

■ George Perryman

raunchy

THE WORD "nostalgia" means "fond memories from the past." Some of these I'd like to share with you.

A few years ago, Harry Murphy of the Central Indiana Aeromodelers and Ralph Prey of the San Valeers began a new model contest event. They were the guiding force in establishing the Nostalgia class. Many others have publicized Nostalgia as well—drum beater Bob Larsh, for one. Bob and Ralph are the team who certify designs and engines eligible for competition. The Nostalgia event is now under sponsorship of the National Free Flight Society.

Many great Gas model fliers of the 1940-1950 era contributed designs that are outstanding even today. Perhaps many of you don't know that our editor and publisher is among those who did. Carl Wheeley was FAI Power World Champion, flying on our U.S. team in 1954. His Senator design was one of the fine Gas ships of that time and had an outstanding contest record. Perhaps Carl might build another Senator and have some fun flying Nostalgia again with those of us who enjoy Gas.

Nostalgia models eligible for competition are limited to Gas Free Flight designs dating from January 1, 1943 through December 31, 1956. These designs must have been kited, or have had plans published in commercial magazines or books. This period saw the phasing out of ignition along with the introduction of glow plugs—a boon for those, like me, who were poor at getting a good solder joint on wiring. I remember cranking an ignition McCoy Red Head .60 mounted in an 850-sq.-in. 'C' job. I was braver back then in the 1946-48 era, and lucky to have escaped not being cut too badly. Those big Smith coils put out 20,000 volts, and I can remember long blue electric sparks snaking out my dismal wiring joints and running up my arm, singeing hair clear to the elbow.

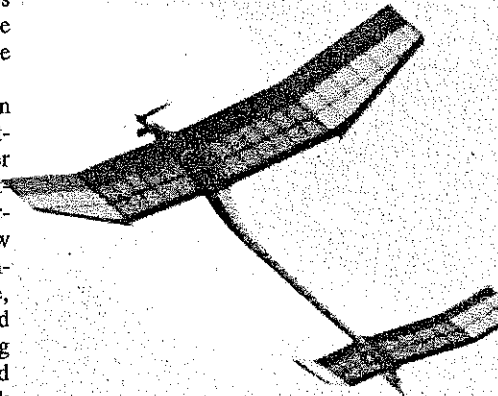
Most magazine articles are slanted toward advancing the state of the art in our great hobby of modeling. Since Nostalgia is my topic, I'll diverge somewhat and delve into past happenings.

I'd like to share the events of *one contest day*, many years ago—a nostalgic tale that is, quite literally, electrifying and may sound unbelievable.

Occasionally, some good comes even from bad situations. My modeling club, the Atlanta Aero Engineers, flew on a rather primitive field. We shared this open area with a herd of wild buffalo that roamed at will through our flying site. Not many of you know, I'll wager, that a model is a *taste treat* to a buffalo.

We were holding a record trials on this historic day. I had just hand cranked the

This ½A Free Flight Power model dates from more than 35 years ago. It was a proven performer then, just as it is today in Nostalgia events.



Raunchy gliding in for a perfect flight. In George's vernacular, that means making a max and then being able to catch the model by hand before it touches the ground.

mighty McCoy Red Head .60, and it was this that started the momentous *happening*. Before I could launch it, the big old boss bull buffalo edged in close to get a good bite of my model. Here's where the good came in, as at long last my solder joints saved me. Like a bolt of lightning, great blue sparks flew out of my messy wiring and set fire to the shaggy chunk of hair growing between that buffalo's eyes. You could have driven a Sherman tank in the daylight between his feet and the ground, when he made the first of many mighty leaps. Some of his gyrations even Mary Lou Retton couldn't duplicate.

About a half-dozen feller fliers were sitting nearby in the grass. They were enjoying lunch and drawing in some "scientific" books. A couple of them were letting the blood dry from their prop-cut fingers. Talk

about good eating—they had spread before them a full seven-course Southern banquet feast (six RC Colas and a parboiled possum). Yummmmm.

Immediately after seeing the buffalo's gymnastic proficiency, they held up their coloring books with a big "10" written on them. Good fortune for me, but not so for the Southern Railroad, whose track bed lay about 100 yards away. Not many of you city boys have personally witnessed the charge of a mad bull buffalo. It is less *exciting* when he runs away from, instead of toward, you, but it gives you better odds at someday drawing Social Security. I've been to two county fairs, and spent a *week* in the Smyrna Swamp *one night*, but have never seen a sight like this. That buffalo lowered his still-smoldering head, threw his tail straight up like one of them new-fangled thermister antennas, and thundered toward the railroad track. With each snort he raised a big cloud of dirt and sticks, which looked exactly like a dust devil at Taft.

