



# *The R/C Flyer*

Volume 30, Issue 9

September 2006

Next Meeting – September 14, 2006, Clear Lake Park Building – 7:00 PM

## **August meeting minutes**

By: James Lemon, JSCRCC Vice President

- 3) Karl Swigert will provide the September refreshments.

## **Old Business:**

1) The canopy poles have been repaired, but we still need to replace the ropes with wire cable. Turnbuckles and shackles will be installed so that the canopy can be removed in the event of a storm. There will be a work party on 8/19/06 at 9:00am to install the wires. NASA has been notified that the repairs were done.

2) Mike Laible was contacted by the Ballunerfest organization requesting a JSCRCC presence at the event.

3) Club shirts: James Lemon contacted Lands End about custom embroidery. The initial setup fee would be \$187.00 and there is a charge of \$9.50 to place the logo on an item. James will be getting quotes from other sources including the company that we used previously.

## **New Business:**

- 1) The Fun Fly will be held on 10/14/06
- 2) 2007 Officer Elections: A nominating committee was formed. The members are Herman Burton, Don Fischer and Bill Schwander.

## **Model of the Month:**

**Winner:** Renee Saenz entered his Goshawk that he scratch built from his own plans. The Goshawk was built with laser cut balsa, covered with Monokote and is powered by a Thunder Tiger Pro .46. The Goshawk will be kitted latter.



Renee with his MOM Goshawk

2) Danny Williams entered his Tower Hobbies Uproar that he purchased at the 2005 swap meet. An OS FP .40 powers it.



Danny with his Uproar

3) Don Fischer entered his Ryan PT22 that he painted with silver rustoleum and lustracote. An OS Surpass 120 powers it.



“Pop” Fisher showing the youngsters how it is done

## **MORE CANOPY IMPROVEMENTS**

*By: Herman Burton*

On a recent Saturday, members of JSCRCC met at the flying site behind building 14 at the Center to install additional improvements to the canopy. At the August club meeting, the members voted to replace the nylon rope tie-downs, which stretch quite a bit, with wire rope and turnbuckles. The objective of this initiative was to minimize damage to the structural components of the canopy in the event of high wind.

Dave Hoffman, Tas Crowson, Mike Laible, Herman Burton, plus the father-son combo of Duane and Boyce Sterling all showed up at the appointed time of 9 AM, ready to work. A huge thunderstorm had dropped torrential rain on the site earlier in the morning, and the entire flying site had several inches of standing water on it. But, providence smiled, the rain stopped slightly before 9, and the work party was able to affect the repairs in less than 2 hours.

The last thing to do is to paint the wire rope and turnbuckles with an orange fluorescent paint to make them highly visible, thus minimizing the possibility of someone accidentally tripping on the small diameter wire rope.

Thanks, gentlemen, for your time and efforts for this initiative.

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## **Officer nominations**

It's that time of year again to nominate candidates for club officer positions. Nominations will be accepted by the nominating committee or at the next (September) meeting. The election will take place at the October meeting.

## **Records Are made to be Broken – cont'd from August newsletter**

By: Charlie Teixeira, Editor

I did not receive any show of interest from club members concerning going after records at the AMA/FAI level so the information packet I received from AMA will be handed over to the club officers for future reference if needed.

Ken White mentioned how the Alvin Club goes about setting and tracking records at the (Alvin) club level with no AMA or FAI involvement. The following are Ken's input.

The Alvin Club has set up club rules whereby members can attempt records. In the clubhouse there are several very nice wooden plaques with metal tabs. As a record is made, the members name, the date and the record are listed on the tab. The next tab is filled out with whoever breaks that record. There are several records to try for and a complete set of rules are available to the members.

The different records are for duration, altitude, speed, number of landings without refueling and even some indoor records. The rules for each record are explicit and involve the record being witnessed by a club officer and another club member. Some of the rules are written around the fact that we own the land at Alvin and use the property lines and boundaries.

I'm building a highly modified Sr. Telemaster in which I'm planning to make an attempt for the duration and most landings. I think duration right now is over 5 1/2 hours and the landing record is 201. They were made back in the late 80's and early 90's I would volunteer to write up the rules, probably using the Alvin rules as a guideline, but rewriting sections that would not apply to NASA. Maybe the plaques could be purchased and possibly be displayed at the field, if not, maybe at the meetings.

This would mean some more responsibility for the officers, but just during attempts. There are also guidelines and maybe expenses for measuring the record attempt such as devices needed for speed or altitude for proof of the record. That could be spelled out in the rules.

Ken White

Editor: What do you say folks? If you are interested, bring it up for discussion at the next meeting or email the Editor. Ken has taken the time to draft a set of rules based on the Alvin Club set which can be discussed at the meeting.

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## **For those who know what a P-51 is!!**

From: Brian Morris

*(The following story was sent to Joe Waddell, secretary of the 381st bomb group memorial association by Darell Blizzard, president of the 381st bomb group memorial association. The original author is unknown).*

This is a story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow when he was 12 years old in Canada in 1967. It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a Mustang P-51 was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some US airport, and the pilot had been tired. I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man, his wavy hair was gray and tossed, looked like it might have been combed around the turn of the century. His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal (Expo-67, Air Show) then walked across

the tarmac. After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up, just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!" I later became a firefighter, but that's another story. The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked, I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others' faces; there was no concern, so I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge which we did. Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds; we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not. There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose--- something mighty this way was coming. "Listen to that thing!" Said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellish fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we'd just seen.

The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang". He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead Kingston." "Roger Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the

circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show! The controller looked at us. "What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking, I couldn't forgive myself!" The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3000 feet, stand by." We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze. The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze, her airframe straining against positive Gs and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air. At about 400 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with an old American pilot saluting. . . . Imagine. . . . a salute. I felt like laughing, I felt like crying; she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded, then the old pilot pulled her up. . . . and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory. I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best.

That America will return one day, I know it will. Until that time, I'll just send off a story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who wove a memory for a young Canadian that's stayed a lifetime.

## **Things You Should Have Learned by Middle Age:**

*By: Editor (an abbreviated version from an email from a friend from a friend from a ---)*

Don't worry about what people think; they don't do it very often.

Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity.

For every action, there is an equal and opposite government program.

If you look like your passport picture, you probably need the trip.

Bills travel through the mail at twice the speed of checks.

A conscience is what hurts when all of your other parts feel so good.

Eat well; stay fit; die anyway.

By the time you can make ends meet, they move the ends.

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## **Upcoming Events**

9/15-17/06: B-17 gathering and Big Bird Fly-In, Monaville, TX. CD is Nick Stratos, 281-471-6762

9/30-10/1/06: Jetero Warbird Weekend, Huffman, TX. CD is Horrace Cain, 281-399-5627

10/7-8/06: Sparks Pattern Classic, Tomball, TX. CD is Mark Hunt, 282-290-0327

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## **HoustonRC web site**

Checkout the updated Houston RC web site at <http://www.houstonrc.com/>

## **Club Officers**

President: Herman Burton 281-474-7133  
Vice-President: James Lemon 832-385-4779  
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## **Instructors**

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### **Fixed:**

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### **Club Homepage**

<http://www.jsrcc.com>