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August 09



The Prez Sez

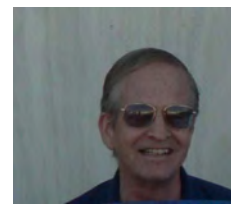
Another month has gone by very quickly without much flying in my airplane. As most of you know, this is somewhat unusual for me. I did fly five kids in our Young Eagles activity that Larry so expertly coordinated. Thanks you Larry! It was fun for me to fly the kids, especially two of them who had never flown. It is a great experience to give someone their first flight. One of the children seemed to be quite concerned about flying. It was obvious that he was curious enough and really wanted to go flying but, at the same time, he was very apprehensive. It was amazing to observe the change in his behavior once we became airborne. He had a great smile and was constantly looking out the window making sure he did not miss anything.

Other than the Young Eagles, I just flew locally a few times, including some night flights. I will be going to Nashville with a friend in the next couple of weeks so, that will be a nice, long cross country. I use a combination of www.Skyvector.com and the flight planner from AOPA to plan my trips. Both of those are

very useful in their own way. In Skyvector you can see the actual sectionals. In the AOPA Flight Planner you can work your routes and keep them in their server. This way, it is very easy to try different routes and have them ready. You find out some interesting things as well. For example, going to Nashville without using the airways and just skirting the Atlanta airspace, is only 19 statute miles shorter than the same trip using the airways. With two yoke-mounted GPS units there is no real need for me to use the airways. However, I do have two NAV-Com units that will hopefully be put into service soon, when I start my instrument instruction, and for 19 miles, it is worth the practice. So I will be making the trip using the airways and improving my “traditional” navigation techniques. The GPS units will still be there but it will be fun to navigate using the VOR’s.

Hope to see everyone at the meeting and for sure, on the first Saturday at the breakfast.

Alberto



By Kip Anderson

How I Got Started In Aviation

I have been interested in airplanes as far back as I can remember. The “Need for Speed” may have been what drove me in this direction because I didn’t like to wait for anything. I grew up in a little town in southeastern Connecticut on the Mystic River called Noank. Our family grew up sailing and from the time we could walk we were on boats all summer long. My parents had a number of sail boats over the years and we would spend the weekends sailing on Long Island Sound. The sailing I liked best was when the wind was blowing and we were heeling over with the rail down, crashing through the waves at top speed. There were many times there was little or no wind and we would just be drifting along. That is when I would see the airplanes flying over head. My father gave me a book that contained a picture and specifications of all the current light planes. Pretty soon I knew by the sound what plane was flying over head, how fast it was going and what engine it was powered by.

One of my favorite places we sailed to was Sag Harbor, which is on the eastern end of Long Island. In the shipyard there was a little model shop with all kinds of models, especially balsa wood airplanes. I would save up my money just to buy a model there and bring it back to the boat to build it. Another harbor we sailed to frequently was Block Island, Rode Island. One weekend my father took my older brother and I out to the airport for a sight seeing tour of the Island. We went up in a Cessna 195. I was about 6 years old and it was my first airplane ride. I remember sitting in the back seat, but all I could see was the instrument panel way up high and I wondered how the pilot could see anything out front. My next ride was a sightseeing flight from Martha’s Vineyard Airport in Massachusetts. We flew in a Beach Craft Bonanza and I was about 10 years old. I had no idea at this time that two key events in my life would occur on this island.

A year or so later I discovered that the navigation charts used for sailing showed airports near the coastline. As soon as we got to a new harbor and dropped anchor my new mission was to check out the nearest airport and hike there to watch the airplanes. Sometimes this was a much longer hike than appeared on the chart. This was how I got my airplane fix up until I was 15. In July of 1960 the family was on vacation and sailed down to Martha’s Vineyard where we dropped anchor in Oaks Bluff Harbor. Checking the chart there was an Oaks Bluff Airport a few miles from the harbor. Off I headed to the airport, but there was a little difference this time.

