



OMAHA NEBRASKA
AMA 857

TAILSPIN NEWSLETTER

November 2017 Issue

President: Rick Miller

Phone: 402-624-2530 email: rick.miller@kellogg.com

Vice President: Rick Haneline

Phone: email: richh55@msn.com

Website Director: (Vacant)

Treasurer: Dean Copeland email: dcopeland937@centurylink.net
Address: 15668 Fountain Drive, Omaha 68118 Phone: 402-334-2787

Secretary: Tim Peters

Phone: 402-880-1508 email: tpetersrc@gmail.com

Tailspin Editor: Nelson Carpenter

Phone: 402-709-3651 email: nelsonsc3@cox.net

A Word from the President



This month we commemorated *Armistice Day* on Nov 11th that also gives tribute to our veterans and active duty military - *Veterans Day*. To club members who are veterans, thank you for your duty serving our great country.

The *Omahawks* auction last month was a mixed bag of airplane stuff. Just under 400 items were auctioned off with the last one on the block at 4:00pm. Some good buys as usual. More-so for the reason that the "Rocketman" from St. Paul, Minn. was not in attendance buying up everything under the sun for resale on his *eBay* store. Don't get me wrong, Rich is a good guy, just making a living.

I'd like to recognize a recent membership renewal that was submitted by **Harold Walsh** who resides in "the great state of Texas." Harold was one of the original members who helped establish our flying field at Mead in the 80s with Nelson and other *Western Flyers*. Although Harold won't be making trips to our flying field, he wanted to support our club by sending in his dues. We thank you Harold. Especially for your effort at Mead years ago.

See you at the Field!

- Rick Miller



Next Meeting: TBD



Vice-President's Corner



I am changing my garage from airplanes back to a wood shop because my daughters are bugging me about one more cabinet I have to get done for their kitchen. So I really don't have much to say this month. I will try to do better next month. Have a good building season.

Fly 'em!

- Rick Haneline



Treasurer's Report



Well it looks like that flying weather is no longer favorable for those trips to the field as often as we would like. So guess what is in order now, yes---building and repairing time. Also it is that time of the year again to get your renewals in for the 2018 season. Yes I said 2018, can you believe that?? Where has all the time gone?

They (*whoever they are*) talk about the *Golden Years*, have no idea what the H--- *they* are talking about. All I know is that I am having more aches and pains. Nothing seems to be nearly as easy to do any more and everything also seems to be getting heavier. Don't suppose anyone else has noticed this.

The clubs treasury account is stable and will only remain that way if you send in your dues. Thank you all for the past years of support and look forward to seeing you in the upcoming flying season.

Stay well and Happy Holidays.

Your Treasurer **- Dean Copeland**



SHAGGING

Photo of Rick Haneline being useful shagging David Miller's great looking Sig Riser 100 at the field.



~ *Dues are Payable now thru April 1st. Thanks for your Support. ~

*Your dues may be mailed to Dean Copeland, Treasurer at 15668 Fountain Hills Dr. Omaha 68118

Round the Skunkworks

By Tim Peters



If you read my article in last month's *Tailspin* you heard the Part 1 of my sad story about losing (*but recovering*) two planes while flying FPV (*first person view*) at Mead. I was very fortunate with the first plane (*'Blade Theory-W' flying wing*) as it was found close to the field. I got lucky in that I was close enough to hear the repeated noise of the motor starting/stopping while the propeller was hitting some weeds. Given my luck with finding my very new (*24 hours old*) *Theory-W* I should have been smart enough to pack everything up and call it a day.

But ooohhhh-nooooo, not me. I had also packed my 35-year-old *Airtronics Olympic 99"* sailplane that is also equipped for FPV. It uses a self-contained video platform containing a CCD video camera (*170 degree field-of-view*), 200 mW video transmitter and a 'Tarot OSD' (*On Screen Display*). The platform is perched on the flat-top canopy of the OLY and the electronics connect to the balance connector of the lipo that powers the glider. The OSD provides flight performance information and interlays it with the picture from the camera. What you see from the ground (*goggles in this case*) is the cockpit view of the flight along with a display of altitude, airspeed, battery voltage, etc. The previous week I had a lot of fun flying the Oly at relatively low altitudes (*~100 feet*) just puttering around the field using FPV and my goggles.

