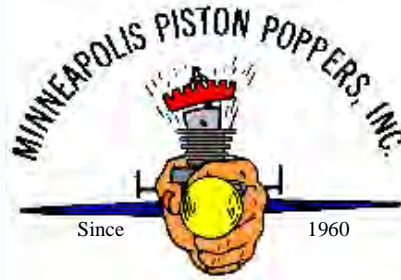


Prop



Wash

June 2016

Prop Wash is a publication of the Piston Poppers Inc., an AMA U-control club

President: Tony Kubes	763-424-1045	Vice President: Keith Sandberg	763-477-9032
Secretary: Jim Gevay	763-780-8140	Treasurer: John Christensen	651-489-1735
Board Member: Keith Sandberg	763-477-9032	Editor: Sean Shug Emery	651-894-4079
Safety Officer: Glen Peterson	651-687-0453	Field Marshal:	

Any articles for the newsletter are greatly appreciated and will be published as soon as possible. Send to

seanemery2@mac.com

Club web address is www.pistonpoppers.com

May Meeting

Old Business: June 15th is the official start of the flying season at the Westwood School.

Times and days allowed are Wednesdays 4-9 and Saturdays and Sundays 8am to 9pm.

The Iowa contest is on June 4 & 5, the same weekend of D.A.D at Anoka County airport.

We will set up at the airport at noon on the Friday before the weekend.

Tony asked Keith about the next kids building session. 3 kids have them painted and the next session is in a few weeks, maybe June 18th at the EAA Hangar. Sean talked about T shirts, the costs are about \$26 plus \$3 shipping for a run of 40 shirts. He'll look into costs; the number of colors in the club logo apparently is an issue to be resolved.

New Business: George Murphy has lots of modeling stuff for sale, there will a notice in the newsletter, contact him for details. Sean is thinking about approaching an RC club and maybe doing a demo fly or a joint use proposition.

Show and Tell: Tom Sontag showed us his PT-22 with a Twister wing and adjustable tank. It's powered by a FP .40 and I think it weighs 52 oz. This is the first "big plane" he's built.

Jim Gevay

New Piston Poppers Website

Check it out. Thanks to Tom and Carey.

<http://www.pistonpoppers.com>

***Club Member George Murphy mentioned at the last meeting he has a lot of stuff he'd like to sell.

Contact him if interested. (763) -441-4397

geowmurphy@aol.com

Discover Aviation Days

Set-up got off to a moist start with eight hardy souls waiting for the promised downpour that never came. We had a mowed circle and fencing in place within a couple of hours. This year the site looked better than past years.

Saturday, for the start of the fun began with Jeff, Tom and I meeting at the 7:00 AM hour for the pancake breakfast. Then it was out to the circle with a total of 25 – 30 planes from Tom, John, Glen and I, Jeff even brought some planes to be flown.

Glen was the first up and had a decent pattern for his first flight of the year. Then John, Tom and I put up many flights throughout the day with Glen getting a couple more good flights before he had to leave.

There were a few light showers that passed through quickly and we got in a few more flights. It

wasn't the big blow the weather man was telling us just a little breeze for most of the day.

The highlight for me was seeing John flying a 1/2A plane. I cannot remember when I ever saw a 1/2A plane flown by John.

All in all it was a successful day with wrecks to a minimum. Tom had a little trouble and so did I. it must be that rookie thing that keeps going around. So now after a goodnight's rest we will see what tomorrow brings.

Sunday came without a cloud in the sky to start the day. After pancakes and sausage breakfast Tom, John, Glen set up the site for the day. We all got in a couple of flights when Tony showed up gave us a quick update from Polk City then it was time to fly.

The first mishap occurred on Tony's second flight when the winds or operator error decided to play a hand in his outcome. Glen and John also had trouble with the winds which were now blowing about 12 to 15 MPH but being the good fliers they are no crashes. I chicken out and flew an old Midwest racer flat and level no problems but I was prepared as I have a fuel shutoff if things got spooky.

The major crash happened to Tom with his Mystery Plane I think it is a total loss that's when we decided the winds were too great for further flights as now the winds were in the neighborhood of 15 to 20 MPH and gusting higher.

So this brought us to the end of the flying around 11:00AM we did a lot of hangar talking to guests and had many positive responses.

