

# THE CONNECTOR

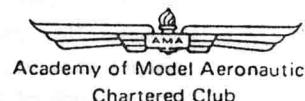
The Official Newsletter of the Aeroguidance Society, Inc.

Endicott, New York

Editor: **Gerry Skreckoski**



THE CONNECTOR is the monthly newsletter of the Aeroguidance Society, Inc., Radio Control Model Club. The club owns and maintains its flying field in Endicott, N.Y. Anyone interested in joining the club should contact any of the officers listed below.



President: **Wynn Aker**  
Secretary: **George Kelsey**  
Board Member: **Tom Kopl**

Vice President: **John Raney**  
Treasurer: **Jerry Bernhardt**  
Board Member: **Terry Terrenoire II**  
Past President: **Chris Engler**

VOLUME 25, ISSUE 8

AUGUST 1992

NEXT MEETING: August 18, 1992, 7:30 pm

Place: AGS Field

		AGS	CALENDAR	OF	EVENTS
DATE	TIME	PLACE		EVENT	
Aug 15,16		Geneseo NY		WW II Airshow	
Aug 16	10:0am	AGS Field		Fun Fly 92	
Aug 18	7:30pm	AGS Field		AGS regular meeting	
Aug 22,23	9:00am	Amsterdam NY		Pattern Contest	
Aug 24	6:00pm	AGS Field		Pylon Racing	

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**NO PROGRAM FOR JULY MEETING**

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NEXT CONNECTOR INPUT DEADLINE IS SEPT 3, 1992

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# PREZ SEZ

by Wynn Aker

August, 1992

We've certainly passed the zenith of the summer by now, and I know it when our Annual Summer Picnic takes place. This year's picnic will definitely be remembered as "The Year The Kids Had Fun." We had over 40 people show up, and 17 of them were kids! After a couple of hours of early-morning flying, we broke at noon for a lunch of burgers, dogs, and salads, and then started the real foolishness: WATER BALLONS! We started out with 300 water balloons, and ended up with a bunch of wet kids and dads ( and even a few moms, here and there ). Afterwards, we had some other games involving the kids and pilots, including a pylon race on the ground, with no wings on the airplanes! You wouldn't think that even Tim Rogers could mid-air with someone on the ground, but he did! Only Tim! Anyway, we had a lot of fun this year, and some great weather kept us pretty happy, too. Thanks to everyone who helped get it organized, and running smoothly, especially Teresa A. Oh, and my kids, too: they didn't embarrass me, though I may have embarrassed them!

## FUN FLY '92

Well, we weren't going to, but I guess we are: the 2nd Annual AGS Fun Fly for 1992 will be held on Sunday, August 16, at the club field. See the flyer included elsewhere in the Connector. Again this year we will have two classes of competition: UNLIMITED and SPORTSMAN. The Unlimited class will be strictly a Nashville Nats Warm-up, and the Sportsman class will be a combined fun/competition class, like last year. Maybe a little more competitive, though. So, in the Sportsman class, expect a bomb drop, spot landings, and a short timed event consisting of a few manoeuvres against the clock. We'll have some serious fun! One note though: NO CONCESSIONS THIS YEAR! Bring your own lunch, or drive the 3 miles to the traffic light to the Subway sandwich shoppe. Regardless of your epicurian prerequisites, JUST DO IT! We decided to run the Fun Fly again this year due to the large number of requests from competitors to have it, even though we had earlier in the year decided not to. Well, it just shows that prediction is a risky business.

## ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR 1992

Tim Rogers is again appointed chairman of the committee to develop a slate of officers to be presented to the membership in September for the 1993 fiscal year. Please help Tim by nominating someone that you would like to have in an officer's position next year, but preferably not yourself. This has been a trouble-free year in the AGS, and I'm glad to see it that way. I hope it continues for a long time! Let's go out and fly, and remember why we're here: To enjoy our hobby, and continue to build the strength of our club.

He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire. Winston Churchill

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## HIGH POINT by: TERRY TERRENOIRE

A flyer receives 3 points for first, 2 for second, and 1 for third place in any AMA sanctioned event.

\*note, Ralph Jackson and Bob Noll are not on the list as they have achieved "ACE" status, and are no longer eligible.