A passing freight train was the unlucky victim of his wrath. He hit that train broadside and derailed about 50 cars. Our luck held again: The boxcars piled up in the next field, so it didn't slow down our contest. Seemingly undamaged except for that big, smoking spot on his forehead, the bull gathered up his herd and was never seen again. Talk about luck, a couple of the wrecked tank cars caught fire and burned so brightly that we got to extend our contest till nearly midnight. More about this later.

Always alert, our contest director, Cousin Buford, punched his stopwatch on when the buffalo fracas began. And, being astute, he clicked it off when the last boxcar fell into a great, splintered pile. His watch read 52.95 seconds. We were flying a record trial that day, but our flying had been rather pitiful. With his usual craftiness Cousin Buford had turned our record book attempt disaster into a triumph of sorts. He sent the buffalo episode details to the *Guinness Book of Records*. The nice Guinness folks sent him a purty certificate with a gold border to proclaim that Cousin Buford witnessed this epic. It read, in part, "Never in History has a Buffalo Derailed 50 Train Cars in the Space of Just 52.95 Seconds." To this day, people from all over come by to see it hanging proudly in his combination feed store and buggy repair shop.

Usually, this much excitement was all any of us could stand in *one day*—but wait, the best part was yet to come.

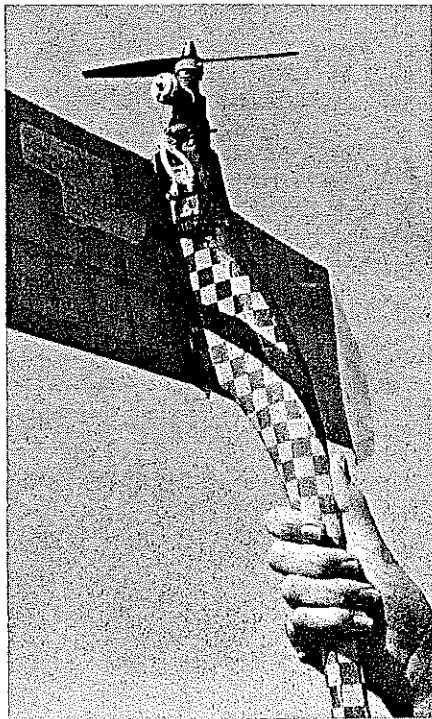
"Slick" Sam, our cleverest modeler, was in the *big bucks* selling "choice" mail order building lots to Yankees, in the Great Dismal Smyrna Swamp. In fact, that hot

Dooling .29 he had taken as down payment on a "prime" lot from a New York CL Speed flier. Slick always had a new Studebaker or Hudson Hornet to drive. He wasn't our best builder or flier, but it seemed he always won by hook or crook.

