



Navy SNJ - Texan



Grumman A6 Intruder

## Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc.

May, June 2016 Newsletter

Editor: Fred Coste      Volume 1, Issue 4

### Editor's note:

In this issue, I'm pleased to introduce a good friend of mine, Commander James Roth, USN, (Ret.). Jim grew up in Estelline, South Dakota, a small farming community in the eastern part of the state. He earned degrees in journalism and agriculture at South Dakota State University before heading to Newport R.I. to earn a Navy commission. From there, it was on to flight school in Pensacola to earn his Navy Wings of Gold.

Jim's 20 years of flying involved jet aircraft carrier operations specializing in weapons attack. He served as flight instructor and seven years as Navy Representative-in-Charge and chief production test pilot at Grumman Calverton. He has logged 5,800 P.I.C. hours, with 330 carrier arrested landings. He was awarded the Air Metal for his combat flights in Vietnam.

Jim also served a 20 year assignment as Senior Naval Science Instructor at Riverhead High School's Navy Junior ROTC Unit, ending his Navy career in 1996. Jim and his wife Bente are still local residents in the East Setauket area. He has taken up writing stories about his past adventures that are often published in his hometown newspaper, back in Estelline. Some of these stories were compiled into one of two books on memoirs that Jim has written: "Memories of Estelline" and "That's how I Remember it."

I am proud to share two of those stories with you in this issue.



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## TAMING A TEXAN

By Jim Roth

The Yellow Peril, J-Bird, SNJ, *Texan*, and other pet names it was called, could be a handful of trouble for novice airmen striving to prove they were, "safe for solo." In the 1950's, the North American *Texan* was one of the aircraft used by the Navy and Air Force to train primary flight students longing to earn a set of pilot wings. The dual piloted, single engine, low wing aircraft was demanding and unforgiving; it was one of the very best basic trainer aircraft ever built. The *Texan* could accelerate your heartbeat in seconds if due respect was not rendered during flight. No sissy ever soloed in a *Texan*. Young lads, arriving for flight school at Navy Pensacola's Cradle of Aviation, received a rude awakening the first morning they strapped in. Suddenly the day of donning Navy *Wings of Gold* seemed almost out of reach. It was a handful of airplane.

At the beginning of each training day, rows and rows of idle yellow *Texans* sat on the flight line looking like flocks of seagulls

contemplating the wind, the weather and where to find their next meal. Nostrils cringed at the whiff of high-octane aviation fuel, engine oil, hydraulic oil and residual exhaust fumes as you approached. The scent was that of *Texan*. As you entered the cockpit the odor got worse. Over-priming the engine, on start, sent a strong smell of raw fuel up your nose and it meant, "look-out for flames." If you under-primed, puffs of smelly smoke belched from the exhaust stacks as cranking continued uselessly. The smell of engine oil and hydraulic oil, occasionally mixed with vomit, emanated from the cockpit bilge where fluids pooled, but were difficult to reach for removal. Florida sunshine ripened the concoction, as heat fermented the pollutants. By the time engine-start was accomplished your mind was busy monitoring gauges, following the plane captain's direction signals and preparing for taxi. Smell was superseded by other priorities.



Student pilots were ever mindful of the instructor pilot sitting in the rear cockpit closely noting performance. A voice on the

intercom usually meant you had screwed-up procedure, or directions given during pre-flight briefing.

A tail-drafter, the *Texan* required use of alternate wheel braking and left, or right, rudder input while S-turning to ensure clearance ahead while taxiing during ground operations. The large radial engine, cowling and spinning propeller severely blocked forward visibility. Wide sweeping turns allowed the instructor some forward visibility from the rear cockpit. The instructor was responsible for safety both on the ground and in the air even if he wasn't at the controls. With a raised voice the instructor pilot gave frequent safety cautions and flight instructions, while up front the student was primarily engaged with listening, lookout and headwork.

Receipt of clearance for takeoff, from the control tower, tweaked the student's anxiety level to a new high. Taking a deep breath, along with an enthusiastic gulp, helped place the heart down where it belonged as the throttle was advanced for take-off power. Thoughts of *headwork, concentrate, and DO NOT screw up* raced as the ground below grew smaller and smaller. Heading for the practice area, at cruise altitude and airspeed, gave the student pilot a few moments to mentally review instructions received at the pre-flight briefing back in the hangar. Proper safety lookout, correct procedure and demonstrated ability to fly assigned maneuvers were the criteria instructor pilots used for grading.



