

S N O W

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NUMBER 5

NEWS

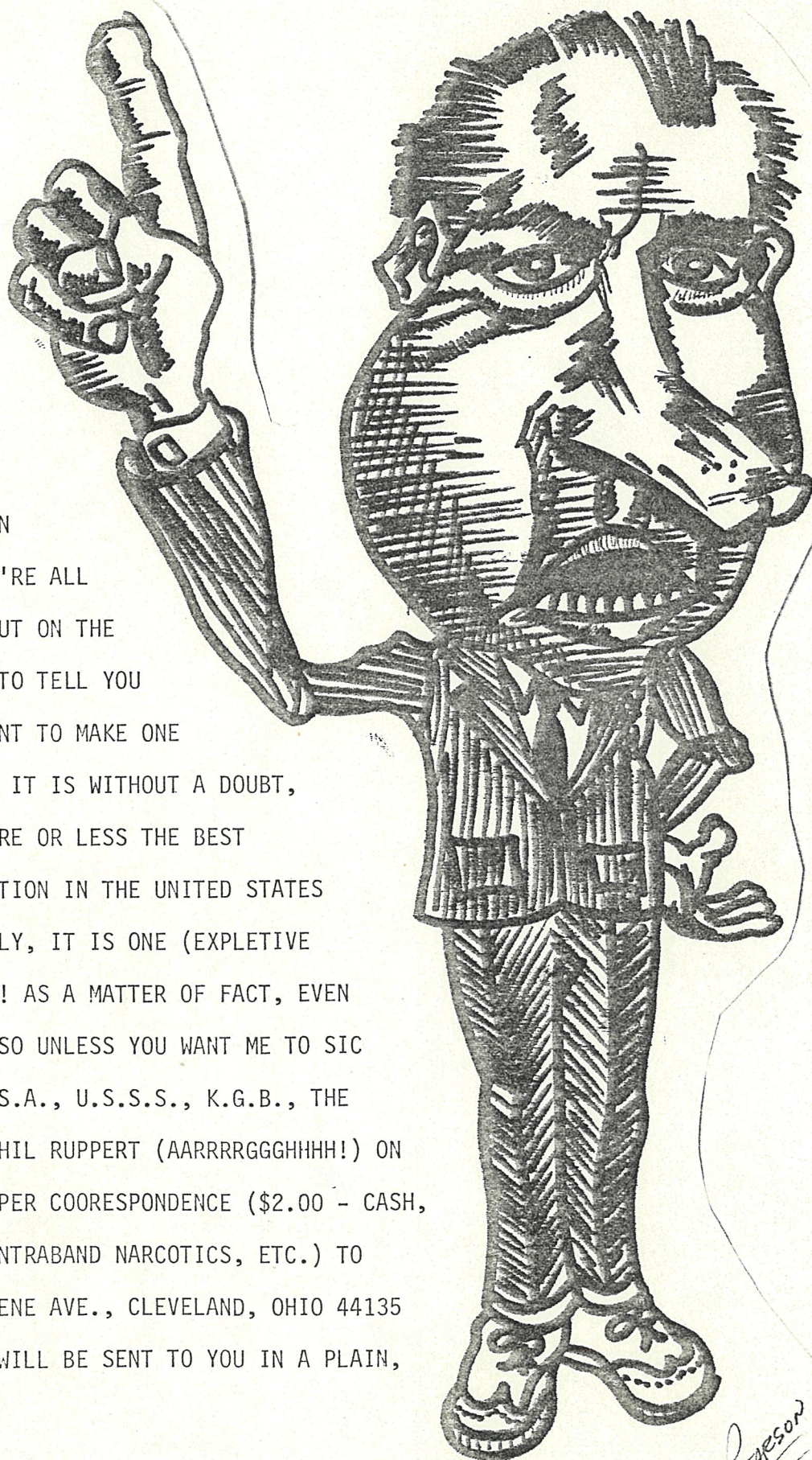
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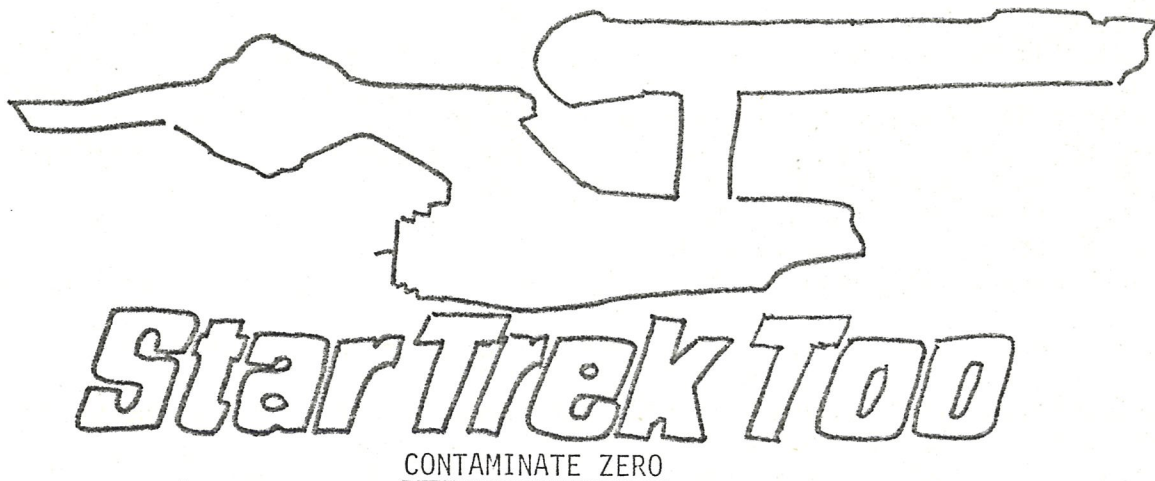


TYPICAL
NARAM
SCENE
FOR A
TYPICAL
POST-NARAM
ISSUE

TOM HOELLE
AND
FRIENDS

LIKE, UH, A LOT OF YOU
CATS OUT THERE PUT DOWN
SPIRO AND ME. WELL YOU'RE ALL
(EXPLETIVE DELETED)! BUT ON THE
OTHER HAND, I AM HERE TO TELL YOU
ABOUT SNOAR NEWS. I WANT TO MAKE ONE
THING PERFECTLY CLEAR. IT IS WITHOUT A DOUBT,
UNQUESTIONABLY, AND MORE OR LESS THE BEST
MODEL AVIATION PUBLICATION IN THE UNITED STATES
TODAY. TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, IT IS ONE (EXPLETIVE
DELETED) GOOD MAGAZINE! AS A MATTER OF FACT, EVEN
HENRY THE K READS IT. SO UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO SIC
THE F.B.I., C.I.A., N.S.A., U.S.S.S., K.G.B., THE
TEAMSTERS, MAFIA AND PHIL RUPPERT (AARRRRGGGHHHH!) ON
YOU, JUST SEND THE PROPER COORESPONDENCE (\$2.00 - CASH,
CHECK, MONEY ORDER, CONTRABAND NARCOTICS, ETC.) TO
ALAN TUSKES, 15214 ALDENE AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO 44135
EACH TREMENDOUS ISSUE WILL BE SENT TO YOU IN A PLAIN,
UNMARKED WHITE COVER.





Captain's Log. Stardate 3289.5

The Enterprise is now warping toward the star system Dana Iota. Several days ago we received a distress signal from the exploratory ship Zenith, which was lost in that area about one hundred years ago. The delay in the distress message being due to the fact that the Zenith was built before the advent of subspace radio.

"Mr. Spock," McCoy asked, "Was there any report of why the Zenith was lost?"

Spock looked up from the library computer console. "No doctor, the Zenith was on a systematic survey of this quadrant. There have been no other surveys of this vicinity."

"Whatever it was that caused the Zenith to vanish, we will soon encounter it, too. We had better be on the alert." Kirk said.

Several hours later, the Enterprise entered orbit around the second planet in the star system Dana Iotia.

"Standard orbit achieved, Captain." Sulu said.

"Captain, sensor readings indicate that the Iotians are in a state of advanced model rocketry equivalent to earth in about the year 1970." Spock reported.

"Well Spock, what's so unusual about that?" McCoy quipped.

"Because, doctor, according to the last report of the Zenith, the Iotians were just entering a primitive state of model building at the time of the survey. They could not have advanced that far in such a short period of time."

"Then the crew of the Zenith must have contaminated the culture. Obviously, the Zenith was sent here before the Prime Directive was issued." Kirk added, "Therefore, it is our duty to remedy the situation somehow."

Kirk started toward the turbo-lift doors. "Spock, McCoy, you will transport down to the planet with me. Scotty, you have the con."

In the turbo-lift, Kirk looked toward Spock with a puzzled expression. "Spock, just who is this man we are supposed to contact?"

"From communications we have had with the planet officials, the one that we are supposed to contact is a Mr. Vernon Estes, who calls himself 'The Boss'."

They materialized into a scene which may have been at first sight taken for one of the more modern cities of the United States in the time of 1970, earth.. The dress was fairly reminiscent of the U.S. during the late twentieth century, except for the strange sight of everyone having numbers of different denominations on almost every part of their clothing, particularly on hats that were being worn. They stepped into the street and were almost hit by an automobile.

"Fascinating," Spock said, "A primitive internal combustion, heat engine powered, four wheel vehicle."

"In other words, a car." McCoy said sarcastically, nearly stepping on the remains of several severely damaged model rockets which were laying in the gutter. They all bore the letters 'M-P-C,'

Continued next page.

CONTAMINATE ZERO (continued)

and the number two. "If you ask me, I would say that this culture parallels earth in many ways."

"Except that it shouldn't be this way," Kirk said pausing, "Let's find that Vernon Estes."

They came upon a large building with the words 'Vernon Estes - Boss - Western Territory' scrawled on it in what appeared to be orange dope. Entering, they came face to face with Uncle Ve. He was a stout man, with a strange beard and hair style.

"Well...Captain Kirk, come in, sit down and have a drink, Good stuff, I distill it myself. Two hundred proof Seven-Up. It's really a gas!"

"No thank you. You are Mr. Estes? This is Mr. Spock, my first officer, and Doctor McCoy, the ship's surgeon."

Kirk looked around the room, noting the armed guards. "Mr. Estes, they call you 'The Boss'. The boss of what?"

"My industry. Biggest in the world. trouble with being the biggest in the world is that all the other punks always try to cut in."

"There is something astonishingly familiar about this Captain." Spock said. "How many other businesses are there?"

"About ten, but they come and go fast."

During the conversation, Spock had noticed a large book on a stand nearby. He moved toward it and leafed through the pages. The cover read 'The Handbook of Model Rocketry, First Edition.'

Looking toward Vern, Spock said, "Mr. Estes, where did you get this book?"

"That's 'The Book'. THE BOOK. They left it. The crew of the Zenith." Estes said, moving toward them.

"Here is the source of the contamination, Captain. As you recall, this book was written by G. Harry Stine, the so-called 'father of model rocketry'. He was a great asset to the sport, until late in his life, when he became an egotistical man who sold his loyalties to several companies. His bad attitude and poor sportsmanship plagued model rocketry for years. This book, before it was banned, became the seed for many cults of followers, particularly the dreaded Herbert A. Lami Nar 9000, whose exploits are well known." Spock related.

"I don't want to hear any more cracks about The Book," Estes said harshly, "Besides, I got a job for yiu guys."

"We will do all that we can do for you, Mr. Estes, _as long as it doesn't violate any of our directives."

Vern sat down behind his desk, obliterating several models that were sitting there. "Okay you guys, I'm a peaceful man. I'm getting sick and tired of all the competition with all the other companies, and that's where you come in."

Kirk looked confused, "I don't quite understand."

"You guys must have made plenty of advances since the other ship was here. You probably got sorts of fancy new stuff, big engines, new kits, and so on. You gimme all the stuff I need so that I can take over the whole place, you know... put those other guys out of business."

"Fascinating," Spock said, "But quite impossible."

"Don't give me that impossible routine," Estes warned 'I'll give you just eight hours to get me that stuff I need, or else the doctor here gets fed into 'Big Mable'."

"'Big Mable'?????"

"Yeah, 'Big Mable'. We put so much stuff into our engines as it is now, a little bit more won't matter much."

Outside the building, Kirk discussed the problem with Spock. They proceeded to 'borrow' some suitable wearing apparel from a nearby clothesline, and then they went off looking for a car.

The first one they happened to come upon was a de Tomaso Pantera.

"Captain," Spock said "This car reminds me of a period of earth history. A vehicle such as this was owned by a very famous man. I cannot recall his name, all I can remember is that he was a very flamboyant national champ."

"Well," Kirk replied, "I see that this planet parallels some of the good aspects as well as the bad."

After a heart-stopping ride, Kirk and Spock made their way to Craig St., where one of the other bosses resided. The place was not hard to find. There was a large sign announcing that this was the 'Model Rocketry Capital of the World'. Entering into the building, they came upon the boss of the southern territory, Leroy Piester."

Continued...

NTAMINATE ZERO (continued)

"Come in Captain, I've been expecting you for some time."

"Uhh...been expecting us!!!?"

"Yeah, I've got all of Vern's phone lines bugged."

Kirk moved toward the desk. Residing on it was a secretary of sorts. She wore red hot pants and a blouse, with the words 'Stroke me and I'll purr!' printed on it.

"Spock," mumbled Kirk "Get me a reading on those hot pants."

Spock whipped out his tri-corder, and after a moment, "Captain, sensor readings show that they have a rating of M5 on the Hertzprung-Russell Diagram."

Kirk, noting this, returned his attention to Mr. Piester.

"You're probably wondering why I wanted to talk to you."

"Don't tell me, you want to make a deal."

Lee was pleased, "I like that. Sharp. Real sharp, huh boys?"

"Sharp boss."

"Let me guess some more." Kirk said, "You want us to send down all the latest advances in rocketry so that you can put all the other manufacturers out of business, right?"

"Right! Then the only person you'll have to deal with is me!" Lee replied.

"That's what I thought," Kirk said, "Mr. Piester, can't we all sit down and have a nice long talk to settle a few things?"

Lee seemed genuinely outraged, "That ain't by the book, Kirk! We know how to handle things, and if you don't give us the things that we want, you will suffer the consequences! Like death by elastic nose-cone impact! Do you think I'm stupid or something?"

"No, no, not stupid, Mr. Piester, just peculiarly unreasonable."

"Mr. Piester," Spock said, drawing their attention to a large supply of engines that were being stored in a garbage can. "My analysis of these Enerjunk E engines show that the delay train will malfunction during the operation of the engine. This would certainly prove disastrous to the model."

