



WESTERN
OREGON
CONTROL
LINE
FLYERS

THE WOLF CALL

March-April-May 2008

ACADEMY OF MODEL AERONAUTICS
CHARTER CLUB #3464

Ye Olde Editor: Mike Hazel

Upcoming Events:

Northwest Control Line Regionals

May 23, 24, 25

Eugene Airport, Eugene, Oregon

& ?????

The "WOLF CALL" is the newsletter for the Western Oregon Control Line Flyers. "WOLF" members fly at the Bill Riegel Model Airpark facility at the Salem Airport.

WOLF membership is not required to utilize the facility, but fliers should be A.M.A. members. If you are not a WOLF club member, please consider joining us to help support control line model aviation activity in our area!

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Miscellaneous Ramblings from Ye Olde Editor

Greetings, all! Here we are well into spring, but it still seems like winter. I mean, when do you remember snow in late April???? Oh well, the good weather must be just around the corner, so if you haven't ventured out yet this season for some flying, get ready!

Several WOLF members were seen at the Jim Walker Memorial contest in Portland in April. The weather was a bit touch and go, but still lots of flying done. Contestants flew in speed, stunt, combat, and carrier events. Check out the complete report with results and photos on the flying lines website: flyinglines.org

Speaking of that meet, a reporter from the Oregonian paper came to the meet during the weekend, and did a nice little human interest type article which appeared the following week. The article is included herein.

Membership Department: Sorry to be losing the following members: John Stroup of Sublimity, and David LaFever of Corvallis. Just a reminder to a couple of you..... please take care of your "IOU" dues.

Next big event in the area is the NW Regionals down in Eugene. Hope to see all WOLF members either participating or spectating during the three day CL love fest. If you have somehow missed getting info on this event, contact the editor.

A traditional WOLF event is the Lucky Hand Fun Fly, typically held on the first weekend in July. This might pose a conflict with the July 4 weekend? Let's hear from all of you as to when you would like this event to take place.

A new WOLF member list is included, call someone up and go flying!

"All Four Engines Have Stopped"

Editor's note: The following article was sent to me by Don Adams, one of my narrators, exchange buddies from our Midwest. An account of this incident was on the National Geographic channel earlier this year, watch for a repeat (Air Crew Investigation: All Engines Stopped).

With unbelievable restraint, Captain Eric Moody addressed British Airways flight 009 as his Boeing 747 drifted inexorably down towards the Indian Ocean. Displaying the stiff upper lip spirit that built an empire, he uttered the words that are every air passenger's worst nightmare: Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We have a small problem. All four engines have stopped. We are doing our damndest to get it under control. I trust you are not in too much distress. Minutes before, while cruising at ten kilometres above the sea, Captain Moody had instructed his first officer to send a Mayday call to ground control in nearby Indonesia.

The date was June 24, 1982, and this extraordinary flight has since gone down in aviation history. As a new TV documentary investigating the so-called Jakarta Incident makes clear, nothing was quite as one might expect that terrible night. Incredibly, passengers and crew reacted to the captain's cataclysmic announcement not with screams and hysteria, but with an extraordinary calm as the realisation that they were almost certainly going to their deaths hit home. Looking out of the aircraft windows, they could see that their plane was coated in an eerie white fog and that the engines were on fire, with great jets of flame trailing it to the sky. The cabin was now filled with a thick, sulphuric smoke, and the mighty jetbucked up and down as if it were a piece of flotsam adrift on stormy seas.

Mothers moved to comfort their children, husbands reached for their wives' hands, and air hostesses worked their way down the cabin, reaming solo passengers with a companion to accompany them into the darkest of nights.

Hours before, the BA scheduled flight had taken off from Heathrow Airport. After the long check in, the 263 passengers settled into their seats, ordered drinks from the cabin crew, and prepared for the night which would take them to New Zealand via India, Malaysia and Australia. At the very back of the main cabin, Betty Tootell made sure her 80-year-old mother, Phyl, was comfortable, and then began to read the Jane Austen novel she had bought for the journey. Brought up in Britain, the pair had emigrated to New Zealand three years earlier, and were returning after a summer holiday in suburban London. Seated in front of her, James Ferguson was on his way back from a trip to the Holy Land, and was

looking forward to getting home. Some rows ahead, Charles Capewell sat with his two young boys, Charles and Stephen, seven. In a few hours, the family expected to be reunited with their mother in Perth, Australia.

