



Short Finals



- Club barby
- Aboyne barby
- Scot Nats barby
- Bumper barby issue!

Well guys, it's been a busy time since our last newsletter and this issue is packed with words and pictures of the three main events that have taken place since then. A very successful Soaring National Championships at Mossmorran is covered in detail by John Barnes, the low-down on a fun weekend with the Deeside Gliding Club up there in Aboyne from Jim Ruxton, and in between, the ADS BBQ at Maryculter which went ahead during the five-hour gap between rain showers.

Jim Ruxton was the "Mr Fix-it" for the Deeside Gliding Club bash, which turned out to be a very enjoyable weekend of mixing with real pilots and giving us "boys with their toys" a chance to fly at a working airfield, whilst the odd Discus or Capstain circled overhead.

Our thanks to chairman Keith and wife Jo, who took care of the catering and all things culinary at the club BBQ, providing burgers, sausages 'n' salad fit for a king ... and no reports of diarrhoea afterwards! Well done the Donaldson's! I would guess that the weather just prior to the event had put most folks off, but those of us who did turn up enjoyed a short but excellent afternoon under murky skies of eating and flying. One jammy toad actually recorded a 17 minute flight off the winch with a 100S ship, leaving sprogs like myself to watch in amazement, open mouthed with a partially eaten burger threatening to jump! Four of the members present had failed to shake off their spouses but don't get me wrong, it's always a pleasure to see the ladies. I just can't understand why they prefer to sit in a car reading books in preference to wading through mud and being bitten by insects!

A quick reminder that the AGM will take place at the Cove Bay Hotel 19:30 on Tuesday 12th November '02 (realistically, it's likely to be around Xmas before the following newsletter appears, hence the early warning!).

OK, we've lots of stuff and a limited amount of space, so other than apologise to those of you who have submitted material which may not have been used this time around (including an electric glider review, a very

successful DIY winch project, plus new models on the scene and pictures of activities at the new club site), we'll cut to the chase. Rest assured that all of the above items will appear in the next issue! **DR**



The Elipsoid

George Whelan



Just before last Christmas I decided to give myself an early present. Reading through a pile of mags I came across an advert for the Elipsoid, a 2.8 metre span electric sailplane. I

had no previous inclination for electric soarers as the ones I had seen were usually small, fragile and overloaded ARTFs that had low performance and crash survivability.

The Elipsoid is a different kettle of fish, sleek, well-made, 2.8m so potentially good soaring performance, and inexpensive at £125 almost-ready-to-fly. I went onto the Internet and tracked one down to Europa Sailplanes in England. A phone call to said company elicited that they had a batch in transit that would be in any week. I duly sent a note and a deposit to secure one. In between Christmas and New Year the package arrived. Perfect timing.

Cover Pic: Soaring Scot Nats conclusion. Mark Easey, winner of one event, gets the champagne treatment from event organiser Dave Bradbury after a most entertaining three-day adventure at Mossmorran. Don't get this at other Nats. The Scots do it in style!

Initial impression of the kit was what a beauty, white glass fuz, wings and tail group in royal blue, a complete hardware kit of bits and a couple of A4 sheets of instructions.

I know there are now several of these kits in the club, but I will tell you in some detail how I built mine. The first stage of building was to decide what needed changing. The conclusion was that the battery tray was not in the best location. I re-designed this and incorporated it into the servo tray but in the end actually reverted back to the original! Over the past 5 or 6 years I have gone away from trying to glue or glass fixtures into glass fuz's as one hard landing and flex usually loosens the attachment. I now make all my internal fittings out of 1/4" ply and fix them in using chrome servo screws through the fuz wall.

So, 1/4" ply servo tray fabricated and two 1/4" x 1" lugs glued to the battery tray, I installed all the gear loosely, fitted the wings and tail and put the model onto the C of G balance jig. The instructions indicated what appeared to be a very forward balance point. I decided to move it further back so I juggled the battery and servo's to give me the approximate balance I wanted. I marked up the location of the servo and battery tray and screwed them in with the servo screws.

The tail group is controlled by snakes. These I taped together with masking tape every 3 inches, applied epoxy and lowered them into the fuz down the opposite side to which they exited at the rear.

I changed the motor mounting plate (ply in the kit) to one made of PCB as I was going to install a brushless motor and the pre-drilled holes didn't match my motor. This plate was inserted from the inside and was sized so that it fitted 3 mm from the nose. The reason for this was that I wanted a fillet of epoxy and cotton

flock on both sides of the mounting plate, it also meant that I could use the hex screws found in computer chassis to mount the motor. I didn't use the wing servo covers provided, I stuck my servo's to a couple of Proops mounts with double sided carpet tape and ran in the extension wires. Once everything was in and connected it was time for the big switch on and servo checking. Everything looked fine and the C of G checked again.

So to the field. Model assembled and pre-flight checks carried out, so no more reasons to delay the launch. Norrie Kerr did the dirty deed. Motor on and away she went, a minor trim change and she went up in awesome fashion. After a couple of minutes the bicycle clips were slackened and I began to relax and



An ecstatic-looking George, at the BBQ day, gives some scale to the Elipsoid. Direct drive setup seems to work very effectively

explore the envelope, as they say. Elevator is quite sensitive so I might dial in some expo next time, aileron response was nice, the Elipsoid is neutrally stable at this C of G, i.e. it stays where you point it. The transition from power to glide was no problem, just level out and

throttle back, no noticeable nose drop.

Time to land. A very long glide but not too fast. Change the battery and up for a second flight. Some good thermals coming through. This glider does not slow down very well. It likes to motor around the sky, which is ideal for thermal hunting. After about 45 minutes I decided to land, again a long flat glide into the grass. I must try and mix in some aileron braking.

I re-launched for another flight. This flight was not great, something was awry, so I made a safe landing and decided to head for home to carry out some checks. I also needed to find out why the motor brake wasn't operating, with the propeller windmilling around in front it was like putting on a brake.

Subsequent investigation revealed the 1/8" ply battery backstop had detached, allowing the battery to move back. This has since been replaced with a piece of 10mm square pine. I have also now removed the snake linkages and installed pull-pull (closed loop) on rudder, and, via a bellcrank, to the elevator. This gives a more positive control response. Over the next couple of flying sessions I am going to spend some time optimising the trim as I am sure this model can soar with the best. You get real glider performance without all the launching hardware you need to cart around.

This model in terms of bang per buck is definitely eleven out of ten! **GW**



An alternative to the speedy completion and flying of the Elipsoid. Mike Pirie's splendid version of Colin Sparrow's Arriba design. Painstakingly constructed from contest grade balsa (lighter-than-air) and NASA spec ply (ditto), caressed with flour paper for weeks, covered in mylar then the finest Japanese tissue, finished off with multiple coats of thinned dope and left to cure in vintage walnut casks. And after endless months of meticulous craftsmanship you still have to be daft enough to chuck it into the wild blue yonder!



"...something beginning with S". While Keith, Derek and Jim learn about sat-nav doppler compensation techniques for gravitational spacal lensing caused by black holes comparing event horizon lengths, one astute ADS member, mindful that every club event this year has been zapped by crabby weather, concentrates on the basics.

Deeside Gliding Club event *Jim Ruxton*

FLY-IN AT DEESIDE GLIDING CLUB
(DGC) ON 17/18 AUGUST 2002

Mike Pirie, Derek Robertson, Keith Donaldson, Graham Irvine, John Barnes and Jim Ruxton turned up on the Saturday for the above event. Unfortunately, there was a fairly stiff cross-wind on the main runways and it was just too blustery for model flying.



Concerned ADS members fear the worst as Keith Donaldson gets his pre-flight briefing from Matt Black, the Deeside Gliding Club's only blind instructor known to his fellow pilots as "the Martini Man" because his landings tend to be "anywhere, anyhow, anytime!"

The Deeside gliders were flying but the pilots reported severe turbulence and there wasn't a lot of lift about. However, our intrepid Chairman Keith Donaldson had a 28 minute flight in a Puchacz training glider and he was over the moon afterwards (not literally). Will he be lost to the full-size fraternity in time? Some ADS members were shown round the glider "store". Not a hangar, as the name hangar had financial and planning hurdles at the pre-building stage. Jim Ruxton had a few



The esteemed and honourable ADS Chairman calmly awaiting his inaugural flight in a full-size glider, only learning of Matt the pilot's 'Martini Man' reputation after the canopy was padlocked.

flights off a bungee early on but a gust during landing cart-wheeled the glider and the main spar cracked. The poor weather also meant that the microlights from Insh had to call off.

But a great story from one of the full-size pilots, of how he achieved the first glider flight in the UK on a cold and icy early Millennium morning, 1/1/2000. Had partied away the previous day and most of the night but stuck to Irn-Bru only throughout, as had his team. Got to the Aboyne field around 04:00, chiselled the ice off the tug and glider and towed away in pitch black with the canopy still iced up, the tiny side window open for launch point reference.

Had a long flight and by the time others started to arrive at the field around 07:30 to achieve the same thing it was all over. Brilliant stuff!

Sunday was a big improvement. Although rain was forecast it was pleasant, warm and the cloud base was quite high. The wind speed was about 3 to 4 knots. The full-size gliders were out in force so it was 2.45 pm before the ADS people could do their stuff. Mike Pirie flew his Fan-tac and Arriba, Derek Robertson his Dash

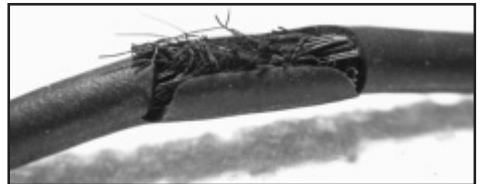
7, Graham Donaldson flew his Kranich and F16 and John McConville his i.c. powered J3 Cub. They had a 30 minute slot and all the Deeside people watched the display with eager interest. They were gobsmacked by the speed of Graham's Hacker-driven ducted fan F16.



Mike Law of DGC had a barbecue running (does a BBQ run?) for hours on both days and there was plenty of time for interesting discussions to take place between the full size pilots and the model pilots. All-in-all a good week-end, only marred by the poor weather on the Saturday. This could be an annual event. **JR**



Part of the ADS display team. Apart from the J3 Cub just about everything is electric these days. Mainly inexpensive but very effective Speed 400/480/600 driven scale, old-timer and glider models. More adventurous creations expected next season...



*4mm motor pack power cable with black wire corrosion. Motor sans prop had turned over okay. Fitted big prop, whacked motor back on and was greeted by an almighty 'CRACK!' and smoke from the fuz. Oops! Battery pack was sleeved in opaque heatshrink so never saw it developing. Moral: always use see-through heat-shrink! **JB***

I persuaded my good lady to buy (or part buy – I never admitted the full cost of the gadget) a “Stabo” variometer as a Christmas present for me last year. For readers of the model magazines, you may recall that Chris Williams (of scale sailplane fame) reviewed it and was enthusiastic about it as a piece of kit.

I have only just got around to fitting it to a model and flying with it. It is indeed a very clever device. The transmitter bit (which goes in the model) is about the size of a receiver and simply plugs into a spare Rx socket and so takes the (small) power it needs from the Rx battery. It’s positioning in the model is not critical and, as fitted in my Esprit, it goes in the space in the fuselage behind the servos and under the wing.