Leroy smiled with a sinister smirk. "That's right, we make 'em that way!"

"But why should you? It would be illogical to do so." Spock countered.

"Because if the engine fails, the model is bound to be destroyed upon impact, therefore the stupid kid will have to buy a whole new rocket. More money in our pocket!" He gloated, "By the way, where did you get those ears?"

Spock raised one eyebrow quizzically and resumed inspection of the engines.

At this time, Kirk's communicator signaled him. "Kirk here."

"Captain, this is Scott. We have a Mr. Vernon Estes on the other channel. He says that he will feed the doctor to some sort of a machine if we don't send him down the supplies that he wanted. What supplies are those, Captain?"

"It's a long story, Scotty," he paused, "Scotty, lock on to these coordinates and beam us to the other source of the other communication signal. We'll handle things at that end."

Lee looked puzzled, "So you're going to start beaming down supplies?"

Kirk looked up with glee in his eyes, "No, not exactly."

They materialized in the office of Vernon Estes. Coming with them were about two dozen models of various types that were littering the floor of the other office. The guards were stunned even before they could raise their guns.

Kirk moved rapidly. He grabbed Vern by the shirt and put a phaser under his nose. "All right, Vern. That's the last time you're going to push the Federation around! I'm getting sick and tired of you punks! Now I want you to get on that Transroc and call all the other bosses!"

Kirk then signaled the Enterprise, "Scotty, locate the men at the other end of these calls, and then transport them to these coordinates."

"Will do, Captain."

Vern then dialed the first number, NAR 16092, "Hello Jon, this is Vern. Yeah, I gotta lot of nerve. What ya gonna do 'bout it?"

His words were drowned out by the sound of the transporter, and a tall gangly man stood before them. He looked around, amazed, "Great Groundhogs! Where am I?"

Vern looked amused, "Hey, I like that!"

"Keep it up mister!" Kirk growled.

Within about ten minutes, all the bosses were in the large office. Confusion reigned.

Continued...

CONTAMINATE ZERO (Continued)

"All right. Pipe down everyone. I'll tell you what we're going to do. The Federation just took over here, whether you like it or not. You're going to start a syndicate, and run things business- like for a change."

"Yeah?" Vern said, "And what's your percentage?"

"I'm cutting the Federation in for, say, thirty percent. You got any objections?" He said, leveling his phaser at him.

"Yeah, I object. How do we know this Federation of yours exists? We haven't seen no Federation ship, just you three."

They were interrupted by an explosion and the sound of gunfire. Lee ran to the window, "It's my boys! They're makin' a hit!"

"My boys'll put 'em down!"

"Wanna bet??!!"

Outside, several cars had been driven into the street for cover. General warfare raged. All of the men had weapons of various types, backed by armor-piercing F-powered Points and D-13 grenades.

Kirk whipped out his communicator. "Mr. Sulu, set the ship's phaser banks on stun and fire on a four-hundred meter radius around this building." He put the communicator in his jacket pocket, and calmly stated, "Gentlemen, you are about to see the Federation at work."

Several seconds later, the surrounding area was saturated with the phaser fire from the main phaser banks of the starship Enterprise. The men slumped to the ground, their interest in fighting gone.

Vern smiled weakly, "Some trick."

"They're not dead, only stunned, by they could have been killed if I would have given the order." Kirk said.

"All right, Kirk, what's the deal?"

Kirk moved over and sat in a nearby chair. "All right, listen up! From now on you will run this place like a business, and no more fighting. Let's see. You...Lee, you'll be the head boss, and Vern, you'll be the head of the R&D department. And the rest of you, I don't want any trouble from you or you'll have to answer to the Federation. As for our cut, we'll send someone down every year to collect it and to give advice."

"That's reasonable," Lee said. He glared at the others, "Ain't that reasonable?"

There was a mumble of assent. Kirk smiled. The worst was over.

Captain's Log. Stardate 3289.12

After having solved the problem on Dana Iotia Two, we are preparing to leave orbit and will proceed to Nar Base Twelve.

Back on the Enterprise, Kirk was back in the command chair, feeling much better that it was all over.

"Captain," Spock asked, "Just how are we going to explain to Narfleet command that a starship will be sent around each year to collect 'our cut' as you put it."

"'Our cut', Mr. Spock, will be put in the planet's treasury to help the Iotians toward a more promising future in the development of model rocketry, and to avoid any problems that they might have."

"Captain, it seems that they have one already. I have been monitoring planetary communications and it seems that a mascon named G. Flynn who tried to organize a group of dissenters in the northeastern part of the planet. They seem to have remedied the situation already, though, with what they call a pair of 'concrete galoshes'." Uhura reported.

"Uhura, put a picture of him on the screen." After looking at it for a few moments, he said "You know something, Lieutenant? I really don't think they even needed those concrete galoshes."

---by Chris Pearson

R I P S N O A R T E R S :

Launcher and Camroc Booster by the Incomparable Matt Steele

From now on, (hopefully) SNOAR NEWS will carry the R I P S N O A R T E R S column in every sue. the purpose of this column is to try and incorporate a large variety of plans, ranging from sport and competition models, to launchers and other assorted *parafll /paryé, paraplanlléa/*, stuff. This is in the hopes that everyone will find something to suit them. Comments and guest authors are encouraged.

Since this is the first article in this column, it will feature two plans (Wow, man, that's really cosmic) The first is for a heavy-duty all-purpose launcher and the second is for a cheap but effective Camroc Booster.

Heavy Duty Launcher

The launcher construction is pretty straightforward. Pieces of suitable hardwood should be used for the launcher legs, wood about 3/4 of an inch thick should be good enough. Plywood about 1/2 to 3/4 inch thick should be good enough for the top. The leg supports are made from hardwood and masonite laminated together for extra strength. The supports are bolted into the top after holes of a suitable size are drilled. Using as many bolts as possible allows the launcher to be very strong, while also allowing the launcher to be very easy to take apart.

For rods, commercially available mounts can be used or you can use something of your own design. The types of blast deflectors you use and the finish of the launcher is up to you. Because of the wide top, this launcher is excellent as a base for tower launchers.

Camroc Launcher

The Camroc Booster is in reality a converted Alpha III. (Copyright!! Copyright!!) The reason for this basically centers around the plastic fin unit. Besides the ease of construction and finishing, the plastic fin unit is precision molded, so that the razor-sharp fins will cause the rocket to fly straight even during the time that it slices through your victim's flesh. (This last comment is not Matt's, so don't think that he's the one to watch out for-Ed.) The plastic fins will also take quite a beating, which is useful if you plan to fly the rocket often.

The only parts needed are:

- 1 (ONE) Camroc
- 1 (ONE) Alpha III Kit
- 1 (ONE) Piece of Balsa 1/8"x1"x2"

Build the kit according to instructions (that's a laugh, who uses instructions?). Substitute the Camroc for the plastic nose cone and cut out, sand, and glue the stand-off to the launch lug.

Then glue the launch lug assembly to the body tube so that it sticks straight away from the body and is aligned up properly. Make sure that the shock cord is glued in securely so that the Camroc does not separate from the body due to the Camroc's higher weight. (You might try a longer elastic shock cord-Matt) If you anticipate trouble packing the chute into the small body tube, feel free to substitute a longer body tube. (The Man of Steele has given you His Divine Permissio

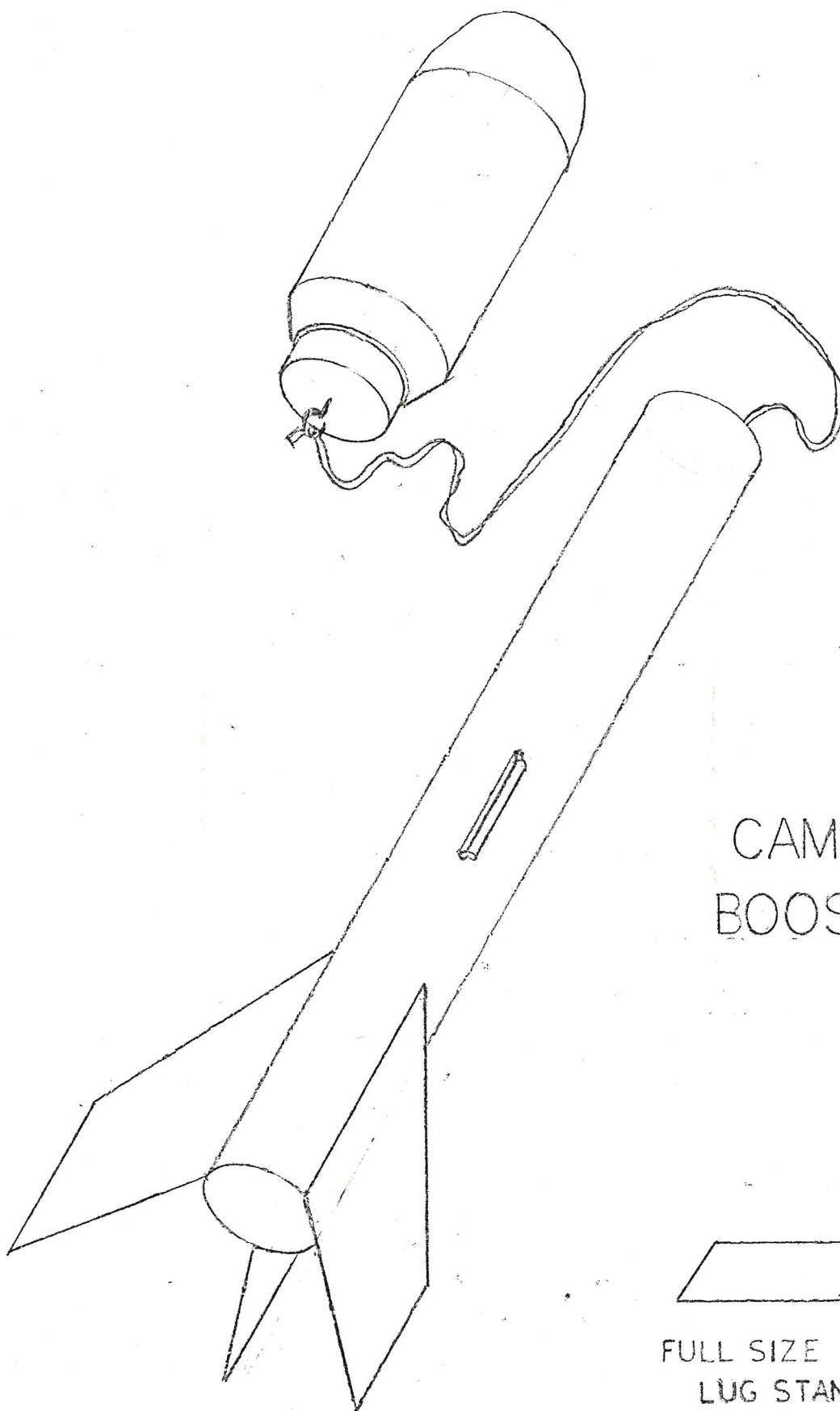
The Alpha III Camroc Booster has excellent flight characteristics and will last for many flights. Make sure to use long delay engines (See the Camroc Carrier's list of recommended engines

Good luck and have fun. May an obscene tatoo artist take advantage of you while you are in an alcoholic coma.

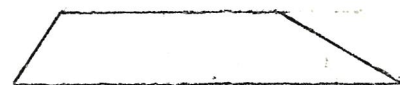
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MIRACLE OCCURS AT MUNCHKIN 1

It was not until after the contest was finished that the full impact of the realization of the event had occurred. In one whole contest, which had incorporated such events as Dinosaur Super-suicide, Mercury Dual-Death, Pigeon Egg Lob, and other fun events, it was discovered that not or single Estes D 12 engine had blown through, burned through, catoed, or whatever it is that D 12 engines do so well. It was learned in a phone call after the contest that a further relaxation of quality control standards at Estes Industries will prevent this erratic behavior.

