

# CENTRAL CAROLINA RADIO CONTROL MODELERS



February 2017



Editor in Chief: Marc Wentnick

Club Meetings are held at the **Sir Pizza in Randleman** the **2<sup>nd</sup>. 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 1<sup>st</sup>. Tuesday.  
Time and location to be announced.

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## **POSITION AVAILABLE**

**We need someone to handle  
The website. Creativity, patience and  
insanity are recommended  
but not necessary!**

**Contact Tim or Ronnie**

## **This month's holiday's...**

**Valentine's day**   
**Saturday, February 14<sup>th</sup>.**

**Washington's birthday**  
**Monday, February 20<sup>th</sup>.**

**Lincoln's birthday**  
**Sunday, February 12<sup>th</sup>.**

**President's day**  
**Monday, February 20<sup>th</sup>.**



**P**residents' Day is celebrated on the third Monday in February. Originally established in 1885 in recognition of President George Washington, it is still officially called "Washington's Birthday" by the federal government. Traditionally celebrated on February 22—Washington's actual day of birth—the holiday became popularly known as Presidents' Day after it was moved as part of 1971's Uniform Monday Holiday Act, an attempt to create more three-day weekends for the nation's workers. Presidents' Day is now popularly viewed as a day to celebrate all U.S. presidents past and present.



**Happy Valentine's day!**

## The raid on Peenemunde Operation Crossbow

**Our hero Col. Frank Collins is just about to take off and join the raid...**

With a quick reading of my call sign ATC gives me the okay. I release the brakes and gently but firmly move the throttle forward. I wait until I'm past 1800 rpm then release the brakes. As speed increase's the gray runway rushes frantically past. The air frame vibrates and the pitch of the engine gets higher and louder. The ship feels as if she's going to fall apart. Then nothing. There is no longer a shaking but a smooth rumble from HH to let me know she's with me. As I gain to mission altitude the ground falls away as if something was pulling the earth away from underneath me. I pull the gear up and I quickly catch up to the squadron

and fall in place. I check in with my squadron leader. My group has 50 Halifax's, 50 Lancaster's, 15 Mustang's, 10 Tempest's and 5 Mossies with names like *One way Ticket, Maggie's Revenge and Lady Luck.*



The heavies form a box formation. It's more of a diamond shape with the head plane being the leader. This protects the bombers by forming a kill zone with machine gun fire overlapping so bandits have a tough time getting in. But somehow they still manage to do so. The bombers fly in different levels like an askew four layer cake. This offers the best protection and minimizes running into another ship. The bombers head north to 18000 ft. it's good to have oxygen. The colder air up here feels good. We are all relatively high as not to attract attention.

I fly in a four formation with my wing-man to my right. Nigel "Thumper" Thompson is my wing man. Nigel was a teacher before the war. He's one of those refined gentleman that you see in those Trevor Howard movies back in the states. The type with the smoking jacket and pipe sipping cognac by the fireplace. A good ol' chap as the limeys say here. His ship *Queen's Crown* has six Nazi flags to commemorate his fighting prowess. I'm glad he's here. He was told to stick with me. The last thing the limeys need is a dead American

on their watch. It's bad for public relations.

The group leaders must have gave the word for crews to test fire their guns because the sky light up with traces going in every direction. What a light show it is. Tracers everywhere.

As we head out I can't help notice how beautiful the sky is as the sun fights the night for domain over the ground. The sunset proves to be breathtaking with hues of yellow and red striations as if the hand of God himself brushed it. It will prove to also be deadly I pray God will still be here later.



## The Raid

I settle in for the 3 ½ hour run to the target. Flying towards a target is like waiting for a garden to bloom. Those damn black roses called flak burst all around. That's when you know 1. You've been sighted. 2. Trouble called the Luftwaffe is on the way. 3. You gonna wish you didn't have a large breakfast. Flying at night in the full moon is like waking down Main St. naked. Everyone can see you and there's nowhere to hide. You are a sitting target for every fighter in the Reich.\* So far so good. The flight is uneventful as we head over

Denmark. The bombers are losing altitude now. They are heading to bombing level. It's at this level you let nothing come between you and the target. Straight and level is the bombers mantra. It take nerves of steel and a constitution to match. Lower they fly. They are below me now and must be nearing 7000 ft.