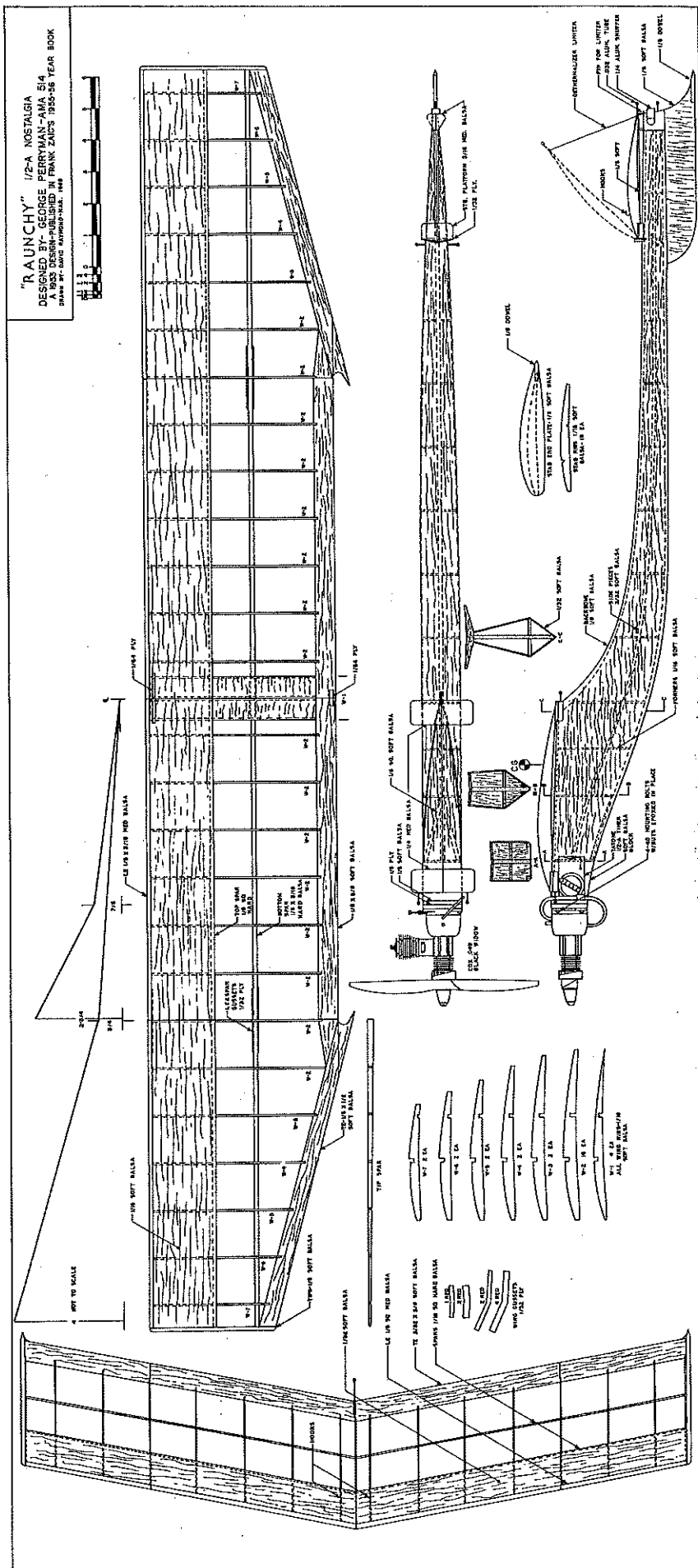
This was before the days of Handiwipes, and Slick always wiped his big Super Cyclone job down with his shirttail. That 4-to-1 gas and oil mixture foamed in great globs, and was partially the reason for his nickname. I recall that wonderful night those 40-odd years ago—those brightly blazing tank cars, and how Slick aced the boys in Class B Gas.

It seems that Slick had finished his three pretty good flights and was in the lead, with only Bubba, Brutus, and Jethro to make one last flight. Now Bubba would have finished the flights several hours earlier, except for *one* thing. I had helped him solder his wiring, and he couldn't get his engine running much. I was sweet on his sister, Big Bertha, and as an excuse to see her I went over to his house regularly. A couple of months later, Big Bertha left with a carnival and was its star attraction as a grizzly bear rassler. (But that's another story.) I wanted to show off a little for Big Bertha, so I offered to wire up Bubba's Torp .29 ship. He was busy building a new wing and tail, so he let me. I talked him into letting me put some bent-up kinks in his tail and some thermal hooks on the wings, so I wouldn't have the only funny-looking plane at the contest.

Getting back to Slick, he demonstrated his usual cunning. I can hear him exclaim excitedly to the three remaining threats to his victory. "Look at all them Night Thermals rising from them burning tank cars!"

