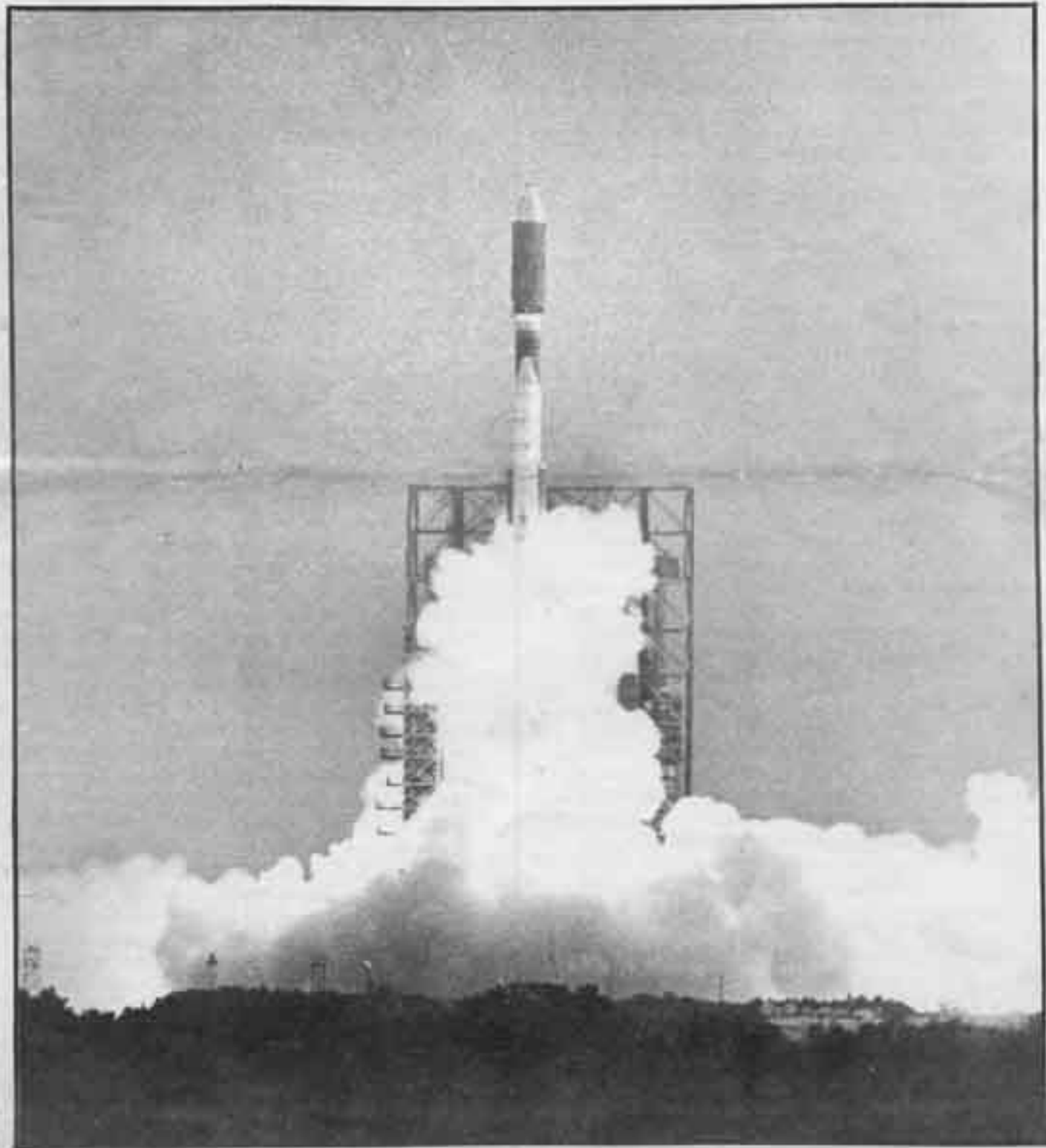


THE **CAPCOM** MODEL ROCKET JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER

1975



ON OUR COVER

The liftoff of the second unmanned Viking Mars probe from Kennedy Space Center this past September 9th. Photo by Moose.

SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER

Volume V: Number III

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1975

THE CAPCOM MODEL ROCKET JOURNAL

The CAPCOM Model Rocket Journal is a publication of the Broward County Model Rocketry Association, NAR section 217 in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Any person may submit copy for this publication to the address noted. Letters to the Editor are invited. Please include a self-addressed stamped envelope for returns.

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Associate Editor	Larry Shenosky
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Editorial

by Larry Shenosky

This column is usually the last thing to be written in the course of the production of CAPCOM. By this point I have started to write an editorial at least six times.

The reason for so many false starts is a bit of indecision in what to write about.

Having just read over Richard Barnard's NARAM article, I can think of seven or eight separate topics to yell about. Perhaps the most prominent is the current slump (or should I say free-fall) of NAR morale.

The state of disgust of the average NAR member was very noticeable at NARAM. During the Annual Association meeting, the interesting question of the magazine was battled around, with forecasts of actually getting the magazine now, let alone on time! I just received my August edition, which is a step in the right direction.

Some of the questions at the Annual Meeting were made in light of the attendance of three, yes 3 officials. The President did not attend along with more than half the trustees.

Jay Apt had some interesting comments to get around this situation. At the end of the brief discussion, he mentioned that the members who were dissatisfied with how the NAR was being run could change the administration at the next NARAM election. The problem here is: A) The election is a year in the future; B) Junior members still can't vote, and have never really been allowed a voice in things; C) The election is held without allowing some 90% of the organization to vote (those not attending NARAM); and finally D) an election won't solve the disarray of matters that exist today!

I'm sure there are readers who both agree with me and then again those who disagree. This is a free newsletter- voice your opinion by sending a letter to the editor. I don't have the only soapbox around.

THE CAPCOM MODEL ROCKET JOURNAL



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aid after his new design crashed, back to the drawing board. However, the drawing board had been br



The week of August 3rd, through 8th was a very special one for the NAR, and BCMRA. The event, of course, was NARAM-17, the annual National Rocketry competition.

Converging on Orlando for the BCMRA (and CAPCOM) were Richard Barnard, Moose, Phil Love, Larry Shenosky, Jim Tucci, Dean Miles, and David Fitch. On the whole, the week was an enlightening experience for all present.