The FPV allowed me to extend the flying radius beyond what would normally be comfortable. I had made several trips north of the water tower and further south of the runway than I ever had flown before. I even felt comfortable enough to make FPV landings with the glider, which was a first. I'm telling you all this so that you see that my confidence is high and I can do no wrong with this tried-and-true setup....

The goggles I use have several buttons on the top. One of the buttons allows you to toggle between a camera embedded in the goggles (so you see what is in front of you) and the view '*from the cockpit*'. Another button allows you to switch among 4 transmission frequency bands. A third switches among eight broadcast channels within the frequency band. This last button is like the remote control on your TV-except it only goes in one direction. If there are 8 channels to choose from and you are currently on channel #1, you have to toggle through channels 2-8 before you get back to channel 1. Unfortunately channels 2-8 have nothing on—no other FPV transmitter is broadcasting on those channels. Combine that with the 4 bands and you have 32 channels....and if you just happen to hit both buttons while you are in flight, good luck getting your FPV picture back. By now you probably can see where this is headed...

Anyway, I launch the *Oly* (*goggles are not down yet*), let it climb to a safe altitude and then put the FPV goggles down over my eyes. The FPV picture is great and I'm seeing the altitude and battery voltage. I expected so and everything is going fine for the first 30 seconds or so. The *Oly* is headed NE toward the mower shed at about 150 feet altitude. However, the goggles are a little tight and uncomfortable around my forehead, so I use both hands to move the goggles up a little bit so they're not so tight. Oops...while adjusting the goggles I manage to hit both the frequency band and channel buttons. My previously clear picture is now static, and I am flying blind!

I chop the throttle, quickly lift the goggles and look up in the last direction I remember the *Oly* was headed—toward the mower shed. No sign of the plane at all. I cannot believe that I've lost two planes in one day. Even if I do find it, the outcome will not be good—I know what crashed sailplanes look like. This plane also contains about \$350 in electronics. Talk about a real dose of humility.

At this point I'll keep it as short as I can. I walk, I drive, I walk some more. I remember telling a guy I encountered earlier about losing my white 2-foot wingspan model airplane and he assures me they'll be on the lookout. Kind of hard to explain that the newly lost plane is now 8 foot span and blue/yellow. More humility.... After another hour and a half of searching without any luck, it's getting late, the shadows are starting to get longer and I give up. I pack up my remaining stuff and begin driving home. Before I reach the blacktop I realize -hey, the video equipment could have survived the crash, and I might be able to use the goggles as to help find the wreckage---i.e. notice when the picture is stronger or weaker and use that to narrow down the location.

But I have to do it right away as the battery is not going to last until the next day. So I turn the van around and park near the mower shed. Turn on the goggles and press the buttons to get back to the original band and channel. I can't believe it... not only is there a picture, but the plane/platform is upright and it's appears to be in some weeds. (*There's a grasshopper actually looking into the camera---it looks huge.* ☺) So the plane is not in a cornfield and it's not in a tree (*despite what Loren Blinde and famous plane-from-tree-rescuer Tom Wild are thinking.*)

Cont. Page 4



Round the Skunkworks Cont.

The last piece of luck is pretty amazing. Not only does the Tarot OSD give altitude and battery voltage, but it also contains a GPS. The display in the goggles showed me latitude 41.174672, longitude -96.468865. *HOLY CXXP*, that's the location of the glider! I quickly copy the coordinates on a piece of paper, because if they're even close, I can try coming back the next day to find the plane. I do a quick google search on my phone to see how to plug latitude/longitude into Google Maps. Not only did it show a 'reasonable location' for the plane, but also how to get to it... I drive back to the pit area and walk the rest of the way. (see the aerial photo) All the time my phone is showing me that I'm getting closer and closer.