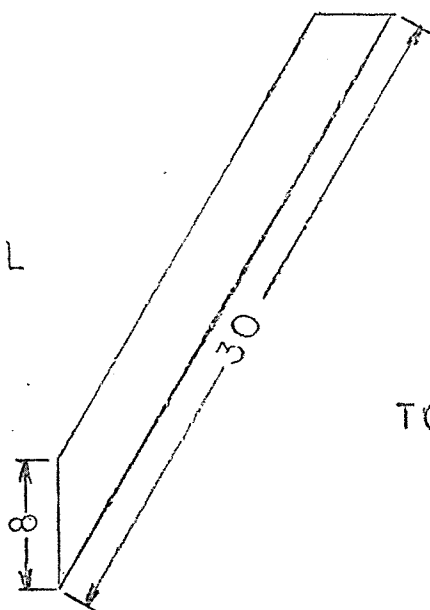


CAMROC
BOOSTER



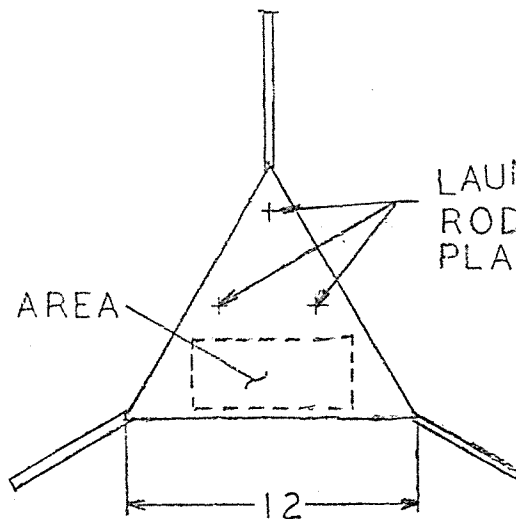
FULL SIZE LAUNCH
LUG STANDOFF

LEG
DETAIL

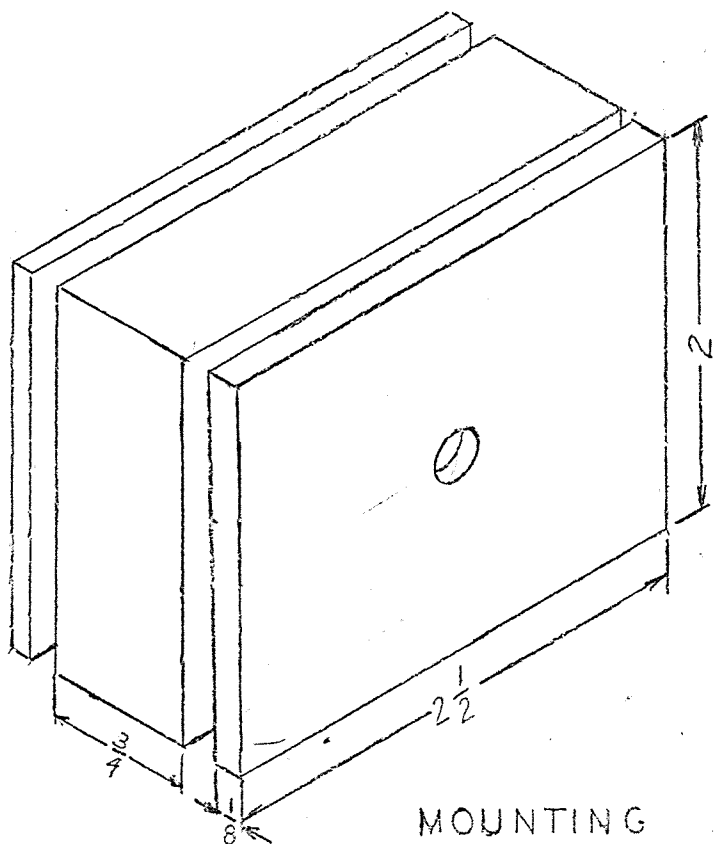


TOWER AREA

LAUNCH
ROD
PLACEMENT

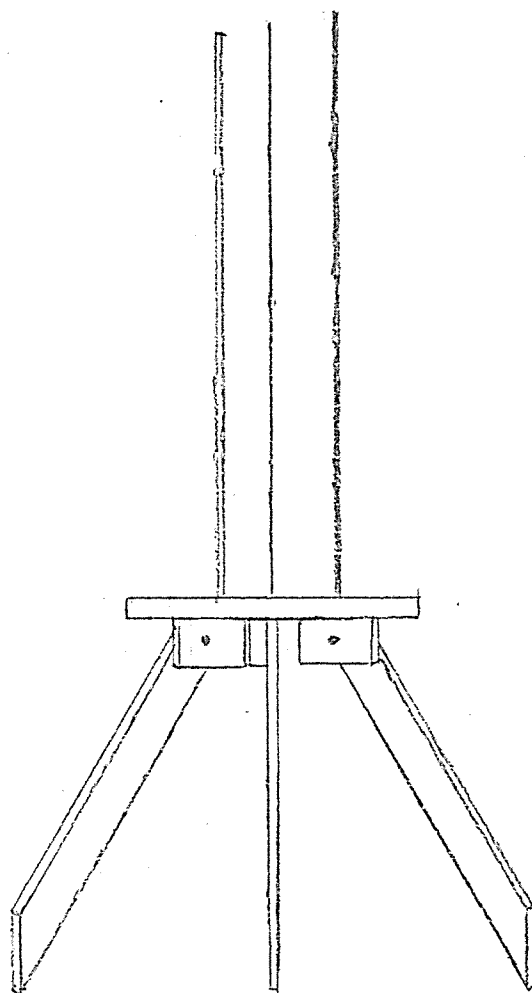


TOP VIEW



MOUNTING
PLATE
DETAIL

HEAVY DUTY
LAUNCHER



FRONT VIEW

The Third Annual

NEIL ARMSTRONG

Demonstration and Contest

or: Why didn't the rest of you turkeys show up?

by Matt Steele:
The Man of Steele,
High Priest of *BLANDNE

Sunday, July 25 dawned brightly and early in the morning (As it usually does) The night before, it seemed as though things weren't going to be so rosy. I learned, to my dismay, that nobody else from the Mistake on the Lake was going to partake in the joyous gathering called the third annual *NEIL ARMSTRONG* demo in near(?) and dear Wapakoneta Ohio. My first plans to go were hindered by the fact that my means of transportation (the car, stupid!) was inoperable. With no one to bum a ride from, I decided to try to repair the forlorn vehicle. Grabbing my personal copy of "How To Fix Cars and Influence People", I set out to work. Through the rust particles a leaking brake fluid I managed to repair the machine, and got it ready to roll as the morning's first light didn't come streaming through the garage window. The next morning, my one car convo started to move out.

After about four hours, we (I brought my own personal secretary-Matt) (Sure Matt, can she t saw the glimmer of an airplane high in the smog. I tailed it, which brought us to the airport where the show was to be held. I nearly croaked when I saw the admission fee (\$3.00 per person plus \$1.00 to park) but I managed to talk around that, which goes to show that model rocketry is good for something. (Oh yeah? Can it clear a cut slip?)

Upon finding where the rest of the rocketeers were most gloriously gathered for this most eventful events, I was confronted by the original Dr. G., who was standing amidst about thirty half assembled Alpha III's. Somehow, I got volunteered into packing the ignitors into the little turkeys, which were to be used later in a salvo. During the time that I was prepping the Alphas, the air show was going on. It included hammerhead rolls, loops, a wingwalker, and a car to air transfer. Those dudes were crazy! Unlike the rest of us, though, they were cool. The sweltering heat caused many of us to trek over to the refreshment stands and support their enterprises. (How come I like that sentence so much?-Ed.) Needless to say, it was hot!

At about 4:30, we got our chance, and moved the three ten rocket racks out onto the launch field. Glancing out at the launch racks, I learned that Estes Interceptors were a popular demo bird, and that only Tom Hoelle and I dared use the deadly D-Kaboom 12's, Tom's in a Cherokee-D, and mine in an egglofter. Also on the racks were a Nike-Ajax, two Centuri ~~Quasars~~ Quasars, and Tom Secrist's Excalibur and scale ASP. After about ten minutes of fiddling around, we were ready to go. George Pantalos took over the microphone and very ably discussed many of the facets of the hobby. When Dr. G. gave the sign, George would describe the model and give the countdown for the launch. It should be noted that George did an excellent job of narration for the spectators, which consisted of about 450 unsuspecting humans.

First off the pad were four models, progressing in engine size from A to D. A few Intercept took off, then my Birdie, which got a standing ovation (Which wasn't hard, as there were only 100 seats there anyway) Also launched was my D12 egglofter, which carried a golf ball because I forgot to bring an egg. Also launched was Ric Gaff's infamous Titan III, which flew much like it did at MMRR (That is, sideways) and Tom Secrist's Cineroc, which did it's imitation of the Range 10 right into the pavement! Tom Grubinski wowed the crowd with his E5 powered BG, which he flew all day long and also got continually better times with as the day progressed. Two disappointmen (?) were the failure to get Ric Gaff's F-100 (An F hyphen 100 Matt? Would you mind telling me where you got it?) powered Black Brant off. It flew later, though, after all the spectators had left. The other disappointment was the lack of D12 cato's. Uncle Vern had a 100% reliable day, (2 for 2) On the last six rods were some red, white, and blue Patriots, which were launched in a salvo.

Then the fun came! The racks were reloaded with the thirty red, white, and blue AlphaIII's and the local urchins (About 200 of them) were turned loose on the field. They were permitted to keep the rockets that they recovered, and were able to get a McDonalds (tm) hamburger upon presentation of the model.

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John Starks and I stayed out in the field, partially to make sure that nobody wandered onto the runway, but mostly because I didn't want to be within phaser range of Dr. Gregorek in case there were thirty misfires. I didn't feel too good right then. However, to my relief, all thirty rockets took off, with no misfires! John and I enjoyed watching watching the little brats walk, run, stomp and/or jump all over each other trying to recover the rockets. Each rocket coming down had about five to ten kids under it, and usually the kid who could jump the highest would get it. Two boys had pieces of one Alpha (Alpha particles?) which had separated, and neither would give his piece up. As always, someone had to spoil it. One of the rotten urchins had grabbed up a couple of the live Alphas that had been in a box in case of misfires. After a brief announcement concerning the danger of the live engines. The crowd then broke up, and it appeared that all of the rockets were returned, although many of them had been stepped on.

The contest then followed. There was no wind at all, and the field was so big that no one lost anything. I made one mistake when I went up to the good Dr. and asked where the contest birds were. When he pointed to the racks full of Estes kits and said "There they are", I looked around and saw all these little non ~~bird~~ NAR members running around and learned the errors of my ways.

In A division, Greg Niemeyer of Wapakoneta came out on top in both Class 1 PD (33 seconds) and Class 2 SD (46.7), which were not bad times considering, if I remember correctly, there were about 8 A division entries, but only 3 of them could qualify in Sparrow BG, the best being Brian Hill's (Adrian Ohio) of 14.5 seconds. B division belonged to Nathan Leper of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, because he was the only contestant in that age group. He came away with a trophy for a 35 second D flight.

C division was where the real fun was. Don Vetter took SD with an excellent time of 91 seconds. Tom Hoelle and I then engaged in a BG duel, with my Windrift's 179 second flight edging Tom's. Then Angel, which had a 70 second flight. (That's not an edge, that's a smear-Ed.) The rest of the G's weren't even close. In PD, my Paratrooper also took first with a time of 139.5 seconds, even though the model landed on top of a hanger, and took some time to recover.

The awards assembly then took place, with everyone receiving patches and a few winning trophies or their winning contest flights. With the activities over, I began my 4 hour trip home, in the normal glorious SNOAR fashion. Hopefully, next year's demo will be even better. All in all, it was a good way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

[illegible]

ANNOUNCING (TA-DA)

S N O W B A L L ---- T H R E E

Yes folks - at SNOAR's December meeting, we will feature our third annual Snowball Contest featuring these events:

Kill Phil Snowrock Throw!
One-Sided Snowball Fight!
Ground to Air Snowball Missile Interception!
"Welcome Back From College" Snowball Initiation!
Frozen Chute Duration!
Snowball Fight Without Snow (If Weather Permits)!
Class 5 Snowball Altitude!
Icicle Superroc!
Parking Lot Doughnut Spinning!

Special added attraction-----

AN OLD FASHIONED SNOWBALL FIGHT BETWEEN EVENTS!!!!

All this at the December SNOAR meeting ----- Be There!!!!!!!
Remember --- Launching Rockets In The Winter Is Snow Fun!!!

ONE DAY AT THE ROCKET RANGE

by Chris Pearson

I really don't know what kind of rocketeer that this guy is, but occasionally he comes up with some really good ideas. I'll call him Alan, since that's his name, and he's the type of person who cranks his cookies off on power and above all....noise.

He's done some pretty weird things in his time. Like his infamous Mercury Redstone on wheels, the destruction prone plastic models he builds, the ridiculous clustered engine race he's having with some other turkey, and several other things not suitable to print.

Well, on this particular day, I swung my Norton Interstate into the parking lot of the library where we hold our meetings, and lo and behold, there stood Alan next to the biggest humongous rocket I had ever seen laying on a static test stand. Alan pitched a roll of masking tape into his range box and stood up. He was grinning so hard that he was getting ear wax into the corners of his mouth.

"Hiya Alan." I shouted. "What's up? You look like the canary that swallowed the cat!"

"Dyanamite man!" He exclaimed. "Last week I finished this thing and yesterday I got the engine for this mother! Wait 'til I fire this thing! Such music!!"

I squinted at the aft end of this monstrous creation. There, snuggled amidst numerous layers of masking tape lied four (yes, four) F.S.I. F32 Thunderbolt engines.

I was agog. Three hundred and twenty newton-seconds is a little over the impulse limit, but judging from the huge payload capsule perched on the front end of it, I'm sure that he needed the power.

Alan grabbed his Solar launch Controller and inserted the safety key. Before I could cram my molded GE Peacemaker earplugs into my noggin, Alan came down on the ignition switch. Instantly the four Electric Matches fired and the Thunderbolt engines rose to peak thrust. Alan's eyes grew bigger than Estes blast deflectors and drool trickled down his chin like Mr. Hyde. The noise was like a point-blank salvo from a battery of quad-fifties. Sparrows roosting on the library roof plummeted to the ground, dead from shock. Their tiny feet pointed straight up in the air like comical peace symbols.

Across the street, an old fart shuffling down the sidewalk clawed frantically for his ear-piece as his Beltone hearing aid exploded in his vest like a railroad signal torpedo.

The car, which had the test stand braced against it, started sliding sideways, leaving huge grooves in the asphalt. If it hadn't been for the dirt in my ears, I might have suffered from a lifetime migraine.

At long last, the engine stopped thrusting, and the silence was like heaven.

"Come on... let's get out to the launch field and see how this #\$\$*@¢ rips!"

I could hardly wait...

Soon afterwards, the entire club had gathered at the launch site and had begun to prang, erupt, fly the usual mess of rockets.

By this time, Alan had re-prepped his greation and was ready to send it on it's first and probably last flight.

"Take a look at this payload capsule man! Dig that space, man! One cubic foot! Just the right size for what I need!" He said with a sardonic smirk on his lips.

Just then, the club's own non-stop talker and all-around pest, Filbert, walked up and started asking his usual battery of questions.

"Wowmanwhatsyougotthere? Ibetitreallyflies. Whatsizeengineyougotinit? Faroutman!"

"Perfect timing!" Alan shrieked, and pounced on Filbert, squashing him beneath his massive frame. He then produced a giant size Zip-Lok (tm) bag and deftly placed the slightly compressed remains of Filbert into it, and this he sealed into the payload capsule of the rocket. Laughing hideously, he slid the rocket onto a ten foot long, one piece C-rail, and expertly hooked up the igniter leads, and then scampered back to the launch panel.

"Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done before..." He said, quoting some historic nerd.

Totally ignoring the usual firing procedur, he armed the launch circuit and hit the button.

The four Thunderbolts rose in noise magnitude to their unendurable limits. I actually saw the paint peeling off the body tube! The rest of the people on the flying field winced and recoiled in holy terror. Stray pooches howled in torment. People in cars on the nearby street poked their heads into their glove compartments.

(continued)

One Day at the Launch Range (continued)

The intensity of those engines grew to be unbearable as I saw shock diamonds in the engine exhaust gasses. Blasts of exhaust ricocheted off the concrete and onto the jeans and jackets of our club members. Patients in the adjacent hospital lapsed into catatonic comas, the tracer pattern on the electrocardiograph CRT's leaped off the screen. Surgeons performing tonsillectomies and vasectomies butchered and castrated their patients. A glazier's truck loaded with plate glass covered with LOF and PPG stickers pulled up next to the field. As I stood there, I watched the glass vibrate, and then shatter into thousands of pieces which cascaded onto the blacktop. The noise sounded like the whole percussion section of a philharmonic orchestra letting loose with a crescendo. At the same time, Filbert must have moved in the cramped confines of the payload capsule, for the capsule tottered and rocked, finally toppling off the rocket and fell to the ground.

