

Thanks Jim and Dad

Sept. Meeting at our hangar on Mon. the 11 TH, 7:30 PM.

On the agenda:

Apple Festival

Christmas Party

Presidential Election

Members are encouraged to bring a piece of their aviation memorabilia to share with the membership.

Last Month

We met in Jim Martins hangar.

No formal business meeting.

Insulating and partitioning a workshop has been tabled until further notice.

Jim Martin and his Dad provided a great meeting experience in their spacious hangar last month. Their PT-19 looked like it just came off the production line, as it sat in the middle, with the lights reflecting off its silver paint. Jim gave an interesting and enlightening talk about the restoration process. It seems the plane sat in a barn for some time, before the first restoration. Then a pilot from southern Indiana had it until he had to move and put it up for sale. That's when Jim and his Dad purchased it. One interesting note was that this PT was manufactured by the Aeronca Company.

They also provided a tasty assort-

The Prez Sez

By
Jim
Coffman



ment of snacks and drinks for us. We thank them for their wonderful hospitality.



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Jim Martin and the PT-19 that he and his Dad restored, with help from former Chapter 865 member and president Ed Hawthorn. Jim said that the airframe was in pretty good shape. The fabric was replaced and 14 coats of Stits products were applied.



Bobs 1941 Rearwin Skyraider

Bob's Dream Collides With Reality

By Bob Baird, Part 1

There is a truly delicious prelude to buying or building an airplane. I think all of us can identify with the youthful dream of being a pilot, a real pilot, a pilot who owns or builds his own beautiful mechanized dream machine. We dream to experience the freedom and fantasy of flight in our own aircraft--to soar on the wings of a mechanized eagle--the perfect bird that would be the bridge between the dreams of fantasy flight and the reality of our own phenomenal world. For each of us in the EAA and especially in Chapter 865--there is that eagle spirit within us to soar on the high winds among the crystalline cirrus to distant destinations. I dream of the various destinations I could go to and the prestige of flying there in my own beautiful airplane, if only to buy a hamburger, a bowl of chili or a steaming cup of coffee. With an airplane, far away places become

near distant shores. The dream is so good that the dream itself is worth dreaming about.

But the many choices of which airplane to buy or build and brings us to the harsh reality of compromise. Every time we choose a design feature, each choice eliminates other choices. No airplane ever designed flies well at high mach numbers and lands slowly on rough surfaces. No airplane can carry six passengers with luggage at high and/or low altitudes, with room to sleep in and yet burn just a little cheep fuel--such as used crankcase oil. No big bad ass fast airplane is maintenance-free; they all require an A&P to do the maintenance. No airplane can skate by without an annual inspection or without a medical to fly it. And what can we afford? If we can only afford a used Weedhopper, there is no sense of dreaming of flying at FL 35 with cirrus clouds. With a Weedhopper, an all day cross-country is to Kalamazoo and maybe get back! There go those dreamy near distant shores. So buy-

ing or building an airplane ultimately requires some harsh, dream-slashing compromises and a real leap of faith to actually do it.

This story is about my dream of airplane ownership, my leap of faith to actually do it, and the realities of buying and owning my first vintage airplane.

On April 3, 2006, a deal was made between Bill Ortman and myself to buy Bill's long-time labor of love--his 1941 Rearwin Skyraider. I remember seeing this Skyraider years ago during a Chapter 865 field trip. I never imagined for a minute that I would some day own it, so I didn't have a lot of interest in it when I first saw the Skyraider other than I just thought that it was interesting to see an airplane that was built the same year I was born. Then, years later, Ralph Ballard steered me towards it on an e-mail sent out to the Chapter 865 members: Bill Ortman is selling his Skyraider. Wouldn't it be nice to keep it in our Chapter 865 in Niles, Michigan?

I called Bill and he met me at the hangar. When I arrived, Bill was filling the flat tires with a hand pump. The Skyraider was covered with hangar dust. She looked as if she had sat there for years. But it was love at second sight for me when saw the Ranger sitting there on its tail wheel with the fuselage pointed towards the hangar door in a skyward attitude. Fly me! she seemed to whisper to me. Youthful (and possibly unrealistic) dreams were sweeping through my mind and winning my desires over. I wanted to fly this plane, I wanted to wash this plane, I wanted to set her free. I wanted to buy it!

"Miss Piggy"

By Diane Fairchild (Joe Landy's daughter)

I have never before attempted to collect and write down my thoughts about my family background of pilots, and the effects it has had on my life. Now as I turn it all over in my mind, I am beginning to see what a profound impact it has on me.

My grandfather received his pilots license in 1935. Which, at that time, he was considered a pioneer in local aviation, such as flying down to the Miami races in 1936 in a J2 piper cub, which did not have flying instruments to go by, was quite an accomplishment. In 1939 my great-aunt received her license and flew until her later years. My father carried on the tradition and received his license in 1950. It then skipped my Generation, and then my daughter received her license in 1996 at the age of 17. In 1981 my daughter Jody, was first introduced to airplanes at an air show at age three. For the first time in her young impressionable life she saw many types of airplanes maneuvering in the skies above her. She especially remembers the large red and white Stearman bi-plane named "Miss Piggy" which was very loud. The engine was so loud. It scared her and she started to cry. putting her hands over her ears. As the years have gone by she still remembers "Miss Piggy".

My daughter is now twenty-one. and when I look back at the accomplishment she has done at such a young age, being able to fly an airplane, is so astounding to me. I have always wanted to learn to fly but never had the time. Seeing her go through much during the time she was taking lessons, for example she was still in high school keeping her grades up, cheer-leading, track events, and still managing to keep up with her flying

lessons. She would stay up late at night and into the early morning studying for her flying exam and the next day passed with flying colors. Finally the big day arrived for the family to see her solo. Everyone standing around nervous and anxious for the big moment when she would fly by us. The next thing we knew she was up in the air as if she had been flying for years. The sense of freedom and a closeness to God while she flew. As a mother, I was up there with her in spirit knowing that's how she felt flying, and that she would be fine. With tears on my face I

was so proud of that same little girl who was once afraid of "Miss Piggy",

Albert Gardner homebuilt an RV-9A. Currently building an RV-10.

We camped next to Albert at AirVenture. This is in response to an email that I sent him.

Ralph, good to hear from you. Just got back from a 10 day trip visiting grandkids. Went up to Idaho, Oregon and California. Stopped in at Van's in Aurora, OR to see the factory. Had a good time and the plane flew well. I drove to Oshkosh because I thought I had a bad cylinder but when I got home and spent some time looking at it, everything seemed fine. My buddy who flew his RV-9A to OSH left Wed morning as I did but spent 2 nights enroute because of weather so I beat him home by a day. Enjoyed the time with you guys and all the stuff there. Now I'm looking hard for an engine. Here's our web page <http://www.eaa590.org>

Albert



Top— Jim gave us a talk on his PT-19. His Dad is sitting in the corner by the door.

Bottom—This picture doesn't do justice to the sight we saw with our eyes.

Pilots Progress

P.O. Box 444, Niles, MI 49120-0444

Calendar of Events

Sept. 16: Nappanee Airport, Apple Fest

Oct. 9: Chapter 865 Meeting

Oct. 7: Octoberfest, Wolverton Field

Nov. 13: Chapter 865 Meeting

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

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