

EL TORBELLINO

NEWSLETTER OF SAN DIEGO ORBITEERS FREE FLIGHT CLUB

MARCH 2011



Prez Corner - D.Bartick

One knee done and one to go. So far so good, but not Otoy field safe for competing at this month's record trials.

Planning is underway for this years Dual-clubs FF Bonanza, 14-15 May. One change is the absence of the Sloan's Dining Hall. Jay Sloan is recovering from open heart surgery back in December. He is feeling fine, but the doctor tells him not to lift more the 30 pounds. He most likely will return for the FF Champs the end of September. So this year, everyone will have to fend for themselves. One thing for sure, our famous ice cream social will be carried on as usual with the customary noon time break. Last year had perfect weather. Also, there will be a Tom Carman Memorial event sponsored by Jim Hurst and Ken & Don Kaiser. The gas event requires flying either a Texan or a Spacer. All sizes compete. Full set of rules will be incorporated in the flyer. Dust off your Texans and Spacers or build one. Cash will be awarded to the first 3 places.

The weather has played havoc with our monthlies. The March weekend should be perfect based on the current forecast. So get out there and give Mr. Oldenkamp some competition.

Sure would like better attendance at our monthly club meeting. It's a good forum to discuss our hobby, share ideas and have some indoor competition.

This is a wrap for now. See you at the meeting. Bring something for Show & Tell and something to fly.

JANUARY MEETING MINUTES - H.Haupt

With (5) members present, Vice President Larry Miller called the meeting to order at 7:25 pm. Venice Pizza was available and consumed as the meeting got under way.

Officers Reports: None

General Discussion:

- The traffic problems caused by the accident on I-15 just north of our meeting location.
- How Don Bartick might be doing after his recent knee surgery.
- Preliminary steps taken for the Duel Club Annual in May 2011.
- Indoor flying at Grossmont college continues to be well attended.
- Indoor flying at Tustin Blimp hangers will be available again this year for a cost (\$\$\$).
- Discussion on how well the combined club banquet went, with only a net cost to the club of \$54 plus annual award costs.
- Up coming Flying Aces WestFac III in Denver Colorado.
- Naval 100TH Anniversary and the 100 plane fly over on Saturday.
- Discussion of full size scale at Oshkosh each year.

The round table discussion of the above items, as well as others that were not recorded concluded at 9:00 pm. No indoor flying this evening, with only one member bringing planes to fly.

SCALE STAFFEL WEBSITE - H.Haupt

For reference to the local scale scene on your computer, take a look at the Scale Staffel website at: www.scalestaffel.org

2011 ORBITEER FLYING SCHEDULE

- Mar 13 - Coupe
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Apr 10 - P-30
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Apr 17 - Scale Staffel FAC Contest* (1ST of 3)
- May 14/15 Dual Club FF Bonanza, Lost Hills CA
- Rotation Skipped: (Old Timer Rubber Stick
"Small")
- June 12 - Coupe
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- July 4TH - Walt Mooney Memorial Scale Contest
- July 17 - P-30
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Aug 14 - Scale Staffel FAC Contest* (2ND of 3)
- Aug 21 - Old Timer Rubber Stick (Small)
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Sept 18 - Coupe
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Oct 16 - P-30
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Oct 29/30 SW FAI Champs*, Boulder City, NV
- Nov 13 - Scale Staffel FAC Contest* (3RD of 3)
- Nov 20 - Old Timer Rubber Stick (Small)
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG
- Dec 18 - Coupe
Power, P-20, HLG & CLG

* Non-Club Points Event
Otay Field Weather (619) 661-8297

2011 OFFICERS

President
Don Bartick (760) 789-3773
Vice President
Larry Miller(858) 292-1434

Secretary
John Merrill(619) 449-4047
Treasurer
Howard Haupt(858) 272-5656
Fudo Takagi "Treasurer Emeritus"
Safety Officer & Field Marshall
John Oldenkamp(619) 233-4837
Competition Director
Larry Miller(858) 292-1434
El Torbellino Editor
Howard Haupt(858) 272-5656