It sends out a digital word stream (legal because it is a digital transmission) to a receiver (transceiver sized) which you carry. It transmits a tone — higher for rising air, lower for sink — that is routine for a variometer. What is really clever about the Stabo is that the receiver tells you (in plain English) the actual height of the model every 20 seconds so you can double check what the model is really achieving. It also tells you, every minute, the Rx battery voltage, ideal for serious and prolonged cross-country flying whether off the slope or not.

I was flying at our field mid-week (one of the benefits of retirement) with my partner in crime, Rod Potts, who was flying his Eraser (remember Colin Paddon won Interglide with an Eraser). Rod did repeated flights that afternoon without being able to contact lift while (with the Stabo) I did a couple and was able to be directed into and hold lift so that I could easily do 15 minute flights. Just as well they are prohibited for thermal comps otherwise (besides the noise from this digital Germanic sounding synthesised lady talking on the flight line), it would make a mockery of normal thermal events. For relevant cross country use (or perhaps with a scale aircraft) the Stabo is quite a magic bit of kit. **RS**

[Thanks to Robin for forwarding this piece. Sounds like a very worthwhile item for one's 1000hour+ £mega scale masterpiece!]

It seems like no time at all since we held the very successful 2001 event, and time had rolled around once more to organise the annual club BBQ. This year the committee decided to hold it at our new flying field at Maryculter. Mike Pirie and I had agreed to phone each other on the Sunday morning to confirm arrangements because unfortunately the weather forecast was very poor, despite a run of good weather over the preceding days.



No prizes for guessing who was first in the queue at the club BBQ! Keith sizzles while Neil Davidson demonstrates the primary 'F' Plan diet discipline technique.

The ADS this year were going to supply a range of food aimed at tickling the taste-buds of our more discerning members, including hamburgers, sausages, salad, nibbles, dips and soft drinks [... and I thought Keith was a man of the world? - Ed.]. I offered the services of my wife as well - to purchase the food that is - and would take our gas BBQ once again to burn... er, sorry, cook the food!



The girls keep an eye on Delia's cooking to ensure the burgers have at least stopped grazing before departure in a bun, while Mike and Tom battle it out for the tinnie sinking record.

At 10am on Sunday morning the weather was looking decidedly overcast and the short-term forecast indicated rain coming from the West. Thinking that we may be able to at least

have a burger and a quick flight, the decision to go ahead with the event was made. Doubts were soon raised, when the rain started to chuck it down as I was loading the car with the gas BBQ, tables, chairs, plates, dishes etc. A quick trip around to Asda for the grub, and things weren't looking much better ...but at least there would be a good spread!

On arriving at Maryculter, things appeared to be improving. What little rain there had been there had already passed through. The cloud cover was lighter and it looked as though there may be some flying to be enjoyed after all! There was a reasonable turnout from the club, although some may have been put off by the weather forecast. We had more wives turn up this year than ever before (perhaps we should do a magazine article titled readers wives? –



Tom Preston time-keeps for our "country gent" as he records an amazing 17 minute flight in very testing conditions, amid cries of "Cheat" from supportive onlookers! Broke the club winch attempting the first launch, broke the line attempting the second, finally third time lucky, the club winch having wisely decided that co-operation was its only chance of surviving the afternoon! Tom official time-keeper for JB's attempt at the Davie Davidson Memorial Trophy for the longest club thermal flight of the season. Not even close!

second thoughts maybe not!), with Mrs' Barnes, Davidson, Donaldson and Robertson gracing us with their presence. It was also great to see Tom Preston once again, deciding to pop by while up in the area on holiday.

After a hearty meal of half cooked meat, the winch line was laid out and I think most of the members were able to have several flights over the course of the afternoon. Derek had some excellent flights with his electric powered Hurricane (unlike his attempts at thermal soaring!), which I managed to catch on my digital camera. Unfortunately the results were of a rather poor quality, exhibiting a jumpy .avi file – nothing to do with the skills of the pilot! [Don't you believe it old chum I was shaking like a leaf!]



The Ed and his beautifully finished electric Hurricane. A real thrill to launch, low wing meaning no fuz to grab BUT, high wing-loading meaning a really good heave is needed to start it on it's way when it ain't breezy. Life in the 'F' lane again!

John Barnes stole the only thermal of the afternoon with an excellent flight of around 17 minutes. The fact that his model became a mere speck at some immense distance from the pilot's box was the only thing stopping him from remaining in the thermal . There were no further signs of lift on the long cruise back to the field.

Towards the end of the day the rain which had been threatening finally struck with a vengeance, so everyone called it a day. I would just like to say a word of thanks to all those who helped and turned up for this short but most enjoyable afternoon event. **KD**



Flash photography on a summer's day. It can only be Scotland! Mike Pirie at the BBQ with his Arriba. Tremendous performance from a very modest current draw (c. 25A) on 7 cells. 60 degree climb-out at a rapid rate of knots followed by perfect, viceless handling and soaring performance. Full details for those inspired to join the Arriba Club are:-

Model Type:	Electroslot/fun-fly/perfect trainer	
Controls:	Rudder/elevator/throttle	
Designer:	Colin Sparrow	
Plan:	Nexus SF 506	
Wingspan:	2.0 m	79 in
Wing area:	40 dm ²	625 in ²
Tailplane area:	5.5 dm ²	84 in ²
Wing section:	Eppler 387 mod.	
A.U.W. (7 cells):	1170 g	41 oz
Wing loading:	29 g/dm ²	9.5 oz/ft ²
Motor:	Astro 805G brushless	
Gearing:	3.27:1 (Astro box)	
Propeller:	AeroNaut CAM 11 x 7 folder	
Energy:	7 Sanyo SCRC 1700 cells	
Covering (wings):	mylar and tissue	
Covering (fuselage):	glass cloth	
Comments:	gives me an afternoon's flying without a re-charge!	

[Having seen Mike's Arriba fly, it's obvious that the model will also perform extremely well on low-cost brushed motors a'la Speed 480/600 with or without a gearbox. And a 7x3000HV NiMH Sanyo pack would allow flying without a recharge in the morning and evening too, Mike! JBJ]

HEALTH WARNING

If you are an experienced competitor **do not** read this article, especially if you intend to drive, operate machinery or use chat-up lines in unfamiliar surroundings. It is intended as an aid to comprehension to those yet to try competitive soaring. As such, it will induce extreme drowsiness in "Ho hum, here we go again" whizzkids.

Scot Soaring Nats 2002

John Barnes

Monday night. I'm propped up in the shower, ear-to-ear grin, one thing the seductively warm water can't remove. Home now, the last three days spent at Mossmorran enjoying what has turned out to be a hugely memorable soaring Scot Nats, held this year over the three days encompassing August 3rd, 4th and 5th. My wife has welcomed me home with a cheerful hug, a large gin and tonic – about 6 on the Richter scale - and a cigar. I'm granted ten minutes to demolish the drink before being guided to the shower, three water-free days having taken their toll on my social acceptability. The memory sheepdog is already working overtime, rounding up the little beggars before they run off into the wilder, hazy fields on the other side of the mountain. Yet things had started out so unpromisingly...

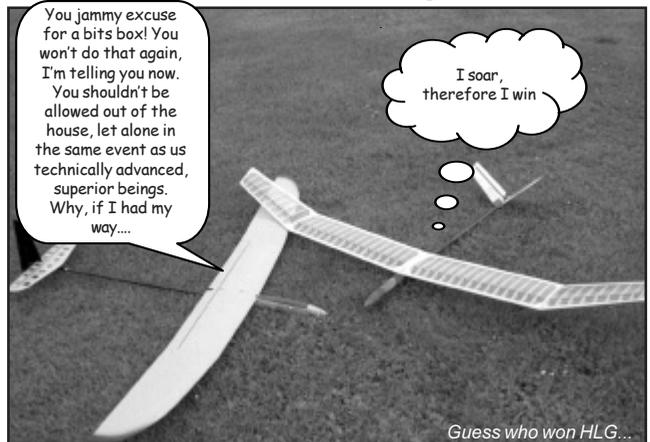
...very early Saturday, dark, heavy rain percussively attacking the vehicle as I ease out of the drive into thick fog and flooded roads on the run to Mossmorran, site for this years Scottish National Soaring Championships.

God, it's depressing. Every club event this year wiped out by bad weather, early signs the Nats will go the same way. I check the tapes for pick-me-ups. Knoffler; Sailing to Philadelphia. Perfect. No wonder that Mason and Dixon bugged off to the US. Fed up with the weather here. Splash, splash, splash, we trundle southwards from gloomy NE Scotland.

To gloomy SE Scotland. At least it's not raining at Mossmorran, just cold and a very low, misty cloud-base. Heavily clad figures loom out of the murk. Didn't

August used to be the height of summer here? The God of Thermal Soaring obviously has a perverse sense of humour. I mutter my way around the camp site, weather stories exchanged with anyone daft enough to be outside as well. Norrie and George arrive from Aberdeen, Norrie down to wipe the board in 100S with a new model. Unfortunately the weather stays clagged in all day, tough break for the lads with just the Saturday available to them. I chat with Pete Hubbard and John Meredith (The Midlands Mafia) about their stunning FVK *Organic* electroslot models. Ultra light 2.5m, full-house V tail machine is painstakingly constructed using free-flight tricks with moulded carbon/kevlar D-box wing construction. Probably costs as much in pounds as it weighs in grams, but a corker. Immensely strong model though, and, according to the Mafia, impeccable flying manners. Model from FVK's GB ambassador, Brian Anderson. Might pop a letter up the chimney come Santa season. Flaps mean I can fly it from the garden, saving a fortune in travel costs to the club field, as I mentally prepare the concept presentation slides to the Budget Board.

Around mid-day Chris Bishop puts on a highly entertaining display with a few electric models; *Twin Star* first, then a small delta then a helicopter. Nice one, Chris. The cloud-base lifts just enough by mid-afternoon for the Mini-Bungee (HLG) and 30 Minute Electro (ScotSlot) events to be attempted.





A clean-shaven Al Wisner (check out last year's report) gives up on trying to time Dave Bradbury in the impromptu 'Open A Lucozade & Down It' comp run before the flying started, soaring competition stopwatchers only good to a 100th of a second.

HLG

CD is Mr DLG (discus launched glider), Chris Bishop. 4 Rounds. Slot time is 10 minutes, within which 5 flights are allowed, the best 3 used for the slot score. Maximum time for a single flight is 3 minutes. Overall score simply the 4 Round scores added together. All bar Chris use the organiser-provided mini-bungees.

There are enough FVK *Simply the Best* models around to think that this is a one-make competition at first glance, but there's actually



HLG pilot's briefing before the event starts. Chris the only one to scorn Really Good Wellies though mistaking the green hue to the HLG field as representing grass. Ha, this is Mossmorran. And it's been raining for a year. Chris was recovered, but if anyone finds his shoes and trousers they should be sent to.....

a variety of different models, from Chris Bishop's full-house moulded DLG machine with onboard satnav and air stewardess to Colin Sparrow's home-brewed r/e ship selling Big Issues between rounds. Brian Johnson is flying a new model, the *Viltis*. Carbon tube sparred, mylar-covered wing, rat brown fuz which must be either Kevlar or glass using the oldest epoxy on the planet, and V tail, the r/e concept providing directional intentions. Very light. Brian's obtained from SoarHigh Models (Gary Taylor).