The then lightened rocket tore upwards, passed mach one, and nearly reached warp speed. The resulting shock wave leveled everything in the surrounding area. At an altitude of about seventy-five thousand feet, the expired rocket carcass sheared the left elevator off of a YF-12A 'Scavenger' which was on a secret photographic flight over Parma.

After picking ourselves up off the ground, we scattered hither, thither and yon out of there so fast that you could see vapor trails. We left Filbert, or what was left of him, behind to take the blame. Needless to say, that was the last time that we used that field, what with the FAA and Secret Service and all looking for us.....

POOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACEPOOTFACE

DESIGNING GLIDERS: An english translation and condensation of the article by Dr. G. Gregorek.
by Chris "Da Prez" Johnston

In order for a glider to perform properly, there must be a specific relationship between the areas of the aerodynamic surfaces. Dr. Gregorek's article in the June 1974 issue of MODEL ROCKETEER gave a good explanation of the process of designing gliders, however, several very important parameters are very difficult to find.

I) Determination of Areas.

The total wing areas for Hornet, Sparrow and Swift gliders can be found on the Typical Values table. (Elsewhere) For RG, wing areas should be approximately 25% larger.

The areas for the wings can be found using the following formulas:

Elliptical (Figure 1a) $A_w = 0.785 S_w \times C_r$

Rectangular (Figure 2a) $A_w = S_w \times C_t$

Tapered (Figure 1c) $A_w = S_w \frac{(C_r + C_t)}{2}$

II) Determination of Tail Surfaces.

Once the area of the wing has been decided upon, the following formulas can be used:

Stabilizer: $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of wing area.

Rudder area: $\frac{1}{10}$ of wing area.

III) Dihedral and decalage.

Wing tips should be raised $\frac{1}{8}$ inch for every inch of span. This corresponds to the following

Simple Vee: $T_d = S_w \div 8$ (Figure 2a)

Tip Dihedral: $T_d = S_w \div 8$ (Figure 2b)

Polyhedral: Interior Angle $T_d(i) = S_w \div 32$ (Figure 2c)

Exterior Angle $T_d(e) = S_w \div 16$

For proper decalage, the trailing edge of the stabilizer should be raised $\frac{1}{32}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$ inch.

IV) Body Size

The distance "l" (Figure 3) should be $0.4 S_w$ to $0.6 S_w$.

The length is dependant upon the area of the stabilizer i.e. larger the stab, the shorter "l" should be and vice-versa. (Is that a dirty poem?)

The distance "n" should be between 1 and 2 times C_w , the wing chord. (Boy, is this line cr00l

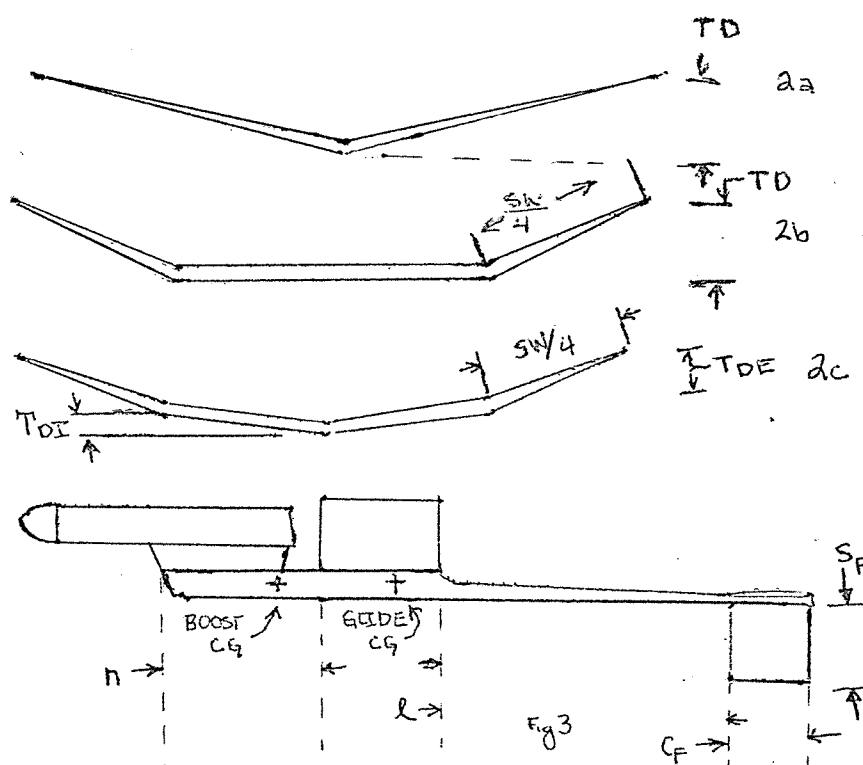
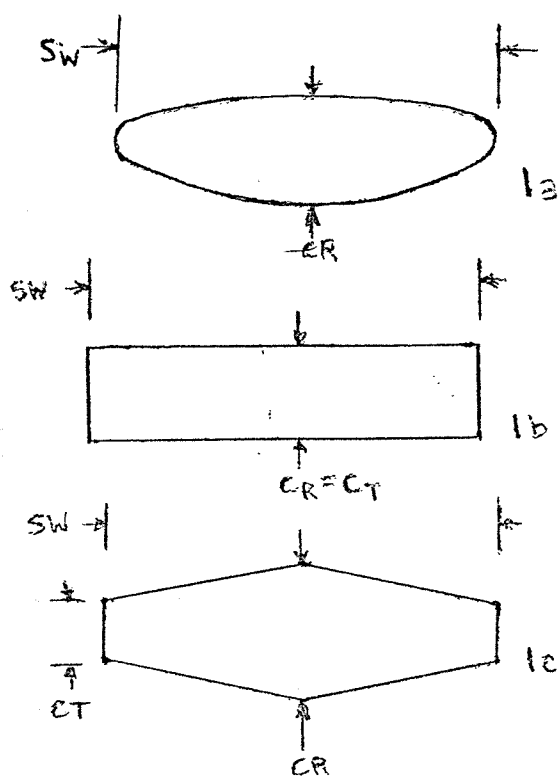
(continued)

Designing Boost Gliders (continued)

These rules should be enough to let you start designing gliders. They are exactly the same as given in Dr. Gregorek's article, except in a more condensed "No theory" form. I would urge anyone interested in gliders to dig up a copy of the original article. If necessary, send a large self addressed stamped envelope to the editor of this here magazine, and he might be able to dig a copy of it up and send it to you.

Typical Values for Basic Boost Gliders

COMPONENT		$\frac{1}{2}A$	A	B
Wing	Cw	2	2.5	3
	Sw	10	12.5	15
Stab	Cs	1.2	1.5	1.8
	Ss	5.0	5.75	7
Fin	Cf	1.2	1.5	1.8
	Sf	1	1.2	1.5
Body	l	.5	.6	.7
	n	2.5	2.5	3



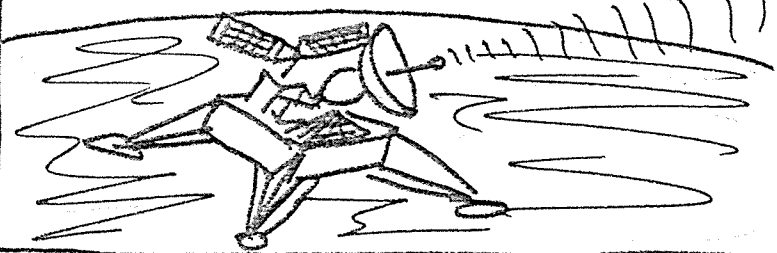
FLASH ALBERT

Based on a character (And I do mean a character) created by Phil Ruppert (a.k.a. Filbert)
Art by Al. Adapted by Al.

1989

FROM
THE
PLANET
MARS

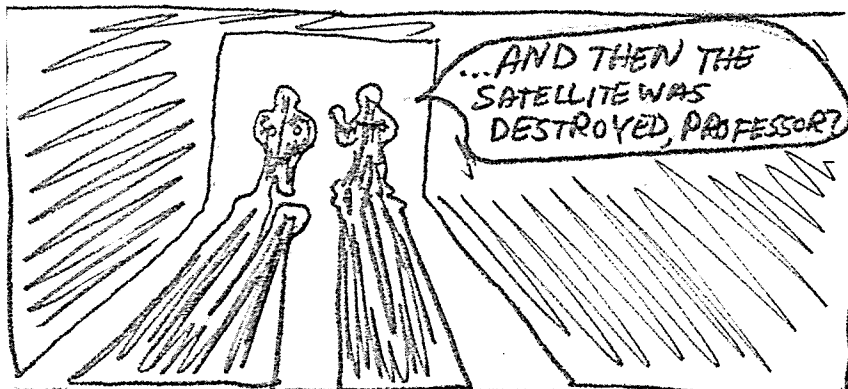
COMES A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE
FROM MARS PROBE 17



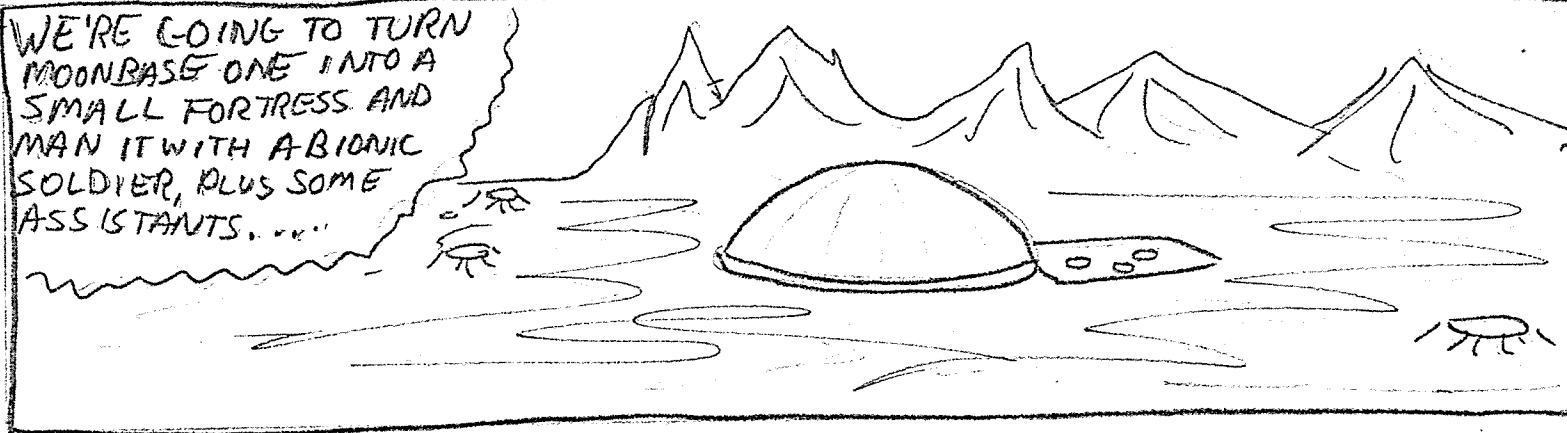
CONTACT EARTH... CONTACT EARTH!
SENSORS HAVE DETECTED
POSSIBLY HOSTILE ALIEN
VISITORS ON SURFACE
OF PLANET



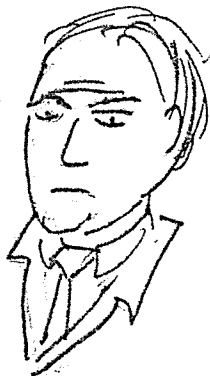
MEANWHILE, BACK ON
EARTH



WE'RE GOING TO TURN
MOONBASE ONE INTO A
SMALL FORTRESS AND
MAN IT WITH A BIONIC
SOLDIER, PLUS SOME
ASSISTANTS...

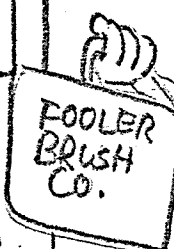


WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A
PERSON WHO IS SO DUMB
LOOKING THAT THE ALIENS
COULDN'T POSSIBLY BELIEVE
THAT HE WAS A BIONIC BEING.
AND, HE MUST REALLY BE
DUMB ENOUGH THAT HE WILL
FOLLOW OUR ORDERS WITHOUT
QUESTION...



JUST THEN, THE DOOR BURST OPEN

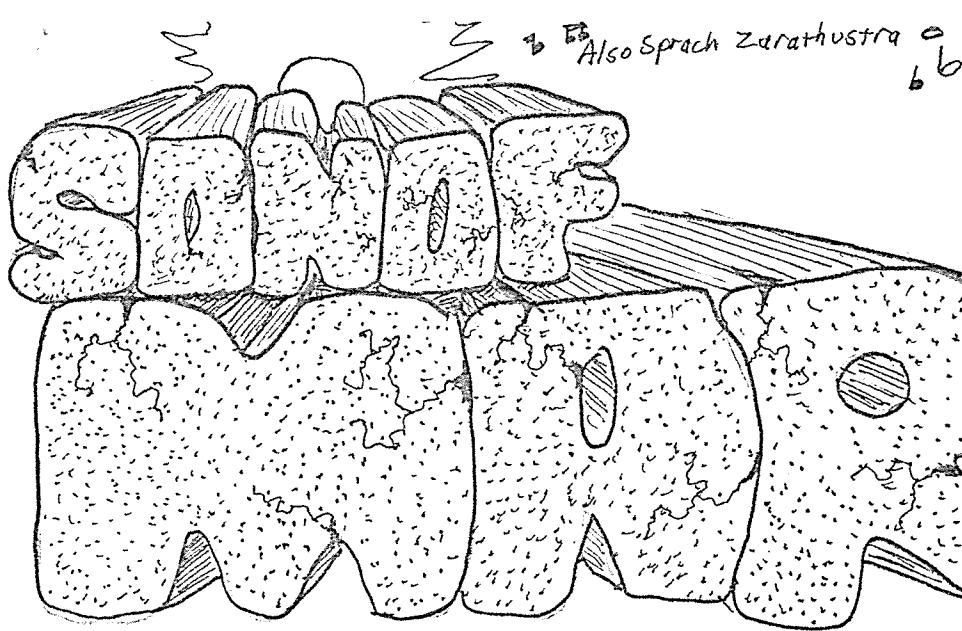
HI! MY NAME
IS PHIL! DO
YOU WANT TO
BUY A
FOOLER
BR...



THAT FACE!
THAT VOICE!
THAT'S OUR
MAN!