I see the tail of the sailplane, then the rest of it. It is 100% intact, not even a tear in the Monokote. No one can possibly be that lucky in one day. Two airplanes lost, two found. Neither shows any damage. Since it's Wednesday and as my luck seems endless at this point, I buy a Powerball ticket on my way home. (P.S. Ticket only had one matching number, but I didn't mind at all.)



The Ercoupe Remembrance

Chapter 2

By Jud Bock



The next morning, I was awakened by a loud clap of thunder, not a good sound if you want to go flying, either a full scale or a R/C model. I peered outside through the drapes and it was pouring. The street outside had water gushing down the hill, indicating that the rain had been heavy and was still continuing. I turned on the TV and the smiling Meteorologist told me in a nice way, that the rain was to continue through the morning hours and then remain heavy overcast most of the day. He also indicated a clearing front was coming from the west, the way I was heading. I sat in the motel till the hour when you either get out or pay for another day, and checked out. I got a ride to the airport and decided to sit there and see what was going to happen weather-wise.

After about three hours of drinking coffee and the following trips to the restroom, noon approached. I had calculated that it would take me about 6 hours at 100 miles an hour to get home, and since it didn't get dark till around 8:30, and if I could get going by noon, I should make it home before dark, (*another Murphy's Law situation*). I was apprehensive about that as I had never made a landing in the dark and had no idea how the planes lighting was. It stopped raining about 11:00, but was still heavily overcast. I was only a VFR (*visual flight rules*) pilot, with only a couple of hours of instrument training, so I didn't want to get caught in overcast. After pondering staying another night and waiting for clear weather I decided to check the weather again. The weather was clearing about 100 miles in the direction I was heading and the forecast for the next day where I was, was about the same as I was experiencing, so I made the decision to top off and



hit the sky. The kid who worked at the airport gassed me up, and I decided to just follow the roads to the west till I flew out of the front and knew that I would need to fly low. If I stayed over the road, I would avoid any towers that were 1000 feet.

So, with my sectional aircraft map in my lap, about 12:30 I took off and started westward towards Omaha. I was flying just under the clouds at about 2000 feet and for about an hour things were going good. My nerves had settled down and I began to think that I might get the brand new 1946 "Ercoupe" and myself home in one piece. I noticed that the cloud cover was lowering, and I was now flying about 1500 feet off the ground, still right over the road. I was becoming somewhat concerned, because my sectional showed that I should have passed at least two small towns by now, and I hadn't seen any. About this time, I looked at my gas gauge, and it was only half full, and I had only been in the air about an hour. I looked down to the left wing and there was a red stream of av. Gas pouring out of the cap. I looked at the right wing, and it was doing the same. Then I remembered that the caps looked different than your regular caps, as they had a built-in protrusion on the top of the cap with a hole facing forward. It then dawned on me that the hole must be faced forward so that the air was blowing into the tank, kind of a poor-man's pressure system. With caps installed wrong, a vacuum must occur, thus the gas sucking out of the tanks. The cap wasn't made so that it couldn't be installed backwards, and the young man who filled the plane, probably had never seen or filled an "Ercoupe" before, and put the caps on backwards. I was equally as ignorant and failed to notice anything wrong as well. As I thought about my situation, my nerves quickly returned, and I knew I had to get on the ground ASAP, and turn the gas caps around to stop the planes life blood from leaking away.