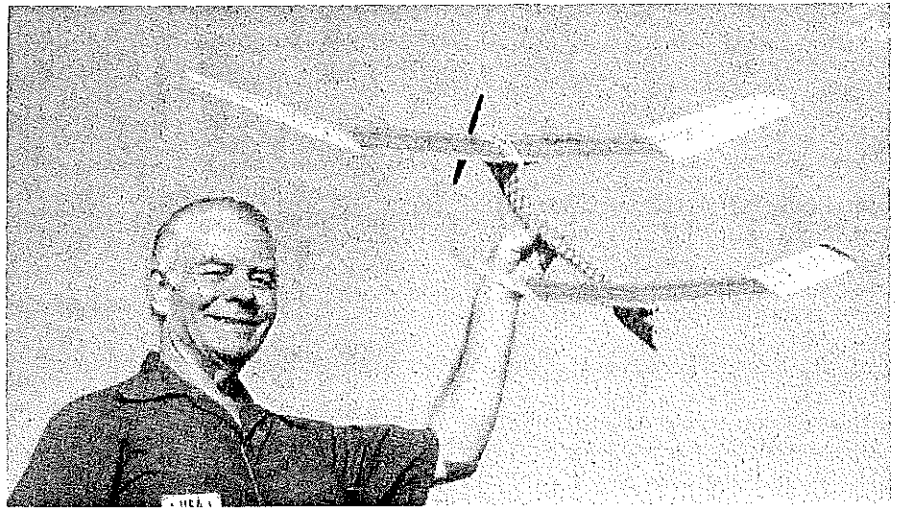


Engine mounting and timer installation is neat and compact. The standard Black Widow tank is used. Drill a hole in the tank snug with fuel tubing to be inserted and run through the pinch clockwork timer to the needle valve.





Granddaughter Paulette Perryman, age 12, shows us the proper way to test glide Raunchy (and shows another view of the high-thrust-line model in the process). Photos by David Raymond, Lin Cochran, and the author.



South end of a north-bound Raunchy. As if you didn't know, it's held by Professor Perryman. One thing we wonder about is how he gets away with telling the gals he's "just 28" when the date he gives shows this design to be well over 35. Still, one must admit he's "mighty purty."

It must have been nearing midnight, and this was the first time we had ever seen "Night Thermals," as Slick called them. The three boys crept as close to that great blaze as they could stand without crying. I would have been a fourth victim, except that a hungry buffalo ate my 'B' job's polyhedral tail earlier that day. If only Barnaby Wainfain had been born four decades earlier, he could have shown us how to make it fly without a tail.

All of us were really pulling for those three boys to finally make a winning flight. None of us had ever beaten Slick with his hot Dooling .29 and his usual stealth and trickery. Secretly I was hoping Bubba would make the longest flight in them Night Thermals, and finally one of them crooked, bent-up tails would win something.

It seems that Slick was the only one who had calculated the rather low kindling point of a greasy Gas job. A near-miracle happened and all three engines cranked almost as one. All of us were spellbound to witness this historic moment—Night Thermals, and someone beating Slick. Directly over the conflagration where Slick told them the

Night Thermals were *strongest*, our fearless fliers let go a simultaneous launch. Amid our gasps and shrieks of horror, those three 'B' jobs flamed up like three little Hindenburgs. At least they went out in a blaze of glory. Slick said, "Tuff luck, boys," picked up his trophy, and drove victoriously into the night in his rumbling Studebaker. The last time I heard from Slick, he was big in politics.

Oh, for those nostalgic days again. We don't seem to have this much fun nowadays.

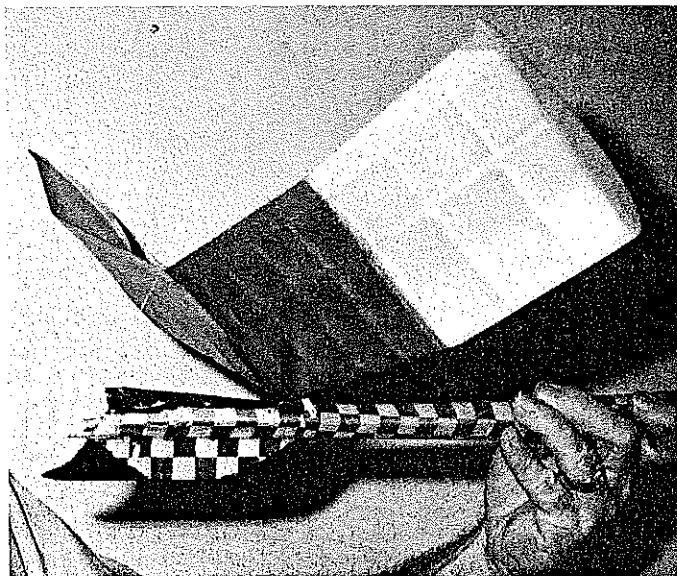
The Gas bug bit me again (I hadn't been a Gas model competitor for about 15 years) when I saw Bob De Shields of California with his Raunchy on the cover of the *NFFS Digest*. I scaled up plans from Frank Zaic's 1955-1956 *Yearbook* and built one, too. My friend David Raymond also built one, and we have flown them successfully in competition. David Raymond is a retired Boeing engineer and a fine modeler. He was kind enough to draw the plans for this article. I

have tried to remember why I named it "Raunchy" those 35 years ago. Perhaps it was the way it flew, since I was more impatient to sling them in the air back then. Time slows us down and we become, at least, more careful in our actions.

