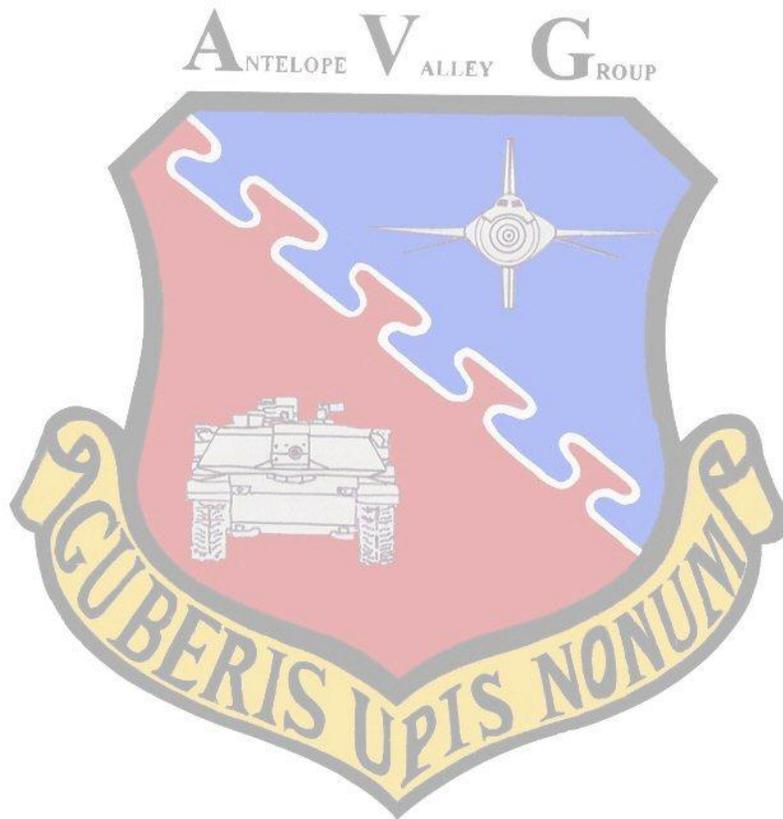


The Smoking Hole

A Publication of the Antelope Valley Group IPMS
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2012 Club Officers

President	Vice President	Treasurer	Secretary
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From the President's Pen

Greetings AVG'ers!

5 of us have returned un-killed by weather and bad California drivers from wet and rainy Santa Clara and the Kick Off Classic. David Newman made millions vending, Mike Brignola and Tom Hamel did well earning several awards each, vendors were busy and Louis and Mike B got a closer than normal visit to the Littlefield Collection of armor, hundreds of pictures were taken which I'm hoping Mike will share at the meeting on Saturday April 21st. I drank beer, hob-nobbed with vendors, local celebrities and generally behaved myself.

Our contest flyer for Desert Classic XVI is posted on both our website (thanks to everyone but especially Jim Abercrombie!) and the IPMS website. As I type this, I am preparing more to send to all Region 8 clubs, most of Region 9 clubs (within 6-7 hours' drive) and some in AZ as well. There are two contests in May, the 5th for Best of the West in Las Vegas which the wife and I will be attending and one in Merced at Castle AFB on the 27th. I understand that one is held during their Open Cockpit Day so bring your camera! Not sure if I will be attending that one or not.

Keep building those masterpieces and embarrassing your President! AVG is doing well at all the contests we attend, but we could always use more attendees to really show the colors. Speaking of, if you don't have a club shirt...go get one! Our club shirt is recognizable and we contest goers get asked all the time when is our contest, so people know us, and are definitely coming, or at least making plans for it. I think this speaks well for what we've accomplished as a club. See you Saturday!

Club News and Business

NEXT MEETING 21 April 2012, 1 PM AT ROSAMOND LIBRARY

General Meeting Notes:

Sorry all, but due to home obligations I was unable to attend the March meeting. Unfortunately it was pretty short notice so I was unable to coordinate with someone to take notes for me. That should make this month's newsletter a short one! Lesson learned for me (and the future secretaries) . Some information I have received has been included in the newsletter for this month.

2012 Desert Classic

No new information on the contest this month.

New Club Shirts:



Curtis has acquired a few sample shirts to determine the color of the products. A final decision will be made on the brand we will use at this month's meeting.

The list below shows everyone that has signed up for a new shirt. Anyone that still wants a shirt please get with Curtis with your size. The order will be made by 30 April 2012.