Here then, CAPCOM presents a day-by-day look at the Nationals from the news angle. NARAM-17, what a time it was!

BY RICHARD BARNARD, CAPCOM EDITOR

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd

T-1 day, and all systems were go on Saturday morning at about 7:30 am as I pulled up outside the supply base at Larry Shenosky's house to load goodies and competition devices. Shuttlecraft seemed impatient to hit the road as Larry and I rolled over to Caplinger's house for the rest of the equipment undergoing last minute repairs. After waking him, we packed up the last minute items, including MLS II, and headed for Orlando. Four and one half hours later we hit the exit for I-4, and made our way to the Solage International hotel, and Excedrin Headache #1.

The bulk of the NARAM groupies had not arrived yet so we hit the desk for our room and were promptly sent to the 6th floor. Wreng! After moving some of our materials up there and finding the elevator system to be extremely slow, we went back to the desk and asked if perhaps we were supposed to have the 1st floor NARAM HQ room. We proceeded to figure out the room assignments for them, and finally moved to room 112, the NARAM Madhouse from then on. Dean Miles, Larry S., and I moved in, Dean already there when we arrived. Just as we got set, Chris Stanford (from the Orlando group) backed a Toy King truck up and filled the room with trash. Well, what it was were the trophies, manufacturer's packets and the other things that help run NARAM. All this left little room for ourselves, and we still had two people coming! Anyway, we then proceeded to put the mess in some order until Dick Fox arrived to lend a hand (?).

We set up our door with the proper insignia of NARAM-17 on the outside, and a bit later took off for the flying field. Rain had completely swamped the place for weeks previous to NARAM, and when we arrived, the "field" looked more suited to Dune Buggy or Airboat races. After slugging around in the mire, I decided there was no way Shuttle was going in on that stuff. Dick Fox and I agreed to see what Sunday would bring in the way of weather, and an optional field if possible.

The evening was spent checking out the hotel, and coordinating the Airport pickup service with volunteers (the Solage nixed on a limousine service!!). We finally got that working, so those that needed rides (and bothered to let us know) had them. In all the running around, the three Handi-Com radio units BCMRA borrowed proved to be worth their weight in Scale Photos. They really kept things going smoothly. All in all, NARAM HQ was up and operating by 11:00 pm, and the prospect for sleep was growing dim. Everyone arriving dropped in to see what was going on, and decided to invite themselves to stay. We finally "emptied the room, and found a spot for Marc (Moose) to curl up. Oh boy!

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3rd

We took advantage of the chance to sleep late (by now Moose and Tucci had arrived) so that we could be fresh for the day. The phone had other ideas though, so it was up and at 'em at the un-natural hour of 8:30. We had hoped to relocate the flying field before the Demo launches, but the second

at the turkey from Atlanta was telling everyone how great he was, and someone said "who cares?", with



Photo by Gayle Smith

This was the scene on Sunday during the opening Demo launches. The BCMRA trailer and Shuttlecraft were used as the exclusive forms of range support throughout the week.

field was slated to be grass seeded on the following day, so we were stuck with "Camp Swampy". Fox, Fox and Barnard (that's to say myself, Dick and his wife) did a quick spin around the Florida Center Complex but failed to find anything better, so we made our way back to the Solage. Registration had been set up, and was in progress now, with manufacturer packets, newsletters and other materials being handed to competitors and non-competitors alike. As the preliminary registration was drawing to a close, Larry, Dick, Moose, Jim, and Dean took off to "swampy" to prepare for the Demo flights. After a careful survey of the bog situation, I forced the Shuttlecraft and it's trailer onward. It made it through a few mudholes, but when she stopped, that was all she wrote! After some attempt to move on, we decided things were good enough, so we set up where we were. Although running late, we got LIPTOFF (the BCMRA electronic pad system) set up and ready to go. The BCMRA trailer was set up for the first time, and drew the curious to see how it operated.

Demo flight went fairly well with Estes, Centuri, PSI, CMR, and ASC participating. Every possible engine was flown out there and even with the terrible field condition and other minor glitches, the crowd and press coverage was unmatched!

After the demo launches were over, and the crowd left, CD Dick Fox decided that

the trailer should be moved out deeper into the field. That entailed Stanford, a bunch of nutzees, Shenosky, myself and a few others hand pulling the thing through (Yes Folks! He did say hand pulling- the Shuttlecraft wouldn't have made it at all) the muck (and Fire-Ant hills). When we got to a better spot (and I say that in jest), we dropped things and rested. It took 3/4 of an hour to horse the trailer through a distance of about 50 yards. It felt like we were moving a covered wagon from the Mississippi to California with a bunch of broken-down mules!

Dragging back to the Solage, we were in a hurry to get cleaned-up and attend the contestant's meeting scheduled for that evening. I felt the mood of NARAM beginning at the meeting, and while most were positive "vibes", I did pick up a few negative ones. The meeting broke at about a half-past nine, and it was back to HQ for all of us (and half the NAR!). Shenosky and I realized we hadn't eaten, so it was off to the local 7-11 Hot-To-Go and the start of a late-night ritual. As usual, we came back to solving Airport shuttle problems, etc. We were getting to know some of the many rocketeers from roughly 27 states and one Female from Canada!! We were getting used to the Grand Central Station atmosphere.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4th

We were late getting started because of logistical and transportation snarls. I was drafted as the NARAM bus driver, and went with Jo Fox to pick up the Church Bus that was to be transport. By the time I got back with it, most had found their way out for the day. The first flights were just getting under way, as were the harrowing accounts of the people laying the tracking baseline. We copied the Handi-Com Traffic at this point, and it was extremely funny and pitiful at the same time.

First you'd hear one guy ask how much he still had to go, and the other end would come back and answer "five meters". "That would put me in about three feet of water if I did that," the hapless tracker would reply. "How about a few feet to your left, then?"....."That would put me in waist deep water!"

To the amazement of everyone, we finally

the rocketeer that acted snobbishly through the week didn't notice the rocket aimed at his body after

got the baseline working and Steve Connors showed up with his programmable Hewlett-Packard calculator. He then proceeded to enter, calculate, check, and qualify altitudes before the item being worked on had even reached the ground (talk about near-real time data!).

Fortunately, a smaller number of competitors flew the first day's events that the following days, so we got the range operations going fairly well. We ended up finishing 1½ hours behind schedule, which was not really bad, considering the conditions at hand. The number one bus driver jumped in the machine and headed back to the Solage with a few brave souls.