ORBITEERS YEARLY MEMBERSHIP DUES

Junior - \$10
Senior - \$15
Open - \$25
Family - \$30
65+ - \$15
Lifetime - \$250
Non-Member Newsletter Subscription - \$15

Submit Dues to Club Treasurer:

Howard Haupt
3860 Ecochee Avenue
San Diego, CA 92117-4622

THE FINE PRINT THE FINE PRINT

El Torbellino is the official newsletter of the San Diego Orbiteers, an Academy of Model Aeronautics (AMA) Charter Club (#1113) and a California not for Profit Corporation. This newsletter is sent monthly to all paid members, selected exchange and magazine editors. Non-Members may subscribe at \$15.00 per year within the U.S.A., offshore price will be adjusted to reflect the postage required. Materials from El Torbellino may be reproduced on an unlimited basis by other publications, but proper credit is requested.

ORBITEER WEB SITE

www.SanDiegoOrbiteers.com

Webmaster: Bob Becroft



MONEY MATTERS - H.Haupt

Income:

Dues (5)	\$ 85.00

	85.00

Expenses:

B of A Account Fees	\$ 3.00
February Newsletter	22.98
2010 Banquet Cost	54.37

	80.35

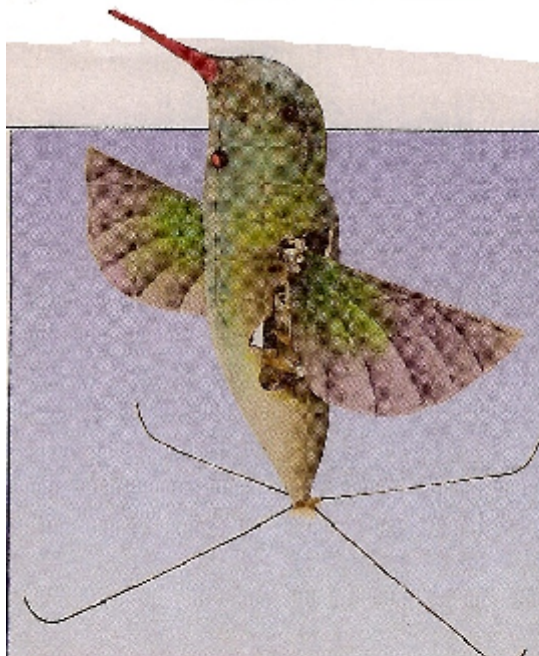
Current Balance\$1,627.69

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE - H.Haupt

No Indoor flying in February at our Scripps Ranch meeting site.

Pizza will be available from Venice Pizza House at our meeting this month. Bring your Favorite drink, as well as some money to cover your \$2.00 per slice cost for your favorite pizza. Plates, paper towels, utensils, and handy trash receptacle will be provided.





19 grams (less than 1 oz.)—including batteries, motors, video camera and communications links—the remote-controlled Nano Hummingbird has hovered for up to 11 min. on internal power, demonstrated precision maneuvers and transitioned to forward flight at speeds up to 11 mph. The tailless vehicle uses the flapping wings for both propulsion and control, and is as easy to fly as a model helicopter, says project manager Matt Keennon. Early versions could fly for only 20 sec., and the final concept demonstrator—which evolved in incremental steps that included 300 wing designs—exceeds expectations, he says. Seen here enclosed in a hard shell shaped to resemble a hummingbird, the vehicle is actually smaller and lighter than the largest known member of the species, AeroVironment says.

AeroVironment Flies Nano Hummingbird

AeroVironment has flown a prototype flapping-wing unmanned aircraft to complete the U.S. Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency's Nano Air Vehicle program. With a 19-cm wingspan and weighing just



Contrails

"For those who fly...or long to."

Contrails is an Aviation Week & Space Technology initiative to capture the untold stories that collectively make up the rich lore of aviation and space.

CHASE'S WINGMAN

HADLEY DIXON

I'd finally dozed off sometime in the wee hours of Mar. 15, 1945, when a flashlight's beam hit me in the face.

"Up and at 'em, hot shot! It's that time." The officer of the day (OD) didn't wait for a reply, moving to his next victim. He was rousing 40 P-51D fighter pilots at Cox's Bazaar, our air base on the coast of northwest Burma. None of us had slept well after the previous night's briefing, where we'd heard about the longest-range fighter mission ever to be flown in the China-Burma-India theater—maybe even the longest of World War II. It would be our mission today.