Time seemed to accelerate because in no time we are heading south towards Peenemunde. Still quiet. I can see the target ahead. The two waves ahead of us have already dropped their payloads. The thick black billowing smoke rises with each burst. The night seems day. No fighters, no flak we haven't been seen! This itself seemed too good.

My eyes scan the skies for anything. My mind is on high alert. But to my amazement and somewhat relief there is no opposition...yet!

At 00:48 we arrive. On the ground I can see the flares. The flares are dropping as too point the way. Then flares are dropping outlining our target area. Leading Lancaster's from the Pathfinders has been dropping them throughout the raid. I see my third wave the bombers open their bay doors. Some of these guys are as low as 4000 ft. Perfect targets for ack ack! I guess that fake raid pulled off by the Mossies worked! I watch as the pretty little gifts we prepared for Gerry rains down. Flash, Flash! The ground lights up. A thick white smoke is now starting to rise from the ground.. A lot of smoke. Too much to be from the

bombs. Gerry must be putting up a smoke screen. Too late Krauts!

As we approach I watch as the second wave leave the target area. Could it be this easy? Getting home may be different. I check and see that my wave is unharmed. Time to start climbing back to 18000. The sooner the better if you ask me. Most of us are on our way back. Good! I look at my watch its 0:48 hours.

**Bam! Bam!** My ship violently rocks back and forth. I'm not hit but those roses are a bloomin'! The Gerry's radioed in our strike and is waiting for us in the return. I see fighters everywhere silhouetted among the flames from the ground and the moonshine. In front of me is a Lancaster with two engines burning and heading down. **GET OUT GET OUT!** I scream as if they can hear me. Planes are falling all around me. Streaming meteors heading down. A JU-88 with one wing has just went spiraling past me. The radio chatter explodes with bandit sighting everywhere. *Bandits 3 o'clock low!, bandits coming in at 320 high!* **"I GOT HIM! Damn look at him go down!"**



I'm screaming in the radio, God Damn it Nigel let's go! I pick a 109 banking to get on a Halifax's six. I see the burst of tracers aimed at his starboard

number three engine. I jam on the left rudder and swing at 45 degrees behind him. He's close to that Halifax. I don't want friendly fire but if I think any longer it's not gonna matter! I squeeze my trigger and let the .50 cal's sing. He must see me he's hard banking right now. But HH cannot out turn him and he knows it. I blast him in the fuselage and boom he lights up. I fly through the burning debris rocketing towards me. Nigel is now in trouble he has a 109 on his tail. *"Frank ol' chap I need a hand here!"* I bank towards Nigel and as I get closer we do a helix maneuver. Just like your DNA and we got him trapped. As we climb hard he's losing airspeed. Nigel does an Immelmann and gets behind him. NOW! NIGEL NOW! Boom another one bites the dust! All I see is swarms of planes. Thank God there are mostly ours. Remind me to kiss those mosquito pilots heading to Berlin for distraction.

I spot a HE-110 with that new Schrage Musik cannon. Since May the krauts have been arming their night time fighters with this upward firing cannon. They slice open bombers like tuna cans while staying underneath them. These Krauts sneak up and under the bombers and the crew doesn't know it until they fire the cannons. This 110 is mine. He is positioned over me and that's the way I need it. Away from the cannons is the key. I race to catch him but I'm moving to quick. I out shoot him. I pull up and roll to lose airspeed while bringing back the throttle. He zips past me and I can see the faces on the

crew. I try to get on his six but the pilot is experienced and pulls up to lose airspeed himself. He knows maximum fire cover is having me over him with me at his six. I pull up but once again I'm moving too fast. Hot white tracers spin past me and I hear **THUD THUD THUD**.. The cockpit's Lexan sprays fine chips at me. NIGEL! I pull a loop to gain on his six. Over I go. Bad move those upward cannons are screaming. **THUD THUD** pieces of the rudder are gone. My feet have no effect on the pedals. *Boy Jimmy's gonna kill me!* I grab the stick with both hands and struggle to get HH to roll on the top of the loop. She makes it and I squeeze the trigger into the left engine. She's smokin' and losing altitude. I don't follow him down.