Monday night was scheduled with the NAR Trustee's meeting running concurrently with the Manufacturer's displays next door in the second part of the room complex.

The Trustees were to meet until time for the Manufacturer's Forum. After making it back from "swampy" the BCMRA group hit the showers, answered questions, and headed to the activities (skipping dinner...again!).

That evening, more people arrived at the Orlando Jetport, which necessitated the airport pick-up crew going into action again. This also meant that the Motorola HCs kept crackling with regularity- and setting me ousted from the Trustee's meeting because of the "noise". At nine, the transition was made between groups, and the Manufacturer's Forum got started. The usual brickbats were thrown concerning engines- yet in the end, there was a general "good feeling" between the NAR members and the reps. Larry Shenosky presided over the meeting, with myself guarding the sales room. After midnight, everything thinned out, which allowed us to raid Hot-To-Go! This practice was fast becoming a regular thing for NARAM week. It was getting to be more important to get to the 7-11, than to get to bed!!! We would just get everyone out of the HQ room, when Alan Williams, or Trip Barber, or even Manning Butterworth would come in and tie us up again.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th

We had the schedule set pretty well now. Everyone would bounce out of bed at about 7:15, get dressed, grab the equipment (the range cards, MIS, etc.), turn on the Handi Coms, and head off. A quick stop at 7-11,

to get a Danish, coffee, or milk (and to say hello to the attendant we'd seen only a few hours earlier). Then we'd make it to the field for range set-up. In the meantime, Moose would make it out to the field to bring me back, so I could pick up the bus. That meant that after I arrived, Dean and Larry, as well as myself were on the range for the duration of the day. Boy, it was HOT (Even for Florida!). I really felt for those Yankees that took Fox's weather suggestion about long sleeves to heart. Those of us who dressed for the weather were slightly burnt, but comfortable. P-D and B-G birds filled the air with everything from simple kits to complicated R/C jobs.

After the day's events were wrapped up, I fired up the bus and took rocketeers back to the Solage. Moose then relayed me to the field to pick up Shenosky (who by now had contracted terminal Sunburn) and the Shuttle. One sore point that had surfaced by now was the lack of help from the Orange Rocketeer's rank and file, with the range clean up. Many days, we ended up setting and stowing the launch equipment, etc. with one or two people doing all the work.. We planned to give Fox and Company one more day to repent!

Back at the hotel, we got ready for the night's activities. The NAR annual meeting was set first, so as usual, BCMRA didn't eat. Later- Oh Thank Heaven for 7-11. Only three of the NAR trustees were present for the actual meeting. Jess Medina flew in for part of the week, but had to leave for Washington State because of time problems. Most of the flak fired at the meeting was seemingly generated by those NAR members who seem to think NAR owed them something, or that it was to function as a powerful, well to do, rich uncle. I aired my feelings about that very situation of alot of take and very little give. Jay Apt then amplified on just what the NAR is supposed to be. Les Butterworth then took the floor and reminded everyone of the origins of NAR, and history of it's backers. He ended his long needed speech by a generous gift to the association in the name of his son, Manning.

Movies then were next on the agenda, and the Manufacturers started showing, telling and selling in the next room. Some of us

is the unfortunate mistake of being discovered sitting at pool-side while slaves of the range cleanse



Photo by Moose

When the pains of NARAM get you down, what one thing will cure your disgust in the hobby you love (?) so much? Meet Gayle Smith.

Gayle is from Canada- Saskatoon to be exact (that's in Saskatchewan). She represented Canada in the Internats this last year, and showed everyone that the large province is serious about the hobby!

Whenever we'd stalk in from the constant NARAM meetings and talks- Gayle would drop by the HQ room to show us some Scale photos and drawings.

It really was refreshing to meet someone who wasn't demanding that we take care of their own problem right then and there. Gayle was that someone.

retired to the HQ room. I had been assigned the Model Rocketeer article for Monday, but the Trustees had "borrowed" my typewriter. I had to get started with the results, though before Mannine Butterworth

fixed his evil-eye stare on my body, and I would of course, be undone!

Late into the evening, we remembered we hadn't eaten yet, so it was off to 7-11 again. We always went via Shuttle, before NASA even had thought of such a thing. The availability of sleep was also at a minimum again.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6th

Wednesday brought Hawk R/G and a number of balda contraptions. Stuff of every form and shape was streaking all over the sky. Prangs were common- Johnathin Langford was one good example. He tried to get his R/G to fly, but it kept pranging, and pranging and pranging! We broke the range at 11:30 and I took the bunch back to the hotel on "El Bus". I returned as fast as I could to the range, but found a boiling and broiling L. Shenosky who had been left alone to clean up. Since no one repented from their backsliding on Tuesday, words were definitely going to have to be laid on the CD. We finally got back to the hotel, and the Cape tour was ready to leave. Since we BCMRAers had been there many times, we now planned some S-L-E-E-P! I rescued my typewriter from Ron Wright so I could write the Monday coverage if the sleep idea did not overtake. Larry assumed the horizontal and was not heard from for the next two hours. A few people including Dick Fox drifted in, and the appropriate complaint for the lack of range help was placed directly upon his body. Jo (Joy??) Fox proceeded to draft a duty roster which would help a bit with the range duties themselves. I finally was able to pull in some ZZZ-time until about 4:00 pm when Fox called from home to inform NARAM HQ that the AVI "range store" order had arrived (late!!!) and we had the distinct honor of picking up 15 boxes via "El Bus". We were also informed of having the honor of paying the shipping charges until Fox could pay us back. Larry just happened to have the proper amount in traveler's checks, so we trekked off to the bus to do our duty. Going by the flying field we noticed two area nutzees prying through our trailer which we had not secured as well as we should have. We did a quick left, and threw some bad noise at

the results of his investigation were totally theoretical, and could not be proved. Second place for

them. They split, threatening they would burn the trailer that night! We made a mental note to notify the police that night.

We found the transport company, paid the bill, and loaded the boxes on board. We pulled "El Bus" into a local Burger King for provisions, and it conked out right there in the driveway. It had done this on and off since I had been acquainted with it and it was always in the worst place. We filled up on Whoppers, and waited for the bus to un-flood. Arriving back at HQ we informed Bob Koenn that he could sell the AVI stuff and set up shop where Centuri had vacated. Due to normal NARAM operation the sliding walls that separated the manufacturer's room from the meeting room had been undone, so everything was getting upset. It would have been nice had the partitions had been left up, but that would have made sense and all that! The KSC tour was late getting back, which meant the rescheduled R&D orals were late getting started. I was running around trying to get the partitions closed (no!) and in general trying to keep things running smoothly.