Bill K	Matt G	Rick F
Bill P	Mike B	Rick R
David N	Mike B/ Rosita B	Tom H
David/Stefanie N	Mike M	
Greg S	Mike O	
Henry B	Nick K	
Jim A	Nilo L	
Luis T	Rich R	

Recruiting:

In our recruiting efforts we are planning to update the club flyer. Nick brought in an example from the Santa Rosa club that was printed on some glossy card stock. We decided to mimic this style and have the flyers professionally printed.

In addition if anyone knows of any one that is interested in the club, please get an email address and provide it to Mike Marchioli for inclusion in the “prospective members” email list.

Product Reviews:

No product reviews this month.

2012 Meeting Schedule

We still need volunteers for both demos and refreshments. Please review the open months and let one of the officers know if you want to sign up for either a demo, refreshments or both. Also we would like to have another club BBQ type event like we did last spring at Mike B.'s house. If anyone is interested in hosting, please let one of the officers know.

Primary	Activities	Refreshments	Demo	Review
21 Jan	Member Dues Collected	Rich Ribaudo	Photo Etch Curtis S.	Riveting Tool Curtis S.
18 Feb	2012 Contest Theme Discussion	Nick Kiriokos	Tom Hamel Dry Brush	3M Respirator
17 Mar		Greg Saccoccio		
21 Apr		Rick Reinert	Mike Marchioli Wiring Radial Engines	
19 May				
16 June				
21 July				
18 Aug				
15 Sept		Tom Hamel		
20 Oct				
3 Nov	Desert Classic			
17 Nov				
15 Dec	Christmas Potluck & Gift Exchange			

Member Show and Tell

Thanks to all who brought in kits for the March show and tell. My apologies for not having any info to include.

Member Biography

In an effort to get to know all the members of the club a little bit better, we have developed a new section for the news letter where a club member will be highlighted each month.

I will bring copies of the blank form, to the meeting this week for everyone to look over and we can discuss it a little bit. With the hope of starting up with the section in the May newsletter.

Adventures in Modeling

This section will be a place where members can share their stories of modeling mistakes and recoveries.

Club Demo

There was no planned demo for this month.

2012 Modeling Goals

Members are encouraged to set modeling goals for 2012. As each goal is accomplished we will track it and see how we all do at the end of 2012. If you would like to set goals for 2012 please provide your goals to Mike Marchioli (mmarchioli1@yahoo.com) for inclusion in the member goals data base. Please look at the January 2012 edition of the smoking hole for examples.

“So, There I Was.....”

Aviation stories provided by John Pearce

True story? I have no clue, but knowing the military pilots that I've met over the years... Probably, but I'm glad they are who they are anyway.

The King of Speed

There were a lot of things we couldn't do in an SR-71, but we were the fastest guys on the block and loved reminding our fellow aviators of this fact. People often asked us if, because of this fact, it was fun to fly the jet. Fun would not be the first word I would use to describe flying this plane; Intense maybe, even cerebral. But there was one day in our Sled experience when we would have to say that it was pure fun to be the fastest guys out there, at least for a moment.

It occurred when Walt and I were flying our final training sortie. We needed 100 hours in the jet to complete our training and attain Mission Ready status. Somewhere over Colorado we had passed the century mark. We had made the turn in Arizona and the jet was performing flawlessly. My gauges were wired in the front seat and we were starting to feel pretty good about ourselves, not only because we would soon be flying real missions but because we had gained a great deal of confidence in the plane in the past ten months. Ripping across the barren deserts 80,000 feet below us, I could already see the coast of California from the Arizona border. I was, finally, after many humbling months of simulators and study, ahead of the jet.

I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Walter in the back seat. There he was, with no really good view of the incredible sights before us, tasked with monitoring four different radios. This was good practice for him for when we began flying real missions, when a priority transmission from headquarters could be vital. It had been difficult for me to relinquish control of the radios, as during my entire flying career I had controlled my own transmissions. But it was part of the division of duties in this plane and I had adjusted to it. I still insisted on talking on the radio while we were on the ground, however. Walt was so good at many things, but he couldn't match my expertise at sounding smooth on the radios, a skill that had been honed sharply with years in fighter squadrons where the slightest radio miscue was grounds for beheading. He understood that and allowed me that luxury. Just to get a sense of what Walt had to contend with, I pulled the radio toggle switches and monitored the frequencies along with him. The predominant radio chatter was from Los Angeles Center, far below us, controlling daily traffic in their sector. While they had us on their scope (albeit briefly), we were in uncontrolled airspace and normally would not talk to them unless we needed to descend into their airspace.

We listened as the shaky voice of a lone Cessna pilot asked Center for a readout of his ground speed.

Center replied: "November Charlie 175, I'm showing you at ninety knots on the ground."