Construction. Most experienced modelers will have no trouble building the Raunchy. To maintain a smooth, slightly undercambered wing and stab, put a strip $\frac{1}{32}$ thick by $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide under the forward part of the trailing edge. This will be removed when the wing is taken up from the work table. The entire wing and stabilizer construction process is straightforward and easy. I've been using polyhedral tails and thermal hooks since the early Forties.

The fuselage is basically a $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. sheet balsa profile with a $\frac{3}{32}$ -in. piece glued to each side, as shown on the plan. Add the $\frac{1}{16}$ formers, fitting them in carefully to produce a smooth shape. Fill in the forward fu-

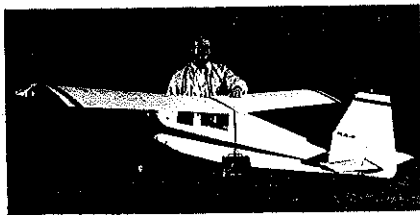
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The stabilizer pops up to 60° for positive dethermalizer action when the fuse (retained by an aluminum snuffer tube) burns through tiny hold-down rubberbands. DT hooks are made from aluminum tubing.



To add validity to the text, George is shown sweet talking the big boss bull buffalo. Even this failed to prevent that famous buffalo charge. Note the primitive flying field. Lin Cochran, George's flying buddy, shot this historic scene with his trusty Brownie box camera.



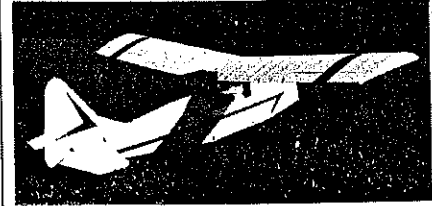
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Raunchy/Perryman

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selage for about 2 in. with soft balsa blocks. Cover the fuselage with 1/2 soft balsa. Add the wing and stabilizer mounts and the sub-rudder.

Cover the entire model with Japanese tissue, and brush on four thin coats of butyrate dope. For hot fuel-proofing, I spray paint the entire model with a light coat of polyurethane. Most hardware or paint stores carry polyurethane in spray cans. *Caution!* Spray only out of doors, since the fumes are somewhat toxic.

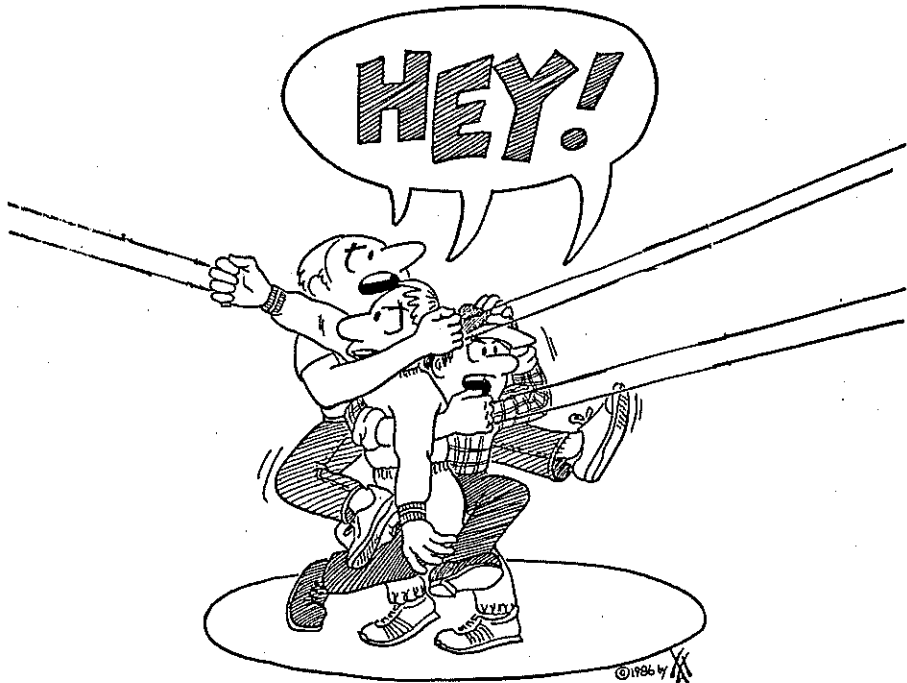
Flying. My completed Raunchy weighed 6 1/2 oz. With a wing area of only 212 sq. in., and despite the thin wing and stabilizer airfoil sections, it climbs well and does pretty good gliding. I've gotten used to flying Rubber ships and am out of practice with noisy and fast-moving airplanes, so I had to be careful testing Raunchy.