Dane Boles flew in late that night, and stopped by the HQ room to say hello. Mark Bundick of the Bundick/Justis team was in the room when Dane arrived, and hit him with a few irritating "D" engine questions right off the bat. We jumped in with some milder inquiries. Dane came off really great with us, and it is a true shame he wasn't able to stay the whole week. Really a tremendous experience! Another impression gained during the evening activities was of Vern Estes. He could be found sitting on the floor somewhere listening intently to what was going on, and keeping a "low" profile. He is great fun to talk to though. We'll have an exclusive interview in our next edition.

After we returned from our escapades at 7-11, we found Doug Pratt of FSI had firmly lodged himself in a corner of our room and was making us laugh to death with strange accounts of his. He ended up staying all night, sleeping in a chair, because he forgot the key to the FSI room, and didn't want to wake up Lonnie Reese at 3:00 am!!!

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7th

One of the "anticipated" events came up second on Thursday- Plastic Model (alias

Plastic Destruction). It's always interesting to see if one of those things can actually fly! There were at least three Pilgrim Observers, and many "stock" conversions. The good flights are the least remembered, but the disasters stick in my mind. A Klingon ship nearly creamed Mike Myrick as it arced into the ground. One of the more, or most spectacular disasters was a Pan Am Space Clipper (built by Jim Hartman) which transitioned into level flight, and looked as if it was ready to hit the road near Camp Swampy. Just as it appeared the worst was about to happen, the Clipper slammed into a telephone cable, in a 1 in a million shot, and broke into hundreds of bits of plastic, and smoking engines. Disaster- movie style!

The streamer duration flights were somewhat anti-climactic, anyway most people had the evening at Disney in mind, so the flights wound up at a decent hour. Moose



Photo by Phil Love

The Cape Kennedy tour on NARAM Wednesday was quite popular with all those attending.

See page 11

CMR NC-52P

THE **CAPCOM** MODEL
ROCKET JOURNAL

CONTEST TESTED DESIGN

FIRST PLACE NARAM-16 119 sec.
FIRST PLACE NARAM-17 309 sec.

CMR RB-52
6 1/4" long

1/8" Spruce

Launch Lugs

1/8" Balsa Pylon

1/32" Plywood Sides (2)

1/32" Music Wire

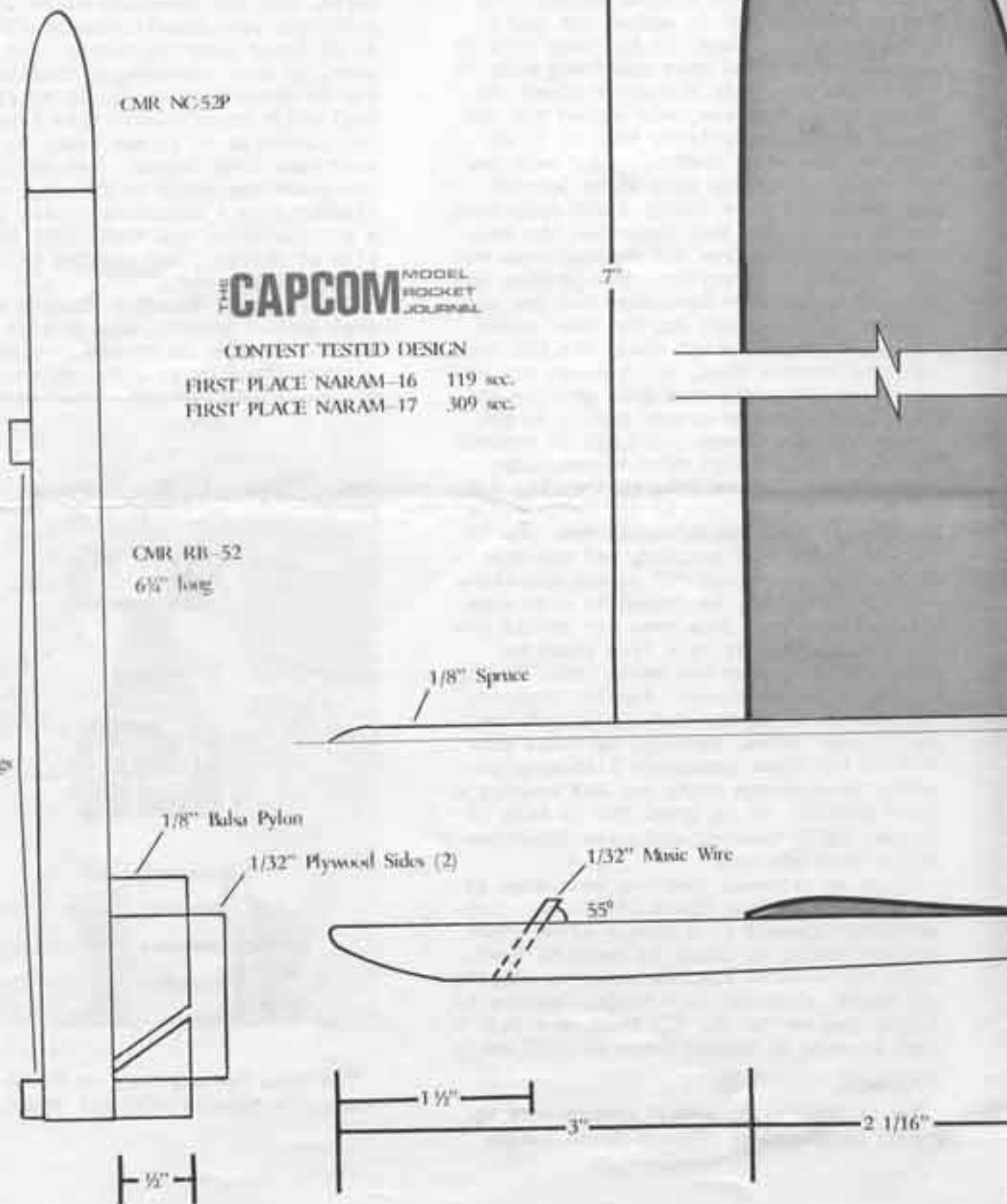
55°

1 1/2"