In the photo's that follow we have John flying his 1/2A, Tom working the spectators demonstrating our planes flying controls. That's John and his beautiful granddaughter Fiona getting instruction on the flying handle. Though we were unable to get the motor running on his trainer due to fuel tank problems.

This year though we had a conflict with the Polk City contest on the same date, our club stepped up to the challenge split up our group with some going to Polk City and some coming to Discover Aviation Days. Here at D.A.D. I need to thank the fliers at the event and the non fliers who helped with the crowd, set-up and teardown. So thank you Jeff Lange, Jim Gevay and Steve and Alex Scott.

Bob Cheney





The story starts back a bit... My wife Meg and I had moved from New York City back here to Minnesota where she grew up. I had quit drinking not long before. I was a World-Class toss-pot and was the number one drinker in New York City. Unfortunately there are no Awards for that but it leaves a mark and a dent in the psyche that shows. Kind of a decoration in it's own way. But the greatest thing about quitting drinking is all the free time you now have on your hands. I never knew I spent that much time chugging down the barleycorn. Like I said, I was World Class. That is not bragging but fact.

We were staying in her parent's basement while we went and did cruise ship contracts and searched for a home to buy. That was in Mendota Heights so that meant we went to Robert Street a lot and I had noticed there was a hobby shop over there. I went in one day and came out with a plastic control line airplane in my hands. It was a red Cox biplane. Fokker I believe. I flew that thing over and over trying to milk a loop out of it. And had so much fun with it.



Eventually I ended up buying a SIG kit called the Akrobat. Full fuselage full size stunter. I bought that down in St. Thomas Virgin Islands and flew home on an airliner with that box between my knees leaning my arms across the top looking forward to getting home and starting to build that in the basement at my in-laws house. Eventually I ended up crashing the Akrobat too many times and bought myself a SIG Banshee kit. More about all of this another time.

My First Control Line Stunt Contest 1989

How did I enter my first Control Line Stunt Contest when I could not even fly the Pattern? Well, it helped that I am impulsive and have never felt prepared for anything in my life and look like a rube. Carnies are drawn to me and can get me to play their fixed games. I talk to credit card skills at the airport because no one else does. It is a gift I was told.

I stuck that Banshee kit together all the while having to only make one trip to the hospital for stitches after some dire lessons with #11 Exacto blades. Took the engine from the Akrobat. I believe that was an OS 40. Put that on the Banshee and got back to doing some heartfelt but shoddy control line flying. Eventually could do loops, a wing over, outside loops, fly inverted, some facsimile of a horizontal eight. Oh and I could also land. That was about the extent of my control line flying prowess. By this time I had joined the Minneapolis Piston Poppers control line club and was encouraged to

come to a contest they were having. (*This next part is as close to as I remember it*) It was June 17/18 down in Austin, Minnesota and was called the Austin Control Line Regional Champions. I do remember going there just to observe and then being shamed into competing. I think that was a guy named Pete that did the shaming. I would like to thank him for that. No I wouldn't. Yes I would. All I remember is my voice going very high and my throat constricting when I looked at everybody and said "I don't know the pattern, I don't think I can fly the pattern, I have never flown the entire pattern. I don't want to fly the pattern. OK, I will fly the pattern." I reckon that's what it takes to be a member of a club. Someone has to be the martyr.

So after an hour of disquiet it is my time to go up and fly. For the life of me I cannot remember who it was but they laid in the circle and called out the maneuvers for me. Well take off and the wing over went OK. Felt pretty good about the inside loops. My inverted flight made everyone nervous including myself as we were over asphalt and I was shaking like I had been on a glacier all day, drinking ice water while wearing a swimsuit. A tiny European swim suit. Pardon that image.

My outside loops look like a blindfolded man was doing them. My inside square loops and outside square loops were not square loops. They were some sort of shape but I would not call it square or even rectangle. Maybe more of an octagon. And by the way that should become one of the maneuvers in the Stunt pattern in my humble opinion being invented by me and all that.

