



A Publication of Collins Model Aviators

December 2005

President's Corner – Dave Shema

Well kids, it's nearly the end of the year. A few more weeks and we will be looking January 2006 right in the eye. As I sit here writing this, I should be making out my Christmas shopping list so Santa knows just what to put under the tree.

It is time to renew your CMA membership if you haven't already. It's safe to do so, we have the officers for 2006 all lined up and you don't have to worry about being nominated for another ten months or so.

While you're at it, renew that AMA membership if you haven't already done so. I have been recalcitrant, and only renewed on-line about ten days ago.

Attached to this newsletter is a very well written article from the word processor of Daryl Burns. It is about the re-enactment of the first successful flight of the Wright Brothers that took place in Dayton, Ohio earlier this year.

I'm a bit embarrassed by the article, however. I had been waiting and waiting and waiting for Daryl to send the article to me so I could get it in the newsletter. That was supposed to happen early in November. Finally, I thought to myself, Daryl's had second thoughts and blew off writing the article.

The other day I was going through my email folder at work, and OH NO!!!, there it was, an email from Daryl dated a LONG time ago, with the article attached. Like a dummy, I skimmed the email and forgot about the attachment. My apologies to Daryl for making us all wait a very long time to read his prose.

Don't forget, he is still on the hook for "The Gee Bee and I, Part II". Daryl says the construction is going slower than planned, and he will back fill with yet a different article about his Gee Bee "Y". I've seen pictures, it is very nice.

Now, it's about zero degrees outside, a bit of wind is blowing, and there is about seven inches of very cold snow on the ground. Time to officially start the building season. Only I don't have anything picked out yet, to build. I could fire up the build of the Joe Bridi Dirty Birdy that I started this time last year, or I can get creative and build another micro helicopter. I think the heli will win the

contest! I just have to pick out which one, order it, and wait for the friendly Big Brown truck driver to show up at the door. Now where did I put that catalog....

Here's hoping that Santa brings you all those goodies you're looking for, and that you all have a very merry Christmas and that the New Year goes well for all.

Dave Shema →

Special Report: [Clubs and Leagues News](#)

Back in the June 2005 issue of Flightline, you may recall that I began to tell the story of the formation of the Rockwell Collins Clubs and Leagues Board (aka RCCLB). You may recall that a lot of "ifs" and "maybes" were in that article, and that the picture for Rockwell clubs in general was about to look very bright.

Well, here we are, almost six months later, and I just got home from the second official general meeting of the RCCLB. I went to the meeting because, as it was advertised, the much awaited announcement regarding the status of club funding from the company would be rolled out amongst much fanfare and ballyhoo.

Well, the drums rolled, the trumpeters trumpeted, the cannons rang out, and the announcement was made. It was....

....well, the funds "should be available soon. Well, somewhere after the holidays, that is."

That's the good news. Now, as Paul Harvey would say, here's the rest of the story:

The clubs will be given two options to deal with the money. The first option will be business as usual (at least where it was prior to losing the funds altogether back in 2001). The clubs can have their company funds put into a Rockwell run account, and do the usual buy stuff, submit and expense report, and wait for your reimbursement for up to two months while the bean counters count the beans, **OR** the clubs can open a checking account at the local bank and have the funds deposited there, where we can pretty much use the money without a lot of hassle from the company. Oh,

they WILL want to look at the books periodically, however.

The first option (money in a company SAP account) was not very popular when it was up and running a few years ago, and I don't think it's something we'd want to go back to doing. Bad option, in my opinion.

The second option currently has a very difficult to meet caveat – the company is insisting that each club checking account require each check issued to have two separate signatures on it. It appears that only one bank in town allows this. The bank of preference (Collins Credit Union) does not offer this option. So, for the time being, I think we are screwed should we accept money from the Company as they are requiring a bank account setup that apparently can't be had in Cedar Rapids. The board is going back to HR to try to get this odd restriction lifted.

Further, we must submit, and have approved by the board, our club's bylaws. Any changes we would propose to the bylaws would have to be approved by the board, before we would be allowed to adopt them. This sounds too cumbersome to me, and I don't think it's in our best interest to go that route.

Next, should we continue on as a company sponsored club (as in taking their money), our membership will be limited to the usual suspects – employees, retirees, spouses of same, as well as contractors, co-ops, and interns. The company will allow kids of the aforementioned folk to be members, as well, but only if they are less than 18 years old. If they are 18 or older, and not affiliated with Rockwell, tough nuts, they're out.

