

Hot Air



Message from the President

May 2014

I would like to personally thank the guys who showed up for the work party at Entradero Park earlier this month. The cargo van that was damaged by a teenage driver last year was being replaced by the City and needed to be emptied. We not only took care of that, but cleaned out the larger weeds on the field, mowed and drug the infield. The City was very appreciative of our efforts. Once again, thanks to everyone that showed up and helped.

The scheduled refurbishment of the sump at Entradero is still scheduled to begin this summer. No date has been confirmed by the City. I will let you know if I hear anything solid.



World War II aircraft, you would have loved this show. A list of upcoming airshows can be found [here](#).

Speaking of our newsletter and our editor, Chris Newton, thanks for all of your work compiling the inputs. The newsletter is our main vehicle for keeping the membership up to speed on what is going on. Without it, the club would dry up and blow away. That said, the newsletter is also each member's tool for getting information and ideas out to the club. If you have anything you would like to share, contact Chris and he will help you get the message out.

A group of us went to the Chino Airshow this past Saturday, May 3rd. What a great show! You will find some of them highlighted in this edition and the whole set on the website. The great thing about Chino is that they fly everything. I won't try to list everything we saw. Leave it to say that if you love

Saturday May 10th will be our monthly Fun-Fly at Del Cerro. Friday May 23rd will be the Entradero Fun-Fly. Charge up a glider or electric and head to one of our fields!

- Jeff

Next Meeting

**Wednesday,
May 7th
7:30 pm**

**La Romeria Park
19501 Inglewood Ave**

Upcoming Fun-Flys

**Del Cerro May 10th
Entradero May 23rd**



Confessions of a Rookie F3F Pilot - Part II

(This is the conclusion of a two-part article submitted by club member Steve Kratz. - Ed)

No Luck At All

Still flush with my nominal success at Vincent and with one 3 meter F3f plane already on the build table, I began scouring the classifieds on RC Groups to find a used back up plane to bolster my growing arsenal. I'd never bought a used plane before and was blissfully ignorant of the pitfalls unique to this type of transaction, so when I found a used Strega locally for sale I jumped in my car with a stack of cash and met the seller in a Denny's parking lot to close the deal. It was only after getting home and an in-depth inspection of my new purchase that I realized, while the airframe was in great shape, the build quality was so bad this plane wasn't going to fly as-is and I would have to gut and rebuild everything to make it airworthy.

Over the course of the next few months, F3f contests came and went and I rolled out my upgraded hanger of race planes only to find that no matter how hard I tried, I was slow. Really slow. Not just slow in relation to the competition but slower than I was with my "uncompetitive" 2 meter sport plane. It wasn't only me struggling with my disappointment. The tiny but close knit F3f community poured on the advice, coaching and set up tips only to scratch their heads in wonder at my total lack of improvement. It got to the point where I fumbled through my rounds in total silence without the usual vocal encouragement from the other F3f'rs. This was a sure sign that I had finally become a pariah, a reminder that in a sport where speed is king, only the fast survive.

I kept up a mind-numbing practice regimen at Point Fermin, hoping to blunder my way into the secret of going fast on an F3f course, when I began to suspect that maybe my Strega was to blame for my dismal performances. After consulting with several more experienced racers, they agreed that the Strega was an older design and not capable of world-class speed, but my times were so bad the plane couldn't possibly be the problem. They counseled that practice was the only reliable path to improvement. So I continued my tedious flying sessions, a solitary figure

perched atop the cliff at Fermin, flying back and forth until I began to realize I wasn't having any fun at all. So I decided to put away my racing gear and take a break.

Redemption

Over the next few weeks, I hiked in the Sierras with my wife, returned to flying at Del Cerro with the PSF crew and began to enjoy myself again. It was great hanging out on sunny Saturdays trying to outfox the capricious slope lift at DC and occasionally hiking to retrieve my plane when I didn't get it right. The camaraderie and good natured heckling seemed as much a factor in pulling off a good save as flying skills and luck. The next F3f contest came and went, but surprisingly I hadn't even noticed.

The last F3f race of the season was looming on the horizon and I was uncertain about what to do. I really didn't want to show up, struggle through every round and snag last place again, but I didn't want to just quit without thanking everyone who worked diligently but unsuccessfully to get me up to speed. Besides, I had signed up for the whole season and not showing up for the last contest seemed somehow like sour grapes. Then something unexpected happened. On the morning of the race as I was going through what had become my pre-race routine of charging batteries, checking the wind forecast and loading up my truck with gear, I realized that I was actually looking forward to flying. Not racing but just flying. The fact that I would be flying on a course with timers beeping and a time sheet getting filled out with everyone's race times, including mine, seemed an insignificant detail. Upon arrival at Fermin, I was greeted with the familiar ocean breeze blowing straight up the cliff and the usual suspects in the midst of prepping their planes for racing.

