pilots ever steered the 'sled,' as we called our aircraft.

As inconceivable as it may sound, I once discarded the plane. Literally. My first encounter with the SR-71 came when I was 10 years old in the form of molded black plastic in a Revell kit. Cementing together the long fuselage parts proved

tricky, and my finished product looked less than menacing. Glue, oozing from the seams, discolored the black plastic. It seemed ungainly alongside the fighter planes in my collection and I threw it away.

Twenty-nine years later I stood awe-struck in a Beale Air Force Base hangar, staring at the very real SR-71 before me. I had applied to fly the world's fastest jet and was receiving my first walk-around of our nation's most prestigious aircraft. In my previous 13 years as an Air Force fighter pilot, I had never seen an aircraft with such presence. At 107 feet long, it appeared big, but far from ungainly.

Ironically, the plane was dripping, much like the misshapen model had assembled in my youth. Fuel was seeping through the joints, raining down on the hangar floor. At Mach 3, the plane would expand several inches because of the severe temperature, which could heat the leading edge of the wing to 1,100 degrees. To prevent cracking, expansion joints had been built into the plane. Sealant resembling rubber glue covered the seams, but when the plane was subsonic, fuel would leak through the joints.

The SR-71 was the brainchild of Kelly Johnson, the famed Lockheed designer who created the P-38, the F-104 Starfighter, and the U-2. After the Soviets shot down Gary Powers' U-2 in 1960, Johnson began to develop an aircraft that would fly three miles higher and five times faster than the spy plane and still be capable of photographing your license plate. However, flying at 2,000 mph would create intense heat on the aircraft's skin. Lockheed engineers used a titanium alloy to construct more than 90 percent of the SR-71, creating special tools and manufacturing procedures to hand-build each of the 40 planes. Special heat-resistant fuel, oil and hydraulic fluids that would function at 85,000 feet and higher also had to be developed.

In 1962, the first Blackbird successfully flew, and in 1966, the same year I graduated from high school, the Air Force began flying operational SR-71 missions. I came to the program in 1983 with a sterling record and a recommendation from my commander, completing the weeklong interview and meeting Walter, my partner for the next four years. He would ride four feet behind me, working all the cameras, radios, and electronic jamming equipment. I joked that if we were ever captured, he was the spy and I was just the driver. He told me to keep the pointy end forward.

We trained for a year, flying out of Beale AFB in California, Kadena Airbase in Okinawa, and RAF Mildenhall in England. On a typical training mission, we would take off near Sacramento, refuel over Nevada, accelerate into Montana, obtain high Mach over Colorado, turn right over New Mexico, speed across the Los Angeles Basin, run up the West Coast, turn right at Seattle, then return to Beale. Total flight time: two hours and 40 minutes.

One day, high above Arizona, we were monitoring the radio traffic of all the mortal airplanes below us. First, a Cessna pilot asked the air traffic controllers to check his ground speed. 'Ninety knots,' ATC replied. A twin Bonanza soon made the same request. 'One-twenty on the ground,' was the reply. To our surprise, a navy F-18 came over the radio with a ground speed check. I knew exactly what he was doing. Of course, he had a ground speed indicator in his cockpit, but he wanted to let all the bug-smashers in the valley know what real speed was. 'Dusty 52, we show you at 620 on the ground,' ATC responded. The situation was too ripe. I heard the click of Walter's mike button in the rear seat. In his most innocent voice, Walter startled the controller by asking for a ground speed check from 81,000 feet, clearly above controlled airspace. In a cool, professional voice, the controller replied, 'Aspen 20, I show you at 1,982 knots on the ground.' We did not hear another transmission on that frequency all the way to the coast.

The Blackbird always showed us something new, each aircraft possessing its own unique personality. In time, we realized we were flying a national treasure. When we taxied out of our revetments for takeoff, people took notice. Traffic congregated near the airfield fences, because everyone wanted to see and hear the mighty SR-71. You could not be a part of this program and not come to love the airplane. Slowly, she revealed her secrets to us as we earned her trust.

