



Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc.

January, February 2016 Newsletter

Happy New Year! The Board of Directors of the Early Flyers wishes you a happy and healthy 2016. As we look forward to a year of progress in our new hangar, we are also grateful to those members who have expressed their happiness with our new newsletter, as well as those who have made donations to LIEF. We were pleased to receive cash donations from Dr. Frank Russell (\$15.00); Pat Gallagher and Mario Bara (\$100.00 each). We were also pleased to receive a handmade model of a Ford Flivver airplane worth approximately \$300 from Walde Lindemann. Our sincere thanks for your donations and support!

A word from our President, Sal Vitale:

I would like to say a special thank you to the Wednesday work crew who show up each week to volunteer their time to work on different projects. There has been much accomplished in the last few weeks, such as getting the snow thrower operating, the painting of engine display stands as well as many support activities to move us ahead toward our goal of establishing a museum that we can open to the public.

Although there is still considerable work to be done, things are beginning to take shape. We have done some refurbishing of kitchen cabinets and the new counter top gives the coffee area an organized look with a more convenient work space.

Thank you, also, to the members who make our lunch breaks more enjoyable when they bring prepared lunch for all the crew working on Wednesday, and at no cost to the club. It is always a welcome treat.

Lastly, a BIG THANK YOU to Pat Gallagher who has been printing the newsletter for several years. Pat has given that job to Fred Coste, who has changed to an electronic format, saving the club a great deal of expense in printing and mailing costs.

I hope you have had a MERRY CHRISTMAS and I wish a HAPPY and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR to all LIEF members.

Sal Vitale

In other news.....

In December, we welcomed Boy Scout Troop 349 for a visit to the LIEF hangar on Saturday, December 5th, as well as bivouacking on our lawn that night, in an effort to earn the Boy Scout Aviation Merit Badge.

Activities took place all day at the Aerodrome, which started with a BAS sponsored scavenger hunt, followed by learning to preflight John Bianco's Stearman.

The boys spent the day in our hangar learning about navigation, as well as a hands on experience of landing on an aircraft carrier deck! Before setting out to sleep in the 30 degree "heat" Saturday night, the boys viewed the movie "October Sky." Even some of the Troop leaders gained an appreciation for the LIEF hangar when they took off their boots and discovered the toasty warm concrete floor! I was almost sure that I would find all 22 boys and the 8 adult leaders sleeping on the hangar floor the next morning, but when I arrived, I learned that everyone had braved the elements and was sleeping peacefully in their tents!

When you have a chance, click the link below to view the pictures of all the activities the scouts enjoyed at the Aerodrome:

<https://goo.gl/photos/zzgYvrip2BLTCcqe9>

Do you have a story you would like to share? We are always willing to hear from our members with their stories and recollections of the past. It's quite likely we'll print it here! Send your story to me, Fred Coste at fred@costeagency.com, or mail it to P.O. Box 43, Holbrook, NY. 11741

Old Aviators and Old Airplanes

(This is a story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot, by a fellow who was 12 years old in Canada in 1967.)

It was to take to the air that morning; they said it had been flown in during the night from some airport in the U.S.



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, and then stepped into the pilot's lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed. It looked like it might have been

combed, say, around the turn of the century. His flight 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 walk-around 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 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 preflight run-up. 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 tower calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead Kingston."



"Roger Mustang. Kingston tower 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!"

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.

The radio crackled once again, Kingston, 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, I'm 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.



At about 500 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the 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. Until that time, I'll just send off this story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who wove a memory for a young Canadian that's lasted a lifetime.



WE ARE:

**"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of
Anyone Who Threatens It"**

North American P-51D Specs.:

First flight (XP-51)	May 20, 1941
Wingspan	37 feet
Wing area	233 square feet
Length	32 feet
Horizontal stabilizer span	13 feet
Height	8 feet 8 inches
Power plant	Packard V-1650 "Merlin" 1,695-hp V-12
Speed	425 mph indicated (490 mph in P-51H)
Landing gear	Hydraulically operated retractable main gear and tail wheel
Propeller	Hamilton Standard, four-blade, hydraulic, constant speed, 11 feet 2 inches, non-feathering
Radar	Warning radar in tail to signal approach of other craft from rear (later models) (Various models) 10 "zero rail" rockets under wings; six
Armament	.50-caliber machine guns; bomb racks for up to 1,000 pounds of stores or extra fuel tanks under the wings



***"If it ain't Boeing,.....
I ain't going!"***

I know many pilots who live by this creed....I'm one of them! Although there are some, in my family, who insist that I have a personality flaw in this regard, before booking a ticket, I always ask for information about the equipment being flown on the particular route.

I thought our readers might like to see information about the oldest Boeing airliner that is still flying:



Yes, this is a 77 year old Boeing 40-C airliner, and yes, it's still in flying condition!

**Join Today!
The Long Island Early Fliers Club
Wants You!
See the last page of our newsletter as
we launch our 2016 Membership
Drive.**

Located in Spokane, Washington, it's the oldest flying Boeing airliner in the world.