Standings as of 8-1-92:

Wynn A.....10  
Terry T.....8  
Jerry S.....2

Scott A.....4  
Tim R.....3  
Joe F.....1

Hai L.....2  
Dick A.....6

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## AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

4th Paul Goodrich  
17th Tim Rogers  
17th Aaron Mills

26th Tom Kopl  
29th Dan Carissimo

If there are any errors, please call me!!

FUN  
FLY



'92

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1992

**Back by Popular Demand:  
A CASH BASH for your flying pleasure!**

**UNLIMITED CLASS: NCCFA NATS WARM-UP!  
SPORTSMAN CLASS: EVENTS TO BE ANNOUNCED**

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Yes, it's back by popular demand, the AGS' FUN FLY for 1992. Come join us on Sunday, August 16, 1992, for a NCCFA NATS warm-up, and other Sportsman events as well.

Camping is available Saturday night (must call to reserve, no hookups) and the field is available Saturday for practice and fun. Channel 42 not available.

**FEE: \$10.00, to cover expenses, and the rest goes into the CASH BASH kitty, to be distributed back to contestants! Come get yours!**

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\*\*\*\*\* M O W I N G   L I S T   \*\*\*\*\*

Aug 15	Winn Aker	785-6627	John Raney	754-0579
Aug 22	Bob Kip		Jerry Skreckoski	625-4103
Aug 29	Bob Noll	754-0579	John Raney	
Sept 5	OPEN			
Sept 12	Terry T.	748-8146	Todd Brawn	754-3381
Sept 19	OPEN			

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P Y L O N   R A C I N G

Racing was held again with the same group of 9 dedicated racers. I was a windy nite which caused an exceptionally large number of cuts of the upwind pylon. The cuts significantly altered the results. The fastest racers often came in last. Yours truly not only had the slowest plane but combined with a couple of cuts gives an 8th place finish. I found out later that although we all use the same engine/muffler, the carb needs a little modification/adjustment, and that S&W fuel doesn't do it. Having made these changes, I am anxiously awaiting the next race. A trial flight did not convince me that my plane is much faster but time will tell.

The following table lists the order of finish of the July 27th race. In the right column the season point scores are listed. Points are accumalative based on 3 points for a first, 2 points for a 2nd and 1 point for third (0 points for a no finish or 2 cuts) FOR EACH HEAT FLOWN.

July 27th order of finish	Season Points
1. Dick Allen	9
2. Terry T.	13
3./4. Todd Kopl	10
Dan Luchaco	11
5. Tim Rogers	5
6./7. Steve Luchaco	8
Bob Noll	12
8. Jerry Skreckoski	10
9. Bill Underkoffler	9

N E X T   R A C E   MONDAY AUG 24TH   6:00 PM

For all of you WW I aircraft fans, an excerpt of an article published in Air & Space is printed below. (Ralph, I think your DVII must not be true scale because it definitely performs better than the prototype discribed below).

## Combat aircraft from World War I have an aura of romance and nostalgia— until you try flying them.

by Jeffrey L. Ethell

You can't practice flying a Fokker D.VII with an instructor aboard: single-seat World War I fighters don't have room for two. So there I was, about to make my first flight ever in a D.VII—and I'd be flying solo.

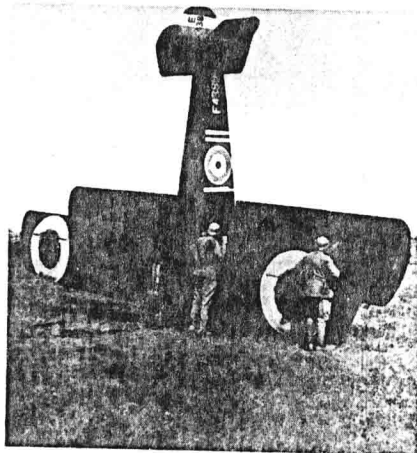
I had absorbed as much expert advice as I could before climbing into the cockpit. After starting the engine I tried taxiing out unaided, but with no brakes or steering I had to get people at each wingtip to help me. Once lined up, I reluctantly waved my wingwalkers away, glanced at the engine instruments, took a long look down the grass strip, and shoved the throttle forward.

