



# IAC Chapter 15

## Monthly Newsletter

FEBRUARY 21, 2011

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 2

### **Calendar of Events**

*Chapter Meeting  
February 2, 2011  
7:00pm  
Executive Beech-  
Signature  
Charles B. Wheeler in  
Downtown KCMO*



Here are the delayed minutes from the November 2010 meeting:

### IAC 15 Meeting Minutes: 11/15/2010 Submitted by Dave Maine

We met at Executive Beech at the Downtown airport at 7pm. Attendees included Grant Wittenborn, Nan Funkhouser, Brian Von Bevern, Rod Flinn, John MacVarish, and Dave Maine.

Treasurer's report: No change.

Trailer: No change.

Christmas Party: Will be at Mark and Brenda Lea's home Dec 4.

Nan is not getting emails from the chapter website. Grant will investigate.

Officer elections: Will be done at the Christmas Party.

John Ostmeyer and Paul Thomson are working on gaining FAA approval for a waived aerobatic box at the Ottawa airport (OWI). The IAC 15 box will remain at IXD.

Our next meeting will be the Christmas Party Dec 4 at Mark and Brenda Lea's home.

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### IAC 15 Meeting Minutes: 01/17/2011 Submitted by Dave Maine

We met at Executive Beech at the Downtown airport at 7pm. Attendees included Grant Wittenborn, Lee Crites, Bill Coiner, Nan Funkhouser, Brian Von Bevern, John Ostmeyer, Paul Thomson, Tony Schuetz, Rod Flinn, Roy and Jan Thorton, Dave Pickett, Greg Shetterly, and Dave Maine.

Lee reported a balance of \$11,794.91

IAC is considering a change to the sanction fees for contests. They would be prorated according to the number of contestants. This would help reduce the financial risk of rain-outs, and the current situation of small contests subsidizing large ones.

IAC is considering a change to the IAC Judges School program. The first day of school would be taken online. The second day could be a webinar or an actual class. John Ostmeyer will check to see what direction this is going, and will propose a Judges School

for IAC 15 that aligns with IAC's direction.

Grant and Paul will be working on our IXD box waiver renewal. We agreed to raise the top of the airspace from 4,000 agl to 5,000 agl, to accommodate high diving box entries. There was talk of expanding the "to the surface" waived space beyond the boundaries of the box, to give the higher categories wiggle room for exiting the box below 1500 agl. However, we decided that it might complicate the approval process, so we will probably leave that part of the waiver unchanged.

Barnstormer 2011 planning:

- Proposed date is Aug 27-28. KC airshow will be the weekend before.
- Greg Shetterly volunteered to be Contest Director.
- Paul suggested that the east box boundary marking could be improved by placing a spare marker near the SE corner, without getting into the crop field. We typically have no SE corner marker because of the crops.

John Ostmeyer, Paul, and others are considering working toward a low altitude waiver and FAST (formation) certification, so they can do some local airshow work this summer.

Grant got a call from the Make a Wish foundation, asking about the possibility of an acro ride for a 12 year old young man. Paul will see if he can help them. We agreed to cover the cost of that flight, as donation from IAC 15.

Greg knows of a couple of used chutes for sale.

Ron Albertson's father passed away recently. He was 97. Grant will send Ron a card from IAC 15.

Roy Thorton mentioned that [www.nationalairraces.net](http://www.nationalairraces.net) sells a DVD that includes some Harold Neumann air racing history and interviews. He offered to loan his copy to any of our members who would like to see it.

Our next meeting will be February 21, 7pm at Executive Beech, at the Downtown airport.

## **LOW & LOADED**

By Scott McGinnis

### **Premonitions**

Once upon a time-I found myself all strapped-in an Ag-plane that had the engine recently overhauled and only three hours break-in flight time logged since. There was another Ag-plane working the job with me, and it was hotter than the guts of an active volcano. We were spraying a sweet smelling pesticide on a huge citrus ranch called 'Arrowhead Citrus Ranch', in NW Phoenix, Arizona. It was going to require a few days, many loads each day for both pilots in order to complete the job, and our engine oil temperatures were riding right at the red-lines. The 'Grower' requested we keep flying through-out the entire day, in spite of the terrible heat, and there was no wind to keep the

sprayed pesticide moving away from each new pass across the trees. It was unbearable in the cockpit, but we were asking more from our engines than from our human bodies. We were also mixing into the application more than one type of fertilizer for plant growth benefits.