I still hadn't seen the towns I should have seen by now, and I was peering intently at the sectional map and trying to fly with my knees and keep the plane level at 1500 feet above the ground. At this point in my tale, I should note another quaint feature of the "Ercoupe". The canopy opens by sliding the two halves down into the sides of the fuselage, and you can actually partially open the canopy part way when flying by sliding them apart at the top to allow more air into the cabin, which is useful for cooling. Since I was sweating profusely at this point in my flight, I slid the canopy open about a foot or so and was enjoying the cooling effect, when there was a loud swish and paper crinkling and my only Wisconsin sectional sucked out the open canopy into the slipstream. To say that I was upset that this happened would be a huge understatement. I needed the information that the sectional provided to locate a place where I could set the plane down and put the gas caps on correctly, and I needed it soon. I quickly checked out my other maps in the side pocket, and I discovered that I had a Wisconsin car road map. I was elated and quickly closed the canopy to prevent the loss of it as well. I checked my gas again, and was down to a little more than a quarter of a tank left.

(To be continued).....

B-26B-2MA, 41-17901

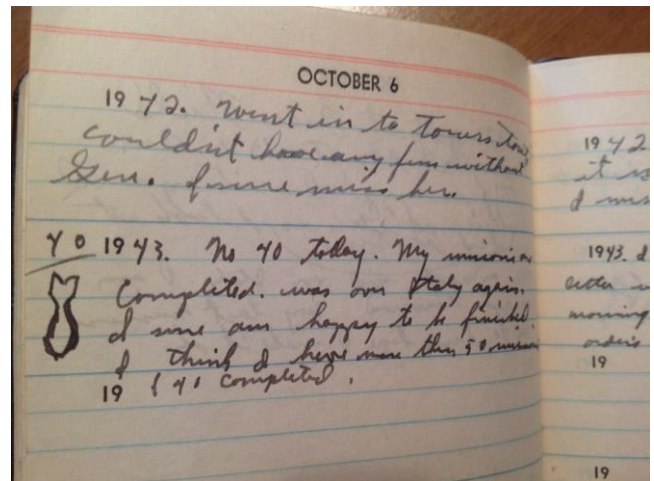
"Bucket O' Bolts II"



By Dave Kelly

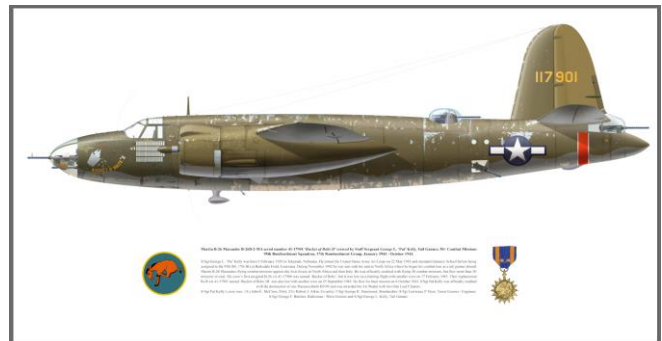


This is a documentary of my father's WWII experience as a gunner on B-26s flying out of Africa. At the encouragement of others, I submit these monthly for the newsletter.



October 6, 1943
Mission number 40

No. 40 today. My missions are complete. Was over Italy again. I sure am happy to be finished. I think I have more than 50 missions, 40 completed.



“The Great Double Senior Mystery Moment at Mead Field”

By Jud Bock



“Nelson, this is a true story that happened to me last Thursday. I told Tim about it and he suggested I write it up for the newsletter. Here it is to use or not use....Your choice. Jud”

The day was Thursday, a glorious day for flying with fluffy cumulus clouds dotting a perfect blue sky and 6 or 7 members of the club were enjoying the almost perfect day, (a little windy) with their favorite airplanes. As for me, I had completed three perfect flights (no crashes or repairing to deal with the on the 30 year old “Oly” sailplane, now on its 3rd recover job), and was in the process of loading the *Town and Country* for the hour ride home.

I shut the vans rear door and got in the driver’s seat, when I heard this little voice speaking something I was unable to understand, over and over....the same mysterious two words. I decided it was coming from the cars computer and I needed to attend to something. I noticed **Tim Peters** walking by, and as he has the same van, I called him over and asked him if he could determine what the two words were saying, as his hearing, (actually anybody’s hearing,) was better than mine. He listened intently for a few seconds and said, “I think it is saying **“SYSTEM IDLE”**”. After he said the two words, I agreed that was what it was saying. I then asked him if he had ever heard his van utter the two words and he said negative.