CAN IT BE?
TO BE CONTINUED
IN OUR NEXT ISSUE
CREATION OF
FLASHFILBERT!!
DON'T MISS IT.



by Matt Steele + Steve Behrend

"Man of Steele"



"National Champ
by
Sheer Luck"

SON OF MAR or "Since when do mini-jets go boom?"

The weekend of June 19-20 was one of decision in SNOARTown (You know- the land of the Cleves) The choices were to attend CANAM '76, a four hour drive to the east, or SON OF MAR, a four hour drive to the west. Chris Johnston (our humble president) and Mike Nowak (our humble president's personal cabinet) chose to journey to Buffalo and fight the wars of Mercury Dual Eggloft, Eagle BG and other such strange events. Because a little voice in me said "Go west, young man" I chose to travel to Ft. Wayne and engage in a contest consisting of Scale, Hawk RG and Gnat BG, as well as others. The rest of our group were either busy or could not be reached. The morning of my departure began in rain, but cleared up by the time Ft. Wayne came into view. Chris and Mike were not so fortunate, though, and were forced to return home after the inclement (Inclement? Ain't she the girl with the shoes that were number nine. Was she lost and gone forever?) weather that I ran into chose to follow them. For once in my life I had made the right decision.

The weather was clear and light breezes graced the flying field, Shaooff Park. At first glance the field could be termed challenging, with woods to the west, an apartment complex to the north of the road, a golf course to the north, several mine fields, one of which was about fifty feet away from the launch pad, and about thirty near-sighted snipers with 30-06 rifles with scopes made with frosted glass. The park also had strategically placed trees (A park is a park) although they tended to be of the non-rocket-eating variety. As the flying progressed, it became apparent that it would be easy to recover everything except for a few of the better Hawk RG flights, which demonstrated the wisdom of the contest planners and their fun approach (Isn't it fun to chase all over a scenic park after a BG or SD bird?)

After a slow start, all eighteen competitors (Seven of which were in B division) got into the swing of things, and all the events were flown simultaneously, making this meet all the harder to report on.

Class 0 PD had several 90 second plus flights, with the most outstanding belonging to Tom Grubinski of B division, who had a time of 152 seconds. The flight caught everyone's eye as it passed over the launchers at about 150 feet under it's large plastic chute. Plastic chutes seemed to do the best in this event.

Early in Saturday's flying, Bob Kaplow was gloating over his 55 second Class 0 SD flight, which used a huge mylar streamer. However, Tom Hoelle (75 sec) and Ric Gaff (88 sec) came from behind to take over the lead from Mr. Kaplow. In B division, Steve Behrend's 73 second time was more than 30 seconds better than the second place flight flown by Jim Murray. A division had it's problems, with Bruce Cashen's 21 second flight leading the pack.

The AVI microjets appeared in both 0 SD and 0 PD, but failed to show their superiority over their larger brothers. I chose to fly them and the best they managed to was a fourth in PD. I also experienced what was believed to be a cato, though the engine was never recovered, and the truth will, therefore, never be known. This was a minor cato, though, for the best was yet to come.

(continued)

SON OF MAR (continued)

In Class 2 SD, I suffered a separation and two mini B catoes, which totally destroyed my prime vehicle. Not that the engine ripped it apart, but when it pranged onto one of those land mines that I told you about...Whooooeeeee, that really rips the crap out of the little devil. Anyhow, I borrowed an engine and switched to my back-up bird, which managed to get me the only qualified flight in B division. Tom Hoelle was clearly the best in C division with a 112 second flight. The rest of C division was bunched up in the 50 to 70 second range. Jeff Vaccaro managed A division with a time of 41 seconds.

Gnat BG was nothing spectacular, with Bob "Keypunch" Kaplow taking first in C division with 45 seconds, despite the stripping of his fixed pod. Steve Behrends edged out Don Vetter by $\frac{1}{2}$ second to take first place in B division.

In Sparrow BG, Tom Grubinski flew his standard configuration glider to a first with an excellent time of 217 seconds. The Man of Steele himself took second with his mini-dactyl, (119sec) and Gary Ottgen recovered his 84 second flight for a first in C division. Jeff Vaccaro was the only qualifier in A division.

In Hornet RG, the gliders broke out of their doldrums. Surprisingly, Fred Gravagna in A division achieved a very respectable 55 second flight, whereas the best time in C division was only 26 seconds. Yet the finest flights were in B division, where Jim Murray took a second with 74 seconds with a pod shift glider. That time was still bettered, though, by Steve Behrends with a sliding pod bird which did its thing for a first with 95 seconds of flight time.

Swift RG brought out the rest of the disastrous AVI Mini "BOOM-BOOM" B's that Murphy seemed to have set aside just for us (He wouldn't do it if he didn't love us.-Ed.) Tim Vaccaro, lucky stiff that he was, had five catoes in a row (not all of them were manufactured on the same date) and had to give up when his Buzzard was blasted beyond repair. (And if you ever had your Buzzard blasted beyond repair, you know how painful that can be.-Ed.) Nonetheless, A division's David Kozak managed to pull off 55 seconds, and B division's Steve Behrend defeated Nathan Lepper by two seconds after rebuilding his model after a first flight shred. Steve also kept us laughing both days with his RG flights, after suffering two rare burnouts and having his glider hang up on the pad during the boost, thus proving that even National Champs are ~~human normal~~ just like regular rocketeers. These happenings drew Steve thunderous applause, though he could not hear it since he was stationed a half mile down range in the hope of recovering his models. Gary Ottgen took first in C division with a time of 64 seconds.

Hawk RG looped (or rather rolled around) and proved to be most interesting. Kevin Hendrick had a sliding wing model which flew one second less than Tom Hoelle's first place 66 second flight. Steve Behrends brought out his moving pod "Jonathan Livingston Vulture" and devastated everyone with a 160 second flight. In keeping with my tradition of trying to kill someone at every meet, my RG looped about four times within about ten feet of the ground, nearly killing a member of the unsuspecting range crew. The flurry of activity drew the fire of several of the near-sighted snipers, who then opened fire in the direction of my glider. My glider was not hit by any of the shots, however, Steve Behrend's battle garment (that T-shirt he occasionally wears) was damaged beyond repair. Strangest thing, though, it was folded up in the bottom of his range kit, and they still hit it. That goes to prove that a near-sighted sniper with a frosted glass scope can still see better than a drunk tracker.

That left only scale left to be flown. There were only six entries, though only two were really in the running. The entries were: my last week rush Viper, Joe Rodger's 24 hour rush D Region Tomahawk, Bob Kaplow's IQSY (or is it ICKY?) Tomahawk, Ric Gaff's FSI Black Brant and Tom Hoelle's Genie. After accuracy points were divulged, Ric was heard muttering something about writing several less than polite letters to Uncle Lonnie about the Black Brant's scale accuracy. All of the scale flights qualified, and Steve Behrends out dueled Tom Hoelle 896 to 890, although Tom from some flight damages.

SNOAR garnered 153 points, the same number as I did (quite a coincidence, huh?) That placed SNOAR last, but myself second behind soon to be two-time National Champ Steve Behrends, who had a 270 point margin. Jeff Vaccaro took first in A division and Tom Hoelle took first in C division. EMRA outpointed SCAM to take the section championship.

All in all, Son of Mar was an excellent contest, with an emphasis on fun, safe rocketry. I have a good opinion of rocketry in Ft Wayne. Hats off to EMRA and SCAM for this fine regional. It was well worth the time and effort, and I hope the next one is just as good.

SON OF MAR RESULTS

CLASS 0 PD

1 Fred Gravagne 96.5
2 Jeff Vaccaro 27.5
3 David Kozak 22.5
4 Bruce Cashen 7

Tom Grubinski 152
Steve Behrends 95
Joe Rodgers 86
Matt Steele 44

Tom Hoelle 98.5
Homer Rodgers 77
Gary Ottgen 60.5
Ric Gaff 60

CLASS 0 SD

Steve Behrends 73
Jim Murray 41.5
Joe Rodgers 35
Don Vetter 33

Ric Gaff 88
Tom Hoelle 74.5
Bob Kaplow 55.5
Homer Rodgers 26

CLASS 2 SD

Matt Steele 37

Tom Hoelle 112
Homer Rodgers 70
Gary Ottgen 65
Ric Gaff 57

GNAT BG

Steve Behrends 36
Don Vetter 35.5
Joe Rodgers 23
Tom Grubinski 18

Bob Kaplow 45
Gary Ottgen 29
Tim Vaccaro 22
Homer Rodgers 19

SPARROW BG

Tom Grubinski 217
Matt Steele 119
Nathan Lepper 51
Joe Rodgers 23

Gary Ottgen 84
Tom Hoelle 71
Homer Rodgers 38
Tim Vaccaro 33.5

HORNET RG

Steve Behrends 95
Jim Murray 74
Nathan Lepper 14
Matt Steele 10

Bob Kaplow 26
Homer Rodgers 25.5
Tom Hoelle 17
Ric Gaff 14.5

SWIFT RG

Steve Behrends 64
Nathan Lepper 62

Gary Ottgen 64
Kevin Hendrick 57
Tom Hoelle 50
Ric Gaff 23

HAWK RG

Steve Behrends 160
Nathan Lepper 18.5
Matt Steele 9

Tom Hoelle 67
Kevin Hendrick 66
Gary Ottgen 50
Homer Rodgers 19

SCALE

Steve Behrends 896
Nathan Lepper 638
Matt Steele 550

Tom Hoelle 890
Bob Kaplow 578
Ric Gaff 380

CHAMPS

A DIVISION - Jeff Vaccaro 255 RESERVE- David Kozak 186
B DIVISION - Steve Behrends 423 RESERVE - Matt "The Man of Steele" Steele
C DIVISION - Tom Hoelle 339 RESERVE - Gary Ottgen 225

THE LAC NEWSLETTER AWARD STORY

All week long, anticipation had been building up towards the awards ceremony. Because both Alan and I had both bombed out on the flying events, we were especially anxious to see who would win the LAC Newsletter Award in our hopes to redeem ourselves. Alan and I discussed our chances, with Alan seeing SNOAR NEWS as a favorite (I can't seem to figure out why) and myself seeing the Spotter as a favorite instead. (Which is, indeed, one of the places where I gain my inspiration, or is it desperation, before I sit down to type this thing)

At the awards ceremony, the big moment came. It was announced that there were, I think, three honorable mentions besides the winner, and that the competition was extremely close. The first newsletter was announced as the Sattelite, by Jeff Flygare of Buffalo, New York. The second one was the well established MIT Journal. It was between the Spotter and Big Al's SNOAR NEWS. (Why do I bow my head in reverence every time I type that?-Ed) The description for the last newsletter was read and recognized as that of the SNOAR NEWS. The Still Cosmic Spotter had done it again!

Afterwards, Alan and I ventured upstairs into the Spotter's NARAM office and bar and grill. Compliments and congratulations were exchanged, and some of the judging criteria were discussed. Basically, the Spotter's advantages over SNOAR NEWS were its regularity of publication, and that club participation was high in the production of the newsletter. Alan said that he will try to correct the former problem, but the whole club must work together to achieve the second goal.

So, SNOAR members, get on the stick and write something for the glorious SNOAR NEWS. Don't worry, we need all sorts of material, such as plans, contest coverage, technical articles, humor non-technical articles, ideas and suggestions, editorials - the list goes on and on. Just pick up a pen and share your ideas with the world. It'll help the whole club and probably lots of people outside of the club.

Also, to help Alan out, try to give him plenty of time by sending those articles in as soon as possible. Maybe next year we'll be as good as the standard - *THE SPOTTER* - (that was a salute)

But we can only do it with your help.

----Matt Steele

*** Alan here - Somehow, I think that I have my own reasons for liking SNOAR NEWS a lot, especially since:

1. My mother only brings the typewriter home, she doesn't type it any more.
2. I never learned how to type, but after all these issues, I can use one finger to type and one thumb to space pretty well.

3. This entire newsletter must be re-typed, thereby taking up quite a bit of my time, which is also taken up by school, delivering papers, drama practice, homework, and (believe it or not) girls.

Now that my unconscious attempt to attain some pity from you has got you looking down your nose at me, let me state that through all the hardships that I must go through to type this here thing up and get it out at least semi on time, I still enjoy doing it. After all, I've been flying rockets longer than I've been doing anything else besides eating, sleeping, and going to the bathroom, and other rocketeers are usually the only people who don't think you a child when you're out on the field flying. In other words, thanks, thanks people.

Then there's the real world. Most of the staff of the Spotter is going off to college, and they, therefore will have very little time to work on their newsletter. Hopefully, the fine quality of the Spotter will not be decreased, and I wish them all the luck in the world in their endeavors.

In SNOAR NEWS, we still do have a bit of club participation:

Mike Nowak, founder of our club, contest director, president for several years, has been over to help type on several occasions. Through thick and thin, he has always been there. Chris Pearson, contest director, senior advisor, has also typed for us and always keeps me up to my neck in articles and artwork.

Chris Johnston, President, contest director, launch equipment caretaker, always manages to have a technical article or two ready for when I need on.

Matt Steele,, Vice President, also a Spotter fan, always writing contest coverage, humorous short articles, and several of the subscription ads that you see in the newsletter.

Phil Ruppert, Filbert, we pick on him and tease him, but he takes it with a grain of salt. I usually can't read the articles he sends me, but you can't say that he doesn't try.

Jack Musil, Roger Dolezal, et al, have all been members at one time or another, and it is through them that model rocketry will continue to thrive and grow. To all of you, thank you.

Now excuse me, I think I'm going to cry.

FROM AN OPEN MAILBOX

by Matt "The Man of Steele" Steele

At NARAM 18, I managed to pick up a number of publications that are new to the "Open Mailbox". Hopefully these will become permanent exchanges, as they are all extremely informative.. Also at NARAM were some special editions of our regular members which were quite excellent, also. So, without further adieu, here they are....

