

WAMASC Newsletter



May 2020

A Mustang called SATAN



Word from the Editor



Light up the Dawn



should any individual have anything at all they would like to contribute, share or add to this newsletter, please feel free to contact the [editor](#) through the [Club Secretary](#) via ✉ secretary@wamasc.com.au – enjoy

A Mustang called SATAN

No matter who you are, how old you are, what your competency level is, or how long you've been in this game or flying, I'll bet one thing – that you have a **favourite**.

That one aircraft; that when flown, rewards you with so much pleasure and joy that you have become attached. It doesn't have to be anything flash or fancy, it could be your first trainer, but each time you take that calculated risk and send it airborne you return home feeling happy.

These days I can and tend to get a little confused having multiple favourites owning a vast myriad of aircraft. My collection has aircraft designed for different performance roles and tasks and whether flying a high wing dihedral stable trainer or a warbird they all give me great joy.

But I still have that one favourite.

My favourite is strangely the one bird I always come back too; and the one aircraft that always gives me grief. That one special girl (that's right I just referred to my aircraft as a girl) is the aircraft that started it all for me and kicked off my Aeromodelling career. It was a long time ago when I first purchased a **Hangar 9 PTS**

Mustang. She was as cute as a button; fitted with leading edge extensions to create more surface area and lift on her wings. Air brake panels were affixed to her long



wide undercarriage, she even came with flaps. All of which were to create resistance and lift to supposedly slow her down in the air (what a croc).

The 'PTS' part of her name was an acronym which apparently stood for **Progressive Training System**; the emphasis being on that key word **'training'** – how naive I was.

At the time of purchase, I was still a serving member in the RAAF and had every intention of joining a Club and learning to fly RC.

Unfortunately, due to work commitments I found myself moving through and from one posting cycle to another; never finding the time to make her (my aircrafts) acquaintance. My little Mustang was simply packed away in a removal carton to begin fading from my memory. Much like Hannibal Lecture incarcerated and caged in a cell she would not see the light of day for many a year.

Post my retirement and discharge from the RAAF it would take a further three years before I eventually stepped onto the hallowed turf of the WAMASC Airfield after joining a Club.

My little girl now fully assembled and flight ready had just turned **twelve** (12 years old) and like a bad father I had forgotten every one of her birthday's. That on top of her long-term incarceration must have had a profound effect on her – it would not be long before she would bare her teeth and prove just how badly she had been affected. I remember that day very well indeed.

I arriving at WAMASC in the early am and was warmly welcomed as a new member, given a safety brief and appointed an instructor. My instructor asked if I had an aircraft; a '**trainer**', suitable for the task at hand and I proudly pointed in the direction of my little girl her silver skin glinting in the sun showing off all her curves.

I couldn't understand why he (the instructor) started to chuckle under his breath and only picked up some inaudible rude mutterings about 'Airforce Fly-Boys'.

It must have been far too much for that little plane of mine to take. She had after all; at that stage, been locked up in a box for 99.9% of her life, devoid of sunshine and a man's gentle caress. Indeed, this was her first outing and all she heard was laughter.

After much deliberation and bribery, I managed to coerce my instructor into taking me for an introductory flight. A pre-flight inspection was performed and with me now in tow dangling off the master, buddy box in hand, my instructor seemed to reluctantly taxi out onto the tarmac in preparation for my babies maiden flight.

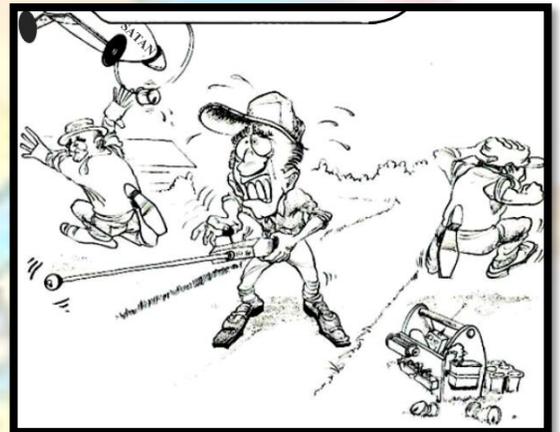
Once perfectly positioned on the piano keys he blipped the throttle and my little Mustang barked into life travelling no more than a metre when suddenly like a thing possessed she turned a full 180° and headed straight back at us at a speed that the Star Ship Enterprise couldn't match.



It was at this point in time that I realized I was devoid of an instructor. He had chosen to depart company and like Ben Johnson on steroids was now making huge strides towards the pits seeking safe haven with my little girl nipping at his heels. Each time he changed direction he was simply mimicked by my aircraft that now seemed

to possess an unholy instructor targeting acquisition system second to none. Along with the 'ground-looping' skills she had now honed down to a fine art she was on his trail like a basset hound hunting prey.

With the speed of a startled gazelle and near exhaustion my instructor managed to find refuge behind the metal safety rail of the pits and finally, as the adrenaline shock ebbed from his body, he was able to move his fingers and managed to hit the 'throttle shut off' switch on the transmitter.



My instructors safety seemed short lived as like some demonic thing my aircraft, now devoid of power, continued to coast towards him coming to rest only inches from the safety rail somewhat similar to a terminator robot from the future trying to complete its mission.

Gaining my composure, I caught up and walked over to find my instructor, waxen and pale of face, beads of sweat dripping from his soaked forehead and somewhat out of breath. He was once again muttering under his breath – this time it was something about **finding a priest and performing an exorcism**.