The sky over Pensacola was yellow, with *Texans*, as student pilots conducted flying labs to hone their skills. There were no free rides; flight training was serious business from start to finish. Smiling and joking were saved until the mission was complete. Learning to *fly right* demanded all you could give! Executing turns, climbs, dives, rolls, loops, barrel-rolls, precision touch and go landings, stalls, spins and recoveries, practicing emergency procedures and navigation took up more than an hour per training flight. Instructional flights were stressful and they were meant to be just that. The *Texan* was good at weeding out those who were not suited to be pilots.



Returning to base, entering the landing pattern and executing a safe recovery were no time to let down your guard. A complacent attitude, before *Texan* was

safely on deck and in the chocks with engine secured, could be fatal. Body odor added to cockpit smells by flight's end. Instructor pilots left students in silence to wonder during the stroll back to hangar debrief area for critique. Yearning for approval or something positive from the instructor's lips kept the pressure on long after engine shutdown.

The smell remained; only a good hot shower and laundry service could rid pilots and their flight suits of the odoriferousness of the *Texan*. Performance expectations and stress increased as headway through solo phases progressed. Successful completion of the basic flight-training syllabus took many months. Advanced training followed for those who made the grade. Taming the *Texan* was the first challenge; some trainees were unsuccessful! They were sent away to look for another profession.

I successfully tamed the *Texan*, in 1956, by safely completing the basic training requirements including six carrier arrested landings on the USS Saipan, a straight-deck aircraft carrier operating in the Gulf of Mexico, off NAS Pensacola. I advanced to jet training phase in Corpus Christi, Texas and receive my Navy Wings of Gold in April 1957. Surprisingly, I was ordered back to Pensacola as a flight instructor in the *Texan*. I logged 1,200 flight hours in the *Texan* by the time I reported to my sea duty squadron to fly the A4 Skyhawk, in 1958. The *Texan* and I parted as "dear friends." I credit my confidence, flying skills and flight

safety record to lessons learned and taught in the *Texan*.

That's how I remember it.



*The A4 Skyhawk – Jim's sea duty aircraft*

## General characteristics: T6 Texan

- **Crew:** two (student and instructor)
- **Length:** 29 ft (8.84 m)
- **Wingspan:** 42 ft (12.81 m)
- **Height:** 11 ft 8 in (3.57 m)
- **Wing area:** 253.7 ft<sup>2</sup> (23.6 m<sup>2</sup>)
- **Empty weight:** 4,158 lb (1,886 kg)
- **Loaded weight:** 5,617 lb (2,548 kg)
- **Powerplant:** 1 × [Pratt & Whitney R-1340-AN-1 Wasp radial engine](#), 600 hp (450 kW)

## Performance

- **Maximum speed:** 208 mph at 5,000 ft (335 km/h at 1,500 m)
- **Cruise speed:** 145 mph (233 km/h)
- **Range:** 730 miles (1,175 km)
- **Service ceiling:** 24,200 ft (7,400 m)
- **Rate of climb:** 1200 ft/min (6.1 m/s)
- **Wing loading:** 22.2 lb/ft<sup>2</sup> (108 kg/m<sup>2</sup>)
- **Power/mass:** 0.11 hp/lb (kW/kg)

*You might enjoy a brief intermission with an amazing rendition of our National Anthem. Each night before curfew, 500 high school choir students gathered to sing the Star Spangled Banner from the balconies of the 18-story atrium at Louisville's downtown Hyatt Regency as part of the Kentucky Music Educators convention. You can't help but get goose bumps when you hear them.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player\\_embedded&v=VggHqIPjEoI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=VggHqIPjEoI)



**Jim Roth (on right) and Dick Schram testing Intruders at Naval Air Rework Facility, NAS Norfolk, VA - in 1968**

## TROUBLED INTRUDER

*By Jim Roth*

Piloting a new production A6 Intruder on a Navy acceptance test flight near Grumman Calverton airfield, had been routine to this point. Suddenly we were dealing with an in-flight emergency. My bombardier-navigator (B/N), seated next to me in the cockpit, was puzzled. I was as well. Neither of us had seen anything unusual while completing a hard 360 degree turn at 8,000 feet altitude. As I advanced throttles smartly to full power to regain lost speed, we heard a thud and then strange sounds as an engine flamed out.



*The A6 cockpit is a side by side configuration*

Loss of an engine, in flight, is rare, it means instant trouble. I pondered hastily, "How bad are things going to get?" We didn't know. We could only anticipate the worst while

hoping for the best, a virtue that serves airmen well. Years of training and flight experience were my preparation, for dealing calmly with airborne difficulties, no matter what the circumstance. During my 20-year flying career, I'd flown 5,500 pilot hours, in an array of Navy aircraft with an occasional minor emergency. I now was experiencing my first mid-air collision with, subsequent engine failure. My 3,000 flight hours in the Intruder qualified me to handle most any airborne emergency, so I hoped.