I rolled over, silently cursing the OD and thinking I might grab a few more winks. Then it struck me. *Hey, dummy! Up and at 'em, hot shot! You're flying wing on Lt. Col. Levi Chase, operations officer of our 2nd Air Commando Group. A guy to be reckoned with.* Chase put up with absolutely nothing, especially a late 2nd-lieutenant wingman.

Breakfast was a cup of coffee and a hard roll at the officer's mess. I then strapped on my shoulder holster and .45-caliber automatic, grabbed a small box of raisins, and jumped into an overloaded Jeep headed for the morning briefing, where Chase and our intelligence guys were waiting, perusing a map of southern Burma and Thailand. Chase looked refreshed and shaved, as usual. After other Jeep-loads of pilots arrived, our flight lead gave us the latest "poop from group," as we called it. The weather was cloudy, with drizzle—the local norm—but the ceiling was high enough for our flight's join-up. We'd then turn southwest toward our target, the Japanese-held Don Muang airfield in Bangkok, some 800 mi. away. There, the weather was an unknown, but hopefully clear enough to do some damage to the Japanese air force.

Chase reminded us to expect enemy aircraft and heavy "back-zack" (anti-aircraft artillery) and to monitor our fuel carefully, or we wouldn't make it back to Cox's. There were two airfields—Ranree Island off the coast and Akyab, farther north—where we

could land in retreat, if necessary. I didn't know if there, but I would need that dirt strip at Akyab.

After a time back to synchronize our GI watches, we dispersed to the airplanes, each tucked into a protective revetment. My crew chief, Sgt. Broach, was standing next to my P-51, wearing his usual grin and a baseball cap with the brim turned up. We know each other too well to salute, so I waved before taking care of a vital preflight nature call on the sand. I didn't bother doing a walk-around inspection. Who was I to spot anything after Broach had checked it out? He was a sharp mech; I was just a driver.

I climbed onto the left wing and slid into the P-51's seat. Before strapping on my parachute, I twisted to check that a .30-caliber carbine was firmly strapped down behind my bulletproof head rest. I didn't want that thing floating around in the cockpit during a dogfight. Not to worry, though. Broach had already secured it.

I pulled on my leather helmet and goggles, and Broach helped me strap on the chute and shoulder harness. I rummaged in a flight-suit knee-pocket for the map intel had given us. I checked the fighter's internal fuel supply, but had no way of verifying how much was in the external 110-gal. wing tanks. I knew Broach had, though, so I finished preparing the cockpit, checked my watch for the preplanned start time and engaged the starter. The Rolls-Royce Merlin coughed twice and caught, then settled down to its rumbling idle. A thumb's up to Broach cleared him to remove the fire bottle and wheel chocks. My eyes were fixed on Chase's fighter.

Holy... He can't get it started! I realized.

I wondered if a spare were available, but it seemed every P-51 was already scheduled for this mission. I waited, engine consuming precious fuel, soon wondering if I'd have enough to reach the target and get back. I was almost ready to shut down, when, thank God, Chase got his Mustang started. I scooted from the revetment and into position behind him. Tasting, I checked my magnetos, then pulled alongside Chase on the runway, ready.

My leader fiddled a bit with his en-

Then-Lt. Hadley (Dix) Dixon prepares for a P-51 Mustang mission in the Pacific Theater during World War II.



gine, then turned and looked at me. All I saw was a helmet, goggles and oxygen mask nodding, telling me we were on our way. We added power and rolled together down the steel matting that served as our runway. Glued to his right wing, I never looked at my airspeed indicator, and I lifted off when he did. My job was to fly almost line-abreast of Chase, where he wanted his wingman.

It was now daylight, but we were flying through an intermittent drizzle, circling the airfield to give other Mustangs space and time to join up. We then pointed our noses south-east, toward the target. Chase fish-tailed, signaling we should move apart to on route formation. Our radios would stay silent until the strike began. I slid to the right, glanced at my engine instruments, and almost every thing was in the green, then settled in for a long flight.

