

True Story,

It was a year 1997 that I finally managed to get myself into flying Model airplanes. I bought an Eagle II trainer kit and built it in my one bedroom apartment. It took me almost two month to build this. I used ultra-cot red florescent color with black trims; my trainer wing had extra dihedral, which made the plane more stable. Finally. I managed to put in all the radio and OS40 size engine equipment. Bill Cliff was my instructor. I was very anxious to get my wing therefore I took advantage of any free time to fly. The plane had engine problem but Bill and I finally managed to fix it. It was too close to my wings exam when the most unfortunate thing happened. It was a very bright day with a strong wind. I rushed to the field. Nobody was there. I looked at the wind socket and thought “the wind is very strong I can’t handle it.” I set up my plane, put some more elastic on the wing, looked around and decided to take my plane up. My take off was very quick and smooth. I flew around the field once and the second time around I could not recognize the direction of my plane. It was going too fast and the sun was shining in my eyes.

Soon I realized I could not bring the plane back and than it was gone. I throttled back and turn my radio off. The direction of the plane was unknown. I was very upset I had lost my very first plane.

Several days passed. On Wednesday I received a phone call from Cliff. He asked me if I had lost my plane. I said yes, and he laughed and told me my plane had been found. He told me I could retrieve it from another club member’s home. I rushed to his place; I could not believe it, my plane was setting in his garage without one scratch on it. I asked him, “How did you fine my plane?” He said, “Your plane was found by someone who lives in Barhaven” and he gave me her phone number. I went home first and checked my plane. It was amazing; there were no problems at all. It was very mysterious how this plane had not crashed. I called and thanked the lady who had found my plane. I asked her how she had found my plane. She told me, the plane flew to my place in Barhaven and was circling around our roof. Than it descended until it landed in our back yard.

How did it happen? My only explanation is that when I cut the power, the rudder must have been a little off center. The engine worked to the last drop of fuel and the wind took the plane to its direction. When the engine stopped running the extra dihedral of the wing was great help to keep the plane straight and level. The position of the rudder forced the plane to circle around, until the plane touched the ground. The plane survived many more crashes and I did get my wing with it.

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