Here's a call for "the right stuff" – 'twas time for **attention to detail!** Commencing emergency procedures, we glanced about quickly and listened intently. While assessing the situation, we evaluated the logic of attempting a return to Grumman. One engine was out, and there was

no telling if the other might fail. We had an aircraft with unknown damage, but it seemed flyable. In time, further problems could be developing, we just didn't know.

As I hit the dump switch, and observed fuel spewing a trail in the sky behind us, I gently turned towards home. Reducing weight made for safer approach speed and landing. As I scanned engine performance indicators continuously, I sized up what more I could be doing to help save the day. We grasped for better understanding of what had apparently struck the Intruder, setting up the anxious scenario that was unfolding.

"Just how hairy is this thing going to get?" I asked my crewmate, knowing that he had no answers either. In short order, we agreed that it was doubtful a collision, with another aircraft, had occurred.

The situation seemed less critical as we continued, with no new problems. With our plate full already, the good engine kept going, we had flying speed, a safe altitude and normal feel on the flight controls. A quick situation overview eased

tension, but confidence in how long things would last was shaky. The fact that I was strapped to an armed ejection seat with a parachute and survival raft didn't enter my mind. There was an unspoken shared feeling, in the cockpit, that we'd be able to get back on deck safely. Adrenaline was pumping and our "can do" spirit took over.

Keying the mike on my UHF radio, I called to alert Grumman of our airborne emergency.

"Grumman Tower, this is Grumman - 52, over?" I then gave a brief report of our predicament. Tower confirmed receipt of my message, then requested our position and intentions.

"We're out east, near Orient Point at around 8,000 feet. A collision with something has wiped out the starboard engine. We're declaring an emergency and heading your way . . . request straight-in approach with priority landing clearance."

"Grumman - 52, please say again, your transmission is breaking up." Gail, the tower operator, barked at us assertively. She sensed trouble.

This gal was one of the best. I repeated my words slowly so she'd grasp and understand the details in order to quickly pass information along to airfield emergency personnel. Launching the helicopter rescue team and alerting flight operations was step one. Gail's questions came in rapid-fire order. As her interrogation continued, I kept my responses orderly and professional. Timely coordination of the emergency effort was her job. Getting the Intruder back on the runway, in one piece, was my job.

Another radio call came:

"Grumman 52, this is Grumman Tower, over?"

"Go ahead, Tower."

"Call, runway in sight."

"It'll be soon, very soon."

"We're rolling crash equipment at this time.'

"Thanks!"

"Request present range and heading inbound."

"15 miles . . . 220 degrees."

"Report present altitude."

"Passing 5,000 feet, descending for 'straight-in' to Runway 22. Gear and flaps coming down. Please check us visually. Is arresting gear rigged? Just in case of brake failure?"

"Roger, we're rigged. Request fuel state."

"Fuel . . . 1800 pounds."

"Roger, keep tower advised."

"Grumman - 52, will do. Thanks."

While radio chatter was carrying on, in the cockpit, we were busy flying, adjusting and gaining confidence that we'd make it back safely. The smell of jet fuel after the thud and engine flame-out had dissipated. Chance of fire, or the likelihood of jet fuel leaking internally, was slight, so we rationalized. I kept a keen eye out for glowing fire warning lights which meant *eject . . . eject*, no questions asked! Our confidence grew as things stayed relatively calm, as far as we could tell.

Scurrying through cockpit checks and emergency procedures in an effort to stay ahead of things kept us fully occupied. I worked up a heavy sweat racking my brain to ensure that

I didn't omit anything important. My crewmate strived to track and record order of things, as they were happening. In depth mission debriefing sessions routinely followed completion of Navy acceptance flights. This wasn't normal routine. We strived to be well prepared with comprehensive details.

With the dead engine's hydraulic system inoperative and the probability of having further hydraulic system difficulties, I lowered the landing gear and flaps early to ensure wheels and flaps down for touchdown. As the duty runway came into view, so did the reassuring sight of a line of fire and crash trucks on the roll.

Aircraft assembly line workers, metalsmiths, electricians, electronic technicians, engineering specialists, jet mechanics, support systems specialist, troubleshooters and company executives toiled for many thousands of dedicated man-hours building Intruders, Prowlers and Tomcats, all mainstays in our nation's defense posture. The reputation for building only the best carrier-based weapon systems taxpayer money can buy instilled strong employee pride.

Navy flying personnel, in appreciation of Grumman Aircraft Corporation's good work, referred to the company affectionately as, "***The Grumman Iron Works.***" Safety of flight and excellent performance were the company's traditional workmanship signature.