First up is the 1976 LAC Newsletter Award winner, the Spotter, put together by those lovable psychotics called THOR. (# 251) The August issue is their spectacular "End of the World" issue, featuring (yes, folks) the Spotter Playmate of the Month, NARAM-18 CD Carl J. Warner! Plans for the Spread Beaver and Friday Nite Special are included also. (Yes, the same ones that appeared in the Model Rocketeer, but why is it only called the Beaver there?) PHART III and AARDVARK V coverage compliment the AQM-37A scale data, the Pilgrim Observer conversion plans, Guppy's flexwing plans and the Spotter Songfest. To tickle your funny bone. (No matter where you keep yours) there is the Star Spangled Banana (Rocketry in South America-ca-ca) story, and a "Make Fun of Terry Lee" contest, an introduction to *BLANDNESS* and a model rocketeer's guide to self defense. Write: The Spotter, c/o Tootsaroo (a.k.a. Doug) Kushnerick, 248 Springhouse Lane, Media-by-the Sea, PA 19063

The July issue of The Lost Trek (SCAM #282) contains a magazine review, NARAM Jones cartoon, hearsay, and the phenomenal Son-of-Mar story (See another version elsewhere in this issue) Write: The Lost Trek, c/o Ric Gaff, 5005 Hoagland Ave., Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46807.

The Satellite (Buffalo section #341) was an honorable mention in the 1976 LAC Newsletter Award. In the May issue are articles on "Computers, Programming and Model Rocketry", "The News About Newsletters" and "Getting Started in Contest Rocketry" (Design Efficiency) Also, Doug Pratt's column, FSI demo news and manufacturer's news are to be found. In the NARAM-18 July issue are the rest of the computer articles, "Getting Started in Contest Rocketry" (glossary) a Centuri F16 flight test, and Doug Pratt's column, plus some info on the Viking landers. Write: The Satellite, NAR Buffalo Section, 323 Parkwood Ave., Kenmore N.Y. 14127.

The Stellar Wind's NARAM issue contains an informative article on an inflight electronic ignition system and info on the Viking landers. Write Starlord HQ, P.O. Box 17267, Honolulu, Hi. 96817

The Novaar Free Press (NOVAAR) August issue contains the NARAM-18 story, Wart II notes, plans for the Octaroc eight-finned rocket, Murphy's Laws and several cartoons. Write: C.D. Tavares, NOVAAR, 157 Normandy Hill Dr., Alexandria, Virginia 22304.

Jon Rains is going to kill me. Somehow, between NARAM and the long trip home, I misplaced my July issue of Countdown. However, I do have the August NARAM issue with it's colorful cover. It includes a Naram-18 demo story, scale LTV Scout plans and manufacturer's news. Very sorry, Jon. Write: Countdown, 409 Shoemaker RD, Elkins Park, PA 19111

The Starburst is the Steel(e?) City Section's newsletter. It contains six pages of Great Dan (Super Swing Wing) plans, Ranger and Warrior sport plans, FSI demo article, an Estes "Enterprise" product report, a Standards and Testing article (from the Spotter) a Star Trek update, an SF story and lots more. Write Kevin Barkes, 4428 Greensprings Ave, West Mifflin PA 15122.

Astrocom is the newsletter/journal of the Southwest. It features the Quirk theory, an article on ignitors and modroc ignition techniques and more. Write: Astrocom c/o Randall Victory, 4030 Sweetbriar, Garland TX 75042.

Rocketrek is a new model rocket magazine. In the inaugural issue are articles on balsa finishing, recovery systems, the FSI demo and the "Silo System" and "Whopper" rocket plans. There are lots of interesting notes, too. Write: Rocketrek, P.O. box 591, Corona CA 91720.

LOUDLY FROM AN OPEN MAILBOX (continued)

Last but not least (possibly the best, and definitely different) is Gestalt Two. Steve Behrman gave it to me during a weak moment at NARAM-18 (The Banquet) and told me to look it over. Gestalt is not a club newsletter, nor at times does it even pertain to model rocketry. It is a no strings attached forum for people who want to b*llsh*t on various ideas. There is no censorship and there is no limit on topics. It makes for very good reading, although it's a bit above some of you Jr. NAR members. (I said some, Alan) In Gestalt Two are a Logan's Run critique, a bit of Monty Python, Tom Hoelle on modroc communication, stuff on Zen, UFO's, God, comments, comments about comments, much, much more. The format is clean and crisp, with cartoons like Doonesbury strategically interspersed. If you would like to get it, write: Gestalt, 10622 Sageburrow, Houston TX 77034 or 933 Sheridan, Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

Alan here - Having read Gestalt Two, I have come to the conclusion that it out-classes any and every club newsletter that I have ever read. However, as Matt points out, this is definitely not a club newsletter. Anyhow, being the studious student that I am, I decided that, for the best interests of the club, I must find out what the word "Gestalt" means. Therefore, I employed the mind of schoolmate, friend and former German student Diane Meckes to track down the meaning of the word "Gestalt". After several days, she finally gave me the answer to this great mystery.

The word Gestalt means "Former Figure". What? Somehow, I think that doesn't quite fit, but, who knows how the mind of Steve Behrends works? After all, anybody who wears the same shirt for three years can't be all that stable. Also, our sincerest thanks to Diane Meckes for her assistance even though she isn't a model rocketeer. However, for writing on my hand, I will now embarrass the hell out of you.

DIANE MECKES IS AN AARDVARK !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Now that her name has been mentioned in a model rocketry publication, her social and intellectual levels will drop about three levels a piece.

POLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICSPOLITICS

COMMANDER KOLOTH SAYS-

NO. 11 SATIS-
SNOAR NEWS SUCKS

That's what Commander Koloth said when he was asked for his opinion of SNOAR NEWS. However, the good commander is also a Klingon, so that's his opinion of just about anything - hot showers, cold beer, a good looking girl - anything! (Well, maybe the good looking girl might change his attitudes a bit. However, since those of you out there are probably not Klingons, you will be able to appreciate the fine plans, great articles, and outstanding humor that fills each big issue of SNOAR NEWS. Here is your very own handy coupon. Use it today!!!!!!!!!!

XX;

X
X
v My Name Is _____

X
X My Address Is
Y

X
X
y City State

X
X Zip Measurements(if female)below

_____, _____, _____

X
X
y I officially declare that I am not a Klingon,

X and that I do appreciate good news and humor.
X Enclosed is \$2.00 for 6 big issues of SNOAR'NE



Just Between You and Me.....

by Alan Tuskes

First of all, dear old Matt Steele (a.k.a. The Man of Steele, High Priest of *BLANDNESS*) has finally left the rat race of high school and has entered the rat race of Kent State University where he is studying to be an astronaut. Quoting Matt, "Starting this quarter, I'm taking up space. But seriously folks, you can reach him at KSU (Chaos U?) at the following address:

MATT STEELE
BOX 98 APPLE HALL
KENT, OHIO 44243

So, if you have any used razor blades, plastic explosives, or anything else that is flat and can be mailed in a standard business envelope, send it to dear old Matt at the address above, let him know that we still care.

***** --III-- (That was a flying saucer) *****

From Aerospace Vehicles Incorporated.....

Mrs. M. D. Bergenske sent us a real live reply type letter concerning some of their latest news involving their products.

For a limited time, only, you can get 24 packs of engines (3 and 4 per pack) for only \$20.00 which is a pretty good price for engines today! Engines included in this offer are 1/2A3-3M, 1/2A3-5M A3-0M, A3-2, B3-3, C6-0, and B6-0.

Also available from AVI is the "New" Estes Space Shuttle. Regularly \$8.00, from AVI \$6.49.

Mrs. Bergenske would also like to know what items are really in demand, as they can sell the for less. Support AVI.

From Centuri Engineering.....

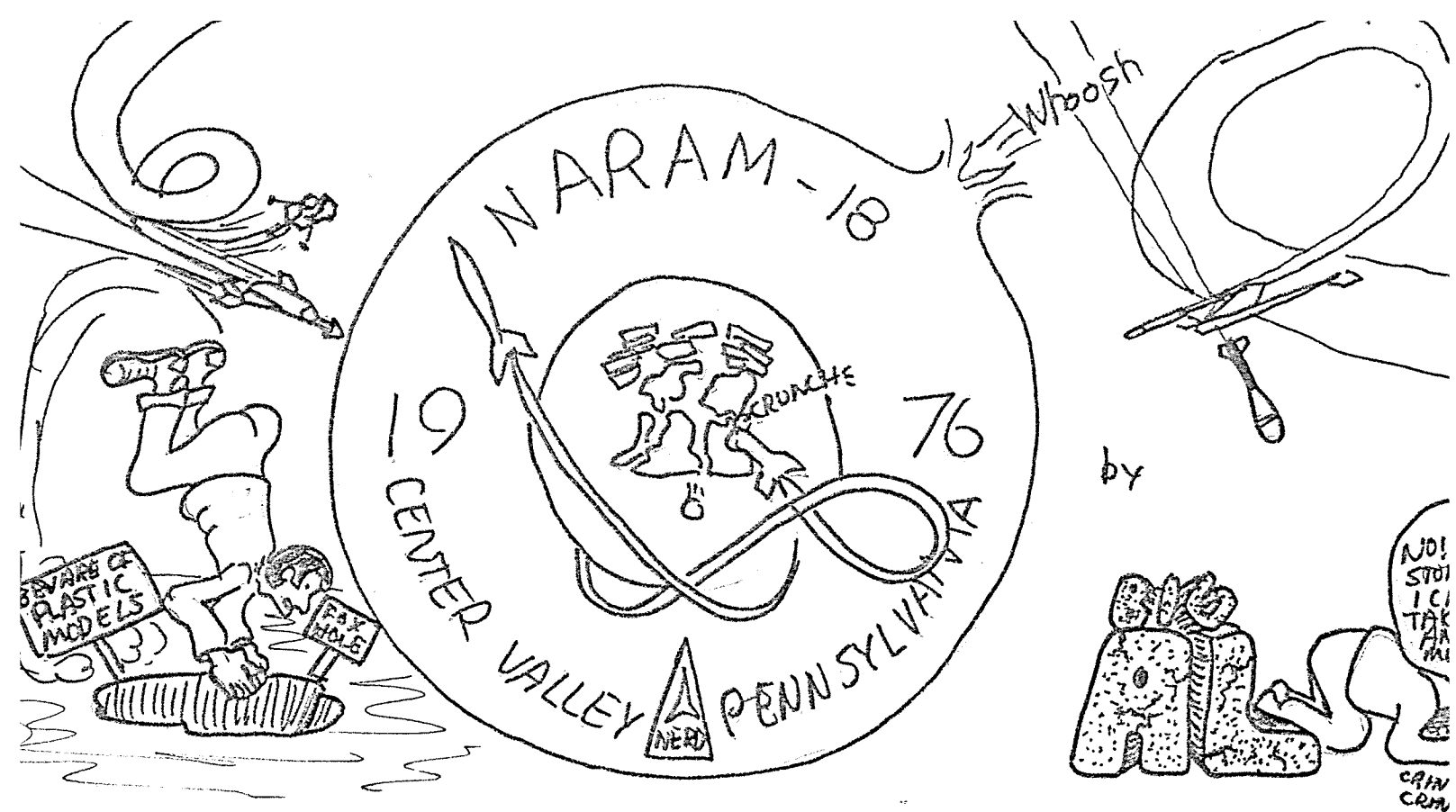
Grant Boyd sends word that they still have some Enerjet E24-4's and E24-10's laying around the plant. These are being sold at \$4.00 each or two for \$7.50, with a charge of 85¢ for handling. These engines will be permitted only for sport and research flying, (not contest) after June 30, 1977. There is a five engine limit per customer.

AVI Astroport
Mineral Point, Wisconsin.
53565

Centuri Engineering
Box 1988
Phoenix, Arizona 85001

NOTE TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED IN ADVERTISING IN THIS HERE NEWSLETTER.....

YOU CAN GET YOUR ROOM HERE! QUARTER PAGE, HALF PAGE, FULL PAGE, YOU NAME IT, WE'VE GOT IT! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT OUR EXPERT ARTISTS WILL ILLUSTRATE IT FOR YOU! FOR PRICES, WRITE TO ALAN TUSKES, ADDRESS CAN BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.



NARAM-18 was held this year in the lair of the dread group called the Turk's Head Organizat of Rocketry. (a.k.a. THOR). There were a number of SNOAR members in attendance, among them being Jim Gazur and Dave Gloger, both of them being non-competing participants, Filbert, Matt Steele, of course, your most humble SNOAR NEWS editor. Actually, Matt couldn't show up until Wednesday morning, so he missed out on a little bit of the fun(?)

After one arrived, one was given his registration packet and the Estes and AVI packets. The Centuri packets didn't arrive until later in the week. By far the most popular item in any of the packets was the name badge, which was made by AVI out of balsa in the shape of a rocket. Throughout the entire week, you could see people flying them on the range either as nose-prang-b type birds or as boost-gliders(almost). Al Celetti, of Canaveral North Associates, even put a flashing "BIG AL" LED display on his name badge. Ah, the wit of these rocketeers.

Well, Sunday night was the contestants briefing night, which is where we learned what we could and couldn't do. No excitement whatsoever. However, later, I started to meet some of those "famous" rocketeers that you read about in the Model Rocketeer, such as Terry Lee, Poot Face, Steve Behrends, Geoff Landis, The Colonel, and even (on Friday) Uncle Vern hisownlittleself. On the same night, I made the acquaintance(?) of two of Terry Lee's Vikings, Trey Ewing and Mark Batterson, both of whom had that "country-fried" type accents that I imitate so poorly on the walkie talkie when I'm tracking. Anyhow, the three of us wandered the halls for a couple of hour compared rockets, and listened to three rocketeers going down the hall singing a song about the sun. The words of which I'm sort of sorry I didn't remember.

Monday morning rolled around, and the participants learned how not to build a small, light Class 3 SD bird. Many of these critters had the fins leave the rest of the assembly at ignition, thereby causing some questionably safe flight, something that became all too common as the week progressed.

Monday afternoon saw an unusually large number of people entering Pigeon Eggloft. A large number of this number tried the AVI D6.1 engines. However, with the breeze and the long burn tim many of the D6.1's were weathercocking into the breeze, producing some very bizarre flights. Man of the contestants also used the deadly D12's and the "¼ stick of dynamite" D20's, which produce straighter and faster flights. The D12's, of course, had their share of catos, many of which wer near misses on some of the spectators.

