

Central Carolina Radio Control Modelers



November 2016

Editor in Chief: Marc Wentnick

Club Meetings are held at the **Sir Pizza in Randleman** the **2nd. Tuesday** of every month unless otherwise noted

Order food at 6:00
Meeting start at 7:00



Board of Directors

Board meetings are **t** held every **1st. Tuesday**. Time and location to be announced.

Please contact:
Tim Holland
336.508.5596
hollandt@triad.rr.com

Ronnie Garris
336.906.0565
rgarris@aol.com

Annual X-mas Party!

Saturday December 10th.
Hillsville Community Center
9078 Hillsville rd.
Trinity, NC

\$15.00 adults \$5.00 children*

RSVP by Dec. 5th. To be included in the dinner.

Make reservations:

336.847.2828

deucebrinson@northstate.net

50/50

Raffles!

*kids under 12

BBQ Joe's Buffet

NEW MEMBER

Derrick Patton



Under the watchful eye of Wayne McMasters, Derrick solo'ed last month.

When Derrick isn't flying he can be found riding his classic Harleys.

Good Job!!



GIVE THANKS

FAMILY • FRIENDS • GRATITUDE

We *hear* it, we *see* it. The message is everywhere this holiday season. But do we actually give thanks, take stock or count our blessings?

As some of you may know last month I lost my father. He was a veteran of Korea jumping out of planes for democracy. He was a huge fan of military aviation. We often would watch war movies and he would explain the meaning of uniform patches or squad and division markings on vehicles. We were close.

I give thanks for the times we shared. *I give thanks* for the first rifle he had given me at age 8 a Ithica 22 cal. that he had to cut the stock so it would fit. *I give thanks* for the countless mileage we rode on the Harley's. And *I give thanks* to the day he said we were going to the Old Rheinbeck airdrome to watch the airshow and see radio control planes fly. I was six.

It's so easy to notice and judge what you don't have. Try taking a moment and take notice of what you have .

Do this often.

A song lyric says,

You don't know what you got till it's gone.

Make sure you do know.



OUCH!



This is what happens when you change expo to 120+ accidentally knowing you should have your reading glasses on!

VISIT OUR WEBSITE!
WWW.CCRCM.COM

This month in Aviation History

In 1783... The 1st free or untethered human flight takes place when Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier flies as high as 500 feet and travels 5 miles over Paris in a Montgolfier hot-air balloon.

In 1897... The 1st all-metal rigid airship is tested in Germany. It uses wafer-thin aluminum, a major innovation, but crashes soon after taking off.

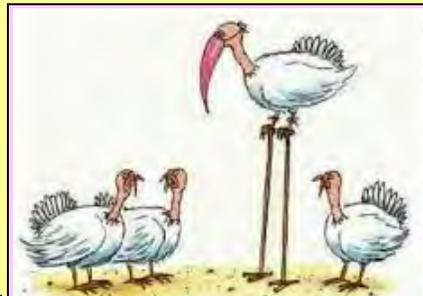
In 1910... The 1st use of an airplane to carry commercial freight is the Wright Company's airplane that flies from Dayton to Columbus, Ohio carrying 10 bolts of silk to the Morehouse-Martens Company.

In 1915... The 1st catapult launching of an airplane from a moving ship is made from the USS North Carolina in Pensacola, Florida.

In 1926... Captain Charles Lindbergh jumps from his disabled airplane during a night airmail flight, making this his 4th time he has had to use his parachute to save his life.

In 1945... The 1st jet plane to land on an aircraft carrier is a Ryan FR-1 piloted by U.S. Navy Ensign Jake West.

In 1953... The 1st man to exceed Mach 2 (twice the speed of sound) is American test pilot Scott Crossfield in a Douglas D-558-2 Skyrocket.



"He's got a point. Nobody eats a flamingo on Thanksgiving."



Mission Peenemunde *Operation Crossbow*

Editor's note:

The story you are about to read is part fact and part fiction. My fictional hero in our story is American but in reality the RAF was responsible for Operation Crossbow. As were Canadian bomber groups. Mustang's, Tempest's, Mosquito's and Spitfire's were indeed used to accompany bombers and take out ground targets.

It is a usual day in

Downham or what I came to except as usual. The daily morning clouds and fog departed early to allow a deep blue sky dotted with wispy white cotton candy clouds. The air had a slight chill and was deceptively quiet. That unsettling suspicious type.

The ground is muddy and the only grass left alone to grow was fighting its own war to stay alive around the barracks and off the runway.



I've been here for eight months and the states seem like a dream. I count the days until I can leave this god forsaken place and get home to Brooklyn. Gee, who thought I would think Brooklyn a safe refuge. I certainly wouldn't but the army had different ideas. I hate being here in England even on the best days the air smells, the barracks stink, and the chow is bad.

And despite of what any one believes being a pilot stinks. I guess I shouldn't complain the guys in the infantry have it hard too. They are really in the shit as we say. Literally. At least my opponent is usually a nondescript entity unless some Kraut gets too close.

I try not to make many friends here but unless you have friends being up alone surrounded by 109's, 110's and 190's is no picnic. My best friend and the only one I rely on is a 9200 pound metal monster I call, *Heaven's Hope*. The army calls her serial number 3645s P-51B. I get it because the army calls me G.I.02486752. And just like my Mustang Mk I. P51-B I'm property of the United States Army Air Force. I guess writing Capt. Frank Collins is too long for the those terrible telegrams your loved one receive if things go bad. I'll stick with names that's why I named my ship *Heaven's Hope* in the event I don't make it back. I hope that if things do go bad... well you get the idea.