As I assembled my plane, I checked the wind speed on mxsocal.com, loaded some ballast and confirmed that all the wiggly things on the plane wiggled correctly. Since I was assigned an early position in the flight order, I buttoned up my Strega and walked over to the staging area hoping



Confessions of a Rookie F3F Pilot - Part II (cont.)

to get a launcher lined up. I was looking around the paddock for a volunteer to avoid having to beg a launch from someone, when I noticed Warren rising from his beach chair. He strode over and picked up my Strega.

"I got this..."

"Thanks."

"Okay, listen to me, do what I say and today you'll get into the 40's"

I was surprised by his confidence, since my times had been going the wrong way all season. But grateful for the encouragement, I climbed the wall, stood at the cliff edge and got ready.



Warren Day with a "classic" javelin-style F3f launch

"Your plane is too light"

"I put 3 slugs in."

"Next round load it up"

"What, like 3 more slugs?"

"Load it up! Put everything in"

The CD called out 30 seconds to launch. I gave Warren a nod and the Strega launched out over the blue ocean. I pumped for altitude as Warren began to talk me through the start procedure in real time.

"Tighten it up"

Another pump with 15 seconds left on the start timer.

"Tighten it up! You're short on time"

Another pump and the contest director started the 10 second count down. If I didn't exit and then re-enter the course before time expired, I would be penalized for a late start. Accordingly, I abbreviated the last pump and successfully entered



Racing in light conditions

the course exactly as time expired. With a good start and Warren talking me through each turn of the round, I pulled off a personal best time for Fermin, solidly in the mid 50's with light conditions.

Flying with maximum ballast as suggested and with the wind building, subsequent rounds produced progressively faster times. Warren launched every round for me and became a virtual pilot by using his knowledge of key points on the course and what the plane should be doing at those points.

"Up, bank.....pull!"



Landing on top of the ridge at Pt. Fermin

By following his real time coaching, my times dropped into the 40's resulting in a personal best of 47 seconds. I was so excited and relieved to finally make some progress I momentarily forgot that I still had a plane in the air. It was rewarding to actually hear applause instead of a stony silence as I climbed over the wall to hike to the landing



Confessions of a Rookie F3F Pilot - Part II (cont.)

zone. I think everyone was relieved that I had finally gotten the monkey off my back. After landing and thanking Warren for his help, I retired to my little patch of grass and relaxed. Reflecting on my unexpectedly positive F3f performance, I decided that I was in fact having fun and rather than quitting racing, I resolved to stick it out through the 2014 season and see where this journey takes me. It finally dawned on me that

there isn't just one key to success in F3f racing, but dozens of skills required to consistently go fast. If I was going to improve, I would have to master a few key skills and work hard to achieve competency in all the others. The 2014 F3f season is going to be my sophomore year of competition and I have a lot to prove, mostly to myself!

- Steve Kratz

The Airshow at Chino!

A sampling of shots from the recent Chino Airshow. See the entire album on our [website](#).





Report from the Treasurer

**Peninsula Silent Flyers
Balance Sheet
As of March 31, 2014**

	<u>Mar 31, 14</u>
ASSETS	
Current Assets	
Checking/Savings	
Raffle Fund	600.00
WFCU Checking	1,979.69
WFCU Savings - Entradero Fund	1,562.15
Total Checking/Savings	<u>4,141.84</u>
Total Current Assets	<u>4,141.84</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u>4,141.84</u>
LIABILITIES & EQUITY	
Equity	
Opening Balance Equity	3,411.35
Unrestricted Net Assets	-467.39
Net Income	1,197.88
Total Equity	<u>4,141.84</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY	<u>4,141.84</u>

- Club Officers and Volunteers
(again) for 2014**
- President: Jeff Chambers
310-370-0771
 - Vice President: Jerry Lake
310-370-6697
 - Treasurer: Mike Lewis
310-987-8178
 - Secretary: John Spielman
310-378-0951
 - Newsletter: Chris Newton
310-347-6806

For the month ending 3/31/14, we gained \$1,197.50 in revenue from membership fees for the 2014 year. No expenses were incurred during this period.

- Mike