So, I decided to head on home, and get on the computer and bring up the better vehicle manual on line than the one that comes with the car it, as it is more detailed as far as what is in the car’s computer, and try to determine what it meant. So, after listening for 30 minutes to the same monotonous two words over and over on the way home, I turned on the radio to drown it out the second 30 minutes of driving.

Finally arriving home, I shut off the car and it was still repeating, by now, the super irritating two words. I went in the house and asked the spouse to come to the garage and told her the situation. I asked her to see if she could figure anything out and I went in the house to the den to research on the computer to try to figure out what the damned car was trying to tell me.

About 5 minutes later, the spouse comes in holding my *Spektrum* Transmitter, and it bravely said for the 10,000th time, **“SYSTEM IDLE”**. She had found it in the van’s rear

with the plane. As I was rolling on the floor laughing, the wife looked as if she was going to have to call the doctor, as I was surely losing my mind. I explained to her, as all of you readers already know, the *Tranny* was just telling its dummy owner to turn off the transmitter and not run down the battery.

You may wonder why I entitled this tale, “*The Great Double Senior Mystery Moment at Mead Field*”. Because the writer is not the only Senior unable to figure out the two word phrase, because club member **Tim Peters** also owns both the same van as I do, he’s a few years younger , but not much, and owns the same brand radio, , which also utters those words when left on.

So in winding this little tale of Senior brain farts down, keep in mind you are all heading there, if not there already.....Keep em flying.....





~ 2017 Western R/C Flyers Event Schedule ~

Schedule for 2018 to be determined.

January **2017**

- **Saturday, Jan 17th** - Strategic Air & Space Museum's Indoor Air Show 2017

February **2017**

March **2017**

April **2017**

- **Saturday, April 15th** – Old Timers Fun Fly with Glider Fly - Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.

May **2017**

- **Saturday, May 20th** – Old Timers Fun Fly with Electric Glider Fly - Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.
- **Saturday, May 27th** – Scale Fun Fly at Mead Field starting 9am.

June **2017**

- **Saturday, Jun 10th** – Annual Spring Club Fun Fly and Swap Meet at Mead Field starting at 10:00am. Open flying.
- **Saturday, June 17th** – Old Timers Fun Fly with Electric Glider Fly - Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.

July **2017**

- **Sunday Jul 9th** – Western Flyers Open House Fun Fly. Starts at 9:00am with flying until dark.
- **Saturday, Jul 15th** – Old-Timers Fun Fly with Electric Glider Fly - Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.

August **2017**

- **Saturday, Aug 19th** – Old Timers Fun Fly with Electric Glider Fly - Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.
- **Saturday, Aug 26th** – Bud Hall Large Aircraft Fun Fly. Aircraft restricted to IMAA criteria. Landing fee \$10.00 provides lunch and flying. Rain date Aug 27th.

September **2017**

- **Saturday, Sep 16th** – Old Timers Fun Fly with Electric Glider Fly – Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.

October **2017**

- **Saturday, Oct 21st** – Old Timers Fun Fly with Electric Glider Fly – Starts at 8:00am with flying until noon.

November **2017**

December **2017**



Western R/C Flyers Inc. 2018 Membership Application

Please print clearly!

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Evening Phone: _____ Day Phone: _____

Email: _____

AMA Number: _____

Amount Paid: \$ _____

2018 Dues: \$35 (Renewals should be paid by **April 1**) New ___ Renewal ___ (Check One)

Sign Here: _____ Date _____

Membership application subject to approval. AMA membership is required.

Make Checks Payable to: Western R/C Flyers

Complete this form and send with check to WRCF Treasurer:

Dean Copeland 15668 Fountain Hills Dr. Omaha, Nebraska 68118