One moonless night, while flying a routine training mission over the Pacific, I wondered what the sky would look like from 84,000 feet if the cockpit lighting were dark. While heading home on a straight course, I slowly turned down all of the lighting, reducing the glare and revealing the night sky. Within seconds, I turned the lights back up, fearful that the jet would know and somehow punish me. But my desire to see the sky overruled my caution, I dimmed the lighting again. To my amazement, I saw a bright light outside my window. As my eyes adjusted to the view, I realized that the brilliance was the broad expanse of the Milky Way, now a gleaming stripe across the sky. Where dark spaces in the sky had usually existed, there were now dense clusters of sparkling stars. Shooting stars flashed across the canvas every few seconds. It was like a fireworks display with no sound. I knew I had to get my eyes back on the instruments, and reluctantly I brought my attention back inside. To my surprise, with the cockpit lighting still off, I could see every gauge, lit by starlight. In the plane's mirrors, I could see the eerie shine of my gold spacesuit incandescently illuminated in a celestial glow. I stole one last glance out the window. Despite our speed, we seemed still before the heavens, humbled in the radiance of a much greater power. For those few moments, I felt a part of something far more significant than anything we were doing in the plane. The sharp sound of Walt's voice on the radio brought me back to the tasks at hand as I prepared for our descent.

The SR-71 was an expensive aircraft to operate. The most significant cost was tanker support, and in 1990, confronted with budget cutbacks, the Air Force retired the SR-71. The Blackbird had outrun nearly 4,000 missiles, not once taking a scratch from enemy fire. On her final flight, the Blackbird, destined for the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, sped from Los Angeles to Washington in 64 minutes, averaging 2,145 mph and setting four speed records.

The SR-71 served six presidents, protecting America for a quarter of a century. Unbeknownst to most of the country, the plane flew over North Vietnam, Red China, North Korea, the Middle East, South Africa, Cuba, Nicaragua, Iran, Libya, and the Falkland Islands. On a weekly basis, the SR-71 kept watch over every Soviet nuclear submarine and mobile missile site and all of their troop movements. It was a key factor in winning the Cold War.

I am proud to say I flew about 500 hours in this aircraft. I knew her well. She gave way to no plane, proudly dragging her sonic boom through enemy backyards with great impunity. She defeated every missile, outran every MiG, and always brought us home. In the first 100 years of manned flight, no aircraft was more remarkable.

With the Libyan coast fast approaching now, Walt asks me for the third time, if I think the jet will get to the speed and altitude we want in time. I tell him yes. I know he is concerned. He is dealing with the data; that's what engineers do, and I am glad he is. But I have my hands on the stick and throttles and can feel the heart of a thoroughbred, running now with the power and perfection she was designed to possess. I also talk to her. Like the combat veteran she is, the jet senses the target area and seems to prepare herself.

For the first time in two days, the inlet door closes flush and all vibration is gone. We've become so used to the constant buzzing that the jet sounds quiet now in comparison. The Mach correspondingly increases slightly and the jet is flying in that confidently smooth and steady style we have so often seen at these speeds. We reach our target altitude and speed, with five miles to spare. Entering the target area, in response to the jet's new-found vitality, Walt says, 'That's amazing' and with my left hand pushing two throttles farther forward, I think to myself that there is much they don't teach in engineering school.

Out my left window, Libya looks like one huge sandbox. A featureless brown terrain stretches all the way to the horizon. There is no sign of any activity. Then Walt tells me that he is getting lots of electronic signals and they are not the friendly kind. The jet is performing perfectly now, flying better than she has in weeks. She seems to know where she is. She likes the high Mach, as we penetrate deeper into Libyan airspace. Leaving the footprint of our sonic boom across Benghazi, I sit motionless with stilled hands on throttles and the pitch control, my eyes glued to the gauges.