On the flight deck, the crew were fresh and alert. They had taken control of the lay-stopper in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Captain Moody had had his first taste of flying at the age of 16, when he took a gliding lesson. He was one of the first pilots ever trained on the Boeing 747. First officer Roger Greaves had been a co-pilot for more than six years, and Barry Towseley-Freeman was flight engineer. As the jet flew over the Indonesian city of Jakarta, it was cruising at more than 36,000ft and had been in the air for an hour and a half. Expecting an easy flight, Captain Moody checked his weather radar, which showed smooth sailing for the next 300 miles. Against that, all was well, he asked Greaves to take charge while he took a break and stretched his legs.

In the cabin, chief steward Graham Seiver had observed excessive smoke in the air. Back in 1982, it was still legal to smoke on jets, and he was concerned it may have been a smouldering cigarette. In the cockpit, the flight took an unsettling turn. First Officer Greaves said: 'Barry and I were just sitting there minding the shop, pit dark night, of course, and then we started to get these pinpricks of light on the windscreen.' His engineer, Towseley-Freeman, asked whether it could be St Elmo's Fire - a natural phenomenon sometimes seen when planes fly through highly charged electric thunderclouds. The only thing was, there were no thunderclouds that night. The radar showed a clear sky. Alarmed by this turn of events, the two men were further disturbed to see, with the help of their landing lights, a thin layer of cloud surrounding their plane. Back in the cabin, a shudder of turbulence shook passengers as they slept. Breaking off from her book, Betty Tootell glanced to her left, where she had a clear view of the next wing. 'To my surprise, it was covered in a brilliant, shimmering light,' she recalls. 'I carried on reading, but I found that I kept reading the same paragraph over and over. I then noticed that thick smoke was pouring into the cabin through the vents above the windows. I didn't know what was happening. Neither did the crew.'

They decided it was time to call their captain back to the controls. The smoke filling the plane smelt like a sulphuric electrical smel, recalls Moody. 'I went on the flight deck expecting to hear that we had some electrical smoke from the aircraft.' Suddenly, Greaves said: 'Oh my Lord. Look at engine four! It's lit up somehow.' The captain was distracted, however: he had just noticed that the engine on his side was illuminated. Ahead of them, they appeared to be flying into a sheet of brilliant white light, and

the temperature within the aircraft began to soar. Twenty-five years on, Skinner describes the scene: 'It got really, really hot,' he says.

You were perspiring, drenched in sweat. The acid smoke filling the cabin was at the back of your throat, up your nose, in your eyes - your eyes were running. Most of the passengers now realised that this was no regular flight. Charles Capewell told his young sons to dove the blind on his porthole, and accepted an air of calm as his blood ran cold. He says, 'As young as they were, they knew we were in bad, bad trouble and they looked at me as if to say: "Well, what do we do now, Dad?"' In the absence of an explanation, the cabin crew showed many passengers in a bundle of efficiency, offering blind reassurance to passengers in an attempt to stop the air of latent panic igniting. Chief steward Skinner explains: 'If I was misleading them, then that was for a reason, because I didn't want them to get as upset as I felt. I just couldn't believe what was happening, and yet I was chatting to the passengers, saying: "Nothing to worry about. It's just a little hiccup."'

By now, the passengers could see the extent of the problem with their own eyes, however. Betty Tootell says 'There were huge flames coming out of all four engines. You were plagued by questions: Are we going to burn to death? Are we going to choke to death on the smoke? What's causing it? What are they going to do about it?' As the fire engulfed the engines, one of them revved loudly and tailed. Recalling the drill he was taught as a young pilot, Captain Moody began to shut it down. Next, engine two tailed. Then the unthinkable happened. The engineer ordered the death knell: all four engines had failed. In the cabin, the most ominous sound of all filled the air: a rumbling, grating noise almost like a cement mixer, followed by total silence. Flight 009 had entered that rarefied void. It was falling from the sky. Passenger Charles Capewell says: 'The queerness was unbelievable. It seemed eerie and surreal, as if we were suspended in space. All we could feel was this quietness and the whimpering from the few people who were really upset.' So what puzzles through the human mind as you stare death in the face? The passengers of Flight 009 offer a unique glimpse.