Triangles were next and I would say there were more of an isosceles triangle but to me they just looked like weird loops. Somehow I made it this far and now it was time for the horizontal eights. It felt like when I was a boy down South and we would tie a thread on a june bug's leg and let it fly around. The june bug did better horizontal eights than I did. As I was flying those laps before upcoming square eights all the blood left my head and went to my inner core, my ears were ringing and I went partially blind. I went for it. Over the sound of that lean running OS .40 I could hear hubbub from the spectators. I don't mean

that in a bad way but it was more like disbelief and a lot of "maintain Man... maintain." I have partial memory of my wrist going back-and-forth up-and-down trying to force the Banshee through the square eights. It felt a little bit to me like when an astronaut is coming back on reentry to the Earth's atmosphere and loses communication with Mission Control for a brief amount of time. By the grace of Jim Palmer I exited those square eights and felt like an astronaut that did not burn up on re-entry.

I didn't have much time to dwell on that because the plane was still flying and I had two laps and coming up where the vertical eights. Well let's just say that the vertical eights looked like I had a feather duster knocking dust bunnies off of a ceiling. I remember looking up into the sun leaning so far backwards that I think my head touch the asphalt. To this day I blame the bald spot on my crown on that moment. My wheels came so close to the ground that had a penny had been laying there the wheels would've touched it and skidded that penny across the ground like a clumsy thug pitching pennies against a wall in a bad late night movie.

Whoever it was laying on the ground coaching me through the pattern hollered out "hourglass!" Well everything changed here. I went for it having no idea what to do. When I came down the Banshee smacked the ground. Belly flopped. Pancaked. Bounced. Then everything went silent for a moment. I have to say I was relieved it was over. I could be done and say that I went for it. That would be rewarding enough for me.

A sense of calm and finality came over me. The plane looked to be in one piece just some ripped covering and a few pieces of wood sticking out. No problem. I have spent hours now mixing epoxy and gluing wood to my fingers with CA.

I was a true National Champion at that.

As I stood there holding the handle limply in my hand looking at my saggy lines and a fragmented Banshee laying on the hot tarmac, I saw a man and his son running towards me. I wasn't sure if they were coming to hug me or tackle me. They ran and picked up my plane and pulled me by my flying lines to their van with them. I asked myself "are all contests like this? Being pulled away by my lines

like a prisoner in a cowboy drama"

It ends up that they were a father and son team. I remember their names as Russ and Ben Detmier. They said to me "we're going to fix your plane. That was some of the most exciting amateur flying we have ever seen. You've got guts." Then the boy said "did you just start flying today?" That smarted just a bit.

They proceeded to glue the wood back together and tape it and bring it back to life. They handed me a Coca-Cola. It was ice cold. They said to me "we're going to get you back up in the air so you can finish this contest." Then there was a pause and the boy said "really my dad just wants to see that crazy flying again."

And they did. They get the Banshee patched up and it was good enough to fly for another round. I admired their spirit. And they didn't know me from anybody yet they glued my plane together and even soothed my aching soul a bit. What a gracious thing to do.

Well it was time for my final round and I seem to remember bouncing the Banshee one more time off the asphalt. I may have blocked some of that out. It was one of those days. Like singing the song *Ruben and Rachel* solo in front of my fifth grade class and the whole elementary school. I only did that because no other boy would sing it and I felt sorry for my teacher so I did it. After that I was asked to play the lead in the school play *Annie*. Yes, to play Annie. I have always looked good in polka dots. I keep that third-place plaque up on my wall out in my studio.

And I remember the judges saying to me "we've never seen a pattern like that but you were the gutsiest flyer out there today so we're giving you third-place trophy."

To say I was delighted and satisfied is an understatement.

In 1991 I went on to get another 3rd Place in Stunt at the Minneapolis Piston Poppers 10,000 Lakes contest. Soon after that my control line life went on hold for 20 years or so.

In the end, like most things in my life I'm glad I was somewhat pushed into flying the pattern that day.

My life became better.

A lot of things in my life that happened this same

way. I would show up just to observe and somehow end up becoming part of it.

The thing that I've always feared in life was not that I would *be bad* at something but rather that I would *be good* at something. It was like that in my football career. I was a very good football player. Made the All County Team. OK it was second team as a linebacker and long snapper but still pretty good for a guy that just went to watch.

If you're bad at something no one really expects you to do it again and could care less one way or the other if you come back and do it.

But if you're good at something or at least show potential or at the very least just get out and go for it, well then people expect you to show back up and keep doing it.

