



Newsletter for modelers

Published by Grand Strand Scale Modelers

July 2019

Grand Strand Scale Modelers was chartered August 14th, 2018 as a chapter of IPMS/USA in the Region 12 Central Atlantic Division. Located in Myrtle Beach, we organized with six exceptionally talented individuals. Our goal is to improve our modeling skills as well as furthering the hobby. Along with these goals we are a social organization where anyone with an interest in hobby modeling can enjoy camaraderie.

Our Mission Statement

To encourage interest in scale modeling by providing an outlet for the exchange of ideas and cultivation of the modeling hobby.

President/Contact, Phil Cavender

Vice President, Joe Baxter

Secretary/Treasury, Herb Horvath

Newsletter editor, Phil Cavender

cavender@sccoast.net

Meeting Location: Carolina Forest Public Library -3rd Saturday of each month

<https://www.facebook.com/CarolinaForestLibrary/>

Next scheduled meeting August 17th, 2019 at 11:00AM – 1:30PM

In this month's newsletter Pages

About Us	1-2
Minutes	3
Articles	4-11
Support our local vendors	12-14
Upcoming Events	15-16
Meeting Photos	17-34
Epilogue	35-37

Visit Us on Facebook



https://www.facebook.com/Grand-Strand-Scale-Modelers-1894292160874357/?modal=admin_todo_tour

Website

<https://grandstrandscalemo.wixsite.com/gssm>



HOME About Us IPMS/USA Newsletters More...

Grand Strand Scale Modelers

Grand Strand Scale Modelers



Myrtle Beach, SC

Meeting Information
Grand Strand Scale Modelers meets every 3rd Saturday at 11:00AM.

Location

Minutes from the July 20th, 2019 Meeting


Meeting was called to order at 11:00AM.

- A short “Meet and Greet” took place. We had an unbelievable turnout this month with four (4) new member. Mark Wirtz, Jefri Lynn Chandler, Terry Lee Johnson and Rich Chandler. Welcome. Our membership roll now is an amazing 19 members. Not bad for only being chartered since August 2018. Thanks to all the members.
- The treasurers report, was read itemizing the bank beginning balance, expenditures and ending balance.
- Jim awarded a “Sweep Award” to John Davis for his medals and awards he earned at the SC Scale Model Mega Show last month in Columbia, SC. John made sweeps in all his categories he entered in. Kudos to John.
- New business was discussed. Build day at the local Hobby Town July 27th. Movie and pizza will be available. It was also discussed the possibility of a day trip to Wilmington, NC to tour the US North Carolina. In addition to Wilmington, the discussion took place on traveling to Charleston, SC to tour Patriots Point. Both venues are within 1-2 hours of Myrtle Beach.
- Next was the “Show & Tell” portion was begun. Several members brought models to discuss. Pictures were taken to include in the newsletter and to include on the Grand Strand Scale Modelers Facebook Page.
- An important part of our monthly meeting is the raffle. Proceeds from the raffle totaled \$92.00.
- Meeting was adjourned at 2:00PM.

Phil Cavender,
Chapter President

Free Modeling Magazine Downloads

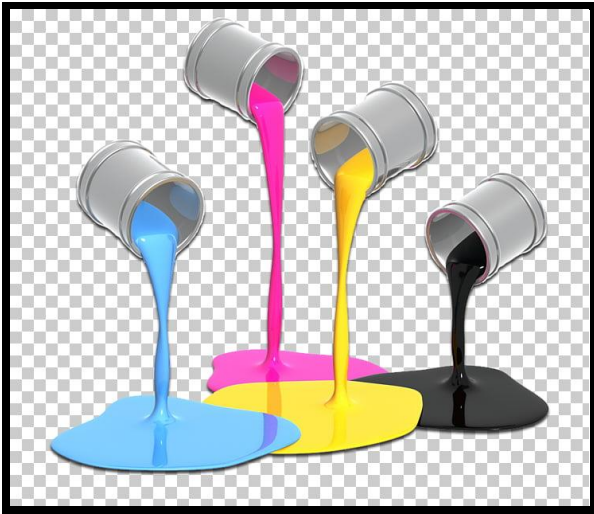
Phil Sicard found a site that allow the free download of modeling magazines in PDF format.

An excellent resource:  emagazinePDF
download free PDF



https://l.facebook.com/l.php?u=https%3A%2F%2Ffreemagazinepdf.com%2Fpage%2F3%2F%3F%3Dscale%2520model%26fbclid%3DIwAR2WYJ0Bk-Yd5kFrdjcUBLG7lduXKrBMs2affFIDVaHkYqc3h2QGq49Za7A&h=AT3Yq9MiDPFF23JJbc2nBWUf6lDzmkHjg_bX7WptSY3J3lno5dDhC3CYM73gNJ03W8HU-cbzmZu2-ZMAuqffCl6cMwS64JCgQ2FUyqZoCZyFF0cVDxx6Bzp-sKsrv8Oord8

Ultimate Paint Conversion Chart



Ever find yourself trying to find the exact paint needed to complete a model? The paints you have on hand don't match the kit paint chart? This site converts the most popular paints, Humbrol, Mr. Hobby, Mr. Color, Revell, Tamiya, Testes enamel, Testors Model Master, Vallejo and the ability to convert from RAL color numbers. Latest update June 2019. This statement comes directly from the website:

Paint Matching Algorithm

“The matching tool will attempt to find multiple matches for each paint, so alongside official chart matches we also show colors matched using the CIE94 color matching algorithm. CIE94 is an algorithm devised by the [International Commission on Illumination](#) as a way to judge difference in perceived color. We use color information for over 2000 paints obtained directly from manufacturer's websites, so although representing paint color on a computer/mobile screen is far from perfect, it really is the best we can do.”