Tootell, who has written a book, *All Four Engines Have Failed*, on passengers' response to their near-death experiences, recalls: 'The atmosphere in the cabin was very tense and very quiet. At first, it was raw fear and disbelief, and then after a while it turned to acceptance. We knew we were going to die.' In the cockpit, the crew fought to control the giant glider that the 747 had become. Crews radioed a Mayday warning to Jakarta control.

Initially, they failed to understand the message - seemingly unable to comprehend such a

catastrophe. He repeated the warning, in the international format drilled into every flight crew: 'Mayday, Mayday, Jakarta control. Speedbird nine. We have lost all four engines. Repeat, all four engines. Now descending through flight level 350.' Even without its engines, a 747 can travel forward ten miles for every 1,000ft it falls in altitude. With no power, flight 009 had begun a long, excruciatingly slow fall. The crew realised they had less than half an hour before they hit the sea.

Moody says: 'When all engines stop, you go into automatic mode. Obviously, we had practised this on the simulator many, many times. He began the standard engine restart drill, and decided to turn the crippled craft back towards the closest airport, his outside Jakarta - but a quick calculation told him that they would not make it without at least one functioning engine. As pressure within the cabin fell, oxygen masks dropped from the ceiling - an automatic emergency measure to make up for the lack of air. But some did not work. Moody took drastic action: to prevent his passengers dying of oxygen starvation, he went into a nose-dive, dropping 6,000ft in one minute to an altitude where there was enough oxygen in the outside atmosphere to fill the cabin enclosure. And quite unexpectedly, his action almost certainly saved the lives of every person on board. Suddenly, engine four roared back into life. As the plane fell past 13,000ft, another engine came back into action, followed by the other two.

The crew were euphoric, though when one of the four engines tailed again, their fears continued. With three engines operational, the plane closed in on the airport, but its problems were far from over. Moody could see nothing outside - the windshield glass had been damaged. Landing equipment on the ground which could help them was not working, and the crew had to land the plane manually. With consummate skill, the pilot guided the aircraft to a perfect landing. The airplane seemed to kiss the earth,' recalls Moody. 'It was beautiful.' Safely on the ground, passengers hugged each other and applauded the crew. But what had happened? How had all four engines failed?

The result of a forensic investigation into the incident was to change pilot training around the world. Engineers at Rolls-Royce found that the engines had seized up because the plane had flown through a cloud of volcanic ash.

There had been an eruption of the Mount Galunggung volcano southeast of Jakarta that day. Wind had blown a cloud of ash into the path of the plane and the finely ground particles of rock had sandblasted the aircraft and choked its engines. The volcanic cloud did not show up on the radar because it was composed of very dry material, unlike weather systems which are detected by their water particles.

By dropping into clear, denser air, the crew's efforts to restart the engines paid off, as the volcanic material was blown free.

Tom Casadevall, director of the U.S. Geological Survey, says: 'We've incorporated this learning into training. Pilots now know to look for signs including the odour of sulphur in the cabin and frictional electrification on the leading edges.' In the months following their brush with death, the crew of flight BA 009 were showered with awards and commendations.

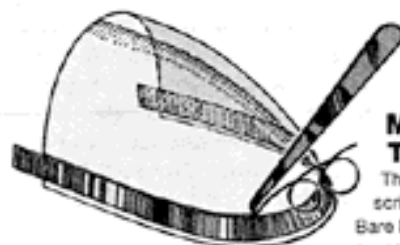
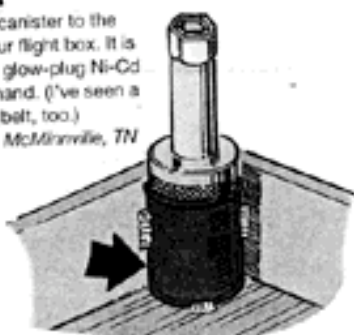
With passengers, they formed the Galunggung gliding club, which enables survivors to stay in touch to this day.