Nervous? More like scared to death. Not of the enemy, but of screwing up as lead's wingman. For a fighter pilot, nothing is worse than screwing up.

CHASE LEVELED OFF at about 15,000 ft., made sure we cleared some peaks near the Burma-Thailand border, then descended, leading his chicks back down. Nearing the target, he signaled for us to dump our wing tanks. I was ready, deftly picking-off my tanks just after he did. Then my fighter's engine immediately stopped cold. I was reminded of a Laurel and Hardy routine: "Another fine mess you've gotten us into, Stanley."

I hadn't preselected an interior tank before dropping my wing tanks. Merlins don't run well without fuel, so I flicked-on the fuel boost-pump switch, selected another tank and silently prayed. God seems to answer dumb fighter pilots. The Merlin fired, and I jammed the throttle forward and rejoined on Chase's wing, wondering what he'd say at the post-flight debriefing.

We dropped to about 50 ft. over the plains, racing towards our target. With Don Muang airfield in sight, Chase zoomed up to prepare for a diving attack. I stuck close to him initially, then fell behind, because he suddenly jammed in full throttle, climbed a bit and turned right. Directly ahead of us were two Oscar-type Japanese fighters, heading west. I couldn't believe it! Two enemy aircraft, dead ahead. Now what? Chase knew what to do, having already scored 12 German-kills in the European theater before being sent to the Pacific.

He quickly flamed the Oscar leader and sent a few rounds into his wingman. I finally woke up, slid behind that wingman and opened fire. I could see my bullets hitting the Oscar, but no flames. The enemy pilot finally reacted like he'd been slapped in the face, rolling hard-left and diving—a fatal mistake. I went down with him, pouring my flitties into his fuselage as we both headed for terra firma. With little altitude to spare, I kept firing until I was sure we both were destined for a fiery crash. I pulled up sharply, but the ene-

my pilot drilled a hole in the ground. The crash was confirmed by our element leader, who was flying behind me.

As a wingman, my primary job was to protect my leader. *But where is he?* I spotted Chase to my left, heaved a sigh of relief and slid back onto his wing. We then dived at the airfield. Chase destroyed a twin-engine aircraft on the ground as I frantically searched for something to shoot up. The only thing in my gunsight was the Don Muang control tower, so I thoroughly sprayed the tower with .50-caliber slugs.

Chase then pulled up and aimed back toward the airfield, with me still stuck to his wing. The view we faced was startling. Each pilot had selected his own targets, so towers of black smoke seemed to rise everywhere. Through the smoke, I saw a P-51 flying low in a turn, its cockpit in flames. The 2nd Squadron pilot, a captain, had been hit. He went down with his plane, trapped in the seat.

CHASE RADIOED WED make a second striking run, so we dropped down and slipped into a narrow gap between smoke clouds and the runways. Again, nothing in my sights. To satisfy an itchy trigger-finger, I shot down the wind sock.

Fuel gauges were getting critical, and enemy "back-ack" was quickly filling the air, so Chase called a halt to the raid. As we climbed through about 5,000 ft., headed for cruise altitude and a 3-hr. flight home, I detected the odor of gasoline fumes. I slapped my mask on and flicked the oxygen selector to 100%. But with the mask in place, I could no longer tell whether the fumes were still present. I tentatively unhooked

the mask, sniffed and discovered the fumes were getting stronger. Our spark and I'd be on my way to the Moon.

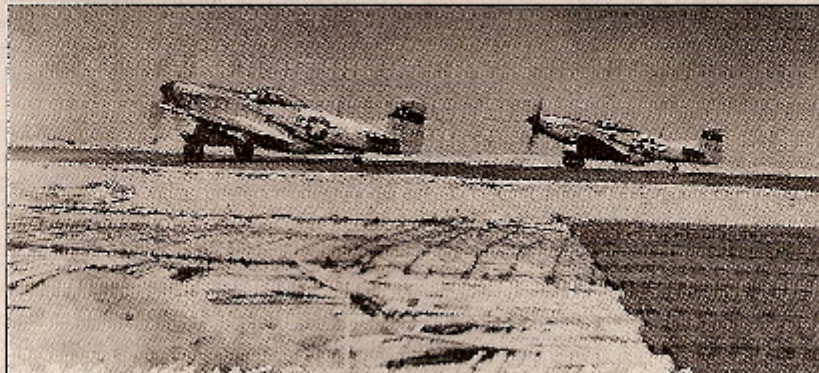
Then the engine started running roughly, telling me fuel flow was being disrupted. Hundreds of miles inside Japanese held territory, I was fast-

approaching decision time, while I still had some degree of control. Mask back on, I cranked the canopy open a few inches, tightened my parachute straps and switched fuel tanks—which helped not a bit.