How it Works

Select a source paint and see the closest matches across all the paint manufacturers there is data for.

Each match is rated based on how many conversion charts it appears on, combined with the results of the color matching algorithm.

<https://www.modelshade.com/>

Seven members attended the SC Mega Model Show which took place on Saturday June 22 and came away with truckloads of metals. The show was co-sponsored by the IPMS/USA Swampfox Chapter and the AMPS Central South Carolina Chapter of Columbia, SC.

This was the second year for the joint show and as last year was a tremendous success. Grand Strand Scale Modelers attended with an excellent representation. Models were entered on the IPMS side and on the AMPS side. Winners were:

John Davis

“*Best of the Beach*” with Benny Parsons Bulls Eye BBQ sauce for thunderbird #90 year 1987 Philly

“*Best Automotive*” with Brad KESELOWSKI #2 Jägermeister Ford Fusion.

1st 2nd and 3rd with #2 Jägermeister Ford Fusion.

1st and 2nd with #2 Millerlite Ford Fusion

3rd place with #27 Rusty Wallace Kodiak Pontiac

1st place with #3 Mike Skinner Goodwrench Supertruck

2nd place with #90 Benny Parsons Bullseye BBQ Sauce Ford Thunderbird

3rd place with #6 Scale Auto Enthusiast Supertruck

Earl Wanklin – IPMS 3rd Place - *Focke Wulf Hasegawa 1/72nd*

Phil Cavender

Silver AMPS Panther A

Silver AMPS Krupp Radio Truck

Bronze AMPS M2A1 105mm Howitzer

Jim Fraboni

Silver AMPS – Diorama - RED BEACH, 115th RCT on June 6, 1944.

Silver AMPS – Vignette - LONDON BLITZ, Showing Winston Churchill touring bomb damage.

Silver AMPS – Bust - CHOSEN STARE, a 120mm bust of a marine BAR Gunner during the Korean War

A Day in the Life...Kmax over Camp Bastion!

Published by **The Rotor Break** on June 28, 2019

By: Phillip Sicard (Member Grand Strand Scale Modelers)

Permission Granted by: Phillip Sicard

“The K-1200 sits in our hangar, a solitary, sleek, and sporty flyer among the bigger, fatter and unsightly 61s and Hueys. An insect like profile stares back as I approach, looking more like a truck sized dragon fly than a helicopter. I review the book...filters changed, flaps adjusted, fuel sample done...ready for preflight. Open the front end, battery not wired, fix that...open the door, circuit breakers need pulling...gotta tighten the collective as well....seat still smells from the last pilot’s bout with Mexican food. Move aft, and up. Open the engine cowling....fuel lines, linkages and safety wire...sprague clutch spinning one way, that’s good! Look at the blades...pin’s slip-marked and safety wired...servo flaps good...blades smooth and tight. Button her up and the crew chief is ready to go... sign the book, it’s time to fly...tow – taxi into position...two V22s land directly ahead, full tiltrotor mode, damn those things are impressive! I glide by, all sleek and quiet, they rumble past, chain guns cocked and ready, all whirs and engines...a C17 rockets by on takeoff and another 53 announces its presence with loud whomping authority. The aerostat winks at us, a monument to earlier and simpler times of helium flight, belied only by its array of belly mounted sensor gear and cameras. Dust devils dance across the runway, oblivious to the frenzied airfield action. Several dog sized jackals stop and stare from the black-water greenery...the unopposed “shit creek kings.””



Position the helo for launch and I’m ready to start. Jump in, strap on, glove up, helmet and kneeboard in place, run the checklist...radio ground and get the Scottish controller...a roguish

Sean Connery like voice says "Pass message" and "cheerio" as I'm approved for engine start. I do a last mental check...rotor brake – off, fuel flowing, engine cool...one last deep breath, and squeeze the start trigger...things start happening fast...voltage drops, engine warms, blades turn, gauges come off the pegs...a familiar lope kicks in as blades are whipped by centrifugal force, stop drooping, and become the all too familiar revolving wings. The engine purrs as a flick of my wrist and throttle twist runs it up to flight idle...1800 shaft horsepower now thrumming under my ass and over my head...I feel powerful! Wipe out the controls and check the blade track...looking good. Run throttle to fly, secure the door and the crew-chief departs, chocks swinging playfully over his shoulder. Talk to tower, "Circuits today?", why thank you very much! I beep the engines up and slowly add collective while pulling my nose up...wheels get light and she leisurely rises...I'm airborne! It's always a surreal feeling being airborne...like not real, only here I am, looking down at the pad, a 100 feet below. I pull power and dip the nose...quickly accelerate to 80 kts and turn to enter the pattern. I request a couple thousand feet to enter my maintenance flight. Today's check flight involves an "autorotation"...not familiar? Wiki describes an "auto" as "a descending maneuver where the engine is disengaged from the main rotor system and the rotor blades are driven solely by the upward flow of air through the rotor system." In real life, you have one chance to put it on the ground, save the aircraft, and be the hero. Today's maintenance flight, thankfully, is pretty undramatic; my engine is working fine! The check is good and I return for landing. As I shutdown and the blades slow to a stop, I take a moment to ponder how very lucky I am to have this rewarding and enjoyable undertaking as part of my job. 25 days to go and an actual Christmas at home this yr!