And there was one happy postscript. Now 81, Betty Tootell went on to marry James Ferguson, the man who sat in the row in front of her. 'Life is full of surprises,' she says, from her home near Auckland, New Zealand. 'James and I married 13 years ago and we feel we're still on honeymoon. That night, I learned to count every day as a bonus.'

NI-CD CADDY

Hot-glue a 35mm film canister to the inside or outside of your flight box. It is a great holder for your glow-plug Ni-Cd and keeps it ready at hand. (I've seen a canister attached to a belt, too.)

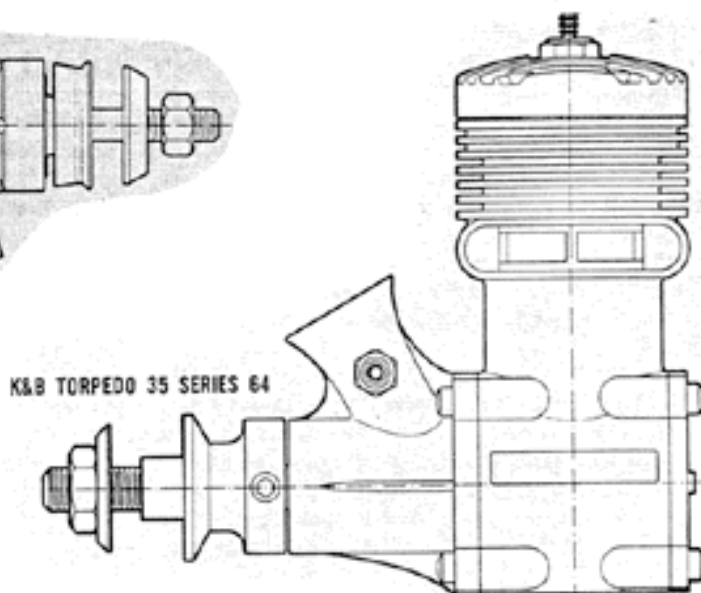
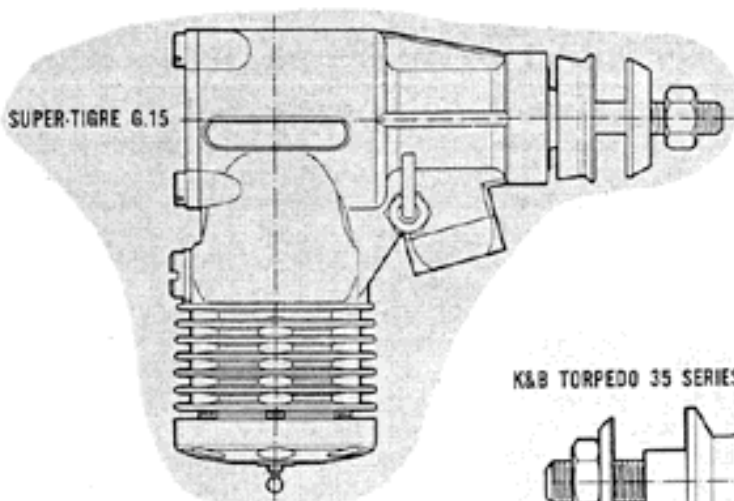
Marty Waldron, McMinnville, TN



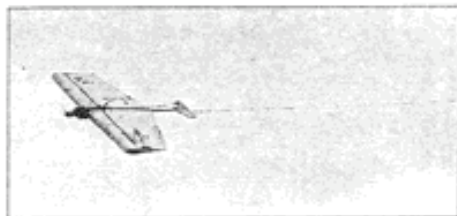
PLASTIC MODEL TECH TOOL

This plastic modeler's scribing tool from the Bare Metal Foil Co. is very useful for trimming molded parts because it creates a clean "snap line" after plowing out a thin, curly scrap of plastic. Outline the area to be trimmed with the hard, plastic label tape that's used in Dymo lettering machines, then use the edge of the thick tape as a guide.