Now the thing to understand about Center controllers was that whether they were talking to a rookie pilot in a Cessna, or to Air Force One, they always spoke in the exact same, calm, deep, professional, tone that made one feel important. I referred to it as the "Houston Center Voice." I have always felt that after years of seeing documentaries on this country's space program and listening to the calm and distinct voice of the Houston Center Controllers, that all other controllers since then wanted to sound like that... and that they basically did. And it didn't matter what sector of the country we would be flying in, it always seemed like the same guy was talking. Over the years that tone of voice had become somewhat of a comforting sound to pilots everywhere. Conversely, over the years, pilots always wanted to ensure that, when transmitting, they sounded like Chuck Yeager, or at least like John Wayne. Better to die than sound bad on the radios.

Just moments after the Cessna's inquiry, a Twin Beech piped up on frequency, in a rather superior tone, asking for his ground speed.

"Ah, Twin Beach: I have you at one hundred and twenty-five knots of ground speed."

Boy, I thought, the Beechcraft really must think he is dazzling his Cessna brethren.

Then out of the blue, a Navy F-18 pilot out of NAS Lemoore came up on frequency. You knew right away it was a Navy jock because he sounded very cool on the radios.

"Center, Dusty 52 ground speed check."

Before Center could reply, I'm thinking to myself, hey, Dusty 52 has a ground speed indicator in that million dollar cockpit, so why is he asking Center for a readout? Then I got it -- ol' Dusty here is making sure that every bug smasher from Mount Whitney to the Mojave knows what true speed is. He's the fastest dude in the valley today, and he just wants everyone to know how much fun he is having in his new Hornet.

And the reply, always with that same, calm, voice, with more distinct alliteration than emotion:

"Dusty 52, Center, we have you at 620 on the ground."

And I thought to myself, is this a ripe situation, or what? As my hand instinctively reached for the mic button, I had to remind myself that Walt was in control of the radios. Still, I thought, it must be done -- in mere seconds we'll be out of the sector and the opportunity will be lost. That Hornet must die, and die now.

I thought about all of our Sim training and how important it was that we developed well as a crew and knew that to jump in on the radios now would destroy the integrity of all that we had worked toward becoming. I was torn. Somewhere, 13 miles above Arizona, there was a pilot screaming inside his space helmet.

Then, I heard it. The click of the mic button from the back seat. That was the very moment that I knew Walter and I had become a crew. Very professionally, and with no emotion, Walter spoke:

"Los Angeles Center, Aspen 20, can you give us a ground speed check?"

There was no hesitation, and the reply came as if it was an everyday request:

"Aspen 20, I show you at one thousand eight hundred and forty-two knots, across the ground."

I think it was the forty-two knots that I liked the best, so accurate and proud was Center to deliver that information without hesitation, and you just knew he was smiling. But the precise point at which I knew that Walt and I were going to be really good friends for a long time was when he keyed the mic once again to say, in his most fighter-pilot-like voice:

"Ah, Center, much thanks. We're showing closer to nineteen hundred on the money."

For a moment Walter was a god. And we finally heard a little crack in the armor of the Houston Center voice, when L.A. came back with,

"Roger that Aspen, Your equipment is probably more accurate than ours. You boys have a good one."

It all had lasted for just moments, but in that short, memorable sprint across the southwest, the Navy had been flamed, all mortal airplanes on freq were forced to bow before the King of Speed, and more importantly, Walter and I had crossed the threshold of being a crew. A fine day's work.

We never heard another transmission on that frequency all the way to the coast. For just one day, it truly was fun being the fastest guys out there.

Calendar

SUN 5/6/2012	SO CAL NNL	So Cal NNL Model Car Show and Swap Meet Rancho San Antonio Boys Home 21000 Plummer Street Chatsworth, CA 91311 www.SoCalCarCulture.com
MON 5/7/2012 ?	IPMS Las Vegas	Best of the West 16, Railroad Pass Casino 2800 South Boulder Highway Henderson, NV http://www.ipmslv.org/Best_of_the_West.php
SAT 5/19/2012	Citrus Nationals Committee	Citrus Nationals Model Car Contest and Swap Meet Orange Terrace Community Center 20010 Orange Terrace Parkway Riverside, CA http://www.wix.com/citrusnationals4/homepage
SUN 5/27/2012	Fresno Scale Modelers	Region 9 Regional Contest Castle Air Museum 4139 Tanker Ct. Atwater-Merced, CA
SAT 6/2/2012	IPMS San Diego & San Diego Model Car Club	San Diego Model Expo and Swap Meet San Diego Air and Space Museum Annex Gillespie Field 335 Kenney Street El Cajon, CA 92020
8/8/2012 to 8/11/2012	IPMS USA	IPMS National Convention Disney's Contemporary Resort Lake Buena Vista, Florida http://www.ipms2012.org/