I really must get myself a HLG, a promise I made before last years event, so spectator



Dave Hunter cheerily models a delightful little McGucci summer outfit while awaiting the start of HLG on saturday. No hint of the blistering sunshine to come later in the Nats.

again. Curses! Close to windless for the event. Rnd 1 gives an opportunity to witness the discus launch technique for the first time. I'm impressed. Chris hangs onto the LH wing tip, performs a gentle pirouette, swings the arm up and lets go. Altitude reached is about the same as the bungee launches, c. 70-90'. The air appears gently buoyant in small patches, sink in bigger patches, leading to a wide variation in scores posted as the four Rounds

frenetically unfold. Brian Johnson makes the only 3 minute max flight, in Rnd 4. Brian also

achieves the only 2 minute+ flight in Rnd 3, with a 2:25. Outstanding stuff.

Chris leaps to the laptop and whisks out the results. The winner is Brian, but with 2nd place man John Meredith just a whisker behind it's been a closely fought contest between this two, John dropping just 14 points to Brian's maximum possible 4000. A really good, crisply run and entertaining event, such a tonic to the morning-inspired gloom. I've added a HLG to the other essentials on Santa's list!



Chris demonstrating his disc launch technique. I was impressed at how easy he made it look. Used half a turn for practice warm-up and a full turn during the comp. Neat.



One good Mossmorran tip is not to get too close to the hedges when parking in the lane which leads to the far field. The verge grass is long and hides a wee abyss twixt it and the hedge. After rain especially, if a vehicle is parked with just a hint of cant towards the hedge it can inexorably slide into the abyss without a murmur, just far enough to make it impossible to drive out.

Ron Norris ponders the wisdom of agreeing to Dave Bradbury's suggestion that a 2-man pulley tow will be more than enough to recover Ron's vehicle safely. The idea actually worked very well, with Ron's car putting up the 3rd best flight of the day.



The intense ferocity of HLG wars mirrored on the faces of (l-r) Tom Preston, Dave Hunter, Rick Lloyd and George Whelan as they watch Colin Sparrow try and outgun Brian Johnson using the cunningly devious tactic of following every move Brian makes. Unfortunately, Colin isn't flying a Viltis. Never mind, Colin, looked good from where we were!
Rick to go on to 4th place in 100S at the British Nationals a few weeks later, a cracking result and hopefully a small compensation for the fact that a large part of his Scot Nats was spent helping others out, something he managed without a murmur despite having his own model troubles to deal with. Class act, Rick.

Okay, let's take a look at how the HLG event is scored in more detail. This is a typical print-out you'll see when the results are collated. We're using **Slot 1 of Round 1** as the example.

No.	Name	Freq	Flt 1	Flt 2	Flt 3	Total	Score
1	Brian Johnson	78	1:37	1:30	0:56	243s	1000
5	Jack Fisher	62	1:32	1:14	0:50	216s	889
14	Pete Hubbard	74	1:46	0:51	0:50	207s	852
3	Dave Bradbury	80	1:48	0:48	0:46	202s	831
10	Mark Easey	68	1:19	1:02	0:47	188s	774

What this shows is that there were 5 pilots in this 10 minute slot, their best 3 of a maximum of 5 flights recorded in minutes:seconds. The **Total** column is simply the 3 times added together, in seconds, and arranged in descending order of magnitude. The best total is allocated a 1000 points, the **Score**. The remaining totals are percentaged against the winners total to give the remaining scores, e.g. Jack's 216 is simply divided by Brian's 243 and multiplied by 1000, giving Jack the 889 score. Yes, you're ahead of me already, Jack's score is therefore 88.9% of Brian's. Easy, eh? Exactly the same principle is used for Electroslot, 100S, Open, F3J, F3B, F5B, yadda, yadda, yadda...

What the table also shows is the air at the start of the slot was better at keeping things up than it was at the end! And it got worse...

R1 S2

No.	Name	Freq	Flt 1	Flt 2	Flt 3	Total	Score
15	John Meredith	74	1:05	1:01	0:56	182	1000
12	Chris Bishop	68	1:09	0:45	0:45	159	874
2	Les Johnson	78	0:52	0:48	0:44	144	791
7	Harry Merrick	62	0:46	0:46	0:40	132	725
17	Bob Hutton	80	0:38	0:35	0:35	108	593

R1 S3

No.	Name	Freq	Flt 1	Flt 2	Flt 3	Total	Score
8	Colin Sparrow	62	1:21	0:49	0:48	178	1000
9	Dave Hunter	78	1:01	0:45	0:40	146	820
11	Jon Stanswood	72	0:54	0:51	0:39	144	809
13	Andy Lewis	80	1:00	0:39	0:35	134	753
16	Al Wisher	74	0:50	0:27	0:21	98	551

So that's the end of Rnd 1. There are 3 pilots with a score of 1000 points because there are 3 slots. If there'd been 10 slots we'd have had at least 10 pilots with a 1000pt score. The trick is simply (ho, ho) to get the 1000 in every Round. And you'll get it with a 10 second total in your slot if everyone else has done 9!

The Slot system provides a completely level playing field for competitors because no matter how good or bad the air may be at any time they

all launch into the same air for their slot. It doesn't matter a jot that the previous slot may have been won with maximum times for everybody in it (Cheshire cats all round) and your slot is over before the towline pennants reach the ground. Your score is only related to those suffering the same ignominious descent rates. Just plummet slower and you've cracked it!

Finally, after all the Rounds have been flown, a Final Results sheet is produced which looks something like:-

HLG Final Positions - Scot Nats 2002

	Name	Freq	Rnd 1	Rnd 2	Rnd 3	Rnd 4	Total
1	Brian Johnson	78	1000	1000	1000	1000	4000
2	John Meredith	74	1000	1000	986	1000	3986
3	Colin Sparrow	62	1000	976	800	659	3435
4	Chris Bishop	68	874	1000	955	597	3426
5	Les Johnson	78	791	880	1000	623	3294
6	Mark Easey	68	774	745	929	777	3224
7	Dave Hunter	78	820	664	995	638	3117
8	Harry Merrick	62	725	823	520	1000	3068
9	Dave Bradbury	80	831	651	1000	569	3051
10	Jack Fisher	62	889	645	896	536	2965
11	Pete Hubbard	74	852	928	648	531	2959
12	Andy Lewis	80	753	708	852	538	2851
13	Jon Stanswood	72	809	678	602	720	2809
14	Bob Hutton	80	593	542	391	745	2272
15	Al Wisher	74	551	531	505	0	1587

Nope, I have no idea what would have happened had Les Johnson not denied John Meredith a max score in Rnd 3 and both Brian and John had ended up with 4000 points each. Nice work by the Johnson boys though!

Ah, a question from our younger readers. What's the big deal about these tiddly gliders then? Good question. The deal is that if you really want to learn about how just how magically air behaves, if you really want to become a master, learn and improve your ability to keep a glider of any type aloft by air currents alone, the best and clearest way to do this is by flying one of these tiddlers.

They are very responsive, they are flown close to you so you can see exactly what's happening to the model while the air around you shifts and turns and tumbles and teases. With growing experience, everything you learn at low level can be applied to your bigger comp ship at any altitude. Don't believe me? You don't have to. This is the message from Dave Thornburg, Joe Wurts and just about any other world class competition pilot you're likely to ask "How did you know....?" They all fly 'em.



Above. Mark Easey checks out the Viltis, flown by Brian to great effect in the HLG comp. During Brian's 3 minute max flight in Rnd 4 all the other pilots in that slot joined his patch of air to benefit from the gentleness of lift he was exploiting. Round and round and under and over the Viltis they whirled. It only worked for Brian though!



Left. A League of Gentlemen. Jack Fisher and Tom Preston, ready for the HLG competition. Jack moved Heaven and Earth in an attempt to get my winch BARCS-legal for the Open event, machining up parts overnight (I didn't rejoin BARCS this year so was unaware of the requirement). Tired of feeling one-man-band at your club site? Try soaring and soaring comps if you value unqualified help, assistance, advice, guidance and just about anything else worth a hoot!

30 Minute Electro (ScotSlot)

Not as planned, but the BARCS electroslot event scheduled for Saturday isn't an option with the very low cloud base. BARCS rules require the total motor run to be accomplished within the first minute of a flight, by which time a model can easily reach >1000ft (1.8m span is now <6mm), even with the battery pack energy limits under these rules. In 30 Minute Electro (and BEFA Electroslot, I think) the motor can be run at any time, allowing models to attempt the task with a series of lower level climb-outs and glides. I don't know why BARCS opts for the inherent hazards and difficulties (for the pilot) of the all-at-once approach. The same thing could be achieved by limiting the total motor run time allowed in each 10 minute slot to 1 minute.

I like the 30 Minute rules because, apart from anything else, they can showcase the awesome performance potential of a 7 cell electric model using the latest Sub-C size nicad technology, which is excluded under the BARCS rules. Couple this to a decent airframe and a suitable motor, gearbox and prop combo and you have something which can achieve escape velocity. No crawling sedately to altitude here, Claude; this is an event for V8 fans! And I said suitable motor, not brushless, so it isn't a big bucks event. Escape velocities were being achieved in this event long before brushless technology arrived. To this day, one of the fastest climbing models ever seen used a 540 size buggy motor and Graupner FG3 3:1 box. A V8 certainly doesn't guarantee success though. It's just great fun to do it that way for once!

The rules as I understand 'em. The task is simply to stay airborne for 30 minutes. Motor battery must be nicad, 7 cells maximum (the 540 ground-to-air missile used 6) and a 450g pack weight limit. The motor can be run at any time during the 30 minutes. Maximum motor run time though is only 2 minutes, so once you've reached that point it's all over bar the gliding. If you're still in the air after 30 minutes you've cracked it! There's no precision-landing-on-the-end-of-slot-hooter business here, so your fragile pride and joy can be teased back to terra firma in one piece.

Your score is the time you've spent in the air, in seconds. 29:59 is good if your launch is on the ball (30:00 is impossible of course). If more than one pilot makes 29:59, the shortest motor run time wins. Which is where the V8 just might come in handy...

No V8's today though. The models flown are configured for the BARCS rules event, generally genteel power consumption from the low-energy motor packs allowed (so this isn't BARCS Joule In The Crown event). I time for Dave Hunter. The calm, murky air is of poor quality and this, coupled with the 2 minute max on motor run time, makes for a shortened event. The *Organics* of Pete Hubbard and John Meredith cruise majestically to 1st and 2nd place, Chris Bishop a whisker behind John. Man of the Match for me has to be Rick Lloyd, in 4th place with a tiddly Speed 480 powered FVK *Trendy*, chugging along on an 8 cell pack of 800AR cells, handsomely outgunning some serious electroslot machinery behind him. And launching again upon completing his 15 minute flight, flying out the rest of the time for fun!

As things transpire over the next 2 days there will not be time to run the BARCS-rules event, a pity because I was curious to see how the present rules work out in practice. I haven't flown it since the rules started changing each year, having been caught out by acquiring new gear for the first of the changes then having it rendered instantly redundant by more changes the following year, a mugs game if ever there was one. Sore with BARCS is right.