3"

2 1/16"

1/2"



CONFEDERATE ANGEL



DESIGNED BY: John S. Messey

BUILT BY: David Kusterer

Glider Weight: 12.70 grams

Gross Weight: 28.15 grams

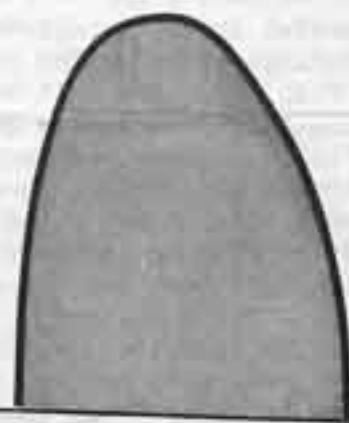
Empty Weight: 20.20 grams

FRONT VIEW

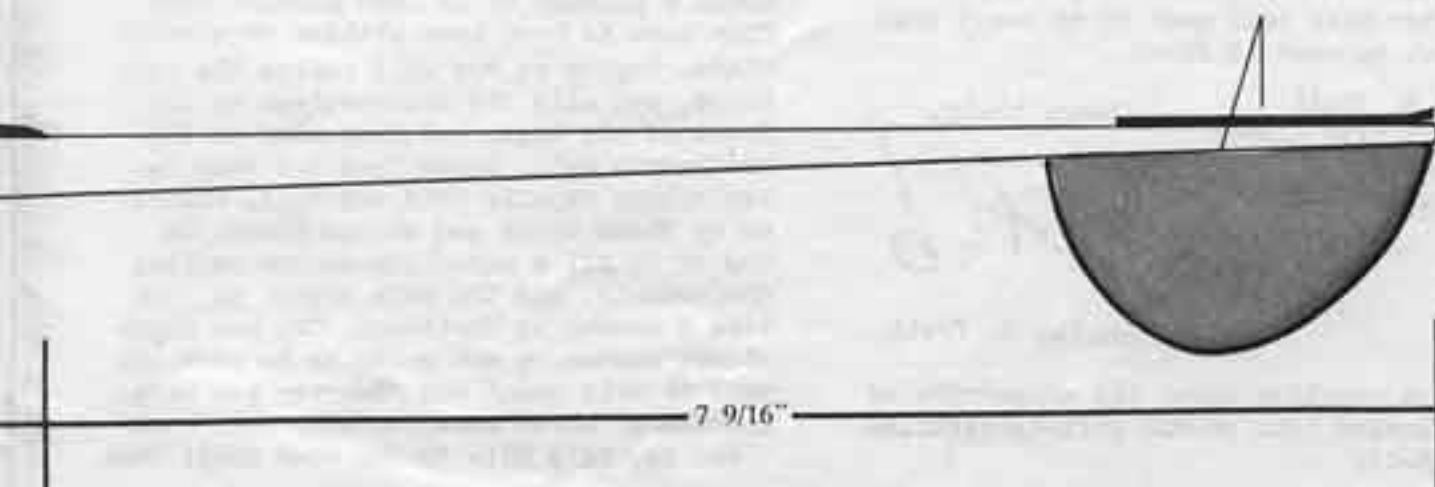
not to scale



1 1/4"



Stabilizer and Rudder made from 1/32" Balsa



7 9/16"

notified that their son had not been seen, and thus the great Fitch Hunt was embarked upon with Ri

Dear People:

I am a little boy twenty-three years old who has been flying rockets since he was ten. As you can guess, severe erosion of the brain has set in, along with an irresistible desire to tell people about it!

I work for (and at) Flight Systems, Inc. They are very good to me, although I seem to frighten them a bit. I enjoy my job because I get lots of mail, but I never seem to get the chance to write back. This column in CAPOCM will save me all that time, and postage too!

This "Department" is going to be dedicated to the strange things that happen in this hobby. At first, it's going to be a collection of things that happened to me, or near me; but I hope to get some correspondence going, and we can all get into the act.

Of course, since I work for a manufacturer, you might be persuaded to think that I am prejudiced. I am. So I'm going to be very careful to avoid references that could reflect badly on the products of any of the fine companies that make up the Model Rocket Industry. I'm going to talk about Flight Systems, of course, because more strange and funny things seem to happen here; but I'm not going to sneak in free advertising or nasty cracks about the competition. I just want to get some friendly mail for a change!

I hope you like it....I know that everything you read will conjure up visions of something twice as funny that happened to you. Please tell me about it. With luck, before long we'll have a remote control bull session going.

You can reach me at the FSI office, but I'd rather have mail sent to my home; that way I get to read it first.

Douglas R. Pratt
9010 East 87th Street
Apartment A-2
Raytown, MO 64138

Yours truly,

AAAAGH!

Douglas R. Pratt

*- ask me sometime about the experience of giving Howard Kuhn an FSI gift-certificate at NARAM-17!

the Balsa Dust, Used Glue and Clip Crud Dept.

It is a pleasant day in Missouri. Nine A.M. and only one tornado warning. You decide that it could have hit the plant, and drive to work to find out that you weren't so lucky.

In the kit packing room, one wall is lined with shelves, on which repose tubes, nose cones, and other components, anxiously awaiting your arrival. To your right can be seen a line of eleven clothespins, glued to the wall. Nearby, on top of a cabinet full of plastic bags of assorted, and utterly useless sizes, are stacks of boxes cryptically labeled with such things as "FS-12, Upper (mostly)" and Shock Cords Too Short." In the corner, the bag sealing machine dozes peacefully.

Today is Nova Day. The bin out in the shipping room with the Nova kit label pasted on the front of it is empty, and the other bins have been making fun of it. You plug in the sealing machine, which awakens with a hiss and the smell of burnt insulation.

Out from the neat pile come eleven sets of Nova instructions. Eleven? Well, you see, there wasn't room on the wall to put up twelve pins....Up from the cupboard comes a package of 12 inch plastic bags. They seem to have been sittine on a razor blade. Hoping no one will notice the ugly holes, you clip the instructions to the front of the bags, and hang them on the clothespin wall. Screw Eyes and Snap Swivels lepa happily into the bags, followed by shock cords and shroud lines. On top of it all a parachute canopy nestles comfortably, and the wall begins to look like a hearth at Christmas. Oh, how happy eleven customers are going to be with these! At this point you discover you have a total of three nose cones.

