

DO YOU FEEL LUCKY?

This Month Meeting

Will be held in our hangar on Monday the 9th at 7:30pm.

Bob Crowley will continue where Bob Baird left off, molding aircraft parts from plastics. Bob C. is a Master Dental Technician and works with dental plastics. This should be very educational! Refreshments will be served, bring a friend.

Agenda:

Hangar sign, Old Buzzards Fly-out, Chapter Fly-In, Hangar Improvements.

Last Month:

8 members and guests in attendance.

OLD BUSINESS:

We need to pole members on the time for the Old Buzzards BBQ.

We need to do more planning and research on the construction of the hangar sign.

NEW BUSINESS:

A motion was made to have a Chapter Fly-In/Breakfast on Sat. the 15th of Sept., by Tom Warren, seconded by Bob Crowley, Passed by show of hands.

The booth at the Apple Fest was tabled for more information by the Board.

Bob Baird stated that he would set up one or two nights a week to work on Chapter aircraft projects.

The Prez Sez

By
Bob Baird



Do you feel lucky?

Clint Eastwood said this staring down the 14 inch barrel of a stainless steel 45 magnum. The movie scene was in the mean streets of LA. A captured hard core criminal was on the pavement. The hammer on the 45 magnum was laid back at a right angle to the hand grip of the super sized peace maker. There was absolute silence in the theater as Eastwood's knarred index finger toyed with the trigger. There was an evil sneering curl on his lips.

The large black hole of the business end of bone fragmenting, face smashing, instant death weapon was almost touching the nose of a criminal, "Do you feel lucky, punk?" Was there one round left in the chamber? Were all six shots fired on just five? "Try me," was the implied question. "Do it! Maybe today is you lucky day. Or not."

Members of #865 ought to feel lucky. We do it! We pull it off. We toy with the ultimate toys. The ultimate home made, do it yourself, projects. We build flying machines! This tops anything short of a home made Scud missile in your garage. We build full scale we ride'm and we fly'm airplanes. Our hobby has everything from

(Continued on page 2)



Contents

- 1 Meetings, Prez Sez
- 2 Prez, cont., March Meeting Topic
- 3 The Mustang
- 4 Disclaimer, Calendar, Misc.

Chapter T-Shirts

Sizes: S-M-L-XL

\$10

Profit goes to the Chapter
Pick some up at the meeting



(Continued from page 1)

weird to wild. We fly the hot stuff, the mild stuff, old stuff and the new stuff, because we have the right stuff. For example, the combined age of the three planes in Randy Rentz's hangar is 180 years and they all fly! I feel lucky to be part of this movement.

If you think I'm a bit odd or a bit crazy you're probably wrong. I'm all pumped up because we have

such a great summer ahead of us. We ought to put a big sign up on the 865 EAA hangar door that says AIRPLANE FACTORY! HARD HAT AREA! Think of this. We are going to finish a MiniMax this summer at the hangar which is now about 80% done. After we get it flying we are going to take it to Barron Lake with a set of home made pontoons. We'll make some trial runs to set up the proper angle

of incidence and then, *we'll see if we're lucky*. I don't think we could ever have more fun than getting the angle of incidence on the floats figured out by trial and error. After that we will start production on four Boredom Fighters. We could have four fuselages and 16 wings done by fall. Throw a KR-2 in if we have time and then who knows what. Can you imagine the stir if four completed Boredom fighters were parked out side of our hangar?

There is much more to talk about with a great chapter meeting coming up. We are going to have a lot of visitors to see the plastic molding demo by Bob. We also want to welcome new members Bob Rodgers and Jerrod Berdue. Jerrod wants to build a Boredom Fighter and that make five potential builders. We're gonna crank out some WW-1 fighters this summer. Cha Ching!

Molding Your own Parts

March meeting topic

At our March meeting, President Bob Baird, put on an interesting demonstration on how to mold a hand grip for your control stick. Bob is a "jack of all trades" and master of them too. He made his first hand grip by mixing up a batch of Bondo (Bob owned Meeks Auto Body Shop before Glen Meek bought it) and grabbing the gob with his hand until it was almost set. Then he trimmed and molded it to his liking. He wanted something a little more sophisticated and wanted to make more than one, so he carved out another one and using some expanding liquid foam,

made a female mold. He then cut it in half, and coated the inside with wax. Then a gob of Bondo was prepared and carefully, to prevent bubbles, worked into each side of the mold. Carefully, and some guide marks would be wise here, put the two sides together and clamp. The Bondo will set up quite fast and be hard enough to remove in a few minutes. You don't want it too hard, so you can trim and shape the part without a lot of sanding.

On the front page and below, are some pictures of Bob, going through the process. It took only minutes to go from a gob to a grip.

If you have been putting off paying your dues, because you were going to pay at a meeting. Try to make the next one. It will be interesting, and we'll have some working capital for our sign and activities



The Mustang **By Lea MacDonald**

Emailed from Denny Demeter to the Barfing Dogs NL

-- I found the author of this story and you can find her email info and postings at:

www.rense.com/general69/p51.htm

It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a Mustang P-51 was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. airport, the pilot had been tired.

