



## March 2024 News Letter

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**The April 13 Members meeting begins at 9:00 a.m.**

### Membership

Club membership is 78, plus five Junior members.

### New Planes



Mason Wilson poses with his new-to-him P-47D-28.

The “Snortin’ Bull” was the aircraft of then-Major James A. Mullins (next page). Originally, the name was applied to a P-47D-22, which was a Razorback Model. This -28 is the model with the later bubble canopy.

The actual plane had a four-bladed prop to ensure ground clearance. The size of the prop was dictated by the 2,000+ horsepower generated by the Pratt & Whitney R-2800 Double Wasp engine.

This was the same engine that powered the F6F Hellcat, the F4U Corsair, the A26 Invader and the B26 Marauder. Enough to win two wars on, all by itself.

Right, one of the original "Snortin' Bulls."



Left, the Editor's new SIG Somethin' Extra is only the last of several he has built. Don't ask. It has the Editor's now-classic Mondrian look.

Like any SIG product, it flies great. This is an electric conversion, with a 50-50 PropDrive motor and a 4K 6-cell battery. The plane has practically-unlimited vertical.

The only downside is that the Somethin' Extra sits very low. The Editor had to bend the gear to achieve a higher stance, and use a three-bladed prop to provide adequate prop clearance.

When this one is timed out, the Editor has its twin in his hangar.



Left, some sort of Cub, or similar....



Nick Tocco took an airbrush to his L-39. It now has a groovy fantasy camouflage paint job. The color scheme is reminiscent of the Ukrainian flag.

The Ukrainian Air Force operates 44 L-39s, including the one at right. That would be a great paint scheme for a model.



Dan Tolleson got himself a bad case of the “yips.” He lost confidence in his ability to fly.

So, he searched the internet for a plane that was “super easy,” and he found it (below). It’s made by FMS, and flies as promised.





Left, Guy got a new Tomahawk Futura. He absolutely loves how it flies. His only quibble is that it doesn't have retracts.

This model is available in 1.9m and 2.5m wingspans. Guy's is a 1.9m.

Tomahawk Aviation is a German company. According to their website, Guy's aircraft cost over \$3,000! Something must have been lost in translation.

They make models of up to 3.7m wingspan, with retracts.

### **An Escalating Arms Race at the Helipad**

Javier Arroyo strikes back at Victor Fuentes and his extravagant gear acquisition. Javier has the same obscenely-expensive transmitter, complete with the custom carrying case.

Javier has one-upped Victor, however, in the area of security. Javier keeps his transmitter case handcuffed to his wrist, as if it contains nuclear launch codes.



## The Walk of Shame



You may recall the Editor's Fokker DR1 triplane from the June newsletter (above).

The plane crashed on its maiden flight in February. Several members urged the Editor to hang the plane from his ceiling as a static display (right).

Happy now?



## Volunteerism

I didn't get the name of the generous member who is donating planes for the club to auction off, but many thanks to him. Below, left, is another cub-like object. Below, right, a pair of flying wings. It would make a great project to affix the two wings together to make a flying biplane, but you'd probably have to use two transmitters.



## **Barnstormer**

*By Court Composer Larry Cansler*

He was usually a young man in his early twenties.

The roof over his head was the lower wing of his weather-beaten war surplus Jenny.

His pillow was an oil-stained leather jacket rolled up against one of the balloon tires of his oversized landing gear.

His bed was a Kansas prairie, a Texas farmer's field, a dusty California fairground, or the hard-packed windblown sand of a South Carolina beach.

His wing man was often a redtail hawk.

When he hummed his song aloft his pitch pipe was the wind whistling through the strut wires.

He hadn't started out to be a pioneer, but he was.

His business location was a pasture close to a small town.

His office was an open cockpit full of the smells of his engine and the freshly cut grass of a summer day.

His clients wore bib overalls and straw hats and faded calico dresses and sun bonnets.

He shared his dream with them and they in turn passed it on.

He was a drifter.

Now and then a young farm girl in a cotton sun dress would catch his eye for a brief moment, but her rival was a mistress too cunning and too powerful to overcome.

We will never see him again.

He vanished with the eternal wind that he loved.

But he left us a gift.

He taught us how to fly.

Larry Cansler

## **Not These Days!**

*By Special Correspondent Randy Wegner*

For anyone following these rambling letters of mine, I'm sure you could agree that flying for me these days is vastly different than my flying experiences were in the 70's. Back then, I had never heard of the AMA, so flying was mostly what myself and a few friends would go do for fun and laughs, when we weren't working. I recall eventually, finding and joining a club in Kokomo Indiana, so that helped me get educated in the "proper ways" of doing R/C.

BUT! even so, much of my flying was done in the most unimproved and unlikely places, and for me, that was really what I much preferred. These days I'm more of a socialite, and might not be in the hobby if not for all of you to talk to. Back then, it was all about the challenge, the dare or just to show off even if it ended in an expensive heap.

I recall a couple friends of mine in the Air Force, talked me into taking my OS 40 stick out to the lake and flying off the Mississinewa road. Sounded fun so off we went. when we got there I decided to hand launch straight up to avoid traffic troubles on this long bridge. We all got on the bridge and gave my running plane a mighty toss. Hadn't really considered the landing like I might do these days. Of course, it's a bridge so we had to fly under it. It was only seconds but seemed like it took all day to fly out into view again. Funny how quiet we all got and how concerned I got just waiting for it to re-appear. Not being able to see all the bridge structures underneath, I realized at that moment what a chance I was really taking! So anyways, out it comes along with a bunch of doves in tow and I swore I'd never try that again. No ARFs back then so planes were much harder to come by....Had to build em!!

It was a relatively busy bridge, I'm sure folks were curious what we were doing there.....THE LANDING?!? With all the traffic, how was that going to happen? I tried waiting for a good opening but you know how other cars space themselves so you can go?! So I got the idea to try landing from over the water and uphill onto the embankment, (first time for that). It went OK but I hit a small sapling tree as I'm landing, it spun around once and plopped into the grass. I felt very lucky to still have a plane and after that we opted for spitting off the bridge...I guess it didn't take much to keep us entertained back then. None of the cell phones and video crap those days to distract up. It really was a special time to be alive.....

Randy

**Please attend the  
April 13 Club Meeting  
0900 Hours**