In case the reader is interested: When the blossoms fall from the citrus tree, and shortly thereafter, little green bolls appear that starts its growth into becoming an orange, tangerine, grapefruit, lemon, etc. Then, tiny white flying insects called thrip begin to explode in population and they jab a little pipe from their heads into the new formed fruit sucking a small amount of juice from it. This actually doesn't harm the fruit in any way, other than leaving a tiny spot on the skin, and one that grows larger as the fruit matures. However, it's the customer in the store that hand picks each fruit leaving behind those with the little spots on it. The pesticide cost four times as much as the application price which was around a buck seventy per acre at the time. It must be applied at the right time to be most effective.

At full throttle lift-off was a bit precarious since we didn't have a very long runway, because of the heat, and our make-shift runway was soft sand. It was, however, sloped downhill a bit, and that helped some. Lift-off was followed by another problem: a 300 foot mountain directly in line with the departure, which required a turn of more than 90 degrees while trying to get the plane flying up on the 'step'. Into the job a few loads, and after completing the take-off left turn from north to southwest I was crossing an east/west blacktop road that went westbound to the ranch office, I was flying at about ten feet above the trees, and I remember looking down at the blacktop road thinking how I would try to get down between the citrus, between the wires that crossed the road every so many feet, and all this in the event of an engine failure. At the exact moment I planned for the emergency landing-the engine quit completely without any warning what-so-ever! I then immediately executed the emergency just as planned, and the strange thing is it came within one second of the planned one. Follow? In the next issue I'll finish the story, since it's a rather windy one. At the time of this incident I never once told anyone what I was thinking when the engine quit, and as you will see when I tell the remainder of this episode, I'm sure glad I didn't. It was as strange as anything I've ever heard about, let alone actually happening to me. To be continued.....SM

#### **From one editor to another:**

I was reading the 2/1/11 issue of In The Loop and saw where editor Reggie Paulk asked the question about flying RC's and whether they were a help or not in improving aerobatic skills. Unlimited National Champion Jeff Boerboon was of the opinion that they were definitely a help to him. It makes me think about the pilots such as myself who either don't have an aerobatic airplane or just aren't skilled enough to fly the maneuvers alone, and it seems like flying RC's would be a real possibility for improving skills and just plain having fun. Most "masters" at their art whom I have studied with myself or read about usually suggest somewhere the technique of "getting outside of yourself and watching yourself perform" at whatever task you are attempting to master. I have personally done this with performing on the French Horn (with my KC Symphony job) and with my equestrian skills, such as dressage and jumping. "Watching myself" has always proved very helpful to me, and I believe I recall at judges' school John Morrissey talking about it also, particularly in regards to flying a round loop. Hmm, maybe I should look into getting myself an RC. Or better yet, maybe we could expand our play days to include RC aerobatics for those of us who love aerobatics but find ourselves grounded for whatever reason- Nan

## HAROLD HISTORY

the boundary of the field I released the button but the engine did not respond when I advanced the throttle.

I touched down with the engine idling, glup, glup, glup. I rolled to a stop out in the middle of the field, and when the engine wouldn't take the throttle so I could taxi in I cut the switch and climbed out. A race official drove up in the official car. He hugged me and shouted. 'You won! You won! You won the Thompson Trophy! That's how I found I'd won it.'

Roscoe Turner's engine had blown up at the end of the race and he'd landed trailing dense black smoke with flames coming back from under the engine cowlings.

"At first I was sorry to win it that way," Harold recalled. "But I felt if I'd had a good start and gotten to that scattering pylon first I could have beaten him anyway. As it was, if I hadn't used my head and a little strategy, I wouldn't have been there waiting when Roscoe's engine gave out.

We found the vibration had been caused by a broken brace with wire on the tail. The airplane was strong enough to fly without it. It was no idle claim when Ben named his planes DGA-1, DGA-2, etc. They were Damned Good Airplanes.

The wires from the top of the elevator to the rudder are flying wires. If you lose one of these the airplane can come apart in the air. The bottom wires are the ~~landing~~ <sup>FLYING</sup> wires.

After breaking the wire during the race and deciding to continue I made wider turns around the pylons, pulling only about 2 g's. I had to change my strategy again during the race. I also flew at about twice the pylon height. I made my racing turns according to the speed and the plane. Even when I cut the pylon close I didn't pull hard, but let the airplane fly around. I visualized the turns and flew them by feel. Sometimes conditions like traffic or turbulence required adjustments. It was fortunate too that it was a landing wire that had broken.

My mother didn't live to see my Thompson victory. My Dad was in the stands, though, and after the race he told me that when those 80,000 people got to their feet, calling my name and pulling for me as I came all the way from last place to win, he felt it had all been worth it." Harold's log book shows two entries: "30 minutes qualifying." "35 minutes Thompson Race."

"There was a lifetime of step by step learning experience involved in that 35 minutes of Thompson racing.