He can still fire at me but not for long. I bank hard and head back to the group who are now almost out of the Gerry's range. Two 190's are closing on me. Nigel is just finishing off a 88 himself. I wait until they are in range. It's a deadly game of chicken. Two against one this time. *Wait for it, wait for it* the outline of the 109's get bigger and bigger. **NOW!** I squeeze the trigger and roll down to the right. I'm out of ammo! Click click. DAMN! My only chance is to out run them. I see a squadron of Spitfires coming from 12:00 HIGH. What a break! Boys these guys are all yours. As

I head to the group what appears to be bonfires burn all over. These burning piles were a life or 8 lives. I try not to dwell on it.

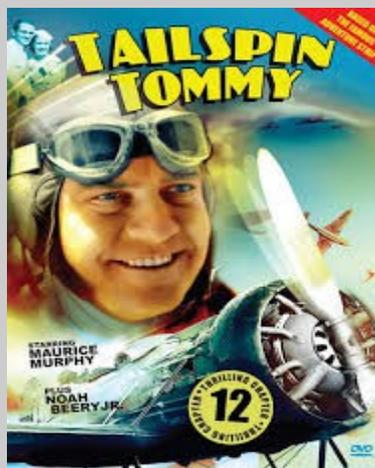
What seemed like days but was only maybe fifteen minutes was total dogfight time. The targets are getting hard to find. It doesn't matter to me having spent my ammo.

I keep thinking about those boys in that Lancaster. How many parachutes did I count? Were there any? I think of all the planes that came streaming down. Those terrified cries on the radio. War is an ugly business.

**To be continued..**



**Do you remember...**



**February's**

**Aviation History**



**In 1784...** The first balloon flight made in Italy takes place from the grounds of a villa owned by Chevalier Paul Andreani near Milan and uses a modified Montgolfière hot air design built by the brothers Charles and Augustin Gerli.

**In 1912...** Frank Coffyn takes aerial views of New York City with a cinema camera while controlling his airplane with his feet and knees.

**In 1918...** Regulation of the airways begins as US President Woodrow Wilson issues an order requiring licenses for civilian pilots and owners. Over 800 licenses are issued.

**In 1937...** Howard Hughes establishes a new transcontinental speed record of 7 hours 28 minutes 25 seconds from Los Angeles to Newark, New Jersey.

**In 1955...** The first supersonic ejection takes place when North American test pilot George F. Smith ejects himself from his diving F-100 off Laguna Beach, California. He is unconscious for five days but recovers.

**In 1958...** One of the best British soccer teams, Manchester United, has been

virtually wiped out in an air crash. The team was returning from Belgrade after victory against a Yugoslav opponent when their British European Airways (BEA) Airspeed AS.57 Ambassador failed to take off and crashed into a house in Munich, Germany.

**In 1969...** First flight of the Boeing 747 "Jumbo Jet" airliner takes place in Seattle, Washington. The wide-bodied, long-range transport is capable of carrying 347 passengers, and is the largest aircraft in commercial airline service in the world.

**In 1972...** The Soviet Union has started to use Cuba as a base from which to spy on the US. The first mission is flown by two Soviet Tu-95, which surveys part of the east coast.

**In 1977...** The converted Boeing 747 space shuttle carrier makes its first flight with the shuttle Enterprise on its back, at NASA's Dryden Flight Research Center.