I looked across at my little girl; there wasn't a mark on her – it seemed impossible. But there wasn't a scratch. Many on the Flight-Line were in stitches with laughter, bemused with the antics of desperation shown by my instructor and the event that had unfolded in front of them. His survival skills were certainly questionable. I realised it was no laughing matter – this could have been a severe incident.

The only stitches my Mustang was after were from the wounds she could inflict on others and I apologised profusely for the un-lady like manner in which my aircraft had behaved finding myself unceremoniously dumped and passed on to the next instructor (**that must have been a record**).

At this stage my aircraft had still had not left the ground and I was once again forced to return her to storage.

In the interim I purchased a more suitable trainer aircraft – what the hell was I thinking with a Warbird as a starter aircraft (hindsight and knowledge are wonderful things).

With a **Boomerang 60** I obtained my **Bronze** Wings and worked my way through **Silver** to **Gold** eventually becoming an **MAAA Instructor**. Satan still lives; she is now nearly twenty years old and has undergone a few face lifts (repairs). She still scares the bejesus out of me, but I enjoy flying her and my Spitfire etc. immensely. Once in the air she (Satan) fly's as if on rails with an elegance befitting a beautiful lady. But let my guard down for just a nanosecond with her and she is very quick to remind me who the boss is.

Her days of being couped up in a box are over; but they have certainly left her with a multiple of extremely severe and damaging personality disorders.

I have had to save her on numerous occasions as she has attempted to end her life. Furthermore, if not held in check, she will make every effort to attack and maim anyone in close proximity. Like a bad relationship I love her, but she doesn't treat me nice (its a bit like a marriage). I respect her and in some strange sick way she will always give me pleasure and joy.

I guess that is what Aeromodelling is all about.

She will always remain my favourite.

Word from the Editor



The story on the previous page (**A Mustang called Satan**), is of course a re-run of the same article that graced these pages when I first started writing and introduced these Newsletter's to the Club some years ago.

The emphasis in the story is **Aeromodelling**.

It is a passion and the very reason why this Newsletter exists. Like so many passions that have now been interrupted by the COVID-19 pandemic I would like to try an inject a little humour at a time when we find ourselves in a very changed, strange and new world isolated from each other. Many of us are now going through withdrawal symptoms from

the lack of 'getting on the sticks'. Some may have entered that 'grey area of exercising' and managed to get a **Park Flyer** airborne; but for many, its just wait awhile and see if they lift the bans post flattening the curve.

It is certainly quite a hard task not knowing or having a date when the WA Government (authorities) will start relaxing the criteria and remove some of the caveats now placed upon us and give us back some form of normality.

So, what to do in the meantime?

I'm presently running my home simulator through 3D play back in conjunction with my surround sound system which although pleases me greatly; drives the wife absolutely spare (she keeps yelling at me to put the earphones on). That's all well and good but I miss the smell of burning fuel and the nuance(s) of real flight feed-back. One can only fly on a simulator for so long and no matter how realistic you make it – it just does not replace the real thing.

Being a little bored I was thinking of learning how to play the bagpipes; it seemed quite feasible whilst in lock down and in semi-isolation, yes – I do have a set. That thought process was squashed from the get-go by the wife so I might give that one a miss. She just doesn't seem to have the same sense of humour and tolerance as she once used too.

Speaking with many of our brethren when I touch base via phone gives me the 'word picture' that many are in the workshop either repairing or building aircraft for when we eventually come out of hibernation.

Whether that is your poison, thing, or not, what I do see and feel, is that remarkable ANZAC spirit that we Aussies seem to muster when faced with a problem or fall upon hard times. This coronavirus has certainly given us plenty of problem(s) and continues to test our resolve – so please, stay strong.

Please keep in touch with your fellow Aeromodellers and comrades in arms. Give them a call if possible. Support, in no matter what form, is not hard – it's free and it goes a long way.

Remember some of our elder statesmen are not au fait with all of the technical media means of communication such as: Skype, Zoom, ooVoo, Viber, Talky, Voca and WhatsApp etc. Just go old school and give them a ring and say "G'Day".

With that in mind, we are still in the month of April (although this is the May edition of the Newsletter), and **ANZAC Day** commemorations will fall on the 25th of this month. I implore each and everyone of you all to do your bit and ask you to 'light up the dawn' by showing your respect to all of those who have fallen in whatever conflict from the front of your residence.

ANZAC Day will be a little different this year. So please take part in the campaign.

Above all I ask that you keep a close eye on not just your family; but your extended one – your fellow Club members.

Exercise, be patient, keep busy and respect one another in these trying times.

This 2020 May edition of the Newsletter has been purposely sent out over a week in advance to capture and inform our brethren in preparation for this ANZAC Day.



Light Up the Dawn

On the 25th of April 2020 with Anzac Day's once indestructible traditions cruelled by forced isolation, Australians will instead walk to the ends of their driveways and **light up the dawn**.

RSL branches in every state have unanimously endorsed this gesture, with families across the nation expected to stand at their gates, on balconies or veranda's at 0600Hr (6.00am) and hold a candle for our fallen.

Since regular public marches and services are cancelled due to the COVID-19 crisis, radio networks are signing on to livestream services. The public are humbly asked to tune into their radios, phones, tablets, TV and other devices. Musicians everywhere are being called upon to take to their front yards to play the Last Post and Rouse or Reveille for neighbours.

Residents are being urged to dress windows and mailboxes with poppies – children are asked to make bright red "wreaths" from painted egg cartons to hang on doors.



SAFE FLYING

‘Aeromodelling’

‘Because its cheaper than therapy’.