The conventional theory is that high-thrust-line ships should fly to the left under power, but Raunchy showed a mind of its own. It flew easily with right climb and left glide. I am so tickled it hasn't crashed yet that I'm going to leave it that way. It might, however, require more downthrust than shown on the plan.

I won't elaborate much on flying Gas ships, because most of you have your own testing methods. With Gas models I can't wind those *magic 35* winder turns that I use on all my Rubber ships for the first flights. With the engine running rich and the prop on backwards, this makes for a sorta safe first flight. Doing it this way and using a five- or six-second engine run is safer than going full-bore the first time out. Locate the balance point shown on the plan as a good starting place. Models are like girls, in that no matter how hard you try they do pretty much what they want to, anyway.

If you build a Raunchy, I hope you'll have as much fun with it as I've had with mine.

I believe that God has particularly blessed modelers with dreams, even though most of them never become reality. We dream of



our next model or competition, which is as successful as in our fantasies.

Now, Nostalgia rules permit the scaling up or down of a design. Hmmm, if I could come by an ignition McCoy Redhead .60, and Sal Taibi would send me a trunk load of balsa, and Bob Hunter would send me a gallon of Hot Stuff, and George Schroedter would send me four or five yards of that fine Esaki silk, I could build a *real big* Raunchy. (Maybe I can even find my *old* soldering iron, and that ancient roll of *frayed and brittle* ignition wire.)

I know Ralph Prey will be enthusiastic about holding a commemorative, historic event in the interest of Nostalgia promotion. With his enterprise, Ralph should easily locate a prairie out West where the buffalo still roam and a train track runs nearby. There's no telling how many Nostalgia fliers would show up for a reenactment of that thrilling day of long ago.

In my dreams I can clearly see the veiled, misty curtain rising, and forms from the past emerging. Look! Here come Bubba, Brutus, and Jethro carrying their greasy 'B'

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jobs. Isn't that cousin Buford with his stopwatch ever at the ready? Slick, the star of the imminent drama, is making his way through time to join our little group. His oil-soaked shirttail is flying, the hot Dooling .29 ship cradled under his arm. Slick is smiling, since this long wait has given his nimble mind even more exciting plans for "coaching" the boys.

The stage is now set, and the sound of a distant train whistle reaches my ears. I'm beginning to feel the hot, sticky breath of a buffalo on my neck as I hand crank that mighty ignition McCoy Redhead .60 and watch those great blue sparks fly, and . . .

TOC/Oldenkamp

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ner 1 7R. Additionally, it was common for nine servos to be used for precise control.

As further incentive to present good-looking models, a Best Appearing Airplane award of \$3,500 was on the prize list. That check went to John Britt for his Scully/Britt/Ross Steen Skybolt. While the voting was highly subjective, no doubt it was also very close, since every plane in sight was of extremely high quality. One model that should be noted was the Russian Su-26M by Jeff Tracy of Australia, a very smooth-flying aircraft that drew much approval from spectators. Tracy, an eight-time TOC invitee, surely thought long and hard before he waived his 6% bonus in favor of the monowing Su, but he did very well in the competition nonetheless. (The author had the privilege of inspecting the full-size Su-26M at the recent International Air Expo in San Diego. It is a work of art!)

Another set of jewels in the TOC crown were the Z-250 monoplanes of alternate

flier Peter Wessels—a barrister, no less, from Germany, and a very engaging fellow. The two craft were practically identical, had eye-catching colors, and showed high-quality workmanship. Peter told us that a kit may be available later this year—but unfortunately we don't have his address. The slides should tell the rest of the story, as the man says.

Just as dazzling as the appearance of the aircraft assembled on the field was the flying itself. All the maneuvers from the Aresti book and the families of figures therein were to be flown continuously, with no pauses for setup between ending one maneuver and beginning the next. Although each pilot was allowed one upwind pass after takeoff for first entry, this format of unbroken transitions through a string of maneuvers placed a heavy premium on smoothness, elsewhere