The author Phillip Sicard and the K1200 Kmax

The weather is turning colder, at least at night... the piss dance continues in my rack until I can't take it anymore and finally get up....taking a leak is now an adventure involving sweat pants, flip flops, and a jacket...I refuse to go the bottle route even though my body screams at me to remain in the warmth of the CHU...just can't get over the picture of room-mates catching me red handed, standing in the dark balancing my junk, flashlight in mouth, aiming for the small opening of a 12 ounce water bottle. In the back of my mind is the memory of a former co-worker at the last FOB, storing 18 of these piss bottles, a macabre shrine to pure laziness, as he boarded his flight home after being fired. Oh, the shame! Flight ops continue...last night's engine start was comical...at the end of the runway, an enormous C-5, literally a behemoth of an aircraft, taxis for

takeoff, all his lights on, turning directly at me...I feel like a small child facing down a tractor trailer...guess he would win this game of chicken.



Weather at Camp Bastion

A mortar explodes near the runway and rocks our flimsy compound as we all scramble for our armor. Clumsy attempts at donning gear quickly culminate with amused grins as we settle in the bunker and look each other over...helmets askew, velcro flapping, Marines white fisting holstered weapons at the ready. The new guy talks incessantly, nervous energy propelling his continuous excited chatter, "Is it clear yet?" "was that incoming?"...the rest of us fire up cigarettes and insert dips, crouched in the bunker darkness, the occasional flashlight cutting the gloom, illuminating the choking airborne dust. The big voice finally booms out an "ALL CLEAR" and we resume the flight schedule. A half-moon swings across the southern sky and dips over a highly visible and brightly lit Venus (Venus, the planet, you ask? there's an app for that)...almost in perfect vertical alignment. As I head to the parked aircraft, I'm startled by several very close and shrill screams.... Initial thinking Taliban... then realizing its the wounded screech of animals fighting. After nearly shitting myself, jumping 3 feet in the air, and checking my shorts, my heart descends back in my chest. I break out a flashlight and reflective sets of yellow eyes stare me down barely 10 feet away...just your basic Afghani jackels enjoying a late night tussle at my expense. I back away and into the relative safety of the cockpit thinking a rabies shot regimen would be just awesome to go through right now....and how surreal would it be to get taken down in a combat zone by of all things, a rabid dog wanna be? 30 days to go my friends!



...with the Afghan National Army

Fob. This base was attacked previously and I need to conduct a safety assessment for the team. Can't expect to send my people to a place that could cost them their lives or that I'm unwilling to endure myself. Meet at the airfield at zero dark thirty to catch the next V22. Some really tough hombres join us all kitted out and armed to the teeth. Board the aircraft in the dark and stillness of early morning. Zoom to altitude, crew members look eerie wearing skull face-masks...well it is almost Halloween. Pass over the desert landscape at a dizzying pace. I snooze. Too tired to worry about getting shot. Aircraft is dripping hydraulic fluid on my head. We pitch up noticeably as the Osprey flares for landing. Ushered out and rushed to the collection point under the whir of blades, exhaust and jet fumes. Check in with the Marines and find my tent. Sleep comes quickly though the cot is hard and the sleeping bag ripe. Wake-up and begin the assessment with a base tour. I miss water hours so make do with a baby wipe shower. I seek out the least filled shitter and take a deep breath for my daily constitutional...just never able to hold my breath long enough. Sand as fine and thick as moon dust, my boots and pants quickly covered with a fine powdery coating. Tanks, MRAPs, heavy trucks. Several helos. Visit the tower, the S6, prep for the retrograde op. Spirited attempts at Halloween decoration are everywhere...mini-pumpkins and garbage bag spiders seem slightly out of place, yet somehow completely in place. A couple of Marines with gloves flash leather and play catch with a baseball as my mind wanders to thoughts of the Red Sox in the series...another milestone event I'm missing. We come upon a card game with troops accompanied by the muttly bomb sniffing dog...the pup is super friendly...not realizing the utter seriousness of its work. Amble over to the sites of the recent attacks...mostly filled in craters now. Looks pretty benign. Visit Dustoff...the MEDVAC team, and climb in one of their cockpits...60s are nice, though will always remember them as that replacement for my beloved 46. A haboob hits unexpectedly...dust and rain fly at me sideways...now I look like a cinnamon dusted donut. The aerostat team struggles to recover the blimp. Marine grunts tussle with tent flaps. The storm intensifies. Can't even see a few feet. And then it clears. Time for a cigar. A 1st LT with the cheesiest porn/deployment stache ever, debates Sake vs Soju...others chime in with discussions of football and the ever-present themes of home, sex, and alcohol. Talk trails off..I lie back on a homemade 2x4 bench, munching MRE brownies, and stare at the stars...as usual, the Afghani nights are crystal clear and free of light-pollution. The blinking strobes on the Aerostat the only man-made interruption in the night sky vista. It's time to go to work...we visit METOC for weather, make calls for coordination and break out the gear. Super Stallions land and offload tri-wall after tri-wall of food, water and ammo. It's now our turn...track my helo inbound on goggles as it turns

final...my vehicle operator brings her in smoothly and drops the load. Marines scramble out and hookup the outgoing load. Launch and departure to home. We debrief and I can finally relax. I settle into my cot and hope the internet connection holds...hello Facebook friends.