ScotSlot Results

	Name	Freq	Time	Motor	Total
1	Pete Hubbard	72	18:39	2:00	1119
2	John Meredith	82	17:39	1:59	1059
3	Chris Bishop	68	17:32	1:58	1052
4	Rick Lloyd	64	15:01	2:00	901
5	Colin Sparrow	74	14:06	2:00	846
6	Tom Preston	66	13:43	1:59	823
7	Jack Fisher	62	11:48	2:00	708
8	Mark Easey	60	11:30	1:59	690
9	Dave Hunter	78	10:08	0:52	608
10	Dave Bradbury	80	10:05	1:58	605

So ended a cold and murky Day One, at least as far as competitive flying was concerned. Despite the weather, the fact that two events had been run was hopefully a positive portent of things to come. We went on to party in hope.



No, not Mossmorran but one of Pete Hubbard (L) and John Merediths' local sites in sunny Walsall. Ta, lads. Also provided are details of the equipment each is using in these stunningly effective 7 cell soaring machines. Oh, sorry, this is the Organic 2.5 I've been waffling about. The ship is designed to handle 2-man pulley tows in F3J comps so its wings aren't likely to flutter or pop off in a dive with a few batteries on board. Not always easy to get though, so patience sometimes required (the US market sucks 'em in like a black hole). Interestingly, the ship could be a lot lighter still if it was designed purely for Electroslot events, but it wouldn't be as aerially bullet-proof or versatile. Goes like a rat up a drainpipe anyhow, even on the wimpy battery packs required by the present BARCS rules. 7x1400Mah Sanyo nicad packs for this event, 7x3000HV NiMh Sanyo's for the B.E.F.A. events (5 slots of 12 mins/slot last I heard). Pete reports 6 minutes of useful motor run time with the 3000 pack in his model.

Details:

	<u>Pete</u>	<u>John</u>
Motor	Kontronik 480-33	Hacker B40L 9wind
Gearbox	Maxon 4.4:1 ceramic	Maxon 4.4:1 ceramic
Controller	Kontronik Smile 40-6-18	Schulze 45bo
Prop	14x9 RFM (14x9, Pete?)	13x10.5 carbon
Receiver	Standard JR700	Standard JR700
Rx pack	4x1800Mah NiMh	4x1000Mah NiMh
Servos	Voltz MicroMax (5 used)	Voltz MicroMax (5 used)
Weight	c. 50oz	c. 51oz

Important Tip: Get the 210mm chord 2.5m wing, NOT the 190mm chord version.
(nothing on the FVK site about chord options, so top-notch Walsall waffle!)

Before you reach for the mortgage papers, bear in mind that such ships will not waft you automatically to the champs bucket in electro comps. Nothing will. An Arriba, et al, is just as

competitive an option. In fact, Mike's Arriba, featured earlier, weighs 10oz less. So what? Well, for starters for the same energy use it'll climb at least 20% higher than the Organic...

"So, Pete, I guess it took a lot of trial and error before you worked out what stuff was most effective in the Organics".

"Ooh, Arr".

...Later...

"So, John, I guess it took a lot of trial and error before you worked out what stuff was most effective in the Organics".

"Trial & error? Nah, we just called Gordon Taring, told him what we wanted to do and he said we'd need two of this, one of that, had we thought of....."

Jack Fisher asks me if my winch is BARCS certified. Never heard of it, Jack (I didn't re-join BARCS this year). Jack tells me that if the winch is certificate-free and if I win the Open event (if it's ever flown and pigs fly, respectively), I could lose out if someone asks to see the winch cert. Apparently Mark Easey just happens to have the electrical testing equipment with him, so Jack arranges for a test. I've always operated the old winch through a constant-tension gadget, 40lbs pull more than enough tension for a decent launch with the sticks' n' tissue *Eliminator 134*. Mark rigs up the test equipment and asks for a dab on the pedal. 1024 amps registers on the meter - I'm sure I hear the plates in the battery clatter down to one end - but electrical resistance is zero. I'm pretty sure that Lucas M50 motors don't have superconducting magnets so there's obviously something wrong with the test equipment? Mark is not convinced by such logic. Jack whips a resistance strip into the winch wiring which drops the current to 800A+, but at least we get a resistance reading. Jack goes home and overnight makes me up a much longer resistance strip so I can get a certificate on Sunday. Jack is a hero. Other factors mean the winch never gets tested or used, but Jack, thank you.

Saturday night at the campsite is a quiet riot of barbecues, booze and tall tales from some very accomplished after-BBQ story-tellers. It's worth the trip down just for this. Midnight brings a few breaks in the cloud. Hard to tell whether it's stars twinkling or the effects of too much SFTC (Silent Flight Technical Committee) punch, but a promising portent for Sunday's weather. Ever optimistic, competition flyers. Most are asleep before the milkman arrives.

Sunday dawns calm, cold, grey and murky. Unflyable. Probably just as well because I can still see the stars. It remains like this until early afternoon, when the horizon starts to lighten. Magically the cold, grey sludge overhead suddenly disappears as if a switch has been thrown. Within minutes people are packing the Goretex away and wondering where they put the Factor 50, calm blue skies and blistering sunshine beckoning the 100S flyers. Unbelievable.

The *Aquila* I'm using is about 20 this year. It started life at c. 3lbs but has mellowed into 4^{1/2}, much like its owner's progress. Calm weather hand-tows are not its best point. I offer the two youngest, fittest, meanest-looking towers a substantial monetary reward if they can tear its wings off. They look at the faded, rumpled covering material trying to protect the open-bay wing structure from the sunshine, the skimpy little towline I have and chortle mightily. Is he serious? Easy money! It's nice to see that the fiscal accrual instincts of the modern young man are as finely tuned as they were when Neil Armstrong took one small step for, um, who was it now...?



*Fancy a different 100S ship, one that stands out from the crowd, one that will ensure you'll never run the risk of flying someone else's model when they all look the same at 1500'? How about a **Windfreak**. Here's Chris Bishop's beautifully built version.*

100S

The 100S rules. Models are maximum 100" wingspan, rudder/elevator controls only. For those with servos to spare, a 3rd servo can be used to operate a brake. Models are hand-towed only, single towman (one man only, not unmarried, you idiot) using a 150m towline. Slot time is 8 minutes for the preliminary Rnd's (of which there will be four today) and 12 minutes for the two fly-off Rnds. No precision landing required, but the model must land within a designated 75m radius circle to score. The centre of this 'circle' is marked and advised to pilots before the event starts. Models which land a goodly distance from it are checked for acceptance with a doubled towline. If the CD requests a check, that is.

Pilots face a really compromised field layout at Mossmorran this year. It's not a problem for the 100S comp but will prove a real test for the Open event. We're not using the normal field because it's full of animals, but the next field along. Or a tiny part of it. Rains have delayed harvesting. The field is full of deep, freshly mown hay, apart from two very narrow, cleared strips along the west and south sides. The Control Tent is setup at the junction of these strips. During today and tomorrow tractors continue to bale and remove the hay in this and adjacent fields, using the cleared west strip of the flying site for access. Remarkably, during both days only one landing tape is baled, but no tractors are harmed! It is far from ideal, but everyone has the chance to assess the situation and decided whether to fly or not. Everyone flies.

CD for the 100S event is Al Wisher. Everybody's known this for months. Everybody except Al, it appears. Dave Bradbury quickly smooths the wrinkle ("...and free beer and you can pitch the tent on the croquet lawn facing the TV and the girls'll walk the dog and..."). The event gets underway.

I'm in the 4th Slot of Rnd 1 so get the chance to observe what the air is like before having to face it myself. It quickly becomes apparent that Mrs Air is having a great time, overjoyed at the chance to tease these daft buggers who think they've seen it all by now. Very gently bouyant

in some places, very gently but effectively non-bouyant in others, but the bouyancy sometimes doesn't last long, sometimes just long enough for a pilot to think he's ventured the Right Way but discovers too late that he's now too far away from the better-off to rejoin 'em!

Harry Merrick neatly sums up the towers plight with a quote from Burns: 'Through bloody field and flood to dash, oh how unfit'. So true!

No-one maxes Slot 1, only two pilots manage it in Slot 2, one in Slot 3. Scores are all over the place. This has been worth waiting for!

Slot 4. Rick Lloyd and Les Johnson have drawn straws (what else in a hay field) to see who gets first crack at my wing-fold swag offer. Rick steps up to the plate. The model sags away on launch, genteely parting company with the line when the chute decides it's been embarrassed enough. Nice try, Rick. Everyone else has blitzed away to mighty altitudes and whistled off to the right. I creep away to the left hoping no-one will notice me.

Mrs Air does though... *Ah, ha, the old 'think you're going to find lift well away from the pack and stuff 'em all' trick, eh. Not this time, junior. Like the hair, though.*

I plummet unceremoniously back to land first, with a frown-inducing 2:51. Ken Nichol manages a little better, Jack Fisher a bit more, but Chris Bishop is obviously in Mrs Air's good books as he comfortably flies out the slot. Ell gun, Kis...

Everyone maxes Slot 5. 18th of 20. Good start, JB!

100S Rnd 1 results

Name	Freq	Slot	Time	Points	Total
Tom Preston	62	1	6.32	392	929
Al Wisher	74	1	6.53	413	979
Ron Norris	78	1	7.02	422	1000
Bob Hutton	82	1	2.24	144	341
Seph Jardine	62	2	3.48	228	489
Jon Stanswood	74	2	7.46	466	1000
Robin Sleight	76	2	6.24	384	824
Dave Hunter	78	2	7.43	463	994
Colin Sparrow	62	3	4.07	247	530
Mark Easey	64	3	7.46	466	1000
Les Johnson	78	3	2.14	134	288
Dave Bradbury	80	3	3.18	198	425
Jack Fisher	62	4	4.07	247	530
Chris Bishop	64	4	7.46	466	1000
John Barnes	66	4	2.51	171	367
Ken Nicoll	76	4	3.23	203	436
Harry Merrick	62	5	7.44	464	996
Andy Lewis	64	5	7.44	464	996
Brian Johnson	78	5	7.46	466	1000
Rick Lloyd	80	5	7.43	463	994



The Windbreak again. Simple rudder/elevator control. First time I've seen one fly. I watched this model quite a bit when Chris flew it on Monday and was extremely impressed with its performance. Towed well, turns on a sixpence, loops on a sixpence and thermals with the best of 'em! Highly aerobic on its 2 channels and thoroughly recommended for the 'I MUST build one of those one of these days' list. Famous US design. Maybe Chris can provide plan details? Meantime, Norrie, persevere with your version. It's a corker of a ship. 10/10 for Big Grin factor.

Round 2. I'm in the first Slot, surrounded by more Famous Names. Groan... Rick, still determined to win the bounty, tows for me again. The wings stay on, but it's another saggy launch. The FN's rocket away. I'm luckier this time. The good air from the previous slot persists long enough to compensate for the launch deficit and my dyslexic stick work. Three of us land together, Colin Sparrow managing to eke things out for another 20 seconds.

Things really go to Hell for 75% of the next slot group though, Mrs Air deciding to remind that fickle is also an F word. Jon Stanswood escapes unscathed and maxes out. Les and Jack whistle back down while Rick has model troubles this time. Interesting ship which Jon is using. A Tracker, of course, the all-moulded ship he manufactures with Wild Bill, but this one a lighter-weight derivative. 4lbs against the more usual 4½. It's straight towing very well in the calm conditions and soaring impeccably. Not a one-off, Jon will make 'em to special order for a bit more than the standard ship. Cost higher because the layup takes longer. Very impressive. Dear Santa, it's me again....