I had saved my money from mowing grass and painting houses. I arrived at the little grass strip with a bright yellow J-3 Cub parked in front of the hangar. I went into the little office and asked the lady if I could take lessons. To my surprise she said “sure lets go”. She took me out to N98370, showed me how to preflight and got me into the back seat. She told me to hold the brakes, crack the throttle switch on and with a swift pull on the prop the engine sprang to life and I was at the controls. She climbed in and directed me out to the end of the runway. She instructed me to hold the brakes, run the engine up and check the mags, check the controls, check for traffic release the brakes and we were off down the run way. I was finally flying!! So on July 24, 1960 I began to satisfy “The Need For Speed”. We flew for 30 minutes and then landed and taxied in. I was about as high as a 15 year old boy could be. I got a log book and Carolyn Cullen CFI 55241 signed off my first lesson. As soon as the paper work was complete, I asked for another lesson and off we went flying for another 30 minutes. When I returned to the boat and my family, they were happy for me but not that surprised. I guess that’s what I mostly talked about. I got in two more hours in the J-3 Cub before we sailed back to Noank. Life key event number one was fulfilled.

The nearest airport for me to continue taking lessons was Trumble Field in Groton Connecticut. The field was about 3 miles from my school. When I had saved enough money, I would walk from school to the airport and take a lesson and then my mother would come pick me up to drive me home. Then devastation! I went to take a flight physical and I failed. I failed the color vision test. It felt like the end of the world had come. I guess I should have expected it, since colorblindness runs in both my parents families. At school I was teased by asking what color was the school bus and I would just answer the same color as a Piper Cub. Fortunately, I had a flight instructor who knew all the right contacts and he got me set up for a color lights test. We flew up to Bradley Field in Connecticut and an FAA examiner drove me to the farthest end of the field and said watch the tower. It looked an awfully far away. Pretty soon there were flashes of colored lights and I named them off as they flashed, at least the color I perceived. Fortunately I guessed right and passed my physical. Now I took lessons every time I saved enough money and the weather cooperated. A year after my first lesson my instructor Bill Parrish asked me how old I was and I said I was 16. Why didn’t you tell me? I don’t need to be riding around with you. He got out

of the plane with the engine still running and said go fly. It was on July 6, 1961 and I made my first solo flight. I could fly any time and didn't need to pay for an instructor. In today's dollars \$10.00 an hr does not see like much but it took a lot of lawn mowing, house painting and odd jobs to fly for an hour. I needed a more steady supply of income to keep flying.

Coastal Airways was the FBO and had several pilot/instructors, a mechanic, and some times a line boy. I checked on getting a job there. They said I would have to get working papers and didn't think I could get them to work at an airport at age 16. I went to the town hall to get working papers and they asked what I would be doing. I said just washing airplanes. They checked their list and said that was ok and gave me the papers. I went back to Coastal Airways and the mechanic Bill Thistlewaite said go punch in and fuel up the 5 airplanes on the line. That was the start of 8 years of work at an airport as a line boy, mechanic and pilot. So at 16 I was driving around a thousand gallon 115/145 gasoline fuel truck and servicing or fueling hundred thousand dollar airplanes and never thought much about it. Just a normal job to me. Being around the airport I occasionally got to go on freight trips and log time in a Beach Craft Bonanza, Twin Beach, Cessna Skymaster and Piper Apache and Aztec. Most of my flying was in Cessna 150's and 172's. I wasn't going sailing much now because of spending most of my time working at the airport.

In August of 1962 I got a call from my father who was cruising with a group of other sailboats. One boat had broken down and needed a part that was only available in New London. He asked if I could get it and fly it to Martha's Vineyard? A rescue mission! I got the part but all of Coastal's airplanes were booked. I called New London airport where my old instructor was now working and he said there was a Tri Pacer available. After one landing checkout I was off to Oaks Bluff Airport to deliver the critical part. Someone was there to sign off my log book. It was Carolyn Cullen, my first instructor. The part was delivered and successfully installed. I returned to New London from my first freight run.

The next year in April of 1963 I got my Private Pilot License and now I needed to build my time for my Commercial License. I was able to build time because my family seemed to need to be ferried to the Islands to meet with the cruising boats or to New Hampshire to my Grandparent's cabin on Lake Winnepesaukee.