Wake up. Still in Afghanistan. Darkness all around, the room smells of ass and feet...4 guys in a cramped space surrounded by unwashed clothes, too long worn boots, and the ever-present aroma of a black water facility adjacent to our hooch. Step outside the door, blasted by heat and blinded by the near whiteout of the sun's rays. Damn, forgot my sunglasses again...make my way to the showers, silently praying for semi-warm water...greeted by the ever-present signs directing us not to defecate in the showers or masturbate in the porta johns. Finally dressed, off to the DFAC for the depressingly bad chow...drink my coffee and on to the hangar to preflight the helo. Dressed in Flak vest, helmet, backpack, and flight bag, all told, 70 lbs. of gear weighing heavily on my old bones, I trudge off to work, God, I hate these rock beds that chew up my feet. Helo's looking good, excited to be flying today. Tow the aircraft to its launch point, its 50 C in the cockpit. I'm literally dripping with sweat. Get my flight clearance, start up and lift to hover. The Brit controllers with their "crack on" and "pass your message" and "circuits", have a vernacular that takes some time getting used to. I launch to my flight area, lulled into complacency, staring at the mountains and desert landscape...forgetting at times that this is a warzone and that men with bad intentions are down there and would love to tack my helo-scalp to their mud hut walls. I return to the airfield and scream down the runway at 100 kts and 10 feet as the assorted 53/Cobra/Huey/Osprey crews stare at me, not accustomed to seeing a pilot in that "unmanned" helo pass by towards landing. It's now night and the temps drop precipitously. Getting ready for the unmanned missions. We fly through the checklists and I launch the world's most expensive RC helo with my PlayStation controller...this never gets old...we launch on our resupply to a USMC FOB. Heavy aircraft and gunships pass overhead. Flares and booms and smoke that remind me of 4th of July illuminate the night. Tracers and the staccato of crew served and automatic weapons chirp away sounding like a cold man with uncontrollably chattering teeth. The delivery is uneventful and the helo returns. We debrief and I complete the paperwork from another day in the 'Stan. Sleep calls...its groundhog day, again, and again; I tick another day off the deployment calendar. Home is calling but duty is forefront...45 more days till boarding that flight for Dubai and home."

The author:

Phillip Sicard is a Retired Navy 46 Pilot. Post military he spent several years in Afghanistan as a defense contractor

Interesting Blog Site

An interesting blog site from a modeler in the IPMS/USA Lafayette Scale Modelers. John Bius has put together an excellent blog site. I highly recommend joining.

<https://www.jonbius.com/>

Ed's Hobby Shop



Ed's Hobby Shop
704 Main St, Myrtle Beach, SC
29577
(843) 448-8685

Sunday Closed
Monday – Friday 10AM–6:30PM
Saturday 10AM-4PM

<http://edshobby.com/>



2201 N. Kings Hwy,
North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29582
(843) 712-8594
<http://www.flhobbies.com/>
Sunday 12-8
Monday Closed
Tuesday Closed
Wed-Friday 11AM – 9PM
Saturday 10AM-9PM





Hours

Mon. - Fri.: 10 a.m. - 7 p.m.

Saturday: 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Sunday Closed

<http://www.hayeshobby.com/>



Joe's KITS Greeblies ETC.

A business by a modeler, making products for other modelers.

Each of the 3 areas, (Kits, Greeblies, ETC) is for a specific type of product. Products will not be announced until they have been tested by a select group of experienced modelers.

Kits -The initial kits will be a series based on a "what if" (alternate history) of a specific aircraft.

Greeblies - This product area will be for conversion sets and parts that increase/improve the detail level of other manufacturers kits.

ETC - This area will be for tools of various types

<https://www.joeskgetc.com/index.htm>



Tiger Werke – *“Resin Accessories for the scale modeling enthusiast”*.

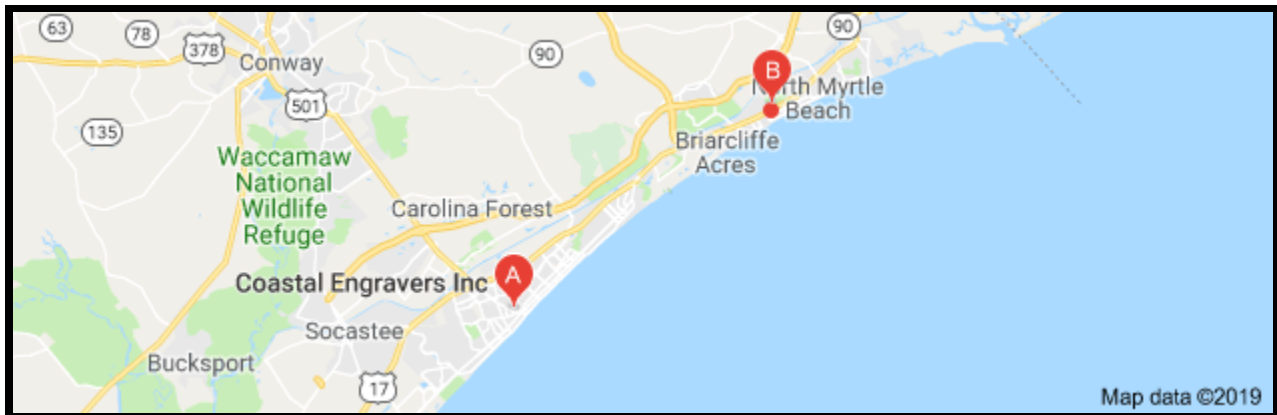
AFV Bases, Figure Bases, Monuments, Stowage, European Street Sections, Fountains, Advertising Kiosks, Sunken Roads, Shrines, Jersey Barriers, German and Allied Cargo Sets, Brick and Stone Sidewalk Sections and Aircraft Bases.