I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her, it was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by. The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man, his wavy hair was grey and tossed . . . looked like it might have been combed, . . . say, around the turn of the century. His bomber jacket was checked, creased, and worn, it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal (Expo-67, Air Show) then walked across the tarmac. After taking several minutes to perform his walkaround check the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up, just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- "If you see a fire point then pull this lever!" I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked -- I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard-built Rolls Royce Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others' faces, there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge, we did. Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre flight runup. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds, we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway, we could not. There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar

ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose---something mighty this way was coming. "Listen to that thing!" said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellish fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we'd just seen. The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston radio calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Kingston radio, go ahead." "Roger Mustang. Kingston radio would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show! The controller looked at us. "What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking . . . I couldn't forgive myself!" The radio crackled once again, "Kingston radio, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston radio, we're coming out of 3000 feet, stand by." We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze.

The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze . . . her airframe straining against positive Gs and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air. At about 400 Mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with an old American pilot saluting . . . imagine . . . a salute. I felt like laughing, I felt like crying, she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded . . . then the old pilot pulled her up . . . and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest projecting an aura of America at its best. That America will return one day, I know it will.

APRIL 2007

APRIL, 21

Ionia

Ionia County Airport (Y70)

7:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.

Plane Wash and Pancake Breakfast.

Proceeds support the Ionia Composite Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol. \$40 single/\$50 complex airplanes and twins. Reservations required at

<http://ionia.miwg.cap.gov>.

Sponsored by the Civil Air Patrol.

Contact Jonathan Reid 269-953-0429.

MAY 2007

MAY, 6

Owosso

Owosso Community

Airport (RNP) 11:30 a.m. -

2:00 p.m.

Owosso Airport Association "Spring Fling" fly-in lunch. BBQ pork sandwiches.

Sponsored by the Owosso Airport Association. Call Lance Little 989-725-3871.

MAY, 13

Napoleon

Napoleon Airport (3NP)

7:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.

Fly-in breakfast.

Sponsored by the Napoleon Lions

Club. Call Dick Tallman 517-536-4476.

MAY, 13

Alpena

Alpena County Regional

Airport (APN) 10:00 a.m. -

2:00 p.m.

"Second Sunday" fly-in lunch. All you can eat for \$5.00.

Sponsored by EAA Chapter 1021. Call Ray Bock 989-354-5465.

MAY, 19

Traverse City

Cherry Capital Airport

(TVC) 8:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.

NMC 3rd Annual Flapjack fly-in.

Sponsored by the Northwestern Michigan College Aviation Division. Call 231-995-1220.

MAY, 19

Kalamazoo/Parchment

Triple H Airport 12:00 p.m.

Spring Fly-in pot luck lunch. Meat provided, bring a dish to pass.

Rain or shine.

Contact Ann at 269-385-1836 or love2fly@chartermi.net.

MAY, 20

Port Huron

St. Clair Co. Airport (PHN)

Fly-in pancake breakfast.

Sponsored by EAA Chapter 979. Call G.L. Nichols 810-300-1140.

MAY, 20

Benton Harbor

Southwest Michigan

Regional Airport (BEH)

7:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.

Fly-in/drive-in breakfast.

Sponsored by EAA Chapter 585 and the Taildraggers Flying Club.

Call 269-463-5532 or 269-468-5530.

MAY, 26

Chesaning

Howard Nixon Memorial

Airport (50G) 11:00 a.m. -

4:00 p.m.

Annual Brats 'n Dogs fly-in, in conjunction with the town-wide attic sale and "trash to treasure days."

Sponsored by EAA Chapter 697. Call Gerald Morford 810-513-4255.

**Happy
Holiday**



Calendar of Events

April 9—Chapter Meeting, Hangar

May 14—Chapter Meeting, Hangar

June 2—Chapter Event, Old Buzzards BBQ and Fly-out, Where Members get to go Flying!

June 11—Chapter Meeting, Hangar

June 24—Chapter 865 Fly-In / Breakfast

**FOR DETAILS ON ABOVE EVENTS CALL
RALPH @ 269-684-0972**

visit these web sites

<http://www.skycontrol.net/>

<http://www.adventurepilot.com/>

<http://www.donateyourplane.com/> (They also sell stuff)

Pilots Progress is published each month by Experimental Aircraft Association Chapter 865, Inc., located in Niles MI. The contents are for the use, education and enjoyment of the chapter. No claim is made for the accuracy of materials presented. Editorial content is the opinion of the contributor and does not necessarily reflect the position of Chapter 865 or the EAA. Members are encouraged to submit articles for publication. Other EAA Chapters may use articles for publication, as long as credit is given. Meetings are held at our Chapter Hangar, east side of the airport on Lake St., Niles MI, unless otherwise stated in the newsletter.

PRES.: Bob Baird (269-684-7209)

VICE-PRES.: Dick Haigh(269-695-2057)

TRES.: Dale Neddeau (269-663-6194)

SEC./NEWSLETTER: Ralph Ballard (below)

**Submit Articles to: P.O. Box 444, Niles MI 49120
269-684-0972 - E-Mail, raphyboi02@sbcglobal.com
Hangar Maint. DIR.: Jim VanHulle (574-271-8533)**