Only the Mach indicator is moving, steadily increasing in hundredths, in a rhythmic consistency similar to the long distance runner who has caught his second wind and picked up the pace. The jet was made for this kind of performance and she wasn't about to let an errant inlet door make her miss the show. With the power of forty locomotives we puncture the quiet African sky and continue farther south across a bleak landscape.

Walt continues to update me with numerous reactions he sees on the DEF panel. He is receiving missile tracking signals. With each mile we traverse, every two seconds, I become more uncomfortable driving deeper into this barren and hostile land. I am glad the DEF panel is not in the front seat. It would be a big distraction now, seeing the lights flashing. In contrast, my cockpit is 'quiet' as the jet purrs and relishes her new-found strength, continuing to slowly accelerate.

The spikes are full off now, tucked twenty-six inches deep into the nacelles. With all inlet doors tightly shut, at 3.24 Mach, the J-58s are more like ramjets now, gulping 100,000 cubic feet of air per second. We are a roaring express now, and as we roll through the enemy's backyard, I hope our speed continues to defeat the missile radars below. We are approaching a turn and this is good. It will only make it more difficult for any launched missile to solve the solution for hitting our aircraft.

I push the speed up at Walt's request. The jet does not skip a beat, nothing fluctuates and the cameras have a rock steady platform. Walt received missile launch signals. Before he can say anything else, my left hand instinctively moves the throttles yet farther forward. My eyes are glued to temperature gauges now, as I know the jet will willingly go to speeds that can harm her. The temps are relatively cool and from all the warm temps we've encountered thus far, this surprises me but then, it really doesn't surprise me. Mach 3.31 and Walt is quiet for the moment.

I move my gloved finger across the small silver wheel on the autopilot panel which controls the aircraft's pitch. With the deft feel known to Swiss watchmakers, surgeons, and 'dinosaurs' (old-time pilots who not only fly an airplane but 'feel it'), I rotate the pitch wheel somewhere between one-sixteenth and one-eighth inch location, a position which yields the 500-foot-per-minute climb I desire. The jet raises her nose one-sixth of a degree and knows I'll push her higher as she goes faster. The Mach continues to rise, but during this segment of our route, I am in no mood to pull throttles back.

Walt's voice pierces the quiet of my cockpit with the news of more missile launch signals. The gravity of Walter's voice tells me that he believes the signals to be a more valid threat than the others. Within seconds he tells me to 'push it up' and I

firmly press both throttles against their stops. For the next few seconds I will let the jet go as fast as she wants. A final turn is coming up and we both know that if we can hit that turn at this speed, we most likely will defeat any missiles. We are not there yet, though, and I'm wondering if Walt will call for a defensive turn off our course.

With no words spoken, I sense Walter is thinking in concert with me about maintaining our programmed course. To keep from worrying, I glance outside, wondering if I'll be able to visually pick up a missile aimed at us. Odd are the thoughts that wander through one's mind in times like these. I found myself recalling the words of former SR-71 pilots who were fired upon while flying missions over North Vietnam. They said the few errant missile detonations they were able to observe from the cockpit looked like implosions rather than explosions. This was due to the great speed at which the jet was hurling away from the exploding missile.

I see nothing outside except the endless expanse of a steel blue sky and the broad patch of tan earth far below. I have only had my eyes out of the cockpit for seconds, but it seems like many minutes since I have last checked the gauges inside. Returning my attention inward, I glance first at the miles counter telling me how many more to go, until we can start our turn. Then I note the Mach passing beyond 3.45, I realize that Walter and I have attained new personal records. The Mach continues to increase. The ride is incredibly smooth.

There seems to be a confirmed trust now, between me and the jet; she will not hesitate to deliver whatever speed we need, and I can count on no problems with the inlets. Walt and I are ultimately depending on the jet now - more so than normal - and she seems to know it. The cooler outside temperatures have awakened the spirit born into her years ago, when men dedicated to excellence took the time and care to build her well. With spikes and doors as tight as they can get, we are racing against the time it could take a missile to reach our altitude.

