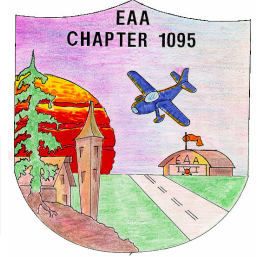




# 45° North



Gaylord, MI

EAA Chapter 1095—[www.eaa1095.org](http://www.eaa1095.org)

March 2007

## President's Corner

by Vic Briley

Hello fellow flyers:

For those of you who missed the last meeting, you missed a very enjoyable talk with George McCutcheon. It wasn't a lecture or formal presentation. It was a round table discussion about his time spent serving in World War II flying the B-17 and other planes. It was a real eye-opening discussion. Can you imagine jumping out of a disabled plane with parachute in hand putting it on while free-falling? The escape hatch was so small you had no choice. We hope to hear more from George at future meetings.

We have a nice get-together planned for this month. Tom Kellogg has invited us to his home hangar where he is building his Challenger kit plane. I was there at his Halloween party shortly

## 1095 Founder Honored

by Phil Curtiss

Jack Kinney was presented with his Honorary Member certificate. A small ceremony was held at McReynolds Hall. Joe Hartley and Phil Curtiss along with several of Jack's friends gave Jack his certificate.

Jack then gave us some history lessons on the forming of the Chapter. He also entertained us with some war stories and other hanger flying incidents.

Jack will be added to our mailing list so that he can keep up with the Chapter and its doings. You might want to stop by McReynolds sometime and visit with our founding President.



**Joe Giving Jack the Certificate**

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**Next Meeting Mar. 14, 2007**

**Tom Kellogg's Home  
(map on back page)  
Board at 6:30pm  
Chapter at 7:00pm**

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# 45° North, Chapter 1095 Newsletter

[www.eaa1095.org](http://www.eaa1095.org)

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45° North is being sent by both the U.S. Post Office and by email. Those of you that agreed to the email version will not receive a paper copy. You will be sent an email telling you where to find the newsletter.

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Mail for the Chapter or its officers should be directed to:

EAA Chapter 1095  
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 Gaylord, MI 49734-2223

## Coming Events

- Mar 14**      **Board Meeting at 6:30pm at Tom Kellogg's Regular meeting follows.**
- Apr 11**      **Board Meeting at 6:30pm at the Airport. Regular meeting follows.**
- May 9**        **Board Meeting at 6:30pm at the Airport. Regular meeting follows.**
- Jun 23**      **Aviation Day at the Airport**
- Jun 24**      **EAA Breakfast and Young Eagles**



# February Meeting Minutes

President Vic Briley called the Board of Directors meeting to order at 6:57pm. Attending were Vic, Wally, Joe, and Ken.

The Board held a discussion on the hanger purchase. A final decision was not made at this time.

Joe made a motion to accept the January minutes as published in the newsletter and this was supported by Wally. Motion carried.

The March 14<sup>th</sup> meeting will be a potluck dinner at Tom Kellogg's place.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:30pm.

The regular member's meeting was called to order by President Vic at 7:30pm.

The group discussed the Air Fair that will be held on June 23 and the Young Eagles event on June 24.

Plans were made for the Potluck Dinner to be held next month at the home of Tom Kellogg. The following volunteered to bring:

Joe	Beans
Jon	Potatoes
Vic	Soda
Phil	Hamburgs and buns
Ken	Hotdogs and buns
George	Potato chips
Tom	Home brew

Treasurer Joe reports a balance of \$2,408.52 in the bank.

The motion to adjourn was made by Wally and supported by Jon. Motion carried and the meeting was adjourned at 9:15pm.

Joe Hartley  
Acting Secretary

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## President's Corner—continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

after he took delivery of the kit. I am anxious to see what kind of progress he has made. At any rate, it is a good excuse to have a party. While many have gone south to enjoy the warmer weather, the rest of us have to contend with knee deep snow and would like some social activity. It is potluck style and we hope to have a whopping good time. Please check the food list, make a dish and bring a friend or two.

Hangar update; the county board of commissioners has voted unanimously to sell the old terminal building to us for the offered amount. We are waiting for the airport to remove the equipment presently being stored in the building and then we will sign the final paperwork and it will be ours. We have agreed to paint the building

and replace the roofing within one year or the building will revert back to the airport. This will require some commitment and fund raising to accomplish this goal. I hope everyone is up to the challenge. We have permission to put Jack Kinney's Sonerai aircraft kit in the hangar before we have official ownership of the building. We will need a group of volunteers to make the move. We will make the arrangements at the March meeting at Tom's place.