Waiting for debriefing is not unlike waiting for a death sentence. Is this the mission that ends it? Or worst come home in pieces or pieces missing. The old-timers say mathematically it's just one more step to getting home. I always hated math but knowing there are old timers somehow put my mind at rest.



The worst is the shrill of the alarm. A 60 ft. pole with a loud mouth that plays Glen Miller or Artie Shaw when it's not screaming it's time to go. When the alarm sounds the faster you move the slower time seems.

I keep thinking how a Brooklyn boy and his buddy from North Carolina got here. It seems this mission is a first for the RAF. The limeys are getting tired of the bombings in London and the Polish underground has traced the rockets doing the damage to a place called Peenemunde off the Baltic.

This mission is a two day event for the Brits and then our boys will take over the daytime raids. A couple of us "yanks" are along for the ride so to speak as well as 62

Canadian bombers. The Limey's call us tourists. To get used to each other I have already been on many sorties with these fellas. Targets of opportunity we call them. But this is different. My time here has led up to this day. This will be the largest bomber sortie ever assembled to date. Only the best of the best are assembled here.

Today we received our orders. The 83rd. squadron lead by Capt. Searby will be heading into Germany. Group Captain John Searby is a meticulous man. He has an air of authority that comes with respect and experience. His uniform is crisp with sharp edges and you could read the NY Times off the reflection on his shoes. He lays out the mission last minute as usual armed with maps from intel with the finesse of a fine orchestra leader. We all erupt in cheers and high fives. He interrupts and we get the usual, "This one's not going to be a milk run." "Keep formations tight." "Expect fighter attacks." "Flak corridors have been sighted along the route." "Drop bombs when your lead does." He should save his breath and just play it from a recording. But this time we all pay attention.

At 10:40 hours we escort the bomber group to Peenemunde. Halifax's, Sterling's and Lancaster's will be dropping gifts for the Krauts. Peenemunde is located on an island in the Baltics. They tell us that the Germans build secret weapons there. It

seems those crazy Krauts are building rockets that have a strange habit of falling into England.



V1 Buzz bomb



V2 *

They call them *Vergeltungswaffen* or *Vengeance-weapons*. Polish underground Intel reports some rockets may contain chemical or biological warheads. We will escort them 1250 miles over the Danish countryside and over the northern part of the fatherland continuing to the Baltic. Time of travel 7 hours. That's a long time for things to go bad.

The brass is calling this one Operation Crossbow. There will be numerous sorties and the first time using the new Pathfinder location system. We are told that flares will be used to mark areas to be bombed in the efforts to be precise. A ghostly arrow made of incendiaries to point the way in the darkness. I don't envy those poor bastards in the resistance that have to sneak in a set those initial flares. Our group will carry out wave

Operation *Hydra*.



The primary target is a big hanger that stands out on the small island. Northside is a couple of large square pads off in a field. To the west are buildings identified as power plants, living quarters and a landing field with 109's sitting waiting. These will be our secondary targets for today. We should arrive at approx. 0:15 for the first wave, 0:30 for the second and finally 0:45 for the third. Each wave is made up of approx. 200 aircraft. They want us to attack under the full moon to help insure pin point accuracy. We never raid by light. Bombing will be done by all waves at an altitude of 7000 ft. These guys normally bomb from 18-20,000 ft.

We all look at each other quizzingly. This night there will be no hiding in the clouds. I'm assigned to the third wave with the Canadians. Great, no element of surprise there! I guess as an observer I can observe from the back.



The Mosquito's will head

south towards Berlin along the way and they will act as decoys. By faking a strike on Berlin which is due south of Peenemunde the hope is that this will draw away the Luftwaffe from that area.

Scene at the field



To be continued..

To learn more about
V2

[Click here](#)

Operation Crossbow

[Click Here](#)

Notable Quotes

Landing on the ship during the daytime is like sex, it's either good or it's great. Landing on the ship at night is like a trip to the dentist, you may get away with no pain, but you just don't feel comfortable.

— LCDR Thomas Qu
USN.



"It's a new safety measure in the event that the plane needs to make an emergency water landing."



Undercover spy photos

Classified :

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

This month's plane



B-36

"Peacemaker"

The Convair B-36 "Peacemaker" was a strategic bomber built by Convair and operated solely by the United States Air Force (USAF) from 1949 to 1959. The B-36 was the largest mass-produced piston-engined aircraft ever built. It had the longest wingspan of any combat aircraft ever built, at 230 ft (70.1m). The B-36 was the first bomber capable of delivering any of the nuclear weapons in the U.S. arsenal from inside its four bomb bays without aircraft modifications. With a range of 10,000 mi (16,000 km) and a maximum payload of 87,200 lb (39,600 kg), the B-36 was capable of intercontinental flight without refuelling.

Entering service in 1948, the B-36 was the primary nuclear weapons delivery vehicle of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) until it was replaced

by the jet-powered Boeing B-52 Stratofortress from 1955. All but five examples were scrapped.

The B-36 set the standard for range and payload for subsequent U.S. intercontinental bombers.

*For more info click on the underlined links

*www.wikipedia.com

Have a safe Thanksgiving and remember to count your blessings. Your blessings may not always be there.

Until we read again....

*In the end, it's not years
in your life that counts.
It's the life in your
years.*

Abraham Lincoln

Those were the days my friend...