So here I am 24 years later working at that stunt pattern again. I'm taking it a little more serious this time but to me most of the time my maneuvers in the sky look like a june bug flying around with a thread tied to it's leg.

It is a beautiful thing.

Sean Shug Emery





Videos:

Mid Iowa Control Liners Stunt Contest Day One

<https://youtu.be/TpZba-33eDo>

Mid Iowa Control Liners Stunt Contest PAMPA Stunt Day 2

<https://youtu.be/3XGQxn1hMqI>

Kids Fly Day June 18

The kids build and fly day arrived warm and cloudy with light winds. It was a great success.

While the guys helped hook up controls and hang motors in the workshop. I was busy teaching motor skills, with safety, fueling, battery connections and where not to put your fingers. Each youngster and Mason's parents were tasked with starting a motor.

Things then proceeded to the circle where Tom gave instruction on the handle and what to expect when the plane was launched. As I fueled and started motors Tom gave hands on instruction and help where needed.

We had one crash with a trainer and lost another when the control lines came apart at the line clips. Plane was repaired and flown later on.

First up with the airplanes they built was Rachel's "Barbie" piloted plane with Mason going second. Look at the smile on his face after his flight. The same look was repeated many times with the rest of our group. Then it was Milton and Edwardo flying their builds with Justin flying the plane he constructed.

We were also successful in getting Mason's mother and father out in the circle to fly a trainer, they had a ball.

By the end of the day Milton and Edwardo were making successful solo flights. Way to go guy's.

Thanks go out to Tom and Keith for bankrolling and offering their time and building skills to this project. Tony and Wayne for the support and pitching in a hand where needed. Most of all thanks go to the young people, that built and flew these control-line airplanes.



Enjoy the photos, as the pictures speak for themselves.
Bob Cheney



The Trainers



Rachel's plane with Barbie ready for a ride



Mason's plane best of the show



The Workshop



Mason's first flight with the trainer



Edwardo's first flight with the trainer



After Mason's first flight with the plane he built and painted. The face tells the rest of the story.



The group
Great times to be had with the Piston Poppers
Bob Cheney



Milton's first solo



Justin on his take off roll

First flight of Boise #1

Pat Johnson is one of those fliers whose building and flying skills are well known in the circles of control-line model aeronautics.

Tom has bought some aircraft from the hangar of Pat Johnson and on Saturday of the 21st of May the first flight was made on one of his planes.

Tom was a little shy about making a first flight and asked me to do so. Though I'm not a super stunt flier I gladly stepped up to the plate. **Wow** what a flier.

Don't know what the model is but it has a built-up fuse with an I-beam wing powered by a Super tiger 51. We got the motor running making a sweet sound and I made the signal to release the plane. After a perfect take off roll, I settled into easy level laps, after a few climbs and dives, loops and inverted flight was next. No bad habits were noticed by me though it was very fast (*next flight was with longer lines*).

In concluding my thoughts are this is a plane that John, Glen, Sean or Keith would have no trouble putting up on the podium in any stunt contest. With a little practice Tom should be able to do the same as he moves up the stunt ladder.

I look forward to seeing you at the flying field. Bring your planes or chairs and let's fly and enjoy!
Bob Cheney



corporate downsizing, he just decided to pursue something he really enjoys.

He has incredible capabilities, especially on water-slide decals – very large sheets, CLEAR backing, white ink – unlike many decal makers who cannot print white on clear, and generally or always only print on white backing.

I have recently sent him artwork for some work I'd like done, and wonder if any of you would be interested in water-slide decals with the club logo on a clear backing.

I routinely trimmed most of my models with things like the Sig and Fox decals, and am thinking of something similar – perhaps sheets of decals in mixed sizes, perhaps 1-1/2" and 3" wide?

I'm attaching a photo (although very poor) of trim on my "Challenger" and a rough idea for a club decal.

As far as finances are concerned – the club could place an order for a specific number as members desire, purchase a group and sell over a period of time, or I'm willing to purchase a group and provide to members at cost.

Thoughts?