If Slot 2 air was a headache for some, the next shows just how mild it was! No-one comes close to maxing and this time two pilots

zero.. Ouch! The 2nd Rnd continues to play out with some exceptionally tricky conditions.

Rnd 2 results

Name	Freq	Slot	Time	Points	Total
Colin Sparrow		1	7.41	461	1000
Dave Hunter		1	7.22	442	959
Al Wisher		1	7.21	441	957
John Barnes		1	7.21	441	957
Jon Stanswood		2	7.41	461	1000
Les Johnson		2	2.37	157	341
Jack Fisher		2	2.09	129	280
Rick Lloyd		2	0	0	0
Mark Easey		3	5.22	322	1000
Bob Hutton		3	3.11	191	593
Harry Merrick		3	0	0	0
Ken Nicoll		3	0	0	0
Chris Bishop		4	7.48	468	1000
Robin Sleight		4	7.47	467	998
Brian Johnson		4	4.13	253	541
Tom Preston		4	3.12	192	410
Ron Norris		5	6.45	405	1000
Andy Lewis		5	4.52	292	721
Seph Jardine		5	4.15	255	630
Dave Bradbury		5	1.04	64	158

The conditions don't become any less testing, only one pilot maxing Rnd 3. I'm getting much higher, faster launches now I've broken out the pulley tow gear, something I should have done at the start. Rick still doggedly trying to rip the wings off, at least they're now showing signs of doing just that. Just the signs, of course. They won't fold...

Round 4. I'm in the first Slot again, my last 100S flight because of my low 1st Rnd score. Flying against three very good pilots again, including Thermal Advisor to the Gods, Sir Andrew Lewis. Andy is also President of the Cheshire Cat Club, a fact I've been reminded of over the years when he's been either commenting on my antics – Andy, CD on the P.A. at Pitreavie, not for the faint of heart – or flying against me. Andy knows every thermal in the country. First name terms. They often eat at his place. I think one was Best Girl at his wedding. Ah, well, it's sunny, it's been a great comp, and I cut the grass before I left. Life doesn't get much better.

Margaret Johnson times for me again. Rick has really got the hang of the pulley now. Blistering tow, the wings looking worried. Different tactic this time. I come off the line like an arrow and just head straight out while the others wander away each side. The model is on tramlines. Patience... patience.... just before the *Aquila* dwindles to the point of turn-it-or-lose-it, the wing rocks very slightly before levelling again. YES! I answer with a very gentle turn, wings tilted just a few degrees... very hard to see to control it well in the glare though when it's so tiny...

Okay, junior, but just this once. I've tried for decades to show you that it takes more than blind enthusiasm to get me on your side, yet you've never stopped bouncing back for more abuse. That rust bucket and I have been trying to tell you what to do from the day you first launched it, yet your eyes have never listened. You appear endearingly but hopelessly thick. Will you ever understand what makes us girls tick? I know you came close to leaving us this year. Glad you stayed. I'd have missed the hair.

...but I don't have to see. The model continues its gentle turning, canted so slightly, my hands off the sticks. It's never done this before. For the next 5 minutes or so Margaret and I watch the ship slowly and elegantly circle its own way back, not losing or gaining height, the tranny hanging un-needed in one hand. Which slider did I move to get this? During this time, Tom and Les land.

Bye, junior

It's gone, the ship plainly descending now, sticks back at work. I know, I'll never learn.

Then Margaret leans forward and whispers the undreamable in my ear. "Mr Lewis looks like he might land before you."

No time for jokes, Margaret, I'm trying to concentrate. "No, really." I feel momentarily dizzy at this conceptual breakthrough. By the time I've practised my <vbg> bit the ship is much lower and still some way from the field. Reality check, Bozo, you'll throw it away with a zero. Hands back off the sticks, the ship crawls back towards the site with a best-guess distance/sinky bit/gottabeatCheshire trim. Oooh, dear... I haven't quite reached the field boundary when Margaret whispers that Sir Andrew has indeed landed. I hear her grin when announcing this news because my eyes are unblinkingly on the *Aquila*, which now appears to be hovering, very low and still a long way to go to reach the edge of the landing circle. Even my heart stops to watch.

Then I'm down.

"YeeeHAAH"

Jings, with all those years of diplomatic training was that really me?

"MEASURE". Andy, aware that the model is a long way from the centre of the landing circle. Margaret frowns, concerned. I search the diplomacy toolbox for an appropriate response. "Bollox, Lewis, it's miles in".

"MEASURE". I trudge to the circle centre mark with Rick and he toddles off, spooling out the line while the banter twixt master and junior intensifies. Rick makes it about a metre or so past the model. "Yah, boo, Lewis, told yer so". We look at each other, schoolboy grins. Magic. I glance up at nothing and grin even more.

You're welcome

The air for the next slot isn't too good, but then Slot 3 sees 3 pilots max out. Slot 4 provides the unusual entertainment of 2 pilots scoring a 1000 points, Colin Sparrow and Bob Hutton holding wingtips as they touchdown with 7:40 apiece. At long last we reach the final slot of the last round – Fly-offs still to come, remember – all the pilots making 7+ minutes but Ken Nicoll the star of this show with a finely polished 7:48.

Wow. Four 100S Rounds completed under the most delightfully teasing of conditions. Still can't see the point of travelling all that way for 32 minutes of flying time? I can understand that.

Like anything really special, you have to try it to discover if it's something which triggers the soul to respond in that funny uplifting way it does to some things, imagination captured, spirit crow-barred out of myopic daily woes high enough to fleetingly see future dawns (Hey, the grass really is greener) – Pavarotti live, Last Night at the Proms, baby's first words (*googoowhere 'zacarkeys?*) – an infinite number of rejuvenatory perspective tools to hand just waiting to reunite eye and twinkle and heart. You'll never know which of these whirlpools is ready to suck your exploratory toe and the rest of you into it unless you take off your socks and paddle.

At the conclusion of the preliminary rounds, a scoresheet is produced which looks something like this.

	Name	Rnd 1	Rnd 2	Rnd 3	Rnd 4	Total
1	Jon Stanswood	1000	1000	1000	867	3867
2	Robin Sleight	824	998	898	998	3718
3	Andy Lewis	996	721	1000	951	3667
4	Dave Hunter	994	959	668	1000	3620
5	Mark Easey	1000	1000	591	996	3587
6	Al Wisher	979	957	684	934	3553
7	Colin Sparrow	530	1000	964	1000	3494
8	Brian Johnson	1000	541	1000	952	3493
9	John Barnes	367	957	927	1000	3251
10	Ron Norris	1000	1000	393	714	3106
11	Chris Bishop	1000	1000	1000	0	3000
12	Bob Hutton	341	593	739	1000	2674
13	Harry Merrick	996	0	1000	604	2600
14	Seph Jardine	489	630	504	938	2561
15	Tom Preston	929	410	624	545	2508
16	Jack Fisher	530	280	624	1000	2433
17	Ken Nicoll	436	0	734	1000	2170
18	Les Johnson	288	341	649	697	1974
19	Rick Lloyd	994	0	0	904	1897
20	Dave Bradbury	425	158	450	482	1515

Prior to the competition starting – normally – the CD will have announced the number of pilots who'll go though to the Fly-offs. This time it's 6. Jon Stanswood draws the short one and has me timing for him, Rick once again volunteering for towing duties. Straight towing now, Jon's *Tracker* launching really well. As things transpire, the Air hasn't lost her tease factor. No-one maxes the first FO slot but the scores are well spread twixt Jon, with 9:33, to Andy, with a 6:25. I nip across to the score tent to (a), hand in Jon's time and (b), see how everyone else has done so Jon will know what he has to do to maintain his initial lead from the

first slot. 42 seconds in hand is very useful to both have and know about.

In the 2nd FO slot Robin and Jon manage to escape the group and max out, 11:47 for Robin and 11:41 for Jon. The scores are really well spread this time, an indication of just how testing the sunny, deceptively calm, white fluffy clouded environment actually is. Brilliant.

100S Fly-off Results

	Name	FO1	FO2	Total
1	Jon Stanswood	1000	992	1992
2	Robin Sleight	913	1000	1913
3	Al Wisher	927	539	1466
4	Dave Hunter	742	426	1167
5	Andy Lewis	672	402	1074
6	Mark Easey	738	334	1072

So there you have it, a simple format of competition for equally simple rudder/elevator controlled gliders up to a maximum of 100" wingspan. And just in case you think the experts always cruise comfortably through to the end-of-slot hooter so why bother trying, ho ho, just check out the score info again. This is Scotland, where no-one gets it easy! Anyhow, like anything else, the point of giving it a bash initially isn't to win, it's to gain exposure to the nature of the event and see if it tickles the taste buds. The only thing you're likely to be pleasantly surprised by is the number of folk hovering close by to ensure you get all the help you're likely to want, especially if you're by yourself or with others in the same position.

It's around 7:30 Sunday evening that the 100S comp is concluded, a long trail of happy, weary lobsters carrying models and equipment back to the distant cars in the lane beside the field. Maybe Factor 100 would've worked better?

A second night of mirth and cocktails. Damn, I could get used to this. Brian Johnson and I eventually retire to a calmer place to discuss more esoteric matters associated with electric flight, a subject dear to both our hearts. Neither of us'll win next years ScotSlot event because we're doing the mine-goes-up-faster approach, by far the most inefficient way of flying electric duration comps but, on the other hand, by far the most entertaining. So it'll be pistols at dawn for my huge Flash 5 against Brian's newer tiny Flash 8. Big bet on the outcome. Watch this space.

Interference fit

Hi John,

As we discussed by phone, I had some radio "interference" during the 100S event at the Scottish Nationals. A cautionary tale for ADS mag readers follows, especially those who may treat themselves to a Tracker...

Those among the readers who know me also know that I try not to take chances with my aeroplanes, from a radio link point of view that is. I do tend to treat them a bit harshly at times, but that is another story.

All of my models have the aerial inside the fuselage, except two. One is my new *Eraser* Cross tail (there's a bl—dy former in the way and I haven't had time to sort that out yet) and the other is my carbon-fuselaged *Tracker*, in which the aerial is cut and joined with a gold plug and socket at the fuselage/wing cut out, a full length aerial permanently fitted near the trailing edge of the wing. The bit in the fuselage is only a signal carrier, or so those who "know" of these things tell me.

This has been used for two or three years now with NO interference problems until this years Scot Nats, and here the tale begins: -

The first round was fairly uneventful, launch, go up and downwind, fly for seven and half minutes or so then land. 1000 points. Maximum range about 3-400 yards, good game.

The second round was a bit of a problem. Launch, fly around upwind then crosswind, finally find some lift about 4-500 yards away so start to circle. At this point all pilots were in the pilots box, and between me and the model because I was at the upwind edge of the box. Now the fun begins (?). A glitch? This model doesn't do that. Remember we are now circling and going away from the pilot, increasing the range. I can still see it very well, so

on we go, then full up elevator went on - oops, better try to come back. No problem, just a few more glitches on the way but no more bl—dy lift either. Well, the model is back, the score is - no, don't mention the score - so is there a problem? Ground range is OK, although I do not believe that ground range is relevant, so I have to assume that it was probably something causing external interference. Or do I? Well, that was the assumption.