Working at Coastal Airways was a great job for me and with school, family and dating it was my second home. I started in the back of the hangar sweeping and cleaning and when the owner came by he was really impressed, not enough that he gave me a raise though. Allegheny Airlines had several flights into

Groton but never took on fuel. I asked them why and they said they never could count on someone being there especially at night. I gave them my home phone number and usually checked in with them as well. One night I was on a date at the movies and when I checked in with them and they said they would need fuel for the 10 PM flight. My date and I left the movie drove to the airport, climbed into the fuel truck and greeted the arriving flight. It was one of their old Martin Airliners with over the wing fueling. After topping off the fuel the crew said they needed oil, 5 gallons for each engine. It was now close to 10:45 PM and my date had an 11:00 PM curfew. We drove back to the hangar and I got her home on time. I guess it is lucky I did, she is now my wife. I went to the airport and got ten 1 gallon cans of oil loaded on the truck and headed back to the terminal and the Martin. This was in the middle of winter and New England is really cold. I climbed up the ladder to the wing and loaded one gallon at a time into the engine. It took until 2:00 AM to get all the oil loaded. After that I got Coastal to stock bulk oil and 5 gallon pails. Allegheny became regular customers while I was there, but the owner never acknowledged this except to say we were selling alot more fuel. I was getting valuable experience overhauling engines while working with the A&P doing inspections and repairs. We also had some regular air taxi customers. One of the regular customers was a Minister who had a Sunday Morning 9:00AM service on Fishers Island. He would arrive at 8:30 every Sunday. One morning none of the pilots showed up and he was in a panic. I said I could fly him there but couldn't charge him for the flight. I punched out on the time clock and flew him to Fisher Island and he made the service. I did that a number of times because Sunday Morning was not a good time to get partying pilots to work.

For my Commercial License I needed a long cross country I decided to fly out to one of the colleges I had applied to in Ohio. The weather checked out good and I took off in the clubs Cessna 150 which had one com/nav radio and basic instruments. After about 2 hrs I was having trouble keeping the to/from indicator centered. I had to keep turning further and further north to keep it centered. It was really getting bumpy and the clouds were building. I climbed on top of the clouds and was now starting to run low on fuel. I finally got a weather update and the wind had shifted to the north at 60 knots with lowering cloud ceiling. I was only making 30 knots over the ground and thermals were bouncing me all over the sky. The mountains of Pennsylvania are not a good place for a forced landing and I was running very low on fuel. I found a hole in the clouds so that I could at least get down without crashing into a mountainside. I was more than just concerned because I figured the engine was about to run out of fuel with both indicators below the red. I was following the OMNI to

Wilksbury Airport. Through the haze I spotted the airport and headed for the nearest runway, successfully landed and pulled up to the fuel pumps. I do not know if the fuel pumps were in correct calibration but he put in 23 gallons into a 22.5 usable (26) gallon tank. I called the University and said I was weathered in and would try to get there tomorrow. The next morning I flew on to Kent State University. I called and said I had arrived at the airport. The Dean of the College of Arts and Science came out and picked me up and gave me a personal tour of the University. After my near death experience I got a hero's welcome. I guess it is unusual for a high school student to fly 800 miles in their own plane to check out a school. My return trip was a beautiful flight at 12,500 ft and 4hr 25 min. I did get accepted into Kent State University. I don't know if it had anything to do with my flight out but it probably helped.

Before getting my commercial license I had one other very memorable flight. My older brother Peter had been accepted into the Peace Corps and was to fly out of JFK on September 16, 1964 to Cameroon, West Africa. I volunteered to fly him to JFK and being adventurous he agreed. We took off out of Groton in the flying clubs Cessna 172. The plane had seen better days. It was functional but tired. It was a beautiful clear day. Nearing JFK, I called approach control and they cleared us in and turned us over to the tower. It was not as clear as we approached, but as I turned final I could see the contrails of a 707 approaching from the right turning final. The tower requested I increase my approach speed. I pushed the nose down and headed for the numbers. Peter was watching the 707 bearing down on us belching smoke out all 4 engines. The tower was requesting I increase my speed and land at the 2nd high speed turn off. We were flying in ground effect just over the runway. I chopped the throttle and touched down as I was making the turn on the high speed turn off moments before the 707 rolled by us. I switched to ground control and got directions to the transient terminal. My brother thanked me for the ride wondering if his Peace Corps adventure was going to be this exciting. My departure and return to Groton was uneventful. When he returned 2 years later he didn't request I come pick him up. He did say the most exciting of all his Peace Corps experiences was flying into JFK with his younger brother.