It is a race this jet will not let us lose. The Mach eases to 3.5 as we crest 80,000 feet. We are a bullet now - except faster. We hit the turn, and I feel some relief as our nose swings away from a country we have seen quite enough of. Screaming past Tripoli, our phenomenal speed continues to rise and the screaming Sled pummels the enemy one more time, laying down a parting sonic boom. In seconds, we can see nothing but the expansive blue of the Mediterranean. I realize that I still have my left hand full-forward and we're continuing to rocket along in maximum afterburner.

The TDI now shows us Mach numbers, not only new to our experience but flat out scary. Walt says the DEF panel is now quiet and I know it is time to reduce our incredible speed. I pull the throttles to the min 'burner range and the jet still doesn't want to slow down. Normally the Mach would be affected immediately, when making such a large throttle movement. But for just a few moments old 960 just sat out there at the high Mach, she seemed to love and like the proud Sled she was, only began to slow when we were well out of danger. I loved that jet.



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FALLBROOK AIR SHOW

April 20th



HELICOPTER FUN FLY

The Helicopter fun fly was a resounding success. All three days drew a huge number of flyers and vendors although it did taper off on Mother's day. We will publish more pictures next month since these in no way show the true scale of the event. (taken Sunday) I have never seen such incredible flying. These people are truly at one with their aircraft. Inches off of the ground doing amazing stunts. And I only saw one lose it to instant demolition. It's obvious where the interest is nowadays. I even got to try my hand on a real heli for the first time and did quite well I thought. But then that's my opinion.



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- Pull Test - Linkages and control surfaces.
- Receiver Antenna - Fully extended and away from metal.
- Verify Center of gravity location.
- Conduct Range Test- with transmitter antenna collapsed.

PRE-FLIGHT(EACH FLIGHT)

- Check receiver voltage under load.
- Check transmitter power level.
- Check engine high speed, nose up.
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- Extend transmitter antenna.
- Check control surface direction and response.

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CLUB OPERATIONS

Membership	Glenn Pohly	760-438-5221
	Varley Longson	760-723-1335

Advertising Someone Needed

Newsletter Editor	Sean O'Connor	858-486-6771
E-mail address	seanoc57@pacbell.net	
WebMaster	Glenn Horner (cell)	619-227-2636
	Glen's e-mail is ghorner@msn.com	

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All Club Members

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Please direct correspondence to:

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Fax : 909-679-7465

E-MAIL: pres@palomarrcflyers.org

Catch us on the web at www.palomarrcflyers.org

Meeting Notice:

The May 15th club meeting will be held at the usual place, ie. the San Marcos Joslyn Senior Center, 101 Richmar Avenue, San Marcos, CA.

January

February

March

Start Monday night instruction to continue until Sept 29th

April

- 20th Fallbrook Air Show (tentative)
- 27th COMBAT - Hunt for Yamamoto (Open B and SSC)

May

- 3rd - Carlsbad Mall show
- 4th - Swap Meet and Open House - Johns on Field
- 9th - 10th - 11th - San Diego Helicopter Fun Fly sanction C

June

- 14th Top Dawg Scale contest and swap meet
- 21st Flights of Fancy

July

- 4th Club Picnic
- 20th COMBAT Open B and SSC

August

- 2nd ELECTRIC SCALE contest
- 9th FUN FLY
- 24th COMBAT (Battle of Britain) Open B and SSC

September

- 13th Dawn Patrol WWI fly in
- 20th Mall Show North County Fair
- 21st Air show and Swap Meet

October

- Date TBA Miramar Air Show
- 25th Pylon Race - Quickee 500, sportsman and Open B

November

- 22nd - FUN FLY Palomar Turkey Shoot

December

- 7th COMBAT (Pearl Harbor Classic) 25/48 Open Band SSC
- 20th Club Dinner and raffle

Stamp



8002 May

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