Round 3 and off we go again. Think I'll just jolly off into the distance and see what there is. All going well until about 5-600 yards out, then aerobatics without my help. Oh H-ll. Get it back ASAP. Another duff score, but I still have an intact *Tracker*.

Competition now a lost cause, but must answer the lack of range problem. Wing off, plug and socket still secure, damn ground range still good. Much head scratching (wonder if that's where the hair went?). Later, take the Rx out of model. The answer is immediately apparent. *Tracker* wings are bolted on from underneath, and the RX only has 5" of aerial wire on it, the other bit lying in the fuelage, *cut-off completely by the wing bolt when I put the model together BEFORE round 1!*

This only leaves me with 4 things to remember: -

1. JR NER 549X receivers are pretty damn good.
 2. Remember to make sure I don't cut the bl—dy aerial wire with the wing bolts again.
 3. Is all this "carbon shielding" thing just a myth perpetrated to make us do extra work on our models, or is it true?
 4. Trust my own radio. I've not had external interference problems before, therefore always assume the problem is with my own gear - until proved otherwise.
- Brian Johnson**

Monday morning dawns as grey and gloomy as the previous two days. Early on I learn from Dave Bradbury that I can't take my vehicle into the field to drop off my winch at the launch site. Sans wheels, far too heavy to carry, it's a non-starter. Dave offers me the use of his winch though. A very generous offer which I can't refuse of course, but I'm irritated at the loss of my own familiar setup. My fault entirely. I've been meaning to fit wheels to it for years but have yet to acquire the wheel/tyre combo which most use because I don't qualify for customer status at the place which sells them (Costco).

Around midday we get a repeat of yesterdays weather phenomenon, dark grey quickly replaced with blistering blue, still close to flat calm as well.

Options for how the winches and landing spots can be set out are nil, just one layout possible. This puts the landing spots close behind the winch line, but not far in front of the control tent/pits area and the barbed wire fenced edge to the west side of the field. Oh, and on this side of the fence the tractors will run up and down every few minutes throughout the day. Landing approaches will around or over these items. A precision avoidance task to add to the precision landing requirement. Mmm. Certainly not ideal from a safety standpoint, but with no members of the public present we go for it. As things transpire, pilots on higher frequencies will land on spots to the south of the pits/control tent area with a less compromised landing approach. I'm on 66, staring at the looming control tent, judging the large amount

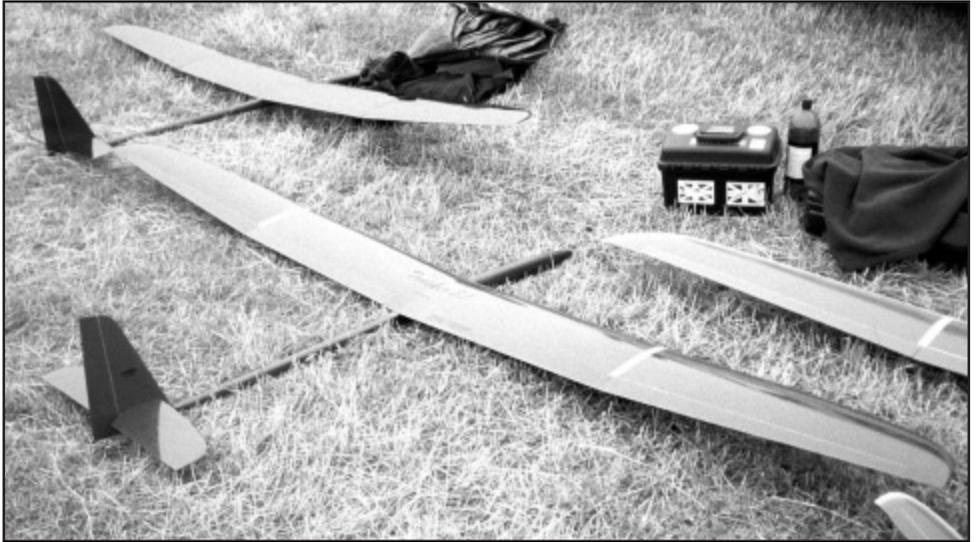


"Mmm, if I run both functions through a paralleled logic AND and OR circuit to create a binary dither loop for directional intention, then operate the exponential decay switch from a piece of string tied to my left ankle...."

Dave Hunter enjoying the awesome options potential of his Graupner MC24 transmitter prior to the Open event.



Cruciform tail ends are making a comeback. This is a very elegant version of the genre on Brian Johnson's new Eraser Extreme, lightweight version of the popular Eraser. BJ says his is 1.8Kg. Er, 1/2lb lighter than the Aquila then!



The new Tracker 3.1m for Open/F3J. Full-house, all-moulded and sporting another neat cruciform tail end. As far as I'm aware, I believe the Trackers are the only moulded ships made in the UK at present. It'll be interesting to see if the 3.1 can achieve the same stunning level of comp success its 100S stablemate has managed.



Andy Lewis spoilt for choice between his own vintage Montana Open design and slightly more modern all-moulded Pike + F3J machine. The very calm conditions for the Open event allowed Andy the option to fly the Montana as two entries, one for Open and the other Classic (for soarers designed before our parents were born). Andy decided on the lightweight Montana, not a bad call as it turned out. At least for the prelims...

The Great Journey North.

Well, it's nearly ready to fly. I've spent the last few days outfitting the model and it's looking terrific. I can't wait to try it out. What a weekend...

But the story starts some considerable time back. For the past 10 or so years I've spent most weekends travelling around the south and midlands areas of England entering BARCS Open, 100s and F3J competitions. I have been further north. I flew in Radioglide at Pitreavie in 97 and Redcar in 96, but nothing further north than Finningly since. It's not that I won't travel great distances to fly – I currently do an average of 30k miles a year – it's just that the circumstances have never been quite right to return until this year.

The weekend competitions that I attend are thoroughly enjoyable events both on the flying side and the social side on the camp site. Up until this year I have slept in a friends caravan awning and relied on them for "looking after me" for the duration. This has been a fine solution, but at times not ideal. The awning collapsing on me at Finningly due to the heavy rain we had overnight was just one such situation. The lack of facilities at some weekend events was also getting to be an issue. Whilst some people can get by in a tent or the back of their car, I have got to the stage where I need my creature comforts, well a porta-loo, hot water and a roof that will stand the rain as a minimum. I could stay in a B&B or travel-Inn for these weekends, but the cost is an issue and you miss out on the social side. More recently I have borrowed a caravan, which makes the whole experience much more enjoyable. I had considered buying one but could not really justify the expense for a few weekends away each year. Last year at Radioglide, which I organised, I decided to hire a caravan for the weekend. Being a hire van it was almost new with all mod-cons. Following that weekend I decided that for this year a caravan was a must-have item, I just needed to justify to myself and Jane (my wife) that it was. At the start of the year when the contest calendar was being put together I counted the times it could be used. These were Radioglide, Interglide, BMFA Nats, Malvern Weekend, Chelmsford Weekend, plus Peterborough and a few committee meeting at Leicester combining a weekend away. It started to look like I could justify buying one.

Since the demise of the area-arranged Radioglides there has not been a need for southern based flyers to travel north. This has been wryly pointed out by several people based north of the border over the last couple of years. With the idea of buying a caravan, another event was now practical to attend, the Scottish Nationals. So with all these events in mind in late February, I purchased a second hand 'van that met my requirements.

I talked about going to the Scottish Nats in April to my regular group of flyers. No-one took up

the challenge to come with me. It was whilst sampling some bottle brews with Chris Bishop that I learnt of his intentions to go as well. So we became a team of two. It was a start. The weekend prior to this years Scot Nats, the Invictor club in Kent hosted BARCS Interglide. So with caravan in tow I set off to deepest Kent. The weather was unbelievable for the UK, hot and dry providing very demanding flying conditions. There were 56 entries and after some really poor flying I ended 52nd. Oh well, I thought, I can only do better in Scotland! I arrived back home late Sunday, repacked the caravan Monday and set-off early Tuesday, heading north. The intention was to spend two days plane-spotting at Manchester airport before arriving in Scotland on Friday. This was where things started to deteriorate. I arrived at a campsite south of the airport mid-afternoon. The weather was fine and warm. By early evening the clouds had rolled in and it was raining hard. I had planned to test fly my Highlight HLG as the C of G wasn't quite right. I never did get to fly it as the rain didn't stop until I drove past Carlisle on the next stage of the journey. The weather during the two days at Manchester was appalling. The cloud base was less than 1000 feet with continuous rain. On Wednesday morning I was up early ready to set off to the airport, jumped into the car and nothing – dead as the proverbial dodo. A call to Green Flag followed. "They will be there within the hour, sir", was the quote. 2½ hours later the tow truck arrived. "Sorry mate there was 2 farms with the same name". So much for me giving explicit directions. The mechanic, who reminded me of Gary on Eastenders, would not drive onto the field as it was so wet. He carried the portable pack over to the car and nothing, not enough power left in it to start the car. We ended up pushing the car 50 metres across the grass in the rain. We eventually got the car started and I set off to get a replacement battery, in a place I have never been, with no idea of where a Motor Factors might be. I eventually stumbled upon a Halfords with a big sign saying "we will fit for you". The guy that served me was so impressed as he carried the battery to the car in the rain.

By Thursday evening I was so depressed by the weather that I nearly phoned Dave Bradbury to tell him I wasn't coming. Still, I had promised. Anyway, Friday morning arrived and I set-off in the pouring rain, heading north.... **Mark Easey**

[Regrettably, a much-abbreviated story from Mark, the original hoot running to 5 A4 pages of infamous scandal, gossip and rumour about soaring people. Of no interest to folk who haven't tried comps yet, of course... "I surmise Easey's first paragraph relates to the story of the Open event, Watson, given the strange, homoerotic nature of this cult publication's cover image..."]

of height I have to lose very quickly and wishing already I'd brought a flapped model!

Time is short. Brian Johnson is CD for this event. At the pilots briefing pilots are advised that next-slot prep time will commence 7 minutes into the previous slot, the following slot to start almost immediately. No prisoners, no excuses. And there aren't for once!

The Open

The primary difference between this event and 100S is that winches can be used. Model type is essentially unlimited, as many servos as you can cram in if you wish, although 5-6 is the norm for full-house (i.e. ailerons, flaps, rudder and elevator controls) ships. Slot times are now 10 minutes in length – Fly-offs 15 – and there is a precision landing bonus up for grabs. Landing spots are marked and a graduated tape used to determine the amount of bonus acquired. 50 points if the nose of the model is within 2.5m of the circle centre, diminishing as the nose does, 40, 30, etc. If you miss the circle you don't get a bonus. If you land right on the spot but overfly the slot time by a nano-second, you pick up a 30 point penalty to compensate for the loss of landing bonus points! 4 qualifying slots will be flown today, followed by 2 Fly-off slots. The weather conditions for the event will prove just as teasing as they were yesterday.

I'm flying the *Eliminator 134* this year, its first outing since June last year when I managed to partially re-kit it by launching switched off at the clubs big annual soaring event. It has patiently bided its time waiting for the 2002 Nats date to arrive!

I'm in the first slot of Rnd 1. *Eliminator* ready, I hook up to Dave's unfamiliar winch and wait for the buzzer. Almost no tension on the line because since Upton '98 I've been launching with very low line tensions, finding that a model ultimately accelerates into a better launch that way.