And so, it's HO!- To the Wood Shop! Sure

... galaxy! Pray, what will man call these feats-asked the king. "Expensive, sire, Expensive". And it

(NARAM)

enough, after half an hour's search, there in a corner behind a pile of threatening letters, you find a box with "sort of HNC 8" scrawled on the side. The poor little things thought they'd been forgotten! A rousing cheer goes up from the eight bags that didn't get nose cones as you reenter the kit packing room.

Down the list, checking every little thing, because our customers are important (Loud coughing heard from the back of the room.) Besides, remember how bad you felt three years ago when you bought some kit and found only three fins and half a thrust ring? How you cursed!! A shudder passes through you as you picture millions of customers cursing you in the same way.

At last, the swollen bags are ripe and ready to be plucked! Fold the top over, and insert between the jaws of the sealing machine. A light tap on the foot pedal and presto! the bag, the top of one of the body tubes, and your left thumbnail are securely sealed. Fold one of our handsome package headers, crease it with your remaining thumb, and staple it firmly in place. You hold in your hands a shiny new kit, ready to go forth and and win the hearts of modelers all over the world. You take a moment to admire the fruits of your labor.

In the midst of your contemplation, the door opens with a bang and a voice informs you that Hermitone's Hobby Hoosegow is on the phone and they are raising you-know-what about their order being late. This voice reminds you that the order would have gone out two days ago if there had been any Novas in the shipping room. A hand seizes your prize and vanishes.

Somewhat shaken, you turn back to the kits on the wall and select another candidate. Soon you have a pile of happy kits lined up, and just as the last one is passing through the sealer, a tremor shakes the building and the Boss appears at the door, breathing fire.

"Who packed this Nova?"

"Why?", you ask as if it mattered.

"Because there's no $\frac{1}{4}$ inch launch lug in it, that's why! It says right there in the instructions that they get both an $\frac{1}{8}$ th, and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch launch lug! Can you read? I'll spell it out for you if I have to. What

See page 16

had been put in charge of the finances of getting a few hundred rocketeers there and back, and was quietly going mad. Everyone disappeared, except Shenosky, me and a few local people. We both intended to get a couple of last minute chores out of the way (that slipped by since we helped Don Larson out with Scale Judging the night before). At 2 am, the Disney group returned and woke us up- we decided that was a good enough time to go to 7-11, so Larry, Gayle, and I trotted off to that calling. We got back, and finished the delayed typing to get to bed at about 4:00. Ouch!

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8th

Friday broke very tired, but we were preserved enough to get our act together and make it out to the field. It had rained during the night, and the muddles had deepened a bit. Now we were worrying about getting the trailer and Shuttlecraft out of the muck! I spotted some pieces of plywood back at the motel, so I loaded them up with the help of some draftees. I then discovered that I was taking away the home of some large Caprenter Ants. We shoved as many people in the front of the bus as possible, and drove to the field. This time we had plenty of helping hands to carry the wood to ditches, and over mudholes. It was looking brighter and brighter for getting the whole mess out of the field before banquet time.

Scale flights were interesting with the inimitable Don Larson officiating. Javelin models were spectacular, with one break apart model, and one monster. We had to send someone over to the Solage to get the Biedron-Langford team and tell them that if they didn't get out to the field, they would be DQed. Rats! They made it in time to take first place.

With all the flights over, it was off to the Solage, and then back to the field for the moment of truth. We laid some of the boards brought out earlier, under the trailer tires, for traction. With Moose, and Chris (Stanford) guiding me through the dry (?) spots, I just rolled right out of there. I didn't dare stop till I was on the road. Moose had to follow me back to the Solage, since the lights weren't hoo-

was asked, no asked- Prithes, what is that object in the sky? Ah, a model rocket sire, said Merlin, a

ked up yet. We left without even so much as a backwards look at "Camp Swampy".

Back at the hotel, we parked the mess. A point we brought up to Fox was how soon we had to vacate the room. There was no problem, as we found out. There were 4 million people inside, which meant that "our" room wasn't. After getting cleaned up, we carted things off to the banquet room, including the trophies. While stacking the awards in order, we noticed that the top rocket figure on one had been broken off. Alan Williams happened by just then, and we had him run to a friend's room to borrow some "Hot Stuff" instant glue. It worked after a little persuasion.

The banquet was being served, so we all trucked over to the eats. The banquet was fairly good.

At one point, Dick Fox wanted to make a short speech about the awards. He had some trouble getting everyone's attention, so I tapped on a glass of water with a spoon. This started a rousing chorus of ding-ding from every glass in the room. Fox finally got his message across, and we retired to the next room to finish setting up.

A guest speaker from NASA's KSC office of Manned Space Flight was first on the ticket, as he presented a slide show depicting the Shuttle program and it's part to the Cane. This was a chance for those who had taken the tour earlier to relate the size of the Space Shuttle program. Bob Del Principe from Centuri presented a scale Mercury Redstone to the guest later.

It was then time to strike up the awards and CD Dick Fox introduced his wife Joy to read the honors. Chris Stanford gave out the fourth, and third place ribbons/medals and Larry S. and I gave out the second and first place trophies. The highest point of the ceremony came when Doug Pratt of PSI gave a Dead Last But Finished gift certificate to Howard Kuhn of CMR. When the colonel was located, he raised his hand to cool the applause, and an expectant hush fell over the crowd. He simply said "I'm sorry!" and everyone broke up for the next few minutes.

With the formal awards over, Manning Butterworth presented the Section Award to the Star Spangled Banner section, and CAPCOM and the Vikings presented two "BUMBLE BEE" awards to Centuri and Guppy for their

advancements in B/G engineering. Bob Bruce gave Fox a plaque that said "No amount of planning will ever replace dumb luck".

Next was the LAC Newsletter award. This year's judging was admittedly done hastily and by a last minute drafter. The first place award went to Zog 43 of NARHAMS. Oh rats, rats, rats! Anyhow, CAPCOM received honorable mention as a new (?) newsletter of merit. (That's funny- we've been around longer than that haven't we??). I was graced (?) by the presentation of an Alpha/Nike rocket (a spoof scale job flown earlier that day) in recognition for my attempts at RSO.