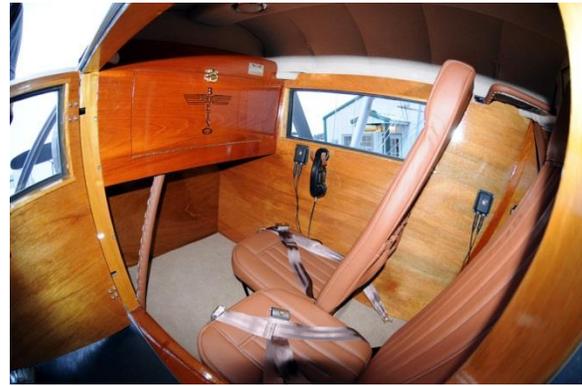
It took 8 years, which amounted to 8,000 hours of painstaking toil to restore this airplane before it received a Standard Airworthiness Certificate from the FAA.

Here is a view of the open cockpit:



The airplane had to complete engine pre-oil and fuel flow tests before it was first taxied.

She weighs 4,080 lbs. empty, with a gross weight of 6,075 pounds; measures 34 feet long and stands 13 feet tall. The wingspan is 44.5 feet....no, it won't fit in a "T" hangar!



A view of the passenger compartment, which seats 2! Look at the bright side.....at least you're inside! The poor bugger who's flying is likely freezing his butt off in that wind!

This airliner will scream along at 115 mph on 28 gallons per hour. If you really push it, you might get 120 mph, but you'll burn 32 gallons per hour. The plane has three fuel tanks that will hold 120 gallons, therefore it will still likely exceed the average person's bladder time.... Especially in cold weather!

On the bright side, there is no tray table on the seat back in front of you...oh yes, there is no seat in front of you...sorry about that!



On the lighter side.....

1. My first job was working in an Orange Juice factory, but I got canned. Couldn't concentrate.
2. Then I worked in the woods as a Lumberjack, but just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the ax.
3. After that, I tried being a Tailor, but wasn't suited for it--mainly because it was a sew-sew job, and people liked to hem and haw about the price.
4. Next, I tried working in a Muffler Factory, but that was too exhausting.
5. Then, tried being a Chef - figured it would add a little spice to my life, but just didn't have the thyme.
6. Next, I attempted being a Deli Worker, but any way I sliced it....couldn't cut the mustard.
7. My best job was a Musician, but eventually found I wasn't noteworthy.
8. I studied a long time to become a Doctor, but didn't have any patience.
9. Next, was a job in a Shoe Factory. Tried hard but just didn't fit in.
10. I became a Professional Fisherman, but discovered I couldn't live on my net income.
11. Managed to get a good job working for a Pool Maintenance Company, but the work was just too draining.
12. So then I got a job in a Workout Center, but they said I wasn't fit for the job.
13. After many years of trying to find steady work, I finally got a job as a Historian - until I realized there was no future in it.

14. My last job was working in Starbucks, but had to quit because it was the same old grind.

SO, I TRIED RETIREMENT AND I FOUND I'M PERFECT FOR THE JOB - LOVE IT!



If you're not yet ready to let go of the season, Click on this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/-cKE8pyfcZc>

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The LONG ISLAND
Early Fliers Club

Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc. is a non-profit organization founded in 1956 and Chartered by the New York State Education Department. We are dedicated to aviation education and preserving Long Island's aviation heritage. Volunteers who want to help educate and preserve our history are always welcome. Annual Membership in our organization is \$35.00 for individuals; \$50.00 for families.

Donations of aviation memorabilia, aircraft and aircraft parts, aviation clothing, display quality models and items of historic significance are always welcome and greatly appreciated. Cash donations, as well as artifact donations are tax deductible. You may visit our facility at Bayport Aerodrome, Vitamin Drive, Bayport New York most Wednesdays between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Appointments are necessary as airports are secure locations and can also be arranged at other times for your convenience.

Sal Vitale
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Pat Gallagher
1st Vice President

Fred Coste
2nd Vice President

Joan Vitale
Secretary

Bill King
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Valarie King
Financial Secretary

Join/Renew today!



Membership Application

Name: _____

Annual Dues*

* Dues are not prorated. Dues year runs from January 1 through December 31

Address: _____

Individual membership: \$35.00

Family membership: \$50.00

Email: _____

I am applying for:

Occupation: _____

Individual ___ Family ___ Membership

Names of family members joining: _____

Background information: (Please check all that apply)

Aviation Enthusiast	Private Pilot	Work(ed) in aviation industry	
Model Builder	Commercial Pilot	Aviation mechanic	
History Buff	Airline Pilot	Aircraft owner	
Computer technician	Enjoy writing	Enjoy photography	

I, _____, being interested in the preservation of all facets of aviation history, particularly that pertaining to Long Island's aviation heritage, do hereby apply for membership in the Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc.

(signature) (date)

The Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc. is a non-profit organization, founded in 1956 and chartered by the New York State Education Department.