'BLAAAAH'.., foot on the pedal, tension starts to rise and I launch. The *134* climbs about 2 feet and starts drifting gently to my left, still on the line and tilting to the left as it wanders. The other competitors are long gone. The winch has failed somehow. I concentrate on trying to level the wings enough to push forward and off the line, a delicate manoeuvre at a 6' altitude with a r/e ship almost double that in span. Brian Johnson notices my plight and P.A.s a query. I shout back that all isn't well with the winch,

at which point Rick Lloyd sprints from the control tent like Linford Christie, shouting at me to use his winch. I ease the model into the straw lumps and fetch it back to the launch line, where Rick is ready now for launch attempt 2 (turns out the line got trapped in the turnaround pulley for attempt 1).

Rick says he'll pulse the model gently up the line now he has a chance to see how flimsy this 134 looks close-up. Well into the slot time now, the others up and away into good lift, this is no time for meandering. Damage limitation the priority. Stomp on it, Jeeves! Looking very doubtful, Rick stomps.

In all the tension-controlled launches I've done with the old girl, I have never seen the center section bend before. Now it looks like a banana, outer tip panels seemingly pointing straight up. For a moment I think the ship has made the jump to light speed, there being a pronounced red-shift in its appearance, but it's just the red LiteSpan covering material – like tissue paper but without the massive strength – being left behind. It's still travelling way faster than it has experience of though, and I'm aware that the control throws I use for sub-light speeds may prove a little sensitive at this velocity. A tiny dab of down and up elevator to come off the line then. The model snaps down, banana inverted for a blink, then snaps up into the most untidy release I've managed since starting soaring! It whistles vertically. I pop in a hint of down elevator to level it out, far too soon, it complains, as the model snaps through 90 degrees to level, banana once again momentarily inverted. The covering catches up with the model. The control tent proximity wins on my landing approach and I only manage a 10 with tape imaginatively stretched to breaking point.

Dave Hunter fares worse. Dave flies out the slot to a comfortable winning time, only to face a deaf spectating modeller on his landing approach which Dave has to correct for late, landing on the spot a whisker after the end-of-slot buzzer. 9:53+50 instantly transformed to a 9:53-30! Dave is a model of restraint, just a hint of a theory that one particular modeller may lack married parents.

An eventful 1st Rnd continues. In the next slot, Jack Fisher's timer forgets to stop the watches when Jack lands, a call Jack makes instantly. Zero score. In the 3rd slot, Chris Bishop over-rotates on launch with his

beautiful composite *Graphite*, the towline tearing off the tail feathers. Man and machine were obviously meant to be a partnership, the out-of-control *Graphite* hitting Chris on its terminal plunge. Chris says later that while he was deciding whether to run or stay put he got clobbered! He puts up the Windfreak, enjoying some delightful aerobatics during the remaining time and landing with a 50. The 4th slot is a repeat of the first, both Bob Hutton and Tom Preston

comfortably flying it out against the rest then over-flying the buzzer at the end. Oh joy! Ian Stewart pulverises the opposition in slot 5 and also suffers the same over-flight fate. It's clear that the bounders from south of the border are coping with the landing chicanes with less hassle. Drat, the ploy has failed!

Note that at the end of every slot – when the printer's working – a scoresheet is produced asap showing the slot results. A compilation of these sheets at the end of Rnd 1 gives:-

Name	Freq	Slot	Time	Bonus	Points	Total
Colin Sparrow	62	1	9.25	50	615	1000
Andy Lewis (Class.)	64	1	9.16	50	606	985
John Barnes	66	1	6.40	10	410	667
Dave Hunter	78	1	9.53	-30	563	915
Jack Fisher	62	2	0	0	0	0
Mark Easey	64	2	5.01	40	341	1000
Ken Nicoll	76	2	2.01	0	121	355
Les Johnson	78	2	4.51	50	341	1000
Harry Merrick	62	3	5.10	40	350	1000
Chris Bishop (Open)	64	3	3.09	50	239	683
Brian Johnson	78	3	2.01	50	171	489
Rick Lloyd	80	3	4.15	50	305	871
Tom Preston	62	4	9.44	-30	554	925
Andy Lewis (Open)	64	4	9.19	40	599	1000
Al Wisher	74	4	6.19	40	419	699
Robin Sleight	76	4	7.05	50	475	793
Bob Hutton	82	4	9.53	-30	563	940
Chris Bishop (Class.)	64	5	9.08	20	568	1000
Ian Stewart	76	5	9.46	-30	556	979
Jon Stanswood	74	5	7.07	50	477	840
Dave Bradbury	80	5	5.52	10	362	637
Ron Norris	78	5	5.07	40	347	611
Seph Jardine	62	5	4.59	0	299	526



Dave and Rick, prime movers and shakers for this years Scot Nats, try desperately to concoct an intelligent answer to Louise's query on a finer point of the BARCS Open rules. Not often this two are reduced to silence as the most appropriate response to something!

No surprises that this sheet looks exactly like the 100S printout apart from the column for landing bonus points.

No overflights in Rnd 2 but the dramas continue for some. Chris Bishop flies his backup all-moulded *Graphite*. While at considerable distance away over towards the southern woods he suffers radio failure. In she plummets. Chris thinks it's 'PCM lockout'. I've heard of this before but never experienced it, simply because I've heard of it enough to trust cheaper non-PCM receivers rather than the terribly clever intelligence of PCM. It reminds me of digital mobile phone reception problems. My old analogue phone would always keep working if the signal weakened, the sound deteriorated a bit, whereas the digital wonder machines would – and still do – drop out completely once the signal degraded a tad. The *Graphite* is recovered later, quite badly damaged but complete.

Ken Nicoll and I have a side bet on which *134* will prosper best, his or mine. Ken helps my cause by completing a great flight in slot 4 by testing the LE sheeting removal properties of barbed wire on his landing approach. Yup, works very effectively. Thanks, Ken!

After my 2nd Rnd slot I return to my chair in the pit area. Sitting in the next chair now is a distinguished looking gentleman, keenly



Sir Al wonders if the heat build-up under Jon Stanswood's black hat is responsible for the aerobatics.

watching the goings on. Must be a member of the public because the face is not familiar to me. I enquire if the gentleman is a modeller, or even a r/c flyer at all, in my keenness to promote the benefits (!) of soaring competition to anyone not quick enough to scarper. An innocent grin, "I fly F5B". F5B... the international class for Really Serious electric soarers. My wide-eyed, open-mouthed countenance brings forth a hand to shake. "George Shering". Well, knock me over with a feather duster. George has been competing at World Champs level in F5B events for many, many years. My grin connects my ears as I replay my 'Do you fly r/c...' bit. George asks if he can come out to the flightline with Les and me to watch my next slot. Jings, what a delightful surprise, meeting George.

Rnd 3 and I'm up against Ron Norris, Jack Fisher and Ken, Les Johnson timing for me, George alongside. While we wait for the buzzer, Les nudges me and indicates a flock of buzzards lazily circling high, away above the woods to the south. Right, now I'm not waiting for the buzzer to start the slot, just the buzzer to start, primed to release by the 2nd or 3rd

pressure wave on my ear. I check to see if anyone is standing by the buzzer, might use their flinch to go on, but it's clear. Low tension ideas forgotten now, arm straining to hold the model against a mightily persistent towline ('Nah, I don't take these events too seriously, it's more the social aspects I come for...').

'BLA... we're gone, off early and zooming into a wide sweep to the right to head off for the buzzards. Well spotted, Les.

Yawn

With all the blue sky and fluffy white clouds around us, the thermal the birds are in is back-dropped by a massive, dark purple cloud. The 134 adopts the Klingon trick of now-you-see-me, now-you-don't, Ron and I circling away together, ever higher and further. I manage about 6 minutes of this before zooming back closer to the field, still at considerable height, the urge to blink again now overwhelming. One of these days I'll discover a colour scheme for a model which works equally well against all backdrops, white, blue, purple or anything else. Time was I had a model for light winds and another for breezier weather. Not a factor these days. Now I need models of differing colours to handle the variety of backdrop colours one has to contend with. Not off the line of course, but once that span has dwindled to sub 10mm... Either that or blinking navigation strobes.

On landing approach as the slot ends, I manage to get the ship too close to Dave's big van. Oops, hint of up to get over it and the model stalls, dropping kerplunk not far in front of Ron Norris's wife, Pauline, seated in front of the van. My eyebrows achieve escape velocity, Pauline doesn't flinch. I run across and apologise profusely for scaring myself to death, Pauline simply enquiring whether the model is okay. Ron is much more concerned when he joins us a little later. "You could have hit my models". With this ignominious ending to the flight, I've blown my chance to achieve a 9:50+ flight for the first time. Lined up perfectly for the spot for the first time too. Ratz!

But I'm rattled by the piloting error. Wouldn't have happened with any risk at Pitreavie, the old Nats site, with its perfect launching and landing layout from a safety

perspective. Of course, Chris suffering PCM lock-out at great distance would have more than likely come down on buildings or roads, not the field it attempted to vertically plough, hence the Mossmorran site these days. Anyhow, my fault entirely. I knew there was no margin for error on the landing approach with this years confined layout before starting the event. Hopefully we'll not have to contend with this again. If we do though, I'll still be flying in it. Full-house with flaps next time though!

Rnd 4 progresses with scores widely spread because of the gently treacherous conditions. In the 4th slot, Dave Hunter and Andy Lewis end up working a small patch of lift well downwind. Dave foresees a likely FO place by trying to reconnect with the lift when he loses it rather than play safe and head back to the field. Way to go, Dave, but this time it fails and he lands a long way from the site. Zero score. A lot of times it can pay off though, and Dave knows that such adventurousness is often rewarded over playing safe.



Chris prepares to swipe the unobtrusive ADS photographer ("Back a bit, lads, back a bit...") while Mark uses his new NASA-spec Thermal Notification trousers which inflate when confronted with warmer air. Worked well.

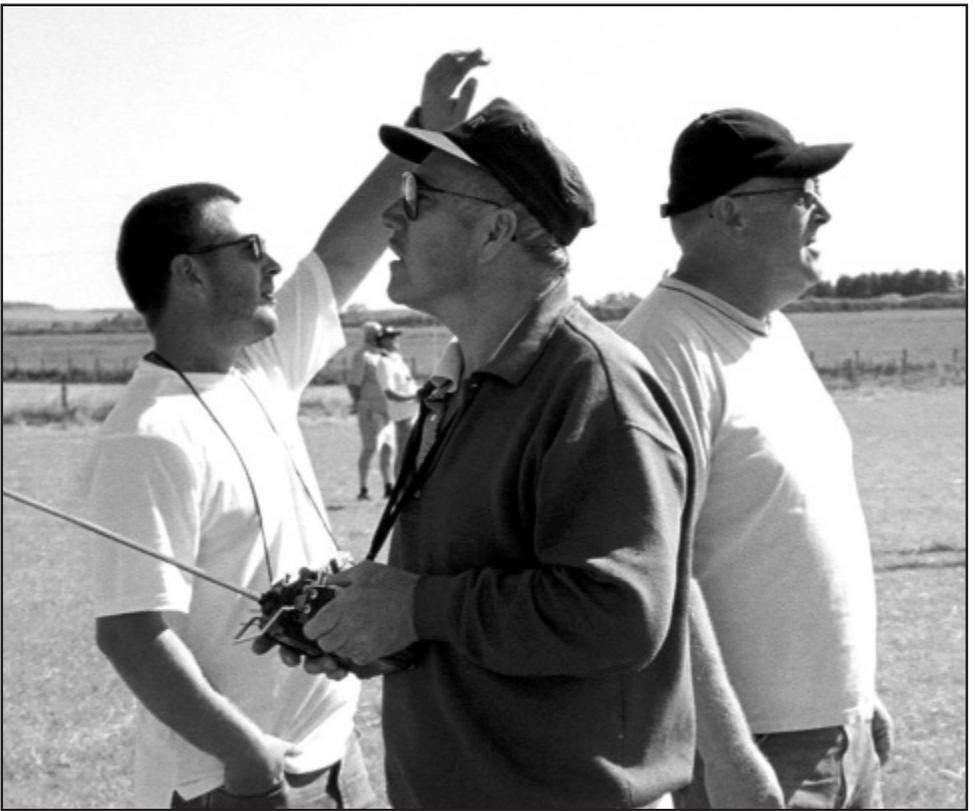


Dave Hunter timing for Ron Norris in the ferocious afternoon glare. Dave's harness used to support his MC24 set, apparently a superior solution compared to a simple neck strap for these weighty beasts.