In our next edition of CAPCOM, we'll continue our coverage of the events at NARAM Seventeen. Next, look for articles by our Canadian Correspondent- Gayle Smith, as well as NARAM views from Dick and Joy Fox, and Larry Shenosky. Don't miss it!

Twirly Bird CONTEST!

- 1) Design and build an original Helicopter recovery Model Rocket according to NAR rules for the Helicopter Duration event. There is no limit on engine size.
- 2) Draw accurate, legible and complete plans of your model, take a black and white photograph of same, and send them along with a short biography to CAPCOM, 5670 NE 7th Terrace, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, 33334.
- 3) All entries will become the property of the CAPCOM Model Rocket Journal, and we reserve the right to print the winning plans. Entries must be postmarked by January 12, 1975.
- 4) Judging will take place at COREBURNER Two in Ft. Lauderdale. You need not be present to win. Criteria for judging will be originality, neatness and novelty.
- 5) Prizes will be awarded to First, Second and Third place winners and will be either cash or merchandise.

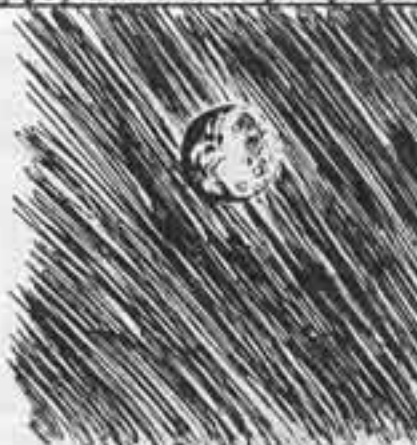
STAY TUNED TO CAPCOM FOR MORE INFORMATION

was noted that these gentlemen were late to the range, but us being nice guys, let them fly anyway.



NARAM-17

RESULTS



ROBIN EGGLOFT

A div.	George George	227
	Andy Katz	212
	Tay McMullin	192
	D. Mattingly	178
B div.	B/L team	275
	John Chapman	220
	Randy Ringner	197
	Steve Flynn	187
C div.	Mike Burzynski	311
	Bob Koenn	267
	Mike Loman	262
	Porzio Team	227

SPARROW B/G

A div.	Jared Hall	3:30
	Steve Wilson	1:45
	Douglas Doi	1:31
	Tay McMullin	1:14
B div.	George Gassaway	6:42
	David Wald	1:48
	Philip Barnes	1:26
	Randy Ringner	1:09
C div.	David Kusterer	5:09
	Chris Flanigan	4:36
	Tom Hoelle	2:11
	Guppy	2:10

PLASTIC MODEL

A div.	Billy O'Donovan	758
	Keith Vinyard	475
	Mike Kalb	456
	Joe Koenn	447
B div.	Pierce Team	577
	B/L team	528
	Jim Gazur	478
	Larry Shenosky	425
C div.	Tom Hoelle	511
	Chris Flanigan	503
	Bob Thoelin	503
	Terry Lee	435

PEE WEE PAYLOAD

A div.	Sam Jaskilka	205
	Douglas Doi	199
	Keith Vinyard	193
	Joe Koenn	186
B div.	David Cook	244
	John Chapman	241
	Karl Runge	241
	Phil Barnes	194
C div.	Mike Micci	268
	Paul Vandall	240
	Bob Koenn	238
	Chris Flanigan	231

HAWK R/G

A div.	Douglas Doi	2:30
	Andy Katz	1:45
	Mike Koepflinger	1:15
	Keith Vinyard	1:09
B div.	Randy Ringner	2:48
	Jon Busser	2:39
	Steve Behrends	2:17
	John Chapman	2:13
C div.	Guppy	2:40
	Terry Lee	1:50
	Jim Chapman	1:33
	Landis Team	1:17

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

A div.	Keith Vinyard	
	Billy O'Donovan	
B div.	David Cook	
	B/L team	
	George Gassaway	
	Larry Shenosky	
C div.	Trip Barber	
	Landis Team	
	Mike Micci	
	Bundick/Justis Team	

CLASS O P/D

A div.	Hodapp	2:11
	Conders	1:05
	Tay McMullin	0:57
	Sally Loman	0:45
B div.	Phil Barnes	6:07
	Pierce Ridgely	5:15
	Steve Behrends	3:12
	John Chapman	2:33
C div.	Mike Micci	4:42
	Terry Lee	3:40
	Aron Insinga	3:30
	Philmon Team	2:56

CLASS 1 S/D

A div.	Tay McMullin	1:16
	Mike Kalb	1:06
	Mike Hodapp	1:05
	Billy O'Donovan	1:02
B div.	David Cook	1:30
	B/L team	1:26
	Perry De Noyers	1:17
	H/Lane Team	1:11
C div.	Trip Barber	1:21
	Chris Flanigan	1:16
	Hans Michielssen	1:16
	Jeff Flyeare	1:15
	Bob Kaplow	1:14

SCALE

A div.	Sam Jaskilka	
	Mike Kalb	
	Keith Vinyard	
	James Tucci	
B div.	B/L team	
	Steve Behrends	
	P/R team	
	James Gazur	
C div.	B/J Team	
	Howard Kuhn	
	Tom Hoelle	
	David Kusterer	

ained to the inquisitive readers that this space is reserved for club jokes, the reason why is bec



Photo by Moose

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

With so much going on last edition, CAPCOM didn't have enough space to present some photos we would have liked to run.

Above is a beautiful shot by CAPCOM



Photo by Phil Love

photographer Marc Lavigne (Moose). The pic was shot at 4:00 in the morning on the day of the ASTP launch. Note the MSS being rolled away from the pad.

Below Left, is a shot of Moose conferring with Model Rocketeer and PASST photographers before launch, at the pad 39 press site.

Above, NO! what's this? It's CAPCOM Associate Editor Larry Shenosky reading over some information in the ASTP press center. Larry doubles as a reporter for WPHS TV, at Piper High School, hence the reason for the presence of the "Mini-Cam" VTR unit.

Below, is a picture of a strange creation- the BCMRA Equipment and Operations trailer. Here, of course, the trailer is shown before it was cleaned up and painted. Village Hobbies, and Universal Hobbies (both of Plantation) donated generous funds to BCMRA in turn for advertising on the rear of the trailer itself.