Monday night saw the NAR Triennial Meeting, which included the election of a new Board of Trustees. It was announced that Elaine Sadowski has resigned as Model Rocketeer editor as of the October issue, and that Steve Behrends and Don Carlson would take over as the new editors. Terry

VARAM-18 (continued)

Lee was appointed to the National Contest Board Chairman, and was given a baseball bat at the awards ceremony "to fight off the people who would be after his ass this year". The manufacturer's session was held that night, too, and included all the major modroc manufacturers, plus a couple of new ones. They were California Model Rockets, who put out "The Whopper" and some other gigantic rockets, plus a compressed air rocket called "Redtone", which was the only rocket that was legally launched inside the hallways of the dorms throughout most of the rest of the week. The other fairly new company was the Canaveral North Associates, by Al Celetti and friend, who build and sell digital launchers, timers, and staging system. One of these launchers, the Maxi-Launcher, counts down, launches, times, and does everything but run after the rocket. However, with a little work, I'm sure he could get it to do that, too. Also on the same night, I found out that Tom Grubinski, our chum from NOAR, and Tom Hoelle, our friend from who-knows-where were in attendance. Since Filbert was there, my natural nastiness forced me to try to shove him in on of the bathrooms with another pest named Fred Shecter (Is that right?), with the assistance of a fifteen man raiding party. Needless to say, model rocketeers are a rowdie people.

Tuesday morning was the flight time for Swift RG's. Boy, a visitor would find it hard to believe that these were some of the best rocketeers in the country. The high mortality rate was not helped by the fact that B3-3M's dated June 6 1976 were in the habit of exploding at this time. However, Microjet Mike Bergenske came to the rescue and said that you could trade in your B3-3M's for some B3-5M's or the equivalent in some other form of engine.

Afternoon was Single Payload time, and the only people that were being tracked were the one's who were smart enough to use tracking powder, a substance of which there was very little of.. There was some question, though, about some of the rockets which appeared to use three or four inch parachutes, and would have probably would have come down slower with a streamer. Through the midst of the shower of lead weights, everybody managed to come through with little or no injuries.

Tuesday Night the Trustees had their meeting, and the movie Silent Running was shown, courtesy of Warren Sisco.

Wednesday morning was supposed to be for Plastic Model flights, however, the judges were not finished until very late in the morning, so everybody except them got to make up some of the sleep that they had missed up until then. 7:30 on that Wednesday morning was the time that The Man of Steele came a knockin' at my door. Matt had been driving all night (save for a 45 minute nap) and collapsed very soon after entering the room.

Wednesday afternoon had a bit of a breeze, but not enough to bother the Hornet BG's that were being flown.. Some of the best flights were ruined, though, because of the return rule when they drifted out into the cornfields which were covered with eight to nine foot tall cornstalks. For those of you that don't believe in the manufacturers, the top time of 255 seconds belonged to Uncle Howie hisownlittleself.

I was among those that didn't make it to the speaker from Landsat, but Jon Rains was pretty upset about that. Later, though, I was able to attend the Pink Book discussion, led by Terry Lee, which had a lot of questions concerning the definitions of Superroc and Drag Race. After that discussion, a number of people sat at the end of one of the hallways for another hour or so to continue discussing the rules. Bob Kaplow from Ft. Wayne (I think) Had a whole notebook full of changes, many of which the rest of the group felt would do the hobby quite a bit of good. (REBELS ROWDIES!! REVOLUTIONARIES!!!)

Thursday morning was again breezy as we woke up to enjoy some more powdered eggs and the fun and thrills of Class 1 PD. This was also a popular time to take in the view of the Pennsylvanian countryside, as many of the tiny models were caught in a combination of thermals and the breeze, resulting in many of the better and lighter models getting carried away while Joe Schmo's Alpha would come back fairly close to the pad, but with enough time to qualify.

Thursday afternoon was set aside for the Flying Death, in other words, plastic model. The judges were smart enough to locate themselves in the Plastic Model Mobile Bunker, a specially built van which could withstand the impact of even an Alpha III with a C engine in it. Out of about 50 entries in Plastic Model, less than 20 models survived the flight, as can be seen in some of the motion picture footage I got of the event. (Also called a "Prang Film") Also during the highly spirited plastic prangs, the NAR choir could be heard chanting "Poot-Face", "Goeffry", and "Bundi Bundick, there's no Justis" as well as several other unprintable things.

(continued)

NARAM-(continued)

Thursday night, a speaker from Thiokol was present, and the R&D presentations were given. One of the most interesting was Poot Face's (a.k.a. Chris Flanigan) who showed us why D12's explode and how not to over-bake them.

Friday morning was more or less open, so many people were making up for lost sleep, while others, such as Matt, Tom, and myself were building something for the afternoon scale flights. The scale models were all very nice, and one of the favorites was Tom Hoelle's Geni. During the scale flights, the SNOAR-NOAR project walked out onto the field. (a.k.a. Huey the Drone) He (or rather it) clomped on over to the launch pad and put a rocket on it) the rocket didn't work, and Huey stomped it to pieces and blew it's top.

The banquet was a little late, but the food was a little bit better than the beef and carro sauce and other such delicacies(?) which we were treated to earlier in the week. The awards banquet was after the banquet, with Doug Pratt as ~~slay~~ master of ceremonies.

The trip home was uneventful, except for the excess of fog in the valleys that we passed through, and my obsession with the song "Rocket Man" by Elton John that Matt had on one of his cassettes. Over all, NARAM-18 was a fun contest, and I am looking forward to going going to the next one, wherever it may be held.

National Champions-

A Division- Hank Simpson
B Division- Steve Behrends
C Division- George Gassaway
Team- Bundick-Justis
Section- Vikings

National Reserve Champs

A Division- Chip Purchell
B Division- Andy Katz
C Division- Tom Hoelle
Team- Biedron-Langford
Section- NOVAAR

Newsletter Award- SPOTTER

Distinguished Service Award- Dottie Galloway

Howard Galloway Award- Richard Nelson

Howard Galloway Memorial Award- Billy O'Donovan

Bumblebee Award- Terry Lee

Bowser Award- Carl Warner

Boris Bulszht Memorial Award- Squirrels Team

* * * * *

CALENDAR - CALENDER (whichever)

SNOAR MEETINGS WILL BE HELD ON THE FOLLOWING DATES:

OCTOBER 23 1976
NOVEMBER 27 1976
DECEMBER 18 1976
JANUARY 22 1977
FEBRUARY 26 1977
MARCH 26 1977
APRIL 23 1977

ALL MEETINGS ARE FROM 9:30 A.M. TO 11:00 A.M. AT THE GARFIELD HEIGHTS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PLAN AHEAD TIME: AT THE DECEMBER MEETING, WE WILL HAVE THE THIRD ANNUAL SNOWBALL FIGHT.

MAY 21-22 1977 ----- GLRM '77

PIGEON EGGLOFT

MERCURY DUAL EGGLOFT

EAGLE RG

HAWK RG

SWIFT BG

CLASS 0 PD

CLASS 1 SD

SCALE

OPEN SPOT LANDING

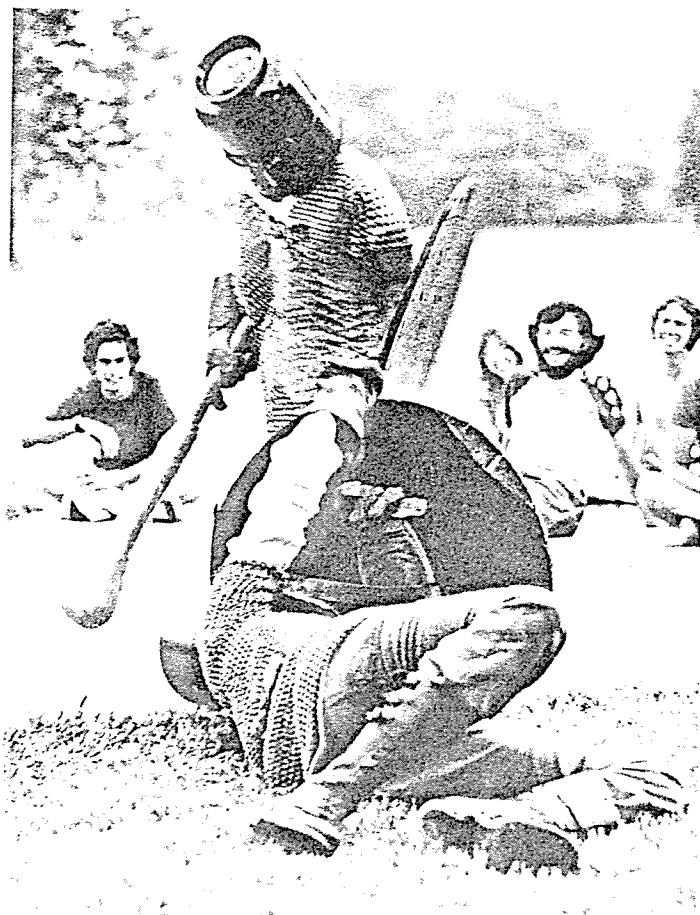
PLASTIC MODEL CONVERSION

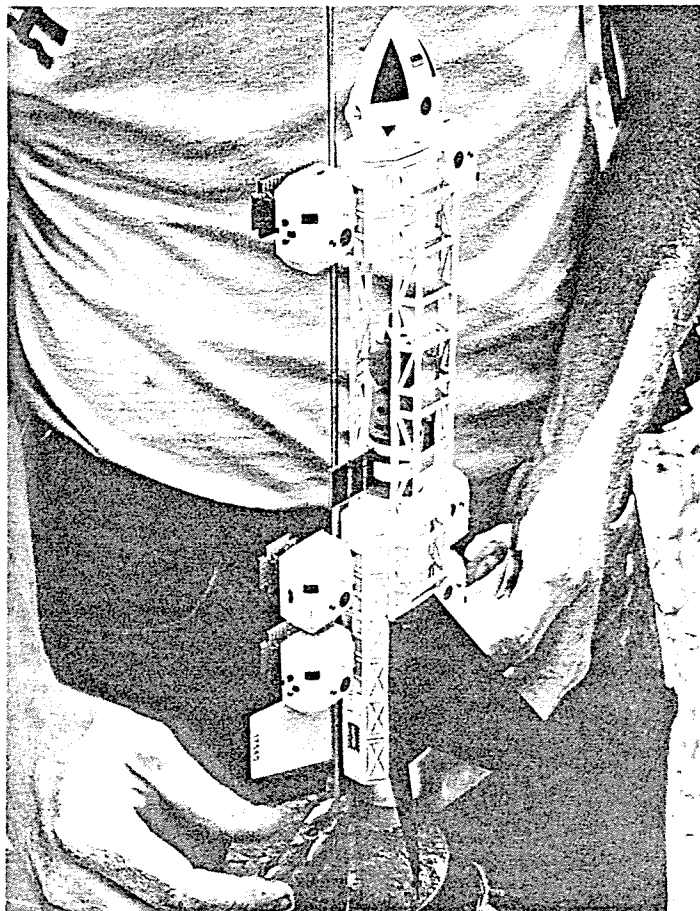
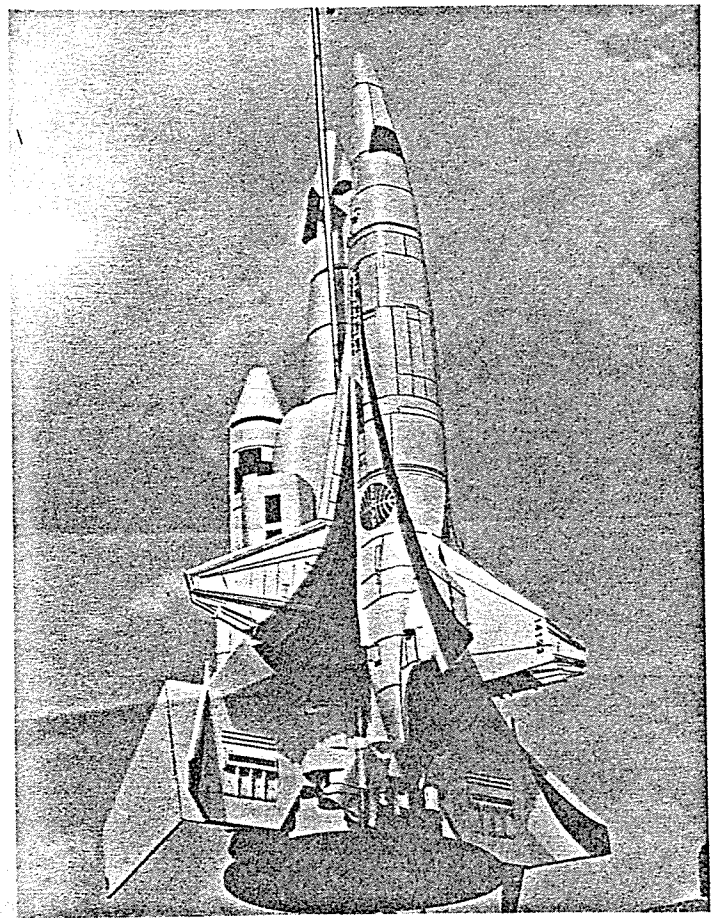
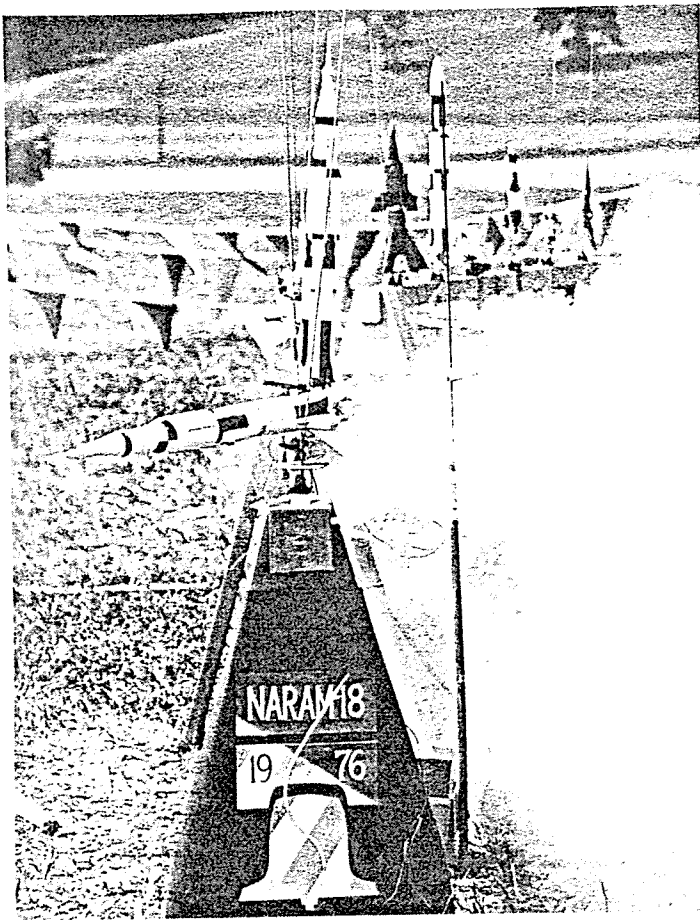
TOP, RIGHT: Jim Gazur and John Langford are among those who admire this Saturn-V Skylab plastic model.