In 1965 I went off to Kent State University in Ohio to study Aerospace Technology. I didn't get much flying in except when I came home at Christmas, Spring Break and Summer when Coastal Airways always seemed to have a job waiting. In the summer of 1965 I really made a push to get in all my requirements and on August 21, 1965 I got my Commercial License. At first Coastal would only let me fly freight but when they ran out of available pilots I got to fly the milk

runs to Fishers Island and Block Island. In the fall I returned to school and whenever I came home on a break I always got to fly passengers which continued through the summer of 1968.

The year before finishing college I took time and sailed with my family to Martha's Vineyard and in the harbor at Edgar Town near Oaks Bluff I proposed to my wife and she accepted. We were married on July 6 the same date I soloed 8 years earlier. We have been together ever since beginning with 4 years in the US Air Force, building hovercraft and launching the Space Shuttles.

For more history come to the Wednesday evening EAA 866 meeting and hear more of the life story of Kip Anderson.

July Meeting

Alberto announced that for our next meeting we may have as our guest speaker the Executive Director of the local airport Authority, Mr. Michael Powell. Member Curtis Langholz is back and showed for our July meeting. He said he is glad to be back and is ready to get to work on his Murphy Rebel once again. Kip Anderson reported that he is working on the fuel system and battery box for his 6cyl Jabiru powered Sonex project.

Ben Charvet said he is ready to hang an engine on his Pietenpol. Has just finished center section of wing. Said he has custom made decals of a flying pelican for on the fuselage.

Gene McCoy announced that someone had been in his hangar at Dunn while he was in Alaska. A member wanted to tell him how to rig a wired up shotgun to find out who this is next time. Gene didn't take the advice though.

Bruce Hotz said that he has test run the engine for his project. After this plane is flying he wants to build an experimental B17 and needs a partner. – whoa There was no treasurer's report because the treasurer was away on vacation. (wonder where he got the money for that)

Meeting ended and we ate Loretta's home made ice cream with strawberries and Angel food cake. – whoa

July Breakfast

This was held on the fourth of July and quite a few of our regular fly ins didn't show because of other fly by commitments for celebrations. We still served 92 folks.

Grill races were scheduled but had to be cancelled because during the pre race inspection they found an illegal suspension modification to Jerry's grill. Kip and Larry said "if they're gonna cheat, we ain't racin no more!"

Things went well and a good time was had by most!

Young Eagle Rally

What a fun time it was for us to do this. We had the perfect volunteers to man the event. Kip had his computer there and printed the Y-E certificates right on the spot. Amy Bolton saw to it that all the paperwork was in order for the kids to participate. Loretta had cookies, coffee, and water there and Don Bolton brought a pile of fresh bagels for refreshments. Larry Bierman was there at the registration table to assist where needed too. Les Boatwright was in charge of handling the kids once they were registered and Ben Charvet had his Baby Ace on the line and taught the kids on how and airplane works. (ground school) Mark Oriza assisted Ben and Les with the ground operations. Loretta was taking pictures to document the goings on. Seven planes and pilots gave first time airplane rides. Fred Burgess with C172, Steve Miller with C152, Alberto Silva with C172, Rod Gier w/ J3 Cub, Don Bolton and his Stearman, Don Garrison w/ Bonanza and me with Fancy, 7ECA Citabria. All of the kids wanted to fly with Don and the Stearman!

All I can say is we all had a good time and gave 27 Young Eagles their first plane ride. A great success. The grounds of Dunn Airpark were neat and trim too.

The pictures tell the story better than a thousand words. See pictures at end of letter.

Did you like Kip Anderson's story? How about a story from you, about yourself? How about a story about your first solo? Here, I'll even start it for you;

My First Solo

By

Alberto and Alberta

Chapter pres. Alberto gave a ride to our most senior chapter member, Alberta Rich. Alberta was celebrating her 93rd birthday. It has been a long time since she had control of an airplane but she handled her well according to Alberto. You see Alberta is a pilot and soloed in 1938. Her husband and fellows at MIT built an experimental airplane named the "Rich Twin" in the late 30s.



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**Chapter Full Breakfast
Sat. Aug. 1, 2009 8:00am
Bldg. 10
Dunn Airpark, Titusville, FL (X21)**

**Monthly Meeting
Weds. Aug 5, 2009 7:30pm
Bldg. 10
Dunn Airpark, Titusville, FL**



Ben hand props Rod Gier's J3 for young Eagle ride



Look at that Young Eagle face!



**Ben Charvet conducts “ground school”.
Steve Miller and new Young Eagle. Who has the bigger smile?**