<https://www.tigerwerkeresin.com/>



2205-3 HWY 17 South
North Myrtle Beach, Sc
843-272-1555
M-F 9AM-5PM
S 9AM-2PM

526 Broadway
Myrtle Beach, SC
843-448-6385
M-F 8:30AM-4:30PM

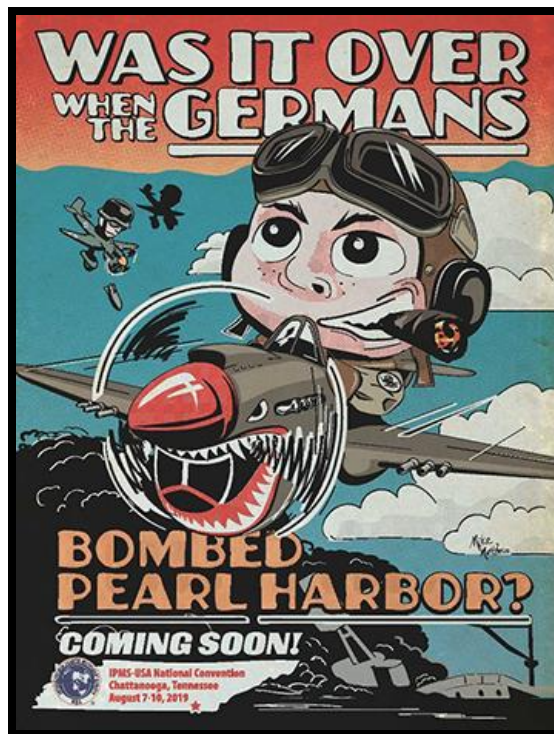




International Plastic Modelers' Society / USA

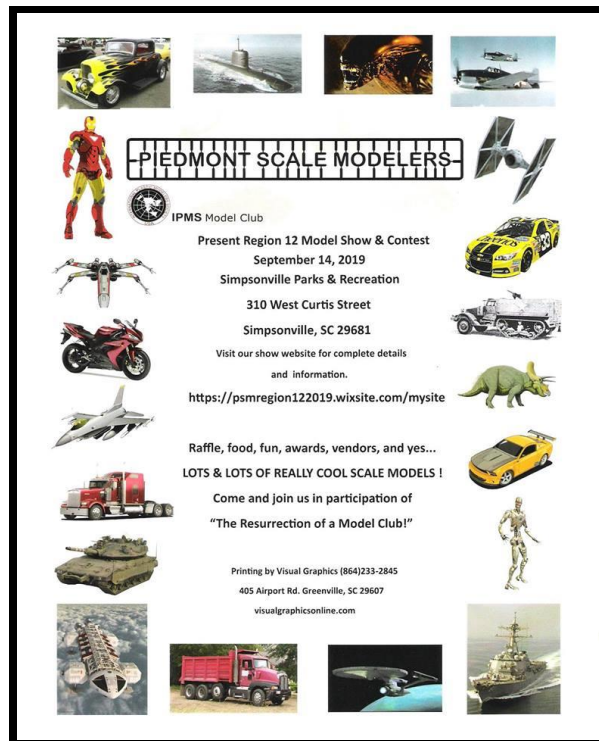
2019 IPMS USA Nationals, August 7-10, 2019, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Hotel rooms can now be reserved! For any questions, please email Mike Moore at mmoore1132@gmail.com.

<http://www.ipmsusanationals.com/>



Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? Find out when you attend the 2019 International Plastic Modelers' Society USA Nationals in Chattanooga Tennessee. The Chattanooga Scale Modelers, along with a number of other regional clubs are putting together a national like no other.

With a focus on model displays, categories such as *Was It Over When the Germans Bombed Pearl Harbor?*, *Farfegnugen*, *The Wreckers Ball*, *Models that everyone owns but no one finishes* (just kidding about that one) and more at a peerless venue with fantastic lighting and acres of space in a beautiful city you are sure to have an unforgettable experience.



2019 IPMS/USA Region Show & Convention, “Legends of the Carolinas”

September 14, 2019, 7:00AM-4:00PM EDT

Location:

Simpsonville Rec Center

Address:

310 W. Curtis St., Simpsonville, SC, 29681

<https://www.facebook.com/events/simpsonville-parks-rec-department/2019-region-12-model-show-and-contest/2040810585986599/>

October 19, 2019 Annual SCMA Charleston Contest, “Cruzin in the 50’s”

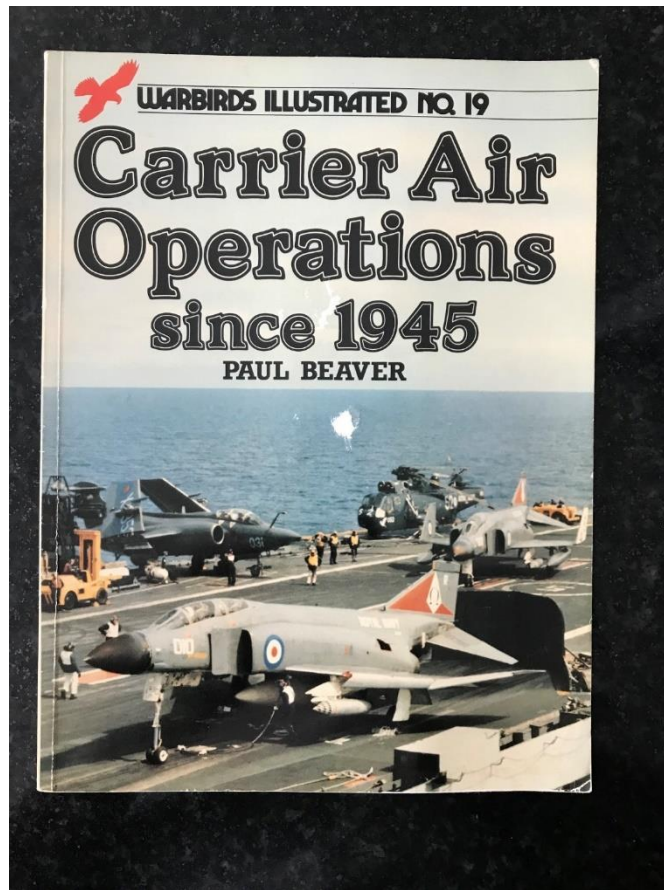
Cokesbury United Methodist Church Gym, 4990 Dorchester Rd., North Charleston, South Carolina