Warm weather will be here before you know it. We would like some suggestions for future trips, outings, fund raising events, etc. We would like to hear any input you might have.

Keep the blue side up!

Vic Briley

# Ground Speed

By Brian Schul (a former Sled Driver)

Reprinted from *Av-Gas Exhaust* (EAA Chapter 159)

There were a lot of things we can't do in a SR-71, but we were the fastest guys on the block and loved reminding our fellow aviator of this fact. People often asked us if, because of this fact, it was fun to fly the jet. Fun would not be the first word I would use to describe flying this plane—intense, maybe, even cerebral. But there was one day in our Sled experience when we would have to say that it was pure fun to be the fastest guys out there, at least for a moment.

It occurred when Walt and I were flying our final training sortie, we needed 100 hours in the jet to complete our training and attain Mission Ready status. Somewhere over Colorado we had passed the century mark. We had made the turn in Arizona and the jet was performing flawlessly. My gauges were wired in the front seat and we were starting to feel pretty good about ourselves, not only because we would soon be flying real missions but because we had gained a great deal of confidence in the plane in the last ten months. Ripping across the barren desert 80,000 feet below us, I could already see the coast of California from the Arizona border. I was finally, after many humbling months of simulators and study, ahead of the jet.

I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Walt in the back seat. There he was, with no really good view of the incredible sight before us, tucked with monitoring four different radios. This was good practice for him for when we began flying real missions, when a priority transmission from headquarters could be vital. It had been difficult too, for me to relinquish control of the radio, as during my entire flying career I had controlled my own transmissions. But it was part of the division of duties in this plane and I had adjusted to it.

I still insisted on talking on the radio while we were on the ground. However, Walt was so good on many things, but he couldn't match my expertise at sounding smooth on the radio, a skill that had been honed sharply with years of fighter squadrons, where the slightest radio miscue was grounds for beheading. He understood that and allowed me that luxury. Just to get a sense of what Walt had to contend with, I pulled the radio toggle switch and monitored the frequencies along with him. The predominant radio chatter was from Los Angeles Center, far below us, controlling daily traffic in the sector. While they had us on their scope (albeit briefly), we were in uncontrolled airspace and normally would not talk to them unless we needed to descend into their airspace. We listened as a shaky voice of a lone Cessna pilot who asked Center for a read-out of his ground speed, Center replied; "November Charlie 175, I'm showing you at ninety knots on the ground." Now the thing to understand about Center controllers was that whether they were talking to a rookie pilot in a Cessna or to Air Force One, they spoke in the same, calm, deep, professional tone that made one feel important. I referred to it as the "Houston Center voice," I have always felt that after years of seeing documentaries on this country's space program and listening to the calm and distinct voice of the Houston controllers, that they basically did, and it didn't matter what sector of the country we would be flying in, it always seemed like the same guy was talking. Over the years that tone of voice had become somewhat of a comforting sound to pilots everywhere. Conversely, over the years pilots always wanted to ensure that, when

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## Ground Speed—continued

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transmitting, they sounded like Chuck Yeager, or at least like John Wayne. Better to die than sound bad on the radio.

Just moments after the Cessna inquiry, a Twin Beech piped up on frequency, in a rather superior tone, asking for his ground speed in Beech, “I have you at one hundred and twenty-five knots of ground speed.” Boy, I thought, the Beechcraft really must think he is dazzling the Cessna brethren.

Then out of the blue, a navy F-18 pilot out of NAS Lemoore came up on frequency. You know right away it was a Navy jock because he sounded very cool on the radio. Center, Dusty 52 ground speed check, before Center could reply, I’m thinking to myself, hey, Dusty 52 has a ground speed indicator in a million-dollar cockpit, so why is he asking Center for a read-out? Then I got it. ‘ol Dusty here is making sure that every bug smasher from Mount Whitney to the Mojave knows what true speed is. He’s the fastest dude in the valley today and he wants everyone to know how much fun he is having in his new Hornet, and the reply, always that same, calm, voice with more distinct alliteration than emotion: “Dusty 52, Center, We have you at 620 on the ground,” and I thought to myself, is this a ripe situation, or what?