The fumes were now burning my eyes, so I decided I'd better get out. I held the stick back, rolled in full nose-down elevator trim and reached for the canopy's emergency-release handle—then stopped. Instead, I cranked the canopy open, using the normal opening handle. To this day, I don't know why I did it, but I'm glad I did. The engine now seemed to run a bit smoother. A quick sniff test confirmed the gas fumes were dissipating. *Maybe I've been hit in a fuel tank or fuel pipe.*

I had no idea what was going on, but my engine was purring again. There was still a hint of fumes in the cockpit, but I thanked God and cautiously closed the canopy. Chase was now miles ahead of me, so I just held a homeward heading. My low-fuel state eventually forced a stop at Akyab, about 40 min. south of our home base, where some of my compatriots had also landed.

After I finally made it back to Cox's, Broach found a tiny .25-caliber Japanese bullet blocking a fuel line inside one



Two North American P-51 Mustangs ready for takeoff. Metal-mesh matting (see lower right corner) created taxiways and runways at many sandy Pacific Island bases.

of the fuel tanks. The self-sealing tank had done its job by closing the bullet's entrance hole, making sure I got home safely.

A mule of pilot reports claimed all sorts of victories during the Don Muang raid, driving the intel guys nuts at our postflight debriefing. They finally ordered us all to sit down and shut up. They'd talk to each pilot alone and try to sort out the facts.

Once the outrageous claims were holed down, intel concluded that 25-30 twin-engine Japanese planes had been destroyed on the ground, 11 single-engine aircraft were destroyed or damaged and we could claim three in-flight kills. I didn't say much, but was happy with my score: one Oscar fighter, the control tower and that dangerous wind sock.

When we settled down, somewhat, our flight surgeon ordered everybody to the dispensary. Physical exams at this time of day? Nope. Instead, the flight-doc

Lt. Col. Levi Chase, operations officer for the 2nd Air Commando Group, receives the Silver Star for leading a raid on the Japanese-held Don Muang airfield in Bangkok.

graciously served each "patient" a healthy slug (or two) of his favorite cognac. Opening his final bottle, he said, "Finish it off and hit the sack." I slept for 12 hr. straight.

We may not have broken any records, but that raid wiped out one-quarter of the Japanese aircraft remaining in the Burma-Thailand war zone. And, for me, a young, green, 21-year-old fighter pilot, it was a wild adventure that still lives in my 82-year-old memory.

Hadley (Dix) Dixon flew P-39, P-40 and P-51 fighters during World War II and as a member of the Reserves and California Air National Guard.

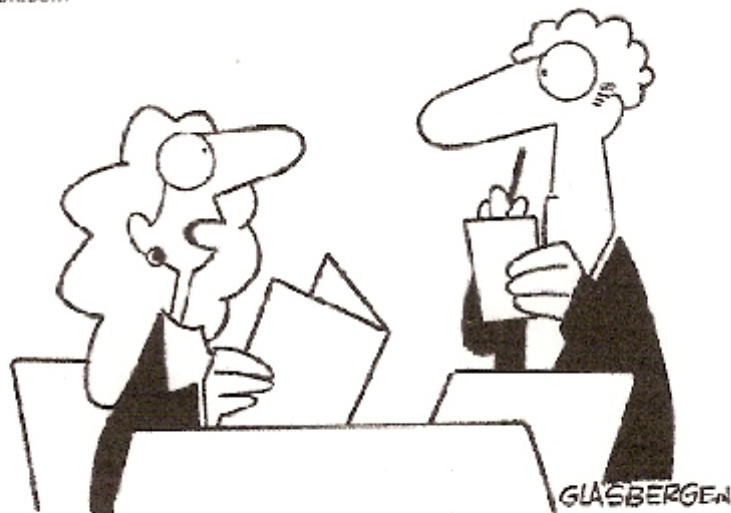
He briefly flew for Transocean Airlines and United before joining Douglas Aircraft as an engineering and production test pilot, flying the AD, F3D, A3D, T-37, F4D, DC-8 and DC-9. He later served 16 years as an engineering pilot for Iberia Airlines in Madrid, flying the Caravelle 219; Douglas DC-8, DC-9, DC-10; and Boeing 727 and 747.