Colin Cameron, Graylake, IL



Hobby connects way out pilots



By INARA VERZENIEKS
THE OREGONIAN

I can't tell you how many times I have been out to Delta Park since I moved to Portland 11 years ago — during the soccer season, it can feel like at least a couple of times a week — and yet I had never noticed the large paved circle at the northwest corner of the complex until this past weekend.

Despite the cold and wet, the area was humming. Literally. A loud, and constant ZEOOOOW — ZEOOOOW, like an endless chorus of Weedwackers. This, it turned out, was the home turf of the Northwest Fireballs, a group of men (and a handful of women) who like to fly model airplanes. The Fireballs specialize in control-line model airplanes, which means the plane is attached to a braided, stainless steel cable, making it less "passive" than flying a radio-controlled model airplane, club president Mark Hansen says. "You have to move around with the plane. If you don't move around with it, you're in trouble."

On this particular weekend, the club was hosting its annual Jim Walker Memorial Spring Tune-Up tournament (named for the man who invented the first control-line model airplane, right here in Portland, and who donated this land where they now fly). One man popped out of a bubble-trailer holding a canister of airplane fuel as I walked up: "I drove all the way from Pasco, Washington, to do this for the first time!" he crowed. I was about to make a comment about how dedicated these people must be to this hobby to drive such distances, to brave hand-chapping cold to fly planes together for a few hours, but Hansen beat me to it.

"You need to ask people here the hard questions," he



RANEY L. RASMUSSEN/THE OREGONIAN

Control-line model airplane flying

Ken Burdick of Seattle (left) tangles with David Miller of Pasco, Wash., in the air-combat competition.

said. "Like: 'Have you ever quit a job because of model airplanes? Have you ever been divorced because of model airplanes? Do your daughters still talk to you?'"

"What he's trying to say in a round-about way," club member Jim Cameron interrupted, "is that this can quickly become an obsessive-compulsive disorder that we should all get therapy for..." They laughed.

Behind them, men set up for the combat portion of the tournament — "the testosterone event," as Hansen put it — where participants, flying their planes at high speeds, attempted to slash streamers from their opponents' tails.

"This is where you have a very high rate of attrition: midair collisions; lines tangle and they crash," he said. I watched as men laid out tarps and tool kits with an intense precision, as though preparing an operating theater. They clearly anticipated blood.

It was all I could do to keep up with the action in the sky: The planes swooped, turned back on each other in wild chase. Bits of streamer floated down, like ash. One minute a plane would be aloft, and then suddenly, it would freeze for a half breath, and then drop dramatically to the ground, its nose embedding deep in the soggy grass with an awful thwack!

Across the way, another group was engaged in an event at the opposite end of the spectrum from combat: precision aerobatics.

One participant, Bruce Hunt, a science teacher at McKay High School in Salem, explained that this was much like the compulsories in ice skating, where you attempt to perform a series of specific maneuvers with your plane as precisely as possible, and you are scored by judges on how closely you come to the ideal — the same series of patterns flown since 1956.

The planes in this event are beautiful, too, obsessed over for months. Hunt's plane, made of balsa wood, paper and paint, and sanded and shaped countless times, until it weighed a mere 55 ounces, occupied his life for much of one winter, he said.

Together, we watched as one by one the first competitors stepped up to the circle. This was not a pastime for anyone with any kind of balance disorder, I decided: As the planes looped around and around — flying upside down, performing figure eights, the men stood at the center of the circle, turning around and around with them.

I asked Hunt how he came to this particular hobby, and he told me this story: He had loved flying model planes as a child but had stopped as a teenager. And then, on his 50th birthday, his wife took his old plane down from the attic, where it had been "gathering dust," Hunt says, and presented it to him, along with some fuel and a tool kit. Then he took it down to the same field where he had flown as a kid. That was 11 years ago.

The plane above us circled around again.

For more information about the Northwest Fireballs, call 503-255-6471.

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Please notify the editor of any corrections that need to be made!