As my hand instinctively reached for the mike button, I had to remind myself that Walt was in control of the radio. Still I thought, it must be done-in mere seconds we’ll be out of the sector and the opportunity will be lost. That Hornet must die and die now. I thought about all of our Simulator training and how important it was that we developed well as a crew and knew that to jump in on the radio now would destroy the integrity of all that we

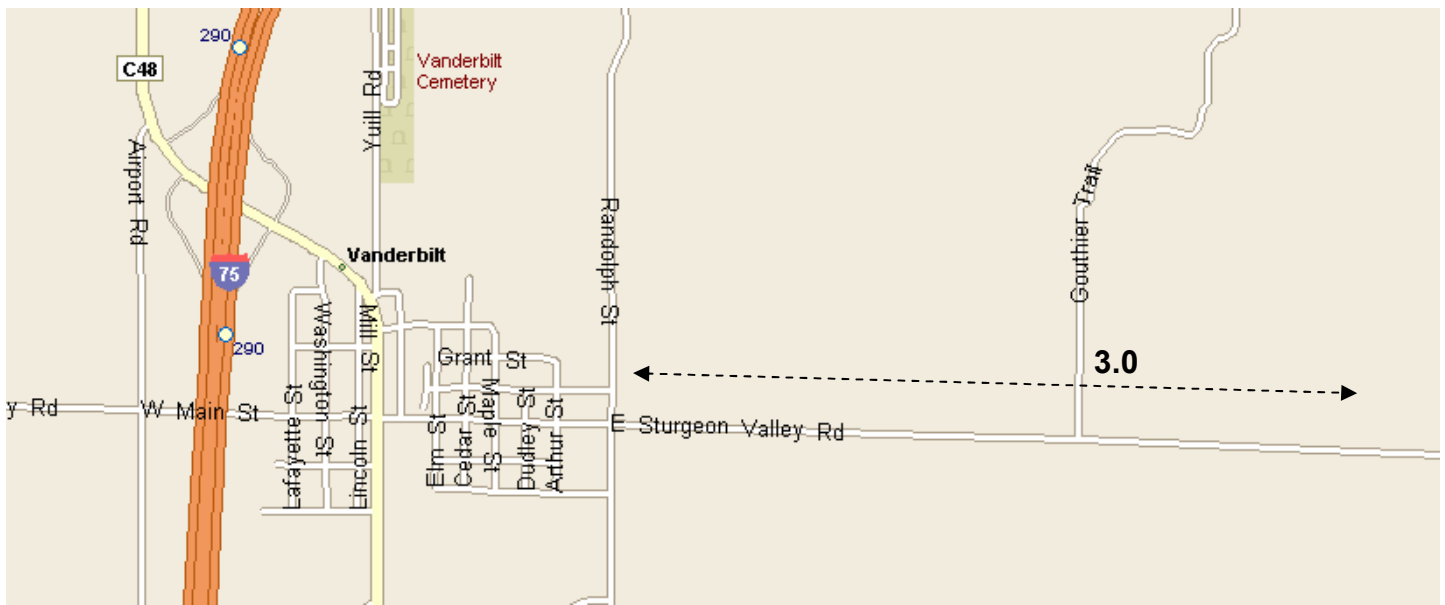
had worked toward becoming, I was torn.

Somewhere, 13 miles above Arizona, there was a pilot screaming inside his space helmet, Then, I heard it-the click of the mike button from the back seat. That was very moment that I knew Walter and I had become a crew.

Vary professional, and with no emotion, Walter spoke; “Los Angeles Center, Aspen 20, can you give us a ground check?” There was no hesitation, and the reply came as if was an everyday request.

“Aspen 20, I show you at one thousand eight hundred and forty-two knots, across the ground.” I think it was the forty-two knots that I liked the best, so accurate and proud was Center to deliver that information without hesitation, and you just knew he was smiling. But the precise point at which I knew that Walt and I were going to be real good friends for a long time was when he keyed the mike once again to say, in his most fighter-pilot-like voice: “Ah Center, much thanks, we’re showing close to nineteen hundred on the money.”

For a moment Walter was a god, and finally heard a little crack in the armor of the Houston Center voice, when LA came back with Roger that Aspen. Your equipment is probably more accurate than ours. You boys have a good one. It all had lasted for just moments, but in that short memorable spirit across the southwest, the Navy had been flamed, all mortal airplanes on the frequency were forced to bow before King of Speed, and more importantly, Walter and I had crossed the threshold of being a crew. A fine day’s work! We never heard another transmission that frequency all the way to the coast. For just one day it truly was fun being the fastest guys out there.



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Newsletter Office  
Post Office Box 2223**

**Next Meeting Mar. 14, '07  
At Tom Kellogg's  
Board at 6:30pm  
Chapter at 7:30pm**