Raffle Item – Won by Earl Wanklin



Raffle Item – Won by Phil Sicard



Raffle Item – Won by Jim Fraboni



Raffle Item – Won by Bill Baumgartel



Dayne Taylor's Tamiya 1/35th Jagdtiger



Dayne Taylor's Tamiya 1/35th Jagdtiger



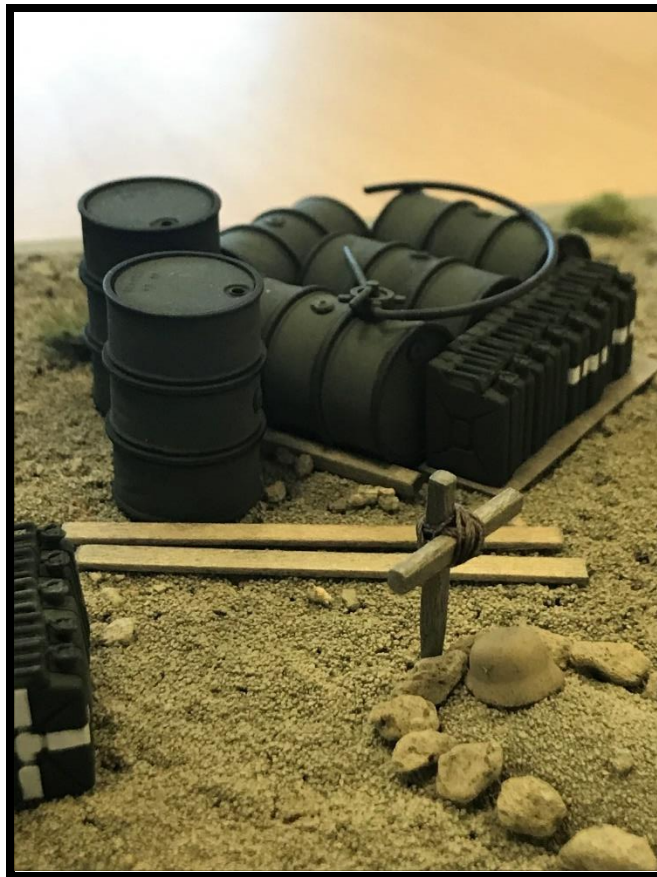
Earl Wanklin – 1/48th F4F-3



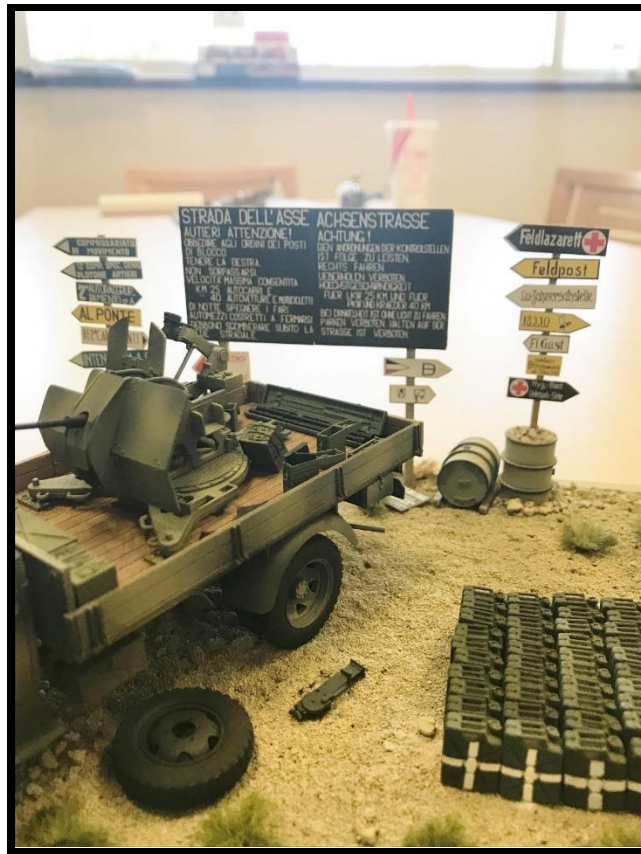
Earl Wanklin – 1/48th F4F-3



Herb Horvath's Vignette



Herb Horvath's Vignette



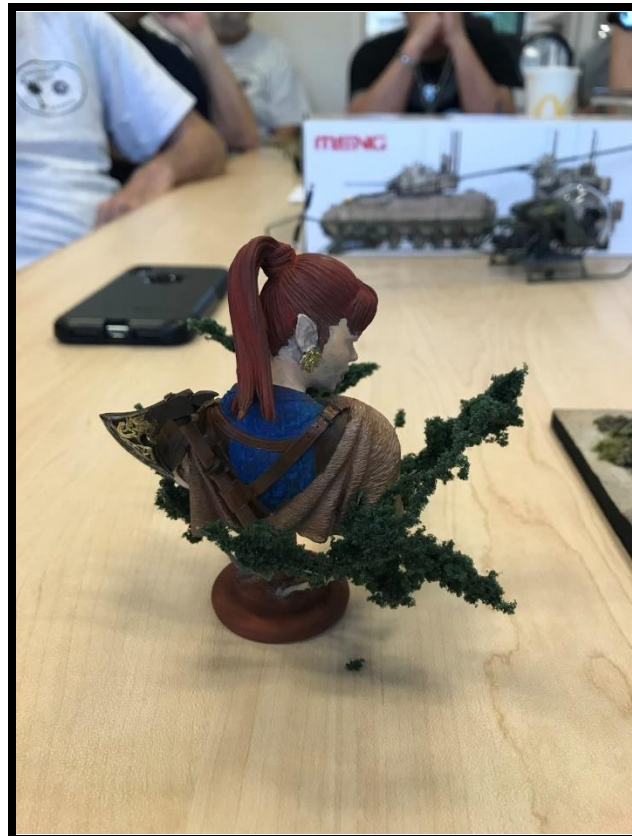
Herb Horvath's Vignette



Herb Horvath's Vignette



Jim Fraboni's – Figure



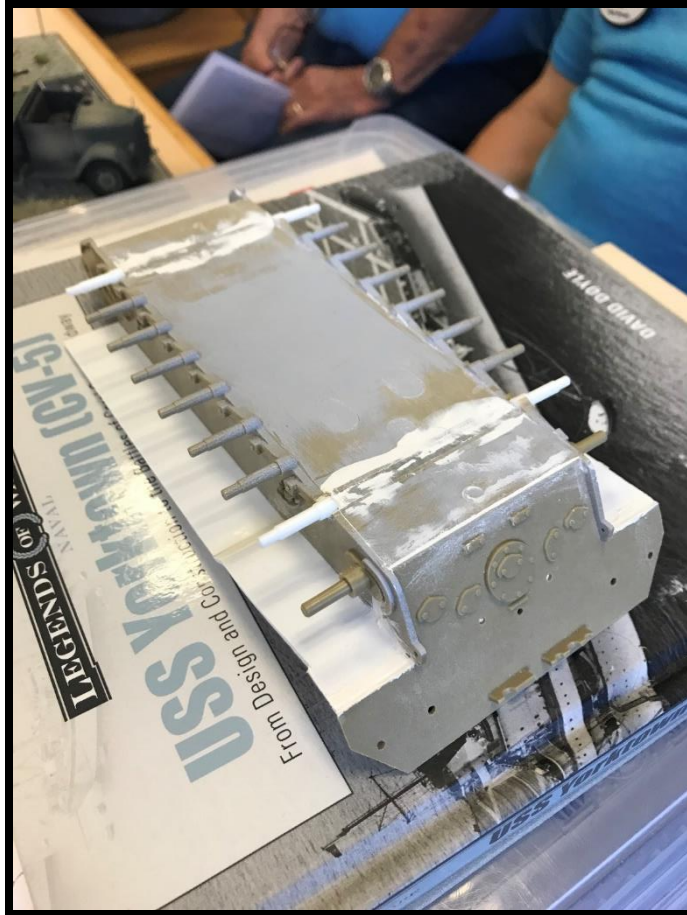
Jim Fraboni's – Figure



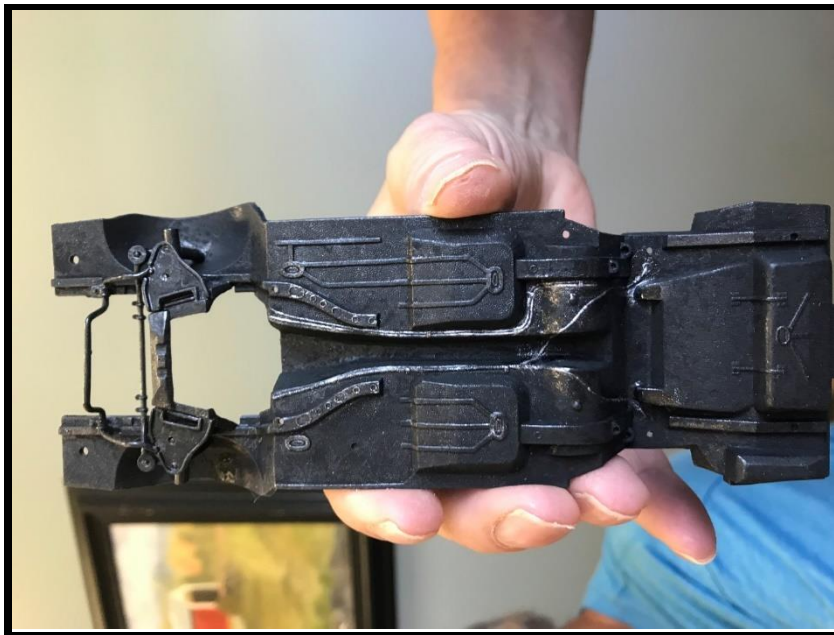
Jim Fraboni's – Figure



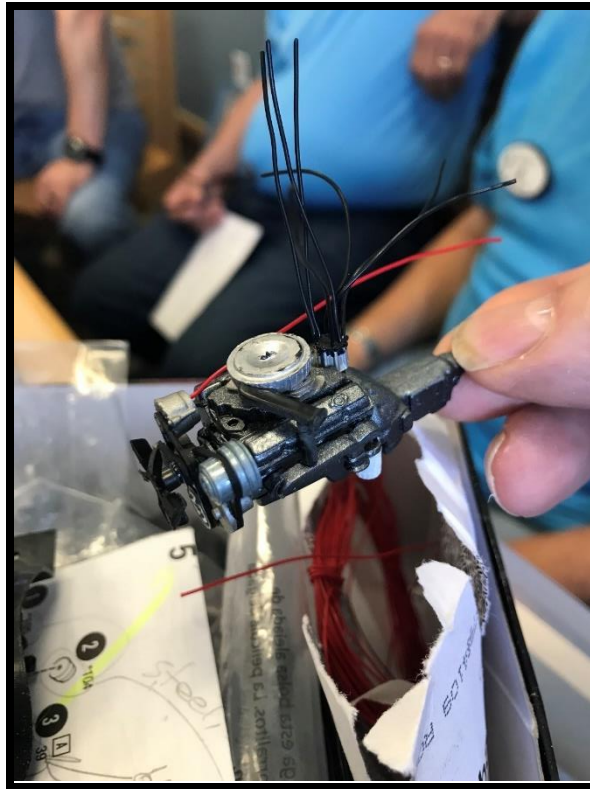