It started with the dream to fly and I then took that first step up the windmill ladder where I tossed the gander off the top. There was the trial and error learning to fly on my own, gaining confidence flying the Jenny at low altitudes. The early barnstorming days, balloon busting and the cross country derbies. The early races for OX-5 engined planes where I learned to make close pylon turns low to the ground. I built a reputation as a local hot pilot which brought me to Ben Howard's attention. He trusted me to fly his airplanes in airshows and the bigtime races. My experience racing in the Monocoupe helped prepare me for the "Mr. Mulligan" which was similar enough to be called a big Monocoupe.



I was lucky too, because others dreamed the same dreams I did, and worked just as hard. They were not as lucky and did not have the friends to help them that I did.

1935 was such a great year for us it seemed to me like someone up there felt like Harold and Benny had worked hard enough in 1934 and deserved it.

When I was looking around for a partner in life I knew I would need someone special who would be interested in my having a career in aviation. There was the love thing, too, and I would have married Inez anyway, if she'd had no interest in my flying, but she really proved herself as a partner.

We hadn't been married a year when I decided I could earn some money in a cross country handicap derby in our Travel Air. She cashed in her life insurance policy to pay the entry fee. To make a long story short I had many problems before the finish back in Cleveland. There were five prize places and I finished sixth out of sixty planes.

That love, interest and support never changed from Jenny to Jets, to my flying off to aerobatic contests today. She was there through the gypsy barnstorming years. She pulled those airplanes all over the country on a trailer when I was racing them for a living. During those 30 years I flew the airlines she was often alone with the children. Today when I get lazy about my flying she encourages me to go out and practice. Sometimes when I need to hear it she tells me I'm still the best.

Married 55 years, we are 50-50 partners. Without Inez I would never have accomplished as much flying success and realized as many dreams as I have. My greatest award is being alive to share the joy of living with you today."

Neumann 1985

14

20 Rosedene Avenue,  
Greenford. Middx.  
UB6 9SB  
England

30th April 1985

Dear Mr. Neumann,

After reading the first part of your experiences with the Folkerts SK-2 at the 1936 National Air Races, in the Summer 1984 number of the American Air Racing Society's Newsletter, it was no surprise to find that the second part of this story, covering the actual races, was so entertaining. In fact this word is quite inadequate : as soon as the Fall '84 number arrived I quickly re-read part one, then sat down and read the new installment immediately.

Notwithstanding my taking so long to write to you, I found those five and a bit pages were without doubt the most exciting and revealing piece about air racing that I have ever read. Your description of your two 375 cu in victories, the unbelievable closeness of everything - retracted wheels, engine, the ground on landing, other pilots during the race, coping with a leaking fuel tank - are all so very real that I felt I was in the Folkerts cockpit sharing that little canvas seat with you ... and I surely could smell those gasoline fumes!

The only comparable thing I've read has been Alex Henshaw's "Flight of the Mew Gull" which covers this excellent pilot's 1937 racing experiences in Mew Gull G-AEXF, his victory in the 1938 King's Cup Race with the same machine extensively modified and his still unbeaten record flight to Capetown and return in February 1939. It's in this last epic that the same feeling of immediacy is apparent, the same sense of sharing the cockpit and all the pilot's experiences. I don't know if you've ever had the pleasure of reading this first-class book?

By about the time you receive this letter the Spring 1985 number of the Newsletter will be appearing and you'll be able to read my thoughts on the 1936 NAR and in particular the participation of Michel Detroyat and the Caudron C.460. It was Rudy Profant who suggested I write this piece when I objected to some of the prejudice and mis-information about these subjects in Rod Nimmo's otherwise excellent recollections of the 1936 races. I've been researching Caudron aircraft, particularly the racing and record types, since 1960 and have known a number of the engineers involved in their design, including Marcel Riffard. Also finished in time for a mention in the Spring '85 Newsletter is my detailed scale drawing of Detroyat's Caudron : at least Rudy did say he was going to include a note about it.



A couple of minor points which are in fact covered in my Newsletter piece. It was Louis W. Greve rather than the Hendersons who invited Detroyat and his "Coupe Deutsch Racer" to Los Angeles : the Caudron C.460, as were all Coupe Deutsch machines, was entirely a private venture and by no means a "government plane". It was very much the product of private enterprise and capital: only after their success was the Air Ministry prize money awarded. On the other hand, you are surely right in thinking Detroyat was embarrassed at finding American racing pilots were mostly home-builders, but he could hardly back off or not fly to win.

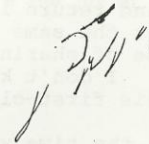
If you've any observations or objections to my piece in the Newsletter, please don't hesitate to write and say so. I do feel slightly impertinent in setting myself alongside them who were actually there.

May I look forward to hearing from you?

Yours sincerely,



J.H. Robinson



Respectfully submitted,  
Nan Funkhouser