Right, with the 4 qualifying Rnds completed everyone gathers to check the details and see who'll go through to the Fly-offs. In this case, the details are:-

Pos.	Name	Rnd 1	Rnd 2	Rnd 3	Rnd 4	Total
1	Andy Lewis (Classic)	985	1000	886	1000	3871
2	Andy Lewis (Open)	1000	1000	860	1000	3860
3	Mark Easey	1000	1000	1000	816	3816
4	Colin Sparrow	1000	938	956	867	3761
5	Bob Hutton	940	955	858	892	3645
6	Jon Stanswood	840	1000	730	969	3539
7	Ron Norris	611	779	973	1000	3362
8	Al Wisher	699	728	911	954	3293
9	Robin Sleight	793	627	1000	787	3207
10	Ian Stewart	979	902	686	595	3162
11	Harry Merrick	1000	942	351	860	3153
12	Brian Johnson	489	767	1000	779	3035
13	Rick Lloyd	871	736	685	739	3032
14	Les Johnson	1000	489	521	1000	3010
15	Chris Bishop (Class.)	1000	1000	562	368	2930
16	Tom Preston	925	757	778	449	2910
17	Dave Hunter	915	963	1000	0	2878
18	John Barnes	667	445	1000	621	2733
19	Jack Fisher	0	551	976	720	2247
20	Ken Nicoll	355	0	469	1000	1823
21	Dave Bradbury	637	526	0	534	1698
22	Seph Jardine	526	396	430	0	1353
23	Chris Bishop (Open)	683	0	0	0	683

A terrific performance by Andy Lewis, ye olde Montana and Andy's familiarity with it proving an unstoppable combination. All 6 of the pilots who'll go through to the Fly-offs have achieved that aim by very consistent scoring.



Exactly how it should be done. A study in concentration as Rick Lloyd and Dave Bradbury keep an eye on the opposition while Bob Hutton enjoys the sun behind him as he flies to a fine, hard-won 2nd place in Open.

RIGHT: An older design struggling to keep up with the pace of the sleeker youngsters, creaking and groaning it's way around Mossmorran despite the perfect weather conditions which it's designed for. The Eliminator 134, on the other hand....



Andy's three bearers dump him and concentrate on the prize-giving ceremony! L-R Ken Nicoll, Robin Sleight and Ian Stewart soak up the late afternoon atmosphere.



Don Imrie, the Scottish Aeromodelling Association chairman, visited the site on Monday while the Open event was underway. Dave Bradbury kindly introduced me to Don.

Earlier in the year I had been heartened by the news from Dave that the SAA were prepared to help sponsor the Soaring Nats event once again (last years event, which Dave ran and helped fund, was not SAA supported fiscally or conceptually).

It was a pleasure for me to meet Don, a charming, eloquent and very experienced modeller. No, we did NOT talk about Pitreavie! I

was also very pleased to see him at the Soaring Nats, supporting Dave Bradbury's tireless efforts in supporting and running the event.

No-one could be more delighted than me at the prospect of the SAA actively renewing its support for thermal soaring activities in Scotland. The initial signs appear very positive, so much so that purely on the basis of my talk with Don I'll stop campaigning for my club to sever its SAA links come the AGM. That'll be a blessed relief for it in November! And I just might rejoin the SAA next year. Early days. We'll see... **JB**

Bob Hutton hasn't won a slot, but he's been not far behind in every flight. Worth mentioning also is that Colin Sparrow has been hand towing rather than winch launching, his tow time just a second or three longer than the winch launches but very good height gain on release compared to most of the winch launches. So don't despair if you don't own a winch, hand towing is still mightily effective!

The Montana's luck runs out in the 1st FO slot, Andy landing long before anyone else. Mark hangs onto the fickle air the longest but is still down pretty quickly.

In the 2nd slot, Andy doesn't launch with the others. A good call (only option, really) because

this time it's an even shorter time in the air for the rest. Andy launches about 5 minutes into the slot time when the others are landed or low, finds little patches of bouyant air and milks them until the slot ends, comfortably winning this slot, enough to move him from dead last in the standings to 3rd. Cracking stuff.

The final results are:-

	Name	FO1	FO2	Total
1	Mark Easey	1000	725	1725
2	Bob Hutton	936	607	1542
3	Andy Lewis	470	1000	1470
4	Jon Stanswood	928	495	1424
5	Colin Sparrow	699	371	1070
6	Ron Norris	0	447	447



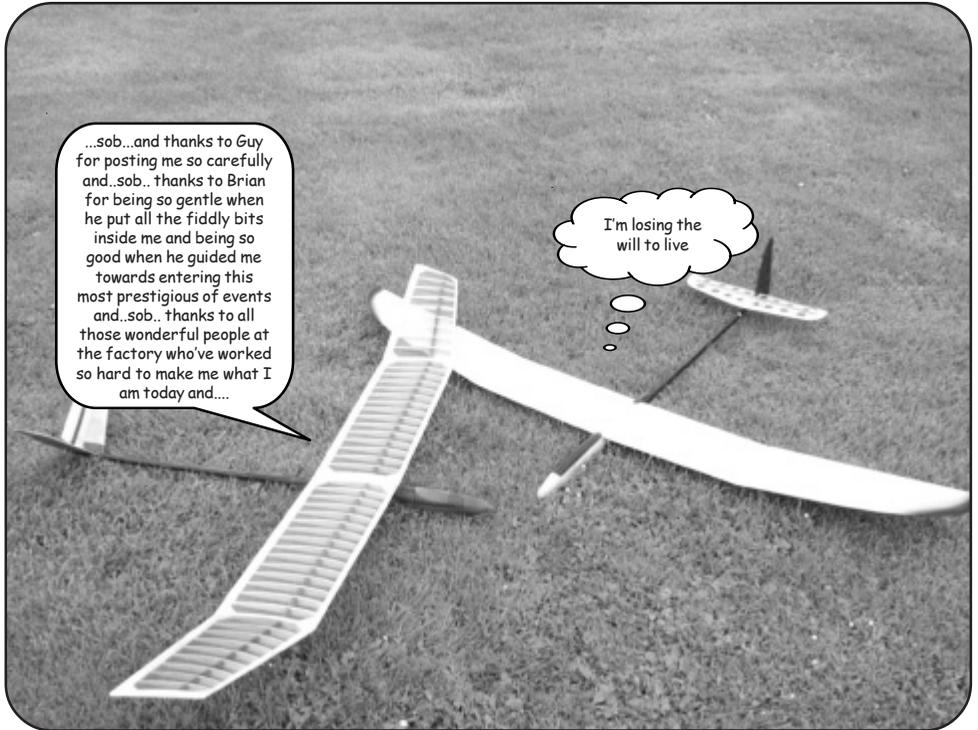
Bob Jon (Chris) Mark Colin Andy
Ron



"By Thursday evening I was so depressed by the weather that I nearly phoned Dave Bradbury to tell him I wasn't coming. Still, I had promised. Anyway, Friday morning arrived and I set-off in the pouring rain, heading north...."

Ah, how the myriad daily decisions we make affect our lives. Mark and Margaret Johnson with the Roy Johnson Memorial Trophy, awarded to the Open winner in celebration of Margaret's late husband's great passion for the sport, something son Les is afflicted with too! Not expected by anybody though was the little matter of a new **Eraser F3J** moulded ship for the Open winner, donated by Guy Taylor of Soarhigh Models.

"Well, Watson, for once a happy ending...Yuk!"



...sob...and thanks to Guy for posting me so carefully and...sob... thanks to Brian for being so gentle when he put all the fiddly bits inside me and being so good when he guided me towards entering this most prestigious of events and...sob... thanks to all those wonderful people at the factory who've worked so hard to make me what I am today and....

I'm losing the will to live

ring...ring... "Hi, JB, heard that you were off for a spot of soaring with a few lads at the weekend. Nah, forecast isn't good and it's a bloody

long way for a wasted trip. Seems a daft idea to me. Dunno why you're bothering." Me neither.

ADS & SCOTTISH SOARING EVENTS CALENDAR 2002

Month	Date	Event	Venue	Organiser	Tel. No.
MAR	31	International Postal	Mossmorran	Brian Sharp	01738-626589
APR	7	Fun Fly	Fairley	B. Shaw	01294-602686
	14				
	21				
	28	ADS Slope Fly-in	TBA	Mike Pirie	01224-323640
	28	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	01592-782906
MAY	5	Open/100S	Warrick	Harry Merrick	01563-526980
	12	Electroslot/Mini Glider	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	19	ADS Thermal Fly-in	Calder Park	Mike Pirie	
	19	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	26	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
JUN	1,2,3,4	RadioGlide	Oxford		
	8, 9	ADS Hazlehead - fun-fly 8th - Open/100S 9th	Hazlehead Park	Mike Pirie	
	16	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	23	Electroslot/Mini Glider	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	30	ADS Slope Fly-in	TBA	Mike Pirie	
	30	Open/100S	Boldon	Brian Johnson	01915-368178
JUL	7	Test day/Electroslot/Mini Glider	Mossmorran	B. Sharp/D. Bradbury	
	14				
	21	ADS Electric Fly-in	Calder Park	Mike Pirie	
	21	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	28	Anything goes Fun Day (?)	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
AUG	3,4,5	Scot Nats - Open/100S/E-slot/ScotSlot/Mini Glider	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	11	ADS BBQ & Fly-in	Calder Park	Mike Pirie	
	11	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	18	Open/100S	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	24,25,26	British Nats			
SEP	1	International Postal	Mossmorran	Brian Sharp	
	8	Electroslot/Mini Glider	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
	15	ADS Slope Fly-in	TBA	Mike Pirie	
	15	Fun Day	Fairley	B. Shaw	
	22	Electric Fun Fly	West Calder	Tom Laird	07761-645644
	29	Electroslot/Mini Glider	Mossmorran	Dave Bradbury	
OCT	6	Standby Date			
	13	Standby Date			

Movers & Shakers

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ADS welcomes any material of modelling interest for publication, so a few words (& photos please) about one's latest aeronautical creation/experiences/hints'n'tips will be warmly welcomed. The Ed has fitted an extra large letter box in anticipation of being overwhelmed with information!