

Silver Lining

Summer 2007

Published Quarterly

*Official Newsletter of the Holly Cloud Hoppers
Radio Control Flying Club
AMA Charter #3117*

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www.hollycloudhoppers.org

Flying Field GPS location N42 48.596 W83 34.642

Be Safe, Have Fun and Don't Have Too Many Rules!

Online Edition

From the Editor

Scott Rhoades



Sunday, March 10th 2007 HCH member Ken McLean Passed away at the young age of 50. I suspect several members may not be familiar with the name as they would be the face because Ken was one of our reserved members. Even though Ken chose not to add much to group discussions, he was very personable one on one and always willing to lend a helping hand. The first time I ever saw Ken was at an annual meeting. He was standing in the back of the room volunteering for jobs. I'm thinking who is this guy... Never seen him before? I later learned he and his son Devon joined the club just prior to the start of the meeting. He was probably standing back there holding his membership card, waiting for the ink to dry, with one hand while raising the other to volunteer. Ever since that first meeting, four years ago, I don't believe Ken missed a single meeting.

The summer, after he and Devon joined the club, I had a chance to sit and get to know Ken. Watching him fly, I figured he was just new to the club and not to R/C. Well, I was wrong. Ken told me that he had basically taught himself to fly...That season. Before flying season ever started, he logged plenty of hours on a flight sim. According to Ken, his first flight with the real thing was with no trainer cord and no help from an experienced modeler. He just used grit and determination when nobody else was at the field. Well I guess it didn't go to well and he sought help from Ed Kincer to get airborne for his next try. Even Ed says his training was short lived because it only took a couple times on the trainer cord before Ken decided that was enough. Ken then progressed quickly to become a proficient pilot.

I admired Ken's approach to R/C modeling. Not just for the tenacity he showed but he always seemed to have an

attitude of "no worries" while at the field. As an example, more than once I saw him pack up his plane to head home after he had not been there long at all. I'd ask "Ken what's up?" He'd explain how something broke and he's taking it home to fix, as if it were no big deal. Other guys including myself would be agitated to go through all the hassle of getting to the field then not fly. Not Ken, he just made sure he had his shoes before leaving because he quite often kicked them off to work on a plane or fly barefoot. Ken will surely be missed at the flying field.



Ken McLean with his Cap 232

Photo compliments of the McLean family.

Some of you may have thought to yourself, it sure has been awhile since I've seen a club newsletter, well you're right. The last edition you received was the Winter 07 edition and it went out early March. The Spring edition, which was next in line to be published, started just like every other, with bits and pieces coming together a few weeks prior to the target distribution time. Well I've had one busy spring and a start on publishing is about all I could pull off. Towards the end of May I tried to get back on track to give you a late Spring edition, well that didn't get to far either. What started as busy spring turned into a crazy summer. Let me just say that we (the wife and I) are the proud parents of a High School graduate. Those that have been there done that before understand just what we're going through. There are a bazillion different things going on including the all important Open House.

On the Cover:

Frank Robinson's Flying King

Kit by: Bruce Tharpe Engineering
Built by: Jim Damman

Photo by Frank Robinson

◀ 2 Editor:

To give you an idea how far R/C has been from my mind, I have yet to put a plane in the air this year. The bad part about that is... I can fly in my backyard! With the dust settling a bit I got back on the newsletter task and when I did, I realized its time for the Summer edition. So the

Spring 07 edition has suffered the same fate as the 1983 Corvette... There isn't one. Well, I hope you enjoy this issue and maybe there will be a Fall edition and it will go out before Christmas. ✦



By Scott Rhoades

- For those that came out to the Field Prep Party this past spring to lend a helping hand to improve conditions at the flying field... Thank you! Those that tackled the task of removing nasty Russian Autumn Olive bushes deserve an extra big thanks. (Be sure to reward yourself with an extra cookie or two at the Open House.) Unfortunately, technical difficulties prevented the herbicide from being sprayed on the stumps that day to keep the bushes from growing back. The good news is the club now owns a much better tool to keep surrounding brush and even weeds under control. That tool is a brush hog for use on the Ford tractor. I've visited a few flying fields that use a brush hog for areas well beyond the runway and I must say it makes a very nice difference. Several of us are looking forward to having the *HCH* field in a similar condition. If you're not in that group now you will definitely appreciate the results.
- If you look at the events calendar, October 20th is the second annual End of the Year Clean Up. Essentially this is an organized effort to put things away at the field to protect them from weather and vandalism. Last year's initial run of this event went very well. The plan this year is to do the same thing, as well as tackling some tasks that will reduce workload in the spring. One particular mission is removing even more of the Russian Autumn Olive bushes so the brush hog can do its job and do it well. So bring those leather work gloves, chain saws, etc, for another round of *HCH* vs. The Invasive Bush. We're getting close to winning the war but we need as many troops involved that we can get!
- Some members have expressed a desire to participate in this year's Carry Nation Parade in Holly. The parade is Saturday, September 8th. A start time however has yet to be posted on the Festival's web page. 10:00am comes to mind as the start of last year's parade but don't quote me on that. Tory and I did OK on the inaugural run last year with very little preparation but realize if more members are involved a game plan is a must. So for those that wish to participate, we will get together the Sunday before, on September 2nd at 2:00pm to do a mock set up, with planes and all. The most important part of this pre-meeting is developing a parade day strategy because the set up area gets quite congested, among other things. The float prep will be at Ken Kliever's house and for those that don't know where Ken lives, he's on the corner of Holly Heights Dr. and Fish Lake Rd. (near S. Fenton Rd.). So bring the plane(s) you would like to put on the float, but for heavens sake don't go and crash them the week leading up to the parade. Last year's float was on my little utility trailer and it worked great for the five planes Tory and I displayed (see cover of Fall 07 Silver Lining). A larger trailer would be much better so if somebody has one, with a wood deck, please bring it to Ken's house or contact me (see editor info on page 6).
- During the parade we will be handing out fliers and inviting what amounts to a couple thousand spectators to come out to the field after the parade for flying demonstrations (weather permitting, of course). So **we would like to encourage all club members to come out to the field and fly Saturday, September 8th, starting at 12:00, in anticipation of having an eager audience to fly for.**
- This might seem like a minor detail but when the field gate is locked, be sure to put the lock on the chain from the gate to the chain on the post and use the pin in the latch to hold it closed. Reportedly some members have been putting the lock where the pin goes. It took a few locks but it was learned that it's too easy for somebody to