Dennis Leonhardi
[AirClassix on eBay](#)

From Dennis Leonhardi

As many of you know, I've been selling a massive collection of plastic airliner kits, books, decals and postcards for an estate – and coming up on 2 years now. In the process, I've had a lot of communication with a very respected decal maker. I've sold several items to him and have complete confidence and trust in him – so much so that I've shipped several items to him with the understanding we'll agree on a price after he's seen the item. And he's always been more than fair in his offers. And this is his full-time work; after a

Long and Winding Road

Sometimes, the stars align, fuel is fresh, trim tabs are unnecessary, and the long and winding road gets airplanes homeward to new doors they cannot easily reach.

Mr. Fred Mondin is a control line flier in Boise, ID. For many years he flew with the local model airplane club and with Pat Johnston, a nationally known builder and flier of competition airplanes. Dennis Leonhardi tells me there are a few laser cut kits and designs with Pat's name on them.

Over the years, Fred's good fortune developed a hangar of airplanes, including the classic Combat Streak, a nicely balanced profile Mustang from Brodak, of course a Ringmaster or two, and three of Pat's competition airplanes.

Life changes, as we all have experienced, and Fred unfortunately found himself no longer able to fly control line as he wanted, so he put his collection of kits, engines and airplanes up for sale. You may have seen his list of remaining engines.

Sadly for the kids and young at heart in Boise, the demand for control line airplanes in his area has dwindled. Combined with a lack of affordable ways to ship individual airplanes to buyers across country, Fred was afraid his collection would never fly again.

When I heard about Fred's collection and contacted him, the biggest question was "how do we get those planes from Boise to Fridley?"

That is when the stars aligned and fresh fuel arrived, this time in the form of diesel and a big rig.

My brother Mike is a long haul truck driver and I learned he occasionally passes through Boise. On the second try, Fred met Mike at the T/A Truck stop off I-84 and Highway 26 Broadway. They exchanged pleasantries and then loaded three ready to fly airplanes into the cab.

Mike is an excellent driver, and in no way was safety compromised in any fashion, nor would he allow it to be compromised. Fred had six airplanes in his Suburban, of which Mike felt three were a reasonable maximum load. Mike and his adopted children soon headed down the freeway, reaching Minnesota with only minor road rash and irritation. Fred was delighted to meet Mike and to know that part of his squadron would fly again with one or more members of the Piston Poppers.

Tom, for his part, eagerly picked up his new kids, patched their scrapes and prepared them to fly, starting with two of Pat's competition planes. He also soon discovered that large competition airplanes (60" plus) require more room than his micro shop can handle.

The entire episode has confirmed his wife's belief that her poor husband is deranged.

By Tom Sontag



Piston Popper Tee Shirts

We had 19 tee shirts ordered.

Nice to have that club unity.

Finally got the ARF Strega Assembled

It has been over a year since I ordered this plane and finally got around to getting it done.

I beefed up the front some, rounded the wing leading edges, made new little bit thicker flaps. Have an Enya CXRX PRO .61 on the nose. Weighs in at 72 ounces.

She's a big 'un.





More Discover Aviation Days



Mason completes a masterpiece!

Ready to fly

Mason and family can't stay late on Saturday for the 2016 Build and Fly, so he and Mom and his younger brother came over this evening to finish his Brodak Trainer in the MicroShop.

Tom was blown away by the airplane Mason pulled from the bag. Over the spring months, he found a paint scheme he liked, painted and masked and painted with dope donated by Keith.

This evening he mounted controls, landing gear and engine, ate a bowl of ice cream while some epoxy cured, then posed with his masterpiece!

Wayne, look out, model building has an ace coming up in the minors!

In July, Mason and family will be moving near to LaCrosse. Lindsey's uncle once owned the hobby shop in town. Perhaps Mason and extended family will come fly with us sometime.

Tom Sontag



(((Hey Club Members)))

Please, please, please send in a story, how-to, why you like flying, pictures of your plane.

Help make this newsletter more interesting.

C'mon.....

I dare you.



**MEETING NOTICE: May 30 – Anoka County
Airport at 7:30 PM**

The Piston Poppers Club meetings are held on the last Thursday of each month at the Anoka Co. Airport in Blaine, MN. Enter the airport road from the automatic gates on the West side, turn right and go south past the airport beacon to the 2

hangar. It's the Blue hangar between Thunderbolt Aviation and the Golden Wings Museum, next to the road. Meetings start at 7:30 PM. Visitors are always welcome.