Photo by Phil Love



Photo by Moose

id Merlin added, it is a creation of the future, sire. Soon man will go to the moon, and beyond into

Time Capsule

by Richard Barnard

Last issue, we featured this column for the benefit of those who might be reading CAPCOM for the first time. We are now going to use it for looking back into the past so new members will be informed on early activities of the BCMRA and earlier efforts of CAPCOM.

This time I'm going to recount where some of our equipment has come from that many of you take for granted.

Those of you that have been associated with the club from its inception have been fortunate in knowing Larry Caplinger who along with Mr. Devlin, Bert Winchester and myself, started the BCMRA in 1970.

Most clubs work with very rough equipment when getting started but L. Caplinger whipped up a 10 pad panel which we worked into a modified missfire alley and Satellite system. This particular system had a wood case but a metal case was purchased about a year later and the system was transferred into it with a few additions such as the abort system. That particular version got the heaviest workout for club activities through the next two years or so until Larry decided to try his hand at an automatic launch system. After eight months of sweat, the MLS-1 was introduced at SMC/C-1 with spectacular results.

During the following year, Larry never could get the system to work to his liking, so he ripped it down and designed and built MLS-2 using IC's and many electronic goodies. This system was installed in a briefcase which was a 400% reduction in size without losing a single function. In fact, I think he added some! At the same time, Shenosky, Caplinger and myself out some time on a satellite launch system with first 10, then 20 pads. Now both systems could be used in concert and our first opportunity was at NARAM-17 this August. 2000 launches couldn't be wrong as the proof test was extremely successful. Keep in mind that you can probably count on one hand the number of clubs that can claim the equipment that our club members have come to expect as the norm.

PROPOSED COMPETITION SCHEDULE FOR FLORIDA

October 25- BARK II - Brooksville (SCRA)
December- AECM II - Orlando (Orange Rs)
January- COREBURNER II - Ft. Lauderdale (BCMRA)
March- (unnamed) - Central Florida (SCRA)
May- SMC/C 3 (regional)- Ft. Lauderdale (BCMRA)

BCMRA NEWS

The August meeting of the BCMRA was held on the 21st at 7:30pm at the Plantation Community Center. The turnout was one of the best ever, attributed to the discussion of NARAM-17, and the Viking Launches.

Mrs. Calder offered to help with the reorganization of the BCMRA library, and present librarian Jim Tucci announced some number of Aviation Week and Space Technology magazines had been obtained.

Discussion of the CAPCOM staff situation and regulations for Cape Kennedy visits was aired. The regular fly-for-fun was scrubbed due to the disrepair of some launch equipment in the "LIPTOFF" system at NARAM 17.

Larry Shenosky then told members about the experiences behind his recent guest spot on WPLG TV's "AM Miami" program. Larry spoke about rocketry and the BCMRA for almost seven minutes, with models and slides provided by Jim Tucci.

It was announced that Dick Fox had offered BCMRA a number of Centuri/Enerjet engines left over from the NARAM range store sales. An order was later placed for some 30 engines.

Discussion then ensued concerning NARAM, and afterwards a large amount of NARAM literature, and manufacturer goodies were distributed to all present.

The club's September meeting remains scheduled for the 18th, with a fly-for-fun on the 21st. The October meeting is set for the 16th, with a fly-for-fun possibly slated for the 19th. SCRA will be hosting NAR members for BARK-II on October 25th, in Brooksville. Entry fee is \$3.00, and a count of persons intending to go will be made at either the September or October meetings.

finally," said Merlin, "we must explore the upper atmosphere before NASA creates sounding rockets."

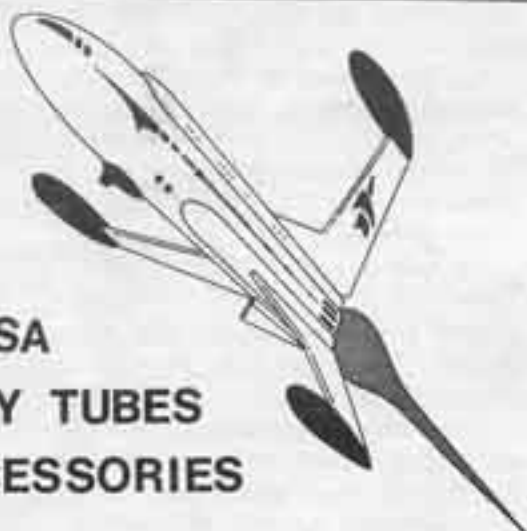
NASA News

As you see on this edition's cover, NASA was successful in getting off it's second Viking Mars mission. The September 9th launch date was the last chance for a full Viking mission, and the liftoff was without incident. The second Viking follows a sister ship into space, launched August 20 (one week behind schedule).

The Associated Press reports that somewhat of a tradition goes along with Titan launches from the AFETR. Space officials wearing feathered headdresses, and packing tomtoms stormed the beach adjacent to complex 41 to "drive evil spirits away".

The tradition started after an Air Force Titan III core vehicle was struck by lightning in September of 1964. The premature shutdown of the transtage caused reentry.

Since that time, NASA and USAF officials have held the mock ceremony on the eve of every Titan III launch. Since that time, there has never been a delay or malfunction attributed to lightning.



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Balsa Dust continued

are you trying to do to our reputation? What are you trying to do to me?"

He spots the kits cowering against the wall, and the one in your trembling hand.

"Take 'em all apart and do 'em all over again. The bags you waste are coming out of your pay!"

The door slams.

As you stand transfixed, a shelf full of tubes, loosened by the tremors, falls to the floor. You note with relief that the tubes are undamaged. By great good fortune the entire shelf landed square on your left foot.



Centuri Engineering of Phoenix, Arizona, has just released press information about their latest efforts in the Model Rocketry field- the Centuri "Superkits".

The three impressive models (U.S.S. America, E.S.S. Raven, and UFO Invader) will retail for \$8.00 each, and include Pre-shaped parts, Dual Parachute recovery, a Baffle ejection system (U.S. Pat. No. 3719145) as well as a 6x12 inch decal sheet and even a plastic display stand called the "Rocket Rack".

The U.S.S. America (somewhat a cross between an S.S.T. and the Space Shuttle) is billed as the Presidential Command Post of the future. The European Space Ship (E.S.S. Raven) was designed to immitate a research vessel, and finally the UFO Invader, a rendition of an alien Flying Saucer.

Bob Del Principe, of Centuri, indicates that the Super Kits will be available on the 10th of October.