We can advertise club events, but the club itself will be responsible for providing the funds to do so, and all advertisements must contain the name of club contact person.

We can use club facilities as long as it doesn't interfere with company operations.

OK, that's the skinny on the RCCLB. It is still in its early stages of formation, and there are a lot of bones, but no meat on the skeleton, yet.

OHHHHH – I almost forgot, here's what we have all been waiting for – How much will we get from the company this year?

All clubs were asked to submit a funding request which would be forwarded for approval. I shot for the moon and put in a request for \$2400 for the coming year.

At tonight's meeting, the amount of funding was revealed. I hope you are sitting down when you read this.

The company has decided that they will "match" each club member's dues, up to \$15 per head. If a club charges a membership fee of \$5 a year, the company will kick in \$5 to match that number. If the club dues are \$20 (as in the CMA), the company will match up to only \$15 a head.

What does that mean for CMA? If we are lucky and can scare up 20 members this year, we'll be rolling in the \$400 generated by dues, and the company will kick in an additional \$300, giving us an operating budget of \$700.

So, we will get some money from the company this year (provided we still want it). But it will be a far cry from what we asked for, and were led to believe might actually materialize.

In return for the money, we are going to be required to submit a head count to HR every March, along with – the number of community service hours of volunteer time the club has performed.

So, in order to get the \$\$\$, we have to supply a head count of members to the company each year (and each membership form must also go to the HR point of contact), we must allow the board to approve our by-laws and any changes we deem necessary, and we are expected to volunteer a bunch of time to community service projects. We must also limit our membership to people with clear links to Rockwell.

The per head matching fund amount may vary from year-to-year, going all the way to zero dollars per head, to some number set by the company each year. This year, the match will be capped at \$15/head.

It was also made clear that funding of clubs is not guaranteed to happen year-to-year, and the level of funding is not guaranteed year-to-year.

Personally, for all the grief we as a club will be required to go through for not a lot of return or benefit, I'm not convinced that this is a good deal. I left the meeting tonight wondering what benefit we, as a company sponsored club, actually will receive from this new arrangement. Maybe we'd be better off going it alone? I'd like to hear your thoughts and comments on the new tone.

Dave Shema →

December Meeting Notes:

Our December meeting was attended by a handful of CMA diehards. It was very informal, Tom Gorman passed along a couple of gift certificates to the Outback and Olive Garden to Tom Clark, who has promised to get them to Larry Martinson, our flying site owner. With limited funds, this is about the only way to thank Larry for his generosity again this year.

Although not much in the way of club business was discussed, the BS session afterward was enjoyed by all.

Dave Shema →

Tom Gorman promised to actually get membership cards out to members for the 2006 season! Mark Woytassek volunteered to take the 500 GB club logo and pare it down to a more usable file size to help Tom with this task.

Dave Shema →

OK, here's another announcement I know you are all waiting for. The CMA has a new (?) slate of officers for 2006. Once again, your's truly (that being me) is the President. A new name this year for Vice President is Tom Clark. And you'll recognize Tom Gorman as our Secretary/Treasurer again this year. Thanks to Tom and Tom for stepping up and volunteering for the office.

Maybe next year in November the CMA will have so many members that the \$15 per head adds up to a substantial amount, and we will have more than one candidate per office. (It's Christmas time, I can dream, can't I)?

Dave Shema →

OK, now it's time to get on with the tale of the re-enactment of the first flight of the Wright Flyer 100 years ago, thanks to Daryl Burns:

A 100 Year Flight of Fantasy

Daryl Burns

The day is October 5, 2005 and I arrived in the early morning hours at a 90 acre tract of land known as the Huffman Prairie Flying Field. Situated on the southern edge of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio it looks much the same as it did exactly 100 years ago, perhaps even more so today because of events that would soon unfold. I am a stranger to this field but somehow there seems to be a driving force, something drawing me to know this place and what happened here long ago.

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Wilbur and Orville Wright stepped off the interurban trolley into the cool early morning fog. This place was a country stop called Simm's Station, 9 miles east of Dayton, Ohio. They passed thru the scant tree line and into the damp mists hovering over the Huffman pasture. Walking along the fence row they gazed up and could see blue sky directly above and the sun was just breaking above the fog off to the east.