2nd Air Commando Group operations officer Lt. Col. Levi Chase receives Silver Star from Gen. Halder, General Staff Sergeant.

Aviation Week is soliciting readers' aerospace stories for Centrals. Please e-mail your contributions to: AVW857 Rocky Mountain Bureau Chief, William B. Scott, at: wbscott11346@yahoo.com.

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www.glasbergen.com



"I'm going to order a broiled skinless chicken breast, but I want you to bring me lasagna and garlic bread by mistake."



The following Goon Plan and write up is from the December 1942 issue of 'Aero Modeller'.
 (See any similarities to the A-6 planes we fly today? - Editor)

THE GOON.

SO you didn't know that Goons could fly, eh? Well, neither did we until a small parcel with a (Goonville) postmark was delivered at my office the other day. A steady tapping was proceeding from the inside, so we promptly carried out our usual procedure for parcels from admirers, which tick or make noises

On taking it out of the tin bucket some hours later, we tipped the wrappings off to disclose a gas-mask case in which nestled a very bedraggled—Goon!

After feeding the creature with 1/31" square rubber and drying its wings in front of the fire, we soon had it lying round the electric light in nice sweeping 3/4it. circles. After 30 seconds the Goon glided down exhausted and refused to budge until it had been wound up again.

The Editor being out on business—at the "Robin Hood"—we proceeded to vary the Goon's diet until we discovered the combination which it liked best. It seems that three strands of 1/32" square, well garnished with lube, possesses all that a Goon can desire in the way of vitamins. The inner Goon thus replenished, the silly little creature was given a thousands turns and then turned loose. It spiralled upwards until it reached its ceiling, or rather CLR ceiling—where it gooned around amongst the cobwebs for a full 45 seconds.

By this time the Editor had arrived back and was watching the proceedings with a somewhat hazy-eyed interest. "That's just what our readers want," he rapped out! (Editors always rap things out). A debatable point, but one DOESN'T argue with the Editor, so by the time the Goon had alighted on our shoulder, the well-oiled mechanism of the "Aeromodeller" had already been thrown into mesh. The member of our staff who has actually built AND flown a model, was consulted. "Yes-men" were called in and work commenced.

The Goon was secured by simply pushing a pin through its fuselage—sorry, we mean body! After a long and arduous struggle, we somehow managed to draw up plans of the struggling creature. It is feared that we have failed to capture the exact likeness, but any aeromodeller should see, at once, that it's a Goon. What! You don't see it? Well, we've done our best—you're either Goon conscious, or you're not.

B. Albee, a member of our staff, is to be thanked for capturing the Goon in the first place. He admits this much, but refuses to disclose where and when. W.A.D.

COVER ALL FLYING SURFACES WITH SUPER FINE TISSUE. MAKE SURE THAT THERE ARE NO WRINKLES AS THE MODEL IS TOO SMALL TO WATER DOPE

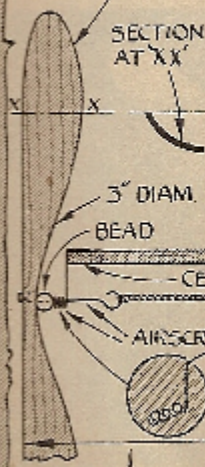
BUILD A GOON!

