



ARCS News



San Antonio, Texas

Alamo Radio Control Society

www.alamorcs.org

AMA Charter 603

December, 2023

CLUB FLYING SITE Is located just west of Macdona at 10025 Shepard Road

The next club meeting is scheduled for Tuesday, December 5, 2022, at 7 PM in the Acadiana Café, 1289 SW Loop 410. Christmas party!.

ARCS OFFICERS

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Chief Photographer

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Club Meeting:

Held the 3rd Tuesday of each month (except Dec)

7:00 PM to 9:00 PM

Tuesday. Acadiana Café, 1289 SW Loop 410

November Fun Fly

There wasn't one. Jim Witthauer said just in case he went to the field. Weather was atrocious. So he went home. Plenty of flying since that time but no photographers for the most part. Get set for the Christmas party. We'll be reporting on that the next newsletter.

In memory of Perry P. (Pete) Dubree Final flight, November 21, 2023

Pete Dubree, Alamo Radio Control Society member, was the beloved husband to Cherry, father to Teresa, Michele, Ken and Tom. A group of club members attended his memorial Sunday, December 3 and met Pete's family. There was a video featuring photos of Pete's life. It was clear he had two passions, his family and RC airplanes. His family talked of that passion. Pete was also a guitar player, something his RC club members were not all aware of. Here is what his wife, Cherry, posted about Pete:



Perry Dubree, served this country for 27 years.. in the Air Force. He retired as a Senior Master Sergeant. He was the Logistics Superintendent of 6922nd Electronic Security Squadron. One of his few hobbies was to fly Radio Remote Control planes, Bowling, and he was an avid fan of Nascar. He also likes to play guitar, and love the old style Country Music. People find him easy to get along with. Been married to him for 30 years. Very early on, I've learned that he also loved the people that i love.

Prior to his hospitalization on the 24th of October 2023, he got saved. He accepted JESUS CHRIST as his Lord and Saviour. So i know that he's in a better place now. Although he will surely be missed by us.. but him getting saved is, my great consolation. And i know that one day we will see each other again. That this was just a temporary goodbye.



President Bill Ponseigo presents a certificate for Pete's service as newsletter editor.

I joined the club in 2018, not long after my wife passed away and I took up RC flying after almost a 30 year hiatus. In order to get more acquainted with the membership and the club, I volunteered to do the club newsletter when Pete Dubree announced he was looking for a replacement. It didn't take long for the train whistle to blow and I was appointed Pete's successor as editor. I went to Pete's house and he transferred the files and gave me some dual-stick time doing the next newsletter. He had a really organized way of getting things done. I met Cherry then. Thanks to his coaching, I was able to continue doing the job.

Most of my interaction with Pete after that was at the flying field. He was there whenever the weather permitted, and sometimes when it didn't.

Pete had a way of adding color to what would otherwise be a run-of-the-mill flying session. Even his family spoke of it. Don't get me wrong, Pete was an experienced and good RC pilot. It is just that sometimes his airplanes did not cooperate. Most of the time I knew him Pete flew jets and was a card-carrying member of what the club calls the "Jet Mafia." His crashes were often spectacular. Not sure how many "crash of the month" awards Pete got at club meetings, but he got his share. Sometimes the event featured parts of the aircraft falling off in flight. While a good pilot, some would suggest that building was not Pete's forte. I didn't witness many of the events but I was present for one particularly spectacular crash.



Pete and the now veteran T-33, his car in background

In addition to his propeller-driven planes, Pete flew a variety of swept-wing jets. He favored a Mig 17 I think it was. He also had an assortment of F-86s. A few of them made unplanned contact with the ground. He'd patch them up and head on back to the field. We all do that. Pete had a real turbine powered jet, or more than one. He did have the special AMA certification to fly them. I saw him fly one once at the field. Impressive. I heard later he had an accident where the turbine-powered plane crashed and burned off the east end of the runway.

A couple of years ago at the field Pete told me he'd recently had cataract surgery. He happily said now he can see. I thought at the time that explained some things. If he had been flying by ear, he did a good job of it.



Pete and his turbine powered plane

Then there was the time Pete went swimming in the pond. It wasn't intentional. I think there were 4 of us at the field, me, Lupe Talamantez, Bill Ponseigo and Pete. Pete had been flying while the rest of us, as usual, were talking or looking over one of our planes and not paying attention. Pete had landed and walked out to retrieve something that had fallen from his plane in the neighborhood of the pond. We didn't pay attention. After a few minutes I looked up and spied Pete emerging from the pond, looking like the creature from the black lagoon (we old-timers know what that is). He had fallen into the pond, luckily didn't sink in and was able to crawl through the mud to get out. He was covered with black mud and slime, and it smelled to high Heaven. We grabbed paper towels or whatever and went out to help him, he couldn't see very well with the mud on his face. He wiped his face off. It was winter and the water at the pavilion wasn't turned on. Bill P. knew where the main valve was so went and turned it on. We were relieved Pete was safe and hadn't drowned. We hosed Pete down, had a towel from somewhere and so he got cleaned off, except for his clothes. The clothes were mud-stained and still smelled of the rotted stuff from the pond despite our almost drowning Pete trying to hose it off. What to do? Pete didn't want to get that stuff all over his car.

Then Lupe came to the rescue. Lupe had a bag of clothes in his car he was going to donate to Goodwill after flying. As luck would have it, a pair of trousers and a shirt just fit Pete. Not sure if there was underwear there. Anyway, Pete ducked into a phone booth and changed into clean, non-smelly clothes. I believe he then packed up and went home to recuperate and get a real bath. I'm not sure Cherry would have let him in the house without our impromptu flying field shower. Like often happens when someone escapes danger, it was funny once it was over and Pete laughed with the rest of us. Of course I took photos, but didn't publish them. I will put some more photos below.

Since I've been a member of the club we've lost a number of our senior members. We miss them. We will miss Pete, perhaps more for the moment because he was so active and flew with us up to the end. So long Pete, fair winds and smooth landings.

Jim Neff

No meeting minutes this issue/

More Pete Photos







Field Work Day, December 2, 2023

A good group showed up last Saturday, December 2, for a work day. The group moved a lot of sand, using it to fill in cracks in the runway and pit areas. The plan is for the sand to settle in, filling some of the deep cracks so that a top of either an epoxy mix or oil based sealer will do the rest, filling and leveling the cracks. Not saying they're growing large, but some could soon house a hanger-full of RC planes. OK, not quite, but the cracks can be a hazard if the wheels of a plane fall into one. Here are some work-day photos....