BOTTOM, RIGHT: One of the NARAM-18 participants has it out with the RSO after having a BG flight DQ'd for a non-vertical boost.

BOTTOM, LEFT: Yes, gang, this is it! This is the official NARAM-18 mug shot of Uncle Vern his-ownlittleself.

Photos courtesy Jim Gazur and Alan Tuskes..



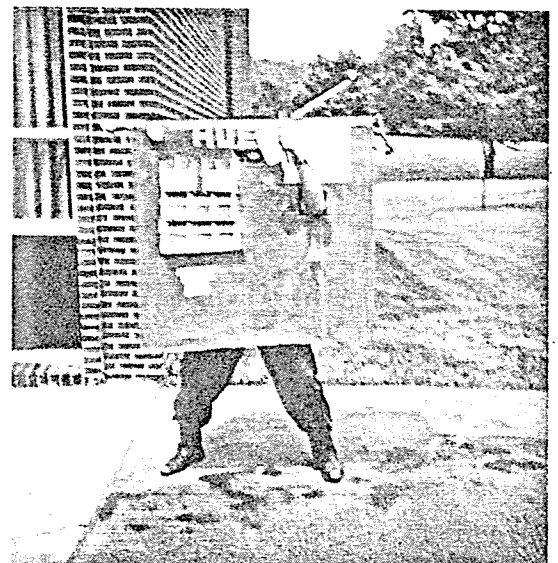


POLYSTYRENE PLAGUE

TOP,LEFT: Fred Schector's (I think) Saturn V as it soars gracefully into the sky under the power of five mini-jets.

TOP,RIGHT: Geoff Landis' beautiful composite type plastic model before it's disastrous DQ.
BOTTOM LEFT: Poot Face's winning C Division Plastic Model.

RIGHT:
Huey
the
Drone.



MUNCHKIN 1

MORE UNUSUAL NEAR CATASTROPHES HEIGHTENED BY KNOWLEDGABLE BUT INSANE NEUROTICS

Name by Frank Ecsedy

by Alan Tuskes



Wilbur the Munchkin

MUNCHKIN-1 was SNOAR's second attempt at holding a regional meet in the month of August. Last year, as you may remember, the contest was successful in the morning, but when we got to the afternoon flights, we also had that storm which was so bad that Mayor Perk wanted Cleveland declared a disaster area.

Anyway, Saturday dawned wet and windy, but since we're rocketeers, we didn't let that bother us, so we set up the trackers and went ahead and flew anyway.

The events that we flew on Saturday were Superroc and Class 0 Altitude, plus Predicted Altitude and Class 3 SD. Because of the breeze, though, many of the Superrocs were flexing long before they even left the pad. One, which I have vivid memories, nearly deprived me of a happy family life when the wind blew the nose in the direction opposite the direction in which I was standing. (Those exhaust gases do get hot!) None of the other flights were very good, but Matt finally did get his Cryogenic Feline to function, and therefore got a first in C Division. The best SD flight was Mike Nowak's, which had a respectable time of 1:53. Because of the breeze, the rest of the flying was put off until Sunday.

On Sunday, the weather was warm and quite nice. The most memorable flights were with the larger events, and in plastic model. All of the flights in A-B and C division in Pigeon Eggloft were DQ'd, and almost all of the other altitude events in A-B Division. DualEggloft actually had some qualified flights, the best belonging to Jim Backlas, with 244.58 with a black monster and an E60.

The best event by far was plastic model. Everyone's favorite was Larry Chumlea's Star Trek 'Space Station K-7' using a canted 3 engine cluster, much like my own invader's saucer from GLRM. Most unfortunately, the model didn't get off the pad on the first flight, and was ripped to shreds on the second flight. With a little more work on the strength, I think he'll have a real winner at any contest that he goes to from now on. The other models consisted of a Saturn V, a Saturn IB, a UFO Mystery Ship, two Space Clippers, a Mars Probe and the Space Station.

Eagle RG was one of the most disastrous events, with Mike Nowak having the only qualified flight of :34 seconds. The rest of the gliders pranged. The Platypus team, at this time, that fiberglass rods can hold up to anything when their 6 foot swingwing didn't swing.

Among the awards given were two unusual ones, one being a tribble (the one belonging to Murphy, to be precise) was given to Alan Tuskes, by Larry Chumlea. The other was a bottle of home-made wine, which was given to SNOAR by David Dailey. (Thanks Dave, now you know how plastic model judges can stay up long into the night with some old rockets)

SNOAR wishes to thank David Dailey, Larry Chumlea, Mark Volpe, Roger Dolezal, Justin Kopera and Jim Backlas for their cooperation and their participation in this contest.

Predicted Altitude

- A-B 1. Mark Volpe 14.7%
C 1. Chris Pearson 27.45%
2. Matt Steele 30.00 %
3. Platypus 42.3%

Class 0 Altitude

- A-B 1. Larry Chumlea 108 M.

Dinosaur Superroc

- C 1. Matt Steele 246.97
2. Justin Kopera 205.8

Mercury Dual Eggloft

- C. 1. Jim Backlas 244.58
2. David Dailey 128.5

Class 3 SD

- A. Roger Dolezal 31.5
C. Mike Nowak 1.53
2. Matt Steele 1:41.5
3. Jim Backlas 1:30.5
4. Justin Kopera 1:25

Class 0 PD

- A-B 1 Mark Volpe :52
2 Larry Chumlea :16
3 Roger Dolezal :15

Class 0 Pd (cont)

- C. 1 Chris Pearson :24.5
2 Mike Nowak :20
3 Justin Kopera :12

Swift BG

- A Mark Volpe:42.5
2 Larry Chumlea :20
C 1 Mike Nowak 1:15
2 Matt Steele :12
3 Justin Kopera :01.5

Hawk RG

- A Larry Chumlea :9.3
C, W Justin Kopera 1:01

Eagle RG
C 1 Mike Nowak :34

A Plastic Model
C Mark Volpe 760
1 Chris Pearson 840
2 Jim Backlas 610
3 Matt Steele 590

POINT STANDINGS

A-B Division

1 Mark Volpe 180 points
2 Larry Chumlea 144 points
3 Roger Dolezal 42 points

C Division

1 Mike Nowak 183 points
2 Matt Steele 144 points
3 Justin Kopera 123
4 Chris Pearson 120 points
5 Jim Backlas 99 points
6 David Dailey 42 points
7 Platypus Team 18 points

EDITOR-in-CHIEF:

Alan Tuskes
15214 Aldene Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44135

PLANS EDITOR:

Mike Nowak
9900 So. Highland Ave.
Garfield Heights, Ohio 44125

TECHNICAL EDITOR:

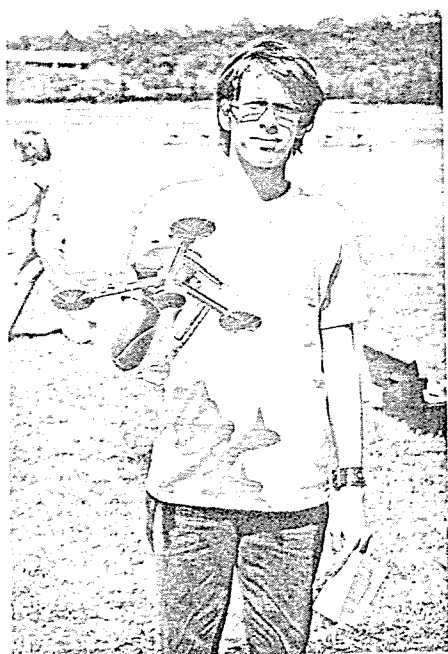
Chris Johnston
15979 Nelacrest Rd.
East Cleveland, Ohio 44112

SECTION RELATIONS:

Matt Steele
Box 98, Apple Hall
Kent, Ohio 44243

NEW PRODUCTS:

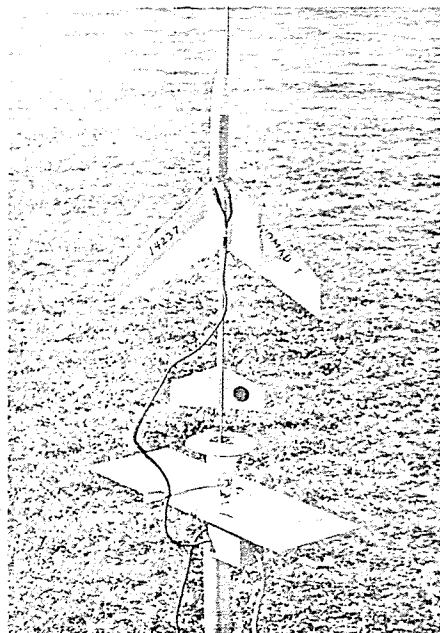
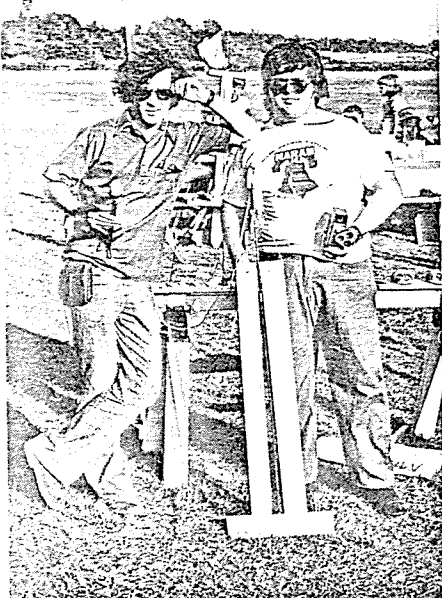
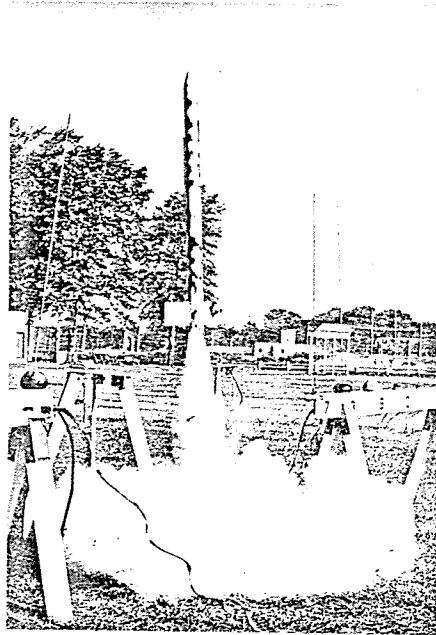
Chris Pearson
37541 Grove Ave.
Willoughby, Ohio 44094



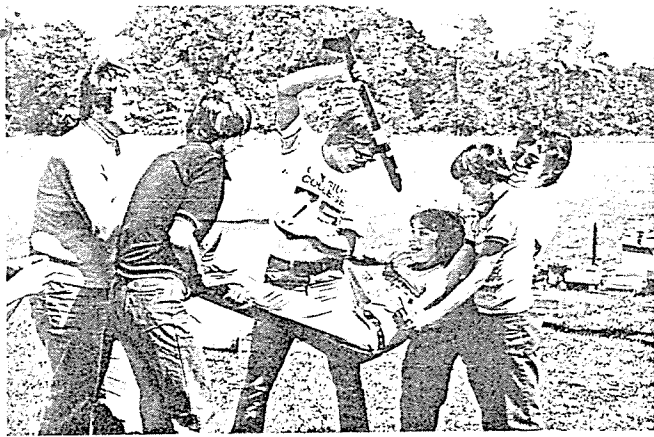
(Bottom Left) Most Unusual Plastic Model Award goes to this 'Star Trek' K-7 Space Station. (Bottom Center) The second flight of the K-7. Both flights were unsuccessful, the second flight destroyed the model.



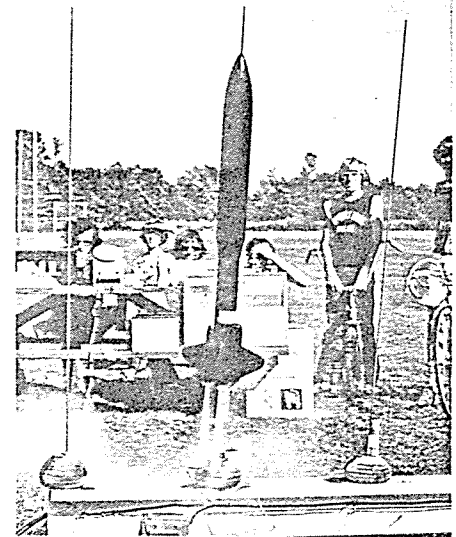
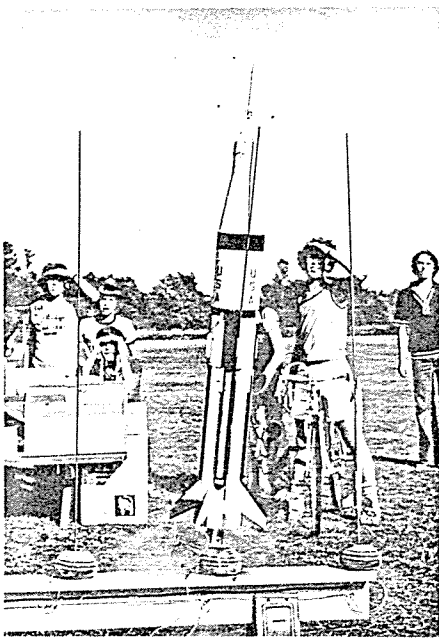
(Top) Alan Tuskes preps his seven engine cluster demonstration rocket. (Center Right) Lift-Off! All engines ignited. The rocket turned in a perfect flight, even though the body separated from the recovery system. (Center) Notice the asbestos fire-proof suit. Wonder why he wore it???



(Bottom Left) Platypus Team poses with their Eagle R/G, right before it pranged. (Bottom center) Chris Pearsons Swift-Hawk B/G, right before it too pranged.



(Top) During Sundays events, Filbert is sacrificed to appease the great God Murphy. (Center Left) Chris Johnsons scale Saturn IB lifts-off for a perfect flight. (Center) During lunch, contestants compete in a new event, Clas 000 Rocket Chunking. (Center Right) Phil Rupperts Dual Egg-Lofter. Notice that only two of the three engines are firing.



Chris Pearsons Mercury Dual Egg-Lofter turned in the nicest flight of the day, unfortunately the track did not close. Many of the flights of the day were troubled with tracking problems. (Bottom Right)