◀ 3 Misc. News

bust the lock when they are put in the latch. With the lock on the chains there is nothing to pry or hammer against. Hence busted lock problems disappeared. If you're unsure how the gate should be locked just ask the next time you're at the field and somebody will happily show you. †

Events Calendar

July 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

August 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

September 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

October 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

November 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

December 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	January 1				

HCH dates

Events around the area

HCH Open House	HCH Club Field	12:00 noon	August 4 th
Big Bird Fun Fly	Flint Aero Club, Baker Field		August 4-5 th
Parade Float Prep	Ken Kliewer's house	2:00 pm	Sept 2 nd
Holly Carry Nation Parade * Post Parade Flying Demo	Meeting location determined at Float Prep HCH Club Field.	10:00 am 12:00 noon	Sept. 8 th
Last Bash Pot Luck	HCH Club Field.	4:00 pm	Sept 22 nd
End of year clean up	HCH Club Field.	10:00 am	Oct 20 th
Chili Fly	HCH Club Field.	11:00 am	January 1 st

Old Aviators and old airplanes never die... they just fly off into eternity by: Al Lidberg

Editors note: I copied this story off the net several months ago and as I sit here, on Independence day, putting parts of this newsletter together, I felt no other story in my collection worked better in this spot.

This is a good story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow when he was 12 yrs. old in Canada in 1967. Some of you might know a few others who would appreciate this.

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, the pilot had been tired so landed here for the night.

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, 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... say, 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 V-12 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. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher.

One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. 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 old 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 of the way down the runway 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 now 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 valiant old 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 to us Canadians! 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 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. †

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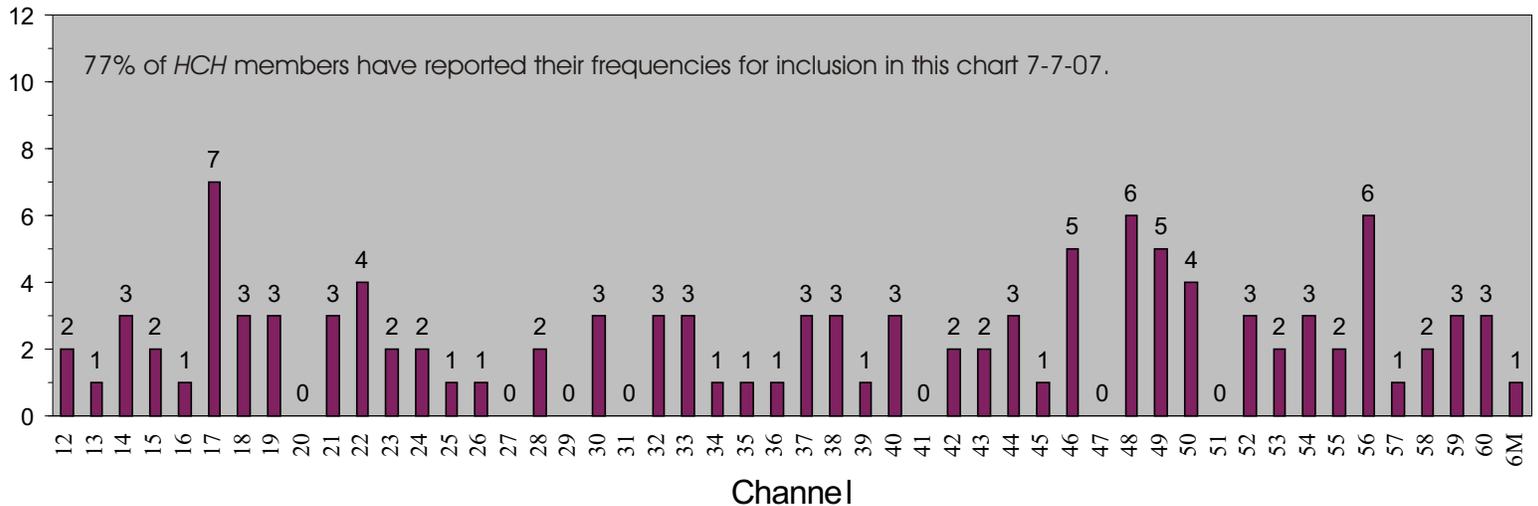
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