

Stripes on a zebra...

Just as basic info....My Dad is in his early 80's and blessed to be still going strong and as playful as ever.

My Dad is the one whom introduced me to this amazing hobby and he did it quite early as I can't remember a time without model airplane of some kind and I'm now in my early 50's. To what I have been told I have "terrorized" his shop from the day I started walking!

Most of the time in my youth I had to inherit is old stuff for my project but as I turned 7 I got my own first radio an Ace Pulse Commander Single Channel and from that day in May '68 I have been flying radio controlled airplane. That transmitter case is now home of Phil_G Digimac 1+1 emulator and used in connection with an Adam actuator and the onboard pulser...but that will be another story to tell later.

Today I can probably say that there are no kind of models I haven't built and flown from the smallest indoor to 40% size IMAC powered with all kind of propulsion as CO2, rubber band, Coxes and diesels, nitro and gas engines, electric motors tiny as a feather to brick sizes and turbines.

Radio wise I have flown GG, Reed and proportional...but never escapement until now.

I sure knew what escarpment was/are as there are quite many in my nostalgia box not least due of my Dad whom has been flying R/C since 1949. The reason I'm flying escapement now lies in that Phil_G convinced me to also get one of his S/C emulators on top of other goodies I wanted from him.

As the electronic was completed quickly a Guided Mite was built on the side for the purpose of learning to fly S/C something as mentioned earlier I have never done!

Due of my lack of knowledge in the matter I went to see my parents and for this occasion Dad was more interesting to see. He looked carefully at what I had with me and while shaking his head telling me that today there are more reliable equipment like modern servos and 2,4 GHz then that old crap but sure was fun to fly in those occasion it worked properly! At this point I had to open the lid....somebody quickly changed opinion and with a big smile on its face we were heading to the flying field missing Moms Five O' clock tea and later almost missing dinner due of our late arrival back home.

I flew first the Mite and was quite satisfied of my achievement until Dad said he wanted to try. It has to be said that during my flight Dad lectured me to such extent that I almost asked him to...despite I realized that his comment were always ahead of the situation.

There is no way that my Dad had flown escapement for the last 60 years thus I was wondering how he would manage, sure Dad still build and fly model airplane but most of his planes and projects are of the more gentle kind giving a lot of forgiveness and time to think! ...but here we go after replacing the battery in the Mite I hand over the transmitter to Dad that after a couple of pushes on the bottom gives me the sign to launch the plane....

What happens then made me astonished as the "Old Man" flew that little plane around smooth as silk with a loops and rolls giggling like a Kid. More flight followed both in Sequential as Compound mode as

he was telling me all the secrets of S/C and remembered me that it's like riding a bicycle once learned never forgotten!

As we were heading home by car I realize that my Dad was keeping an eye or better both on the box where I carried "My Stuff" as he was calling up on his cell one of his best flying buddies known since the fifties, the good old days After ending the call he basically confiscated my radio with the S/C emulator and ordered a second one for his buddy and no objection from my side would have changed his mind but he agreed that I could keep the Mite if I would take out the electronic as there are plenty of better planes to fly by escapement!

As they say it's hard to wipe out the stripes on a zebra as also to teach an old dog new trick!

I wonder what's going to happen as I bring my Reed Emulator next time I will pass by and see him and Mom!

Last but not least I would like to take the occasion to show my appreciation to my Dad for the gift he gave to me in this hobby and that he is giving to my youngest son showing patience and dedication as he did with me. Fact of today is that my teen age son calls grandpa and ask him to be picked up so they can build together, go flying, visiting swap meets and so on and my Dad happily will take the car drive around 45 Miles and do so!