Turning the NE fence corner it was now a straight shot to their wood hangar a few hundred feet away. They could just make out the building in the gathering light. "Where do you suppose the cows are?" Orville said out loud. Wilbur did not reply right away.



Torrence Huffman, a family friend and banker, had consented to let the Wrights use his pasture to carry out their flying machine experiments but he extracted an agreement. They were not to bother the animals on the field which meant quite often herding them out of the way. They also respected the adjoining properties by staying within the confines of the Huffman pasture. Besides, it was hard enough dragging the Flyer back to the launch catapult from the various unintentional landing points on the field, never mind trying to get it up over the fence if they should stray beyond it. "I don't know," Wilbur finally replied, "might as well wait until the fog lifts."



First order of business was to bring the Flyer out of the hangar and reassemble it. The hangar was more akin to a shed than any sort of substantial building but it did have a wood floor. It was sized to accommodate the main section of the Flyer which encompassed the wings and all its assemblies. The forward elevator section and rear rudders could be released and stowed against the main section. This whole affair was then slid sideways into one end of the hangar. Both end walls were hinged at the roofline and could be propped up. This allowed maximum access to the inside and allowed a breeze to blow thru on those hot and humid Ohio summer days. The Wrights also stored various materials and basic tools in the hangar to make repairs to the Flyer in the event of a bad landing and the likely broken parts.

Orville wiped his brow. Despite the cool morning he was already working up a sweat. "Hey Will, did you need any help with that rigging? I'm done with the rudders." Wilbur looked up from his work. "I'm about done here too. Maybe fill up the tank and check the coolant." Orville went off to get the gas can. Wilbur stood up and looked over their machine. Despite all the use this summer it was holding up pretty good. Today's first attempt would be the 47th so far this season.



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Out there in the field, was a flying machine perched on a launching rail with a derrick standing right behind it. The airplane was an exact replica of the one that was here 100 years ago. With a very little bit of imagination, it was the same one. And with a bit more it was the same day. Sometimes I wasn't sure which day I was in. It was all a bit surreal.



The celebration here today was of the longest flight of the Wright Brothers up to this time with what is now considered the world's first practical airplane. The replica on the field was built by Mark Duesenberry, an EAA member, from Dover, Ohio. He spent 7 years and ten thousand dollars to build it and it was true to the original (which is housed in a dedicated building in Carillion Historical Park in Dayton) in every detail save for two. The covering material was a modern polyester (the original cotton muslin is no longer available) and the ignition source was a battery and electronic module (as opposed to a magneto) to improve reliability. Today, Marc was to put on a flying demo using a replica catapault system, the same as the Wright's.

After a short while, the small crowd at the field gathered around the speakers stand. There was to be the usual set of presenters, each of which would get their turn to delay what everyone really came to see. Those for today included Air Force officials since the Huffman pasture (or Huffman Prairie Flying Field as it is officially known) resides within the confines of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

There were a number of dignitaries on hand too. A great grand niece and grand nephew of the Wright Brothers were introduced and some French officials were there to learn what they could for producing their own version of a 100th anniversary of Wilbur's first flights in France in the summer of 1908. Finally, descendants of the people who actually knew and worked with Wilbur, during that time, stood and took their bows.

And then, the MC retook the stand and after a few final remarks said, "... and with that, let's fly!" He and the crowd turned to look out at the field and the replica Flyer. The ground crew was swarming around the plane and we could see one of them climb aboard the Flyer and lay prone on the lower wing. Two others reached up to their respective propeller and pulled them thru a couple of times. Then after a few moments they reached up and pulled down smartly. I could hear the replica Wright engine cough and sputter to life. There were a few rough moments and then it settled into a steady drone.

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Wilbur could barely hear Orville shouting over the racket of the engine which was just to the right of where he lay prone on the wing, "Everything looks good, Will! You're good to go!" With that Wilbur let the restraining wire go and the 1600lbs of weight began their journey down the center of the tower behind him, dragging the ropes around the pulleys and accelerating the Flyer along the wooden rail. Reaching the end of that rail, Wilbur knew he had flying speed so he gently pulled back on his front rudder control. The machine angled up and seemed to pause there for an agonizing moment, then just as suddenly it jumped into the air with a surge. The Flyer leveled and slowed a bit as it bled off the extra energy from the catapault launch and the forward speed came down to match that which the propellers would support. Wavering a bit at first, in its usual pitching movements, Wilbur

settled the machine down to its usual course. This was getting easier he thought. With the flying time the brothers had accumulated this summer they got used to the machines tendencies and various habits. Much like bicycle riding, they began to internalize the motions and manipulations of being in command of a flying machine.