64 SHT Balsa



AIRSCREW IS MADE IN TWO PIECES & LAPPED TOGETHER AT THE HUB

STEAM TO OBTAIN PITCH



SECTION AT XX

3" DIAM. AIRSCREW

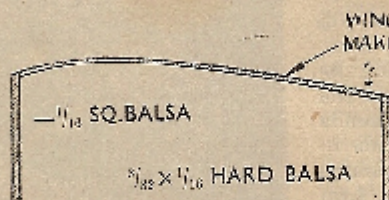
BEAD

CEMENT SKIN

AIRSCREW SHAFT AND BEARING 22 S.W.G.



TRIM TO FLY TO THE RIGHT (AGAINST THE TORQUE)



1/16 SQ. Balsa

1/16 x 1/16 HARD Balsa

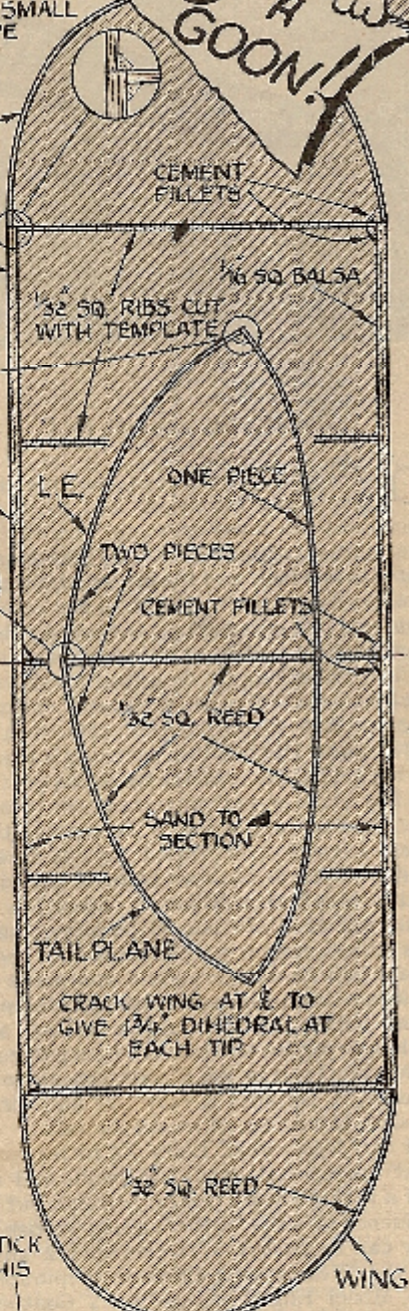
WING RIB MAKE 5

TAPER STICK FROM THIS POINT

24" OF 1/32 SQ. RUBBER ARRANGED IN 3 STRANDS



RIB TEMPLATE



1/32 SQ REED

1/16 SQ Balsa

1/32 SQ REED

CEMENT FILLETS

1/16 SQ Balsa

1/32 SQ RIBS CUT WITH TEMPLATE



LE

LE

ONE PIECE

TWO PIECES

CEMENT FILLETS



42

1/32 SQ REED

SAND TO SECTION

TAIL PLANE

CRACK WING AT L TO GIVE 3/4" DIHEDRAL AT EACH TIP

1/32 SQ REED

WING

FIN

1/32 SHEET Balsa (HARD)

1/32 SQ Balsa

W.A.D.

SAN DIEGO ORBITEERS
Howard L. Haupt / Editor
3860 Ecochee Avenue
San Diego, California 92117-4266



WHAT'S HAPPENING - MARCH / APRIL 2011

Mar 6 - Indoor Fun Fly, Grossmont College, 9:00 am.

Mar 11 - Orbiteer Monthly Meeting at Scripps Ranch Community Center,
11885 Cypress Canyon Road, Meeting starts at 7:00 pm,
Indoor Fun Fly featuring A-6 & HL Gliders follows the meeting.

Mar 13 - Orbiteer Outdoor Monthly, Otay Mesa, 8:00 am.

Non-Power: Coupe, Power: All Classes,
Other Classes: P-20, HLG & CLG

Apr 3 - Indoor Fun Fly, Grossmont College, 9:00 am.

Apr 8 - Orbiteer Monthly Meeting, Scripps' Ranch, 7:00 pm.

Apr 10 - Orbiteer Outdoor Monthly, Otay Mesa, 8:00 am.

Apr 17 - Scale Staffel FAC Contest, Perris, (1ST or 3).