**In 1988...** The Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) retires an aircraft registration number for the first time - that of Amelia Earhart's airplane, which disappeared over the Pacific in July 1937.

**In 1990...** Smoke-free flights become mandatory throughout North America for all US airlines.

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## Did you know?

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN AUTHORIZED HOT AIR BALLOONS DURING THE CIVIL WAR!

The balloons and aeronauts conducted aerial reconnaissance and artillery spotting. With an ability to soar a thousand feet above the landscape, balloons gave military leaders a platform that allowed them to see for miles around - a decided advantage, especially in areas with little topography. During the Seven Days Campaign in 1862, Union balloons stationed at the Gaines' Farm could observe movement within downtown Richmond, which was roughly seven miles away.



**The Intrepid  
May 1862**



Cluster bombing is very accurate. The bombs always hit the ground.  
**US Air force**

**A grasshopper walks into a bar and the bartender says, "Hey, we have a drink named after you!" The grasshopper replies, "You have a drink called Melvin?"**

## THIS MONTH'S AIRCRAFT



### McDonnell Douglas F-4 Phantom II

The McDonnell Douglas F-4 Phantom II is a tandem two-seat, twin-engine, all-weather, long-range supersonic jet interceptor aircraft/fighter-bomber originally developed for the United States Navy by McDonnell Aircraft. It first entered service in 1960 with the U.S. Navy. Proving highly adaptable, it was also adopted by the U.S. Marine Corps and the U.S. Air Force, and by the mid-1960s had become a major part of their respective air wings.

The Phantom is a large fighter with a top speed of over Mach 2.2. It can carry more than 18,000 pounds (8,400 kg) of weapons on nine external hardpoints, including air-to-air missiles, air-to-ground missiles, and

various bombs. The F-4, like other interceptors of its time, was designed without an internal cannon. Later models incorporated an M61 Vulcan rotary cannon. Beginning in 1959, it set 15 world records for in-flight performance, including an absolute speed record, and an absolute altitude record.

During the Vietnam War, the F-4 was used extensively; it served as the principal air superiority fighter for both the Navy and Air Force, and became important in the ground-attack and aerial reconnaissance roles late in the war. The Phantom has the distinction of being the last U.S. fighter flown to attain ace status in the 20th century.



#### Stats

- **Length:** 63 ft 0 in (19.2 m)
- **Wingspan:** 38 ft 4.5 in (11.7 m)
- **Height:** 16 ft 6 in (5.0 m)
- **Wing area:** 530.0 ft<sup>2</sup> (49.2 m<sup>2</sup>)
- **Empty weight:** 30,328 lb (13,757 kg)
- **Loaded weight:** 41,500 lb (18,825 kg)
- **Max. takeoff weight:** 61,795 lb (28,030 kg)
- **Fuel capacity:** 1,994 U.S. Gal (7,549 L) internal, 3,335 U.S. gal

(12,627 L) with three external tanks (370 U.S. gal (1,420 L) tanks on the outer wing hardpoints and either a 600 or 610 U.S. gal (2,310 or 2,345 L) tank for the centerline station).

• **Maximum landing weight:** 36,831 lb (16,706 kg)

• **Powerplant:** 2 × General Electric J79-GE-17A axial compressor turbojets, 11,900 lbf dry thrust (52.9 kN), 17,845 lb in afterburner (79.4 kN) each

Find out more by clicking on any link  
Info provided by Wikipedia



**Last one out locks the gate**

**Make sure kitchen lights are off and door is closed**

**Chairs are stacked and put away**

**Editors note:**

**As some of you know I have tore up my left ankle. For 5 weeks I wasn't able to bear any weight on it. Since crutches aren't my thing I was actually crawling around the floor in my apt. to get around.**

**That wasn't too bad, and as much as I enjoyed it my dog kept poking her cold wet nose on my butt as if to say, "Move it Pal!"**

**Until we read again next month...**

**"Chef" Marc**