Joe Baxter – Group Panther Build



Joe Baxter – Group Panther Build



Joe Baxter – Knight Rider Undercarriage Work



Joe Baxter – Knight Rider Engine



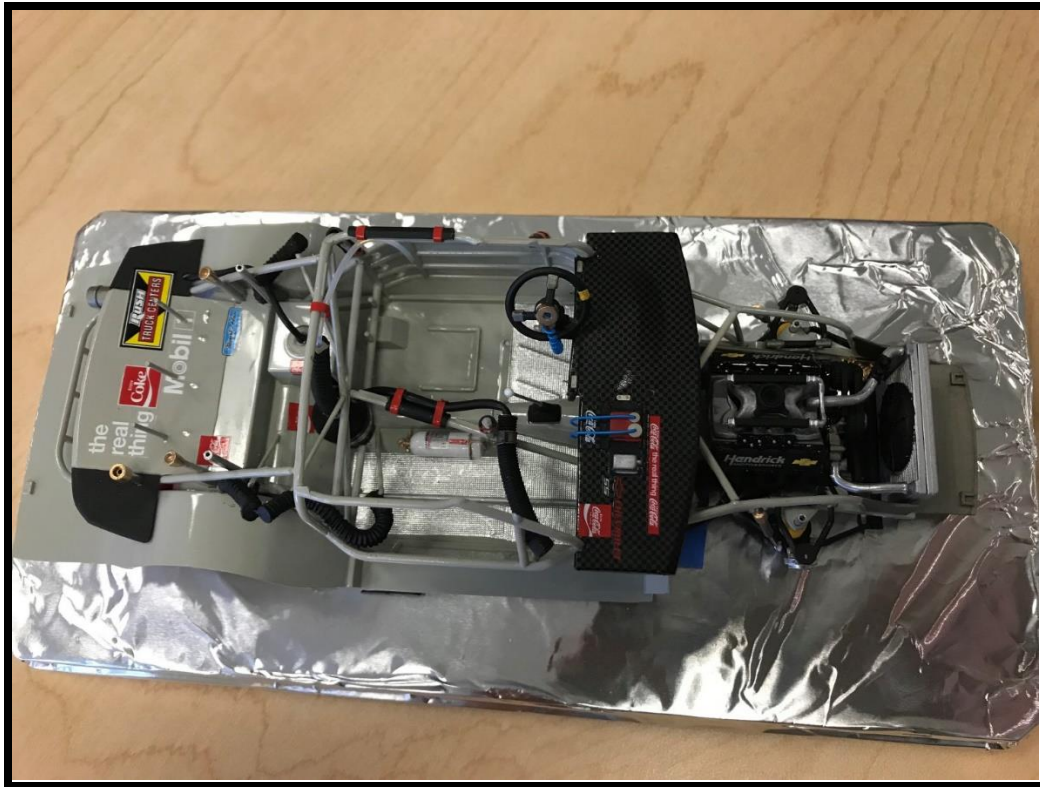
Joe Garforth – P47 “Thunderbolt” 1/48th



Joe Garforth – P47 “Thunderbolt” 1/48th



John Davis – Tony Stewart Rollback Coca-Cola # 14



John Davis – Tony Stewart Rollback Coca-Cola # 14



Phil Cavender – BF 109 on resin base



Phil Cavender – BF 109 on resin base



Post-apocalyptic Bunny on Cycle



Post-apocalyptic Bunny on Cycle



Phil Sicard – Millennium Falcon



Rick Davis – Revell UH-1 Bell Helo



Rick Davis – Revell UH-1 Bell Helo



Earl Wanklin – 3rd Place IPMS SC Scale Model Mega Show



John Davis



John Davis



*John Davis – Medals SC Scale Model Mega Show
(Also, for the “Sweep Award”)*



"Sweep Award" to John Davis



Send your articles to <mailto:grandstrandscalemodelers@sccoast.net>

If you aren't a member of IPMS/USA, now is the time to join. Complete and mail the following application or to join via online follow the link below.

<http://www.shopipmsusa.org/category-s/100.htm>

Happy modeling,

Phil Cavender

Editor

Chapter President and Contact

Applications using payment via Check or Money Order should be printed and mailed to:

IPMS/USA
PO Box 56023
St. Petersburg, FL 33732-6023

For any questions or problems with your membership application/renewal, please contact the IPMS/USA Officer Manager at manager@ipmsusa.org