Wilbur continued on until he approached the edge of the field and started his first gentle turn to the left. Shifting his hips to the left caused the wings to warp in a manner that brought the right wing up and dropped the left wing. The bank was of a considerable amount, but along with the rudder control the airplane stayed in a coordinated turn and avoided a slide into the ground. The Wrights had become proficient at this. They learned thru considerable trial and error the proper techniques of control thru a banked turn. He flew along the next edge of the field until another turn was required. He continued his flight going round and round the field until he reached the 39 minute mark and about 30 circles. At that point his fuel tank had gone empty and he heard the engine sputter and quit. The propellers began to slow and he tilted his front elevators down. He settled into the grass with a gentle slide.



By the time he landed the back of his neck was sore from the strain of looking up from his prone position. His ears were ringing too. There wasn't much in the way of a muffler and that engine was right off his right ear.

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Mark completed his demo flight and then a second one a short while later. There was a 'parade of flight' event which was a fly by of various historical airplanes but it was a bit erratic and limited in scope (mostly a few antique/classic private aircraft). Then the field was opened up and the Flyer replica was parked for people to inspect.

As the events of the day came to a close, the crowd began to disperse. So too, in 1905.

The Wrights ended their flight trials on October 16 with a short 1 minute 4 second flight. Various delays had prevented them from starting until around 5:00pm and with the short days of Autumn, it was too late for an extended flight. But they already accomplished what they set out to do. They had an airplane that was controllable, durable and they knew how to fly it. They were the only ones in the entire history of the world that knew how to do so. Their system of controls, wing warping (aileron or roll), elevator (pitch) and rudder (yaw) were fully independent and were the basics needed to control any airplane in the air. They were the only ones that fully understood the need to bank into a turn and could accomplish it with the gracefulness of any bird aloft. They had a practical flying machine.

I began to feel the calendar moving forward.

It would be a couple of years before the world knew of the Brother's accomplishments due to a perceived need of secrecy to protect their patent applications. But the world did find out in Sept 1908 when Wilbur flew at Le Mans, France as part of their French contract. Wilbur made just 2 circles of the field and the French went wild. Overnight, they converted from believing the Wrights could do nothing to the Wrights could do anything.

Orville made similar dramatic impressions at Ft Meyer, Virginia about the same time. His flights were part of the contract with the Army to supply an airplane. Both at home and in France, the crowds grew everyday and would include presidents, kings, queens and royalty of all types. For a time, Wilbur and Orville competed across the ocean in setting new record times aloft. They were known the world over.

Wilbur barely saw his invention take off. In early May of 1912 he fell ill with typhoid fever. By the end of the month he had passed away. His Father, Bishop Milton Wright, wrote in his diary for Thursday, May 30, 1912,

"This morning at 3:15, Wilbur passed away, aged 45 years, 1 month and 14 days. A short life, full of consequences. An unfailing intellect, imperturbable temper, great self-reliance and as great modesty, seeing the right clearly, pursuing it steadily, he lived and died."

The Bishop himself died in 1917 at the age of 88. Orville and his sister Katherine were the only ones remaining of the close knit Wright aviation family. Katherine married, against Orville's wishes in 1926. She moved away leaving him alone in the Hawthorne Hill mansion the Wrights had built in 1914. Orville overcame his differences with his sister and was at her bedside when she too passed away just a few years later in 1929.

The airplane got its first baptism of fire during the years of WWI. Due to its young age its destructive power was limited but it foreshadowed what a more mature machine would be capable of. It exposed itself and its terrible abilities in the catastrophic years of WWII. When asked about the airplanes destructiveness Orville likened it to fire. A very useful tool when used properly but also very destructive when used for those purposes.

Orville lived to see the end of WWII. He died at the age of 77 in 1948. He saw the beginning of the jet age which would bring air travel to new speeds and capacities. Sputnik and space exploration came on the heels of the jet and the space race of the 60's led to Neil Armstrong on the Moon in July of 1969.

Airplanes got bigger, faster and more intricate. Computers do far more complex flying than Wilbur or Orville could even imagine with their 1905 Flyer. But they all still have the very basic three axis control that they invented and brought to practical use in that 1905 machine 100 years ago on Huffman's pasture.