The tail skid that had been such a hindrance during taxiing now bit into the ground and kept me pointed straight. Gaining speed, the D.VII tracked true and the tail came up quickly. Now I could see forward, but the nose began to swing to one side—engine torque—and it took full opposite rudder to keep the fighter heading

*The sleek Albatros (left) was emblematic of German air power at its technological peak while the Allies looked comparatively inept (below). But the tide soon turned.*

straight. There was no margin for a crosswind, and I was reminded why old airfields were big square patches of grass: taking off directly into the wind was never a problem. The rumble of the wheels on the turf became intermittent as the Fokker neared flying speed, and I started to smile.

Big mistake.



NASM

My cheeks immediately filled with air. As a rule Fokker D.VIIs had no windshields; that's why pilots wore goggles. As the wind tried to ram its way down my throat, my head was forced backward. I pulled the stick back, got airborne, and strained to lean forward into the gale, whereupon my shoulder straps fell down

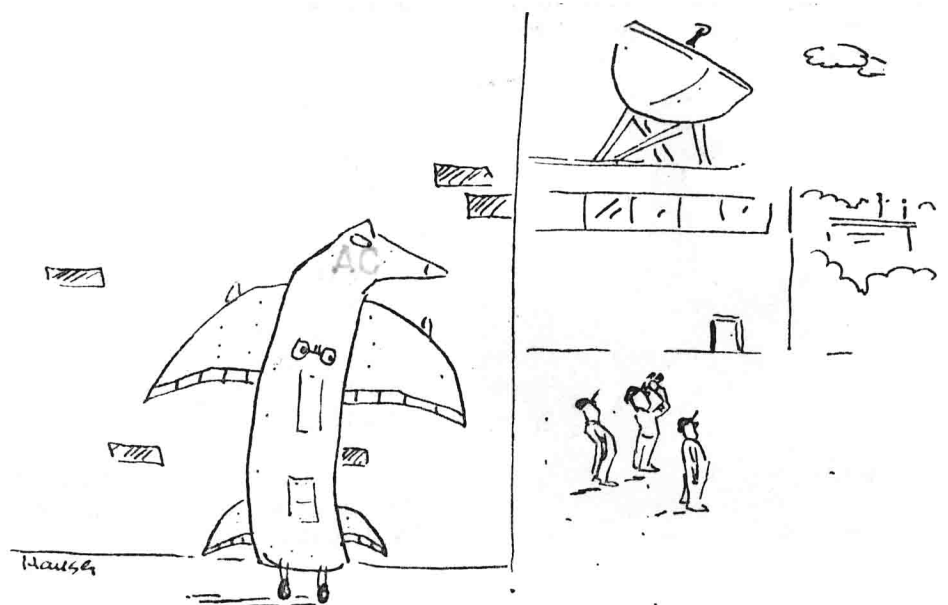
around my waist. I'd have to worry about that later; the first priority was to fly. I pulled the nose up to climb, and the airplane started to turn again in spite of full opposite rudder. With 180 horsepower up front, the propeller was creating powerful torque. My only option was to lower the nose and gain speed for increased rudder effectiveness, but that also made the slipstream stronger. I eased into level flight at slightly over 500 feet, reduced power, and picked up still more speed.

I looked down for my straps—wrong move. My goggles blew down around my neck and my eyes were flushed with air. Fokker pilots obviously had to look straight ahead if they didn't want their eyeballs blow-dried. I pulled the goggles back up and little specks of oil began to appear on the lenses. I could taste the engine oil on my lips and smell the exhaust billowing back past the cockpit. The vibration coming through the controls was turning my hands and feet numb. All five senses were overloaded and begging for relief. I was being dragged brutally back to the reality of what flying was like for those who fought in the Great War.

I got my straps back on and found I had to lean heavily into the wind to keep my head forward. Fokker pilots sat up fairly high so they could see enemy aircraft. I wasn't looking around much because the muscles in my back had started to cramp. After about 15 minutes I'd had all I could stand and headed back to land. The D.VII settled down onto the grass with a gentle rumble, and I let it roll to a stop.

My back and stomach felt as if they'd been pounded with a baseball bat, my hands and feet were tingling, I was partially deaf, I could taste the engine, my eyes felt like raisins, and my face was on fire from windburn. So much for any romantic notions of knights of the air. How could anybody survive in these things, much less fly them in combat and shoot down another aircraft?





*The EXTRA stealth bomber*