Back in the cockpit, we knew from experience, as word spread of an "airborne emergency inbound" wide-eyed observers would scoot for the windows, or out front open hangar doors, to watch. It behooved us to demonstrate professional airmanship as we nurtured a troubled single-engine Intruder to touchdown. The sight of a virgin A6 aircraft, having just experienced spreading its wings, limping home, with its crew struggling to land safely, unquestionably aroused anxiety among those watching.



***Grumman, Calverton from the air.***

Working the Intruder towards runway touchdown was going well, almost with ease. Seeing shiny red crash trucks racing down the runway, in our direction, was reassuring. Feeling the "sweet clunk" of runway contact brought stress levels a welcomed relief. Our short rollout was anti-climactic. Once stopped, before engine shutdown, a flight line crewman crawled under the Intruder to insert landing gear safety pins to safeguard against inadvertent collapse. Firefighters in full battle gear crept close with fire foam lines charged as they aimed their shiny hose nozzles at the Intruder, in case fire broke out. Quickly, and with a true sense of appreciation, I shutdown the good engine that had given us sufficient thrust to return safely.



In short order, a waiting tractor hooked to the Intruder for tow to the parking area and post flight

inspection. We became the center of attraction, as a mega welcoming committee: mechanics, engineers, flight test big-wigs, Navy personnel and curiosity seekers gathered to view damage to the Intruder. Learning more details and the truth of the matter followed. Bleeding red hydraulic oil and looking battered, the sturdy aircraft had returned with its crew, avoiding disaster. Hearty pats on the back and firm handshakes brought broad grins as we strolled back to the hangar for debriefing. The pressure was off; the relief felt damn good.

Not until after extensive post-flight inspection did we learn that a goose, or maybe a couple, had been ingested in flight. The engine was destroyed. Goose bones and feathers were found in the intake duct and throughout the engine. Fan blades from the compressor section had broken loose and passed into the hot turbine section where power is produced. Quick stoppage had caused engine implosion hurling steel blades out front of Intruder. A hail of shrapnel pelted the aircraft as it passed through the flying debris.

With hydraulic oil spewed inside and out, from severed oil lines, the aircraft was a bloody mess with bad smells to match. Upon implosion, the engine's flying compressor blades were like small knives, cutting and denting as they hit and penetrated the aircraft. The sturdy Intruder proved durable and capable enough to survive "*the goose's noose*."



Further inspection found the good engine's throttle cable partially severed by flying turbine blades. The few strands remaining intact provided throttle control sufficient to allow completion of the flight to touchdown. We were lucky things turned out as they did. Crew ejection would have been the alternative had the damaged throttle cable parted while in flight, rendering the remaining operable engine useless.

The freaky bird strike incident had several “ifs and buts.” It was the first time in my career I’d made contact with a bird in flight. Bente, whom I’d kept in the dark, first got wind of my Intruder being “goosed” when she overheard the story, told at a social function, some weeks later. That evening, during our drive home to bed, the question came up.

“What else, do you suppose, is going to happen these last weeks before you retire?” I smiled, winked and kept driving.

That’s how I remember it.

*Epilogue: The day my Intruder had its incident with a goose was 34 years ago. The recent TV news story of the US Air flight that was “double-gooseed” and forced to ditch in the Hudson River was a wakeup call for me. Bente and I watched the coverage for hours. Her questions and our discussion brought back vivid memories. I jumped on my computer and cranked out this memoir. US Air’s Captain “Sully” had a much tougher job to do – he had 155 lives to save.*

## General characteristics: Grumman A6 Intruder

- **Crew:** two (pilot, bombardier/navigator)
- **Length:** 54 ft 7 in (16.64 m)
- **Wingspan:** 53 ft (16.15 m)
- **Height:** 15 ft 7 in (4.75 m)
- **Wing area:** 529 ft<sup>2</sup> (49.15 m<sup>2</sup>)
- **Airfoil:** NACA 64A009 mod root, NACA 64A005.9 tip
- **Empty weight:** 25,630 lb (11,630 kg)
- **Useful load:** 34,996 lb (15,870 kg)
- **Max. takeoff weight:** 60,626 lb (27,500 kg)
- **Powerplant:** 2 × Pratt & Whitney J52-P8B turbojets, 9,300 lbf (41.4 kN) each
- **Zero-lift drag coefficient:** 0.0144

## Performance

- **Maximum speed:** 563 knots (648 mph, 1,040 km/h)
- **Range:** 2,819 nmi (3,245 mi, 5,222 km)
- **Service ceiling:** 40,600 ft (12,400 m)
- **Rate of climb:** 7,620 ft/min (38.7 m/s)
- **Lift-to-drag ratio:** 15.2



*The zero-zero ejection seat enables the crew to eject while the plane is on the ground. It gets its name for the zero airspeed/zero altitude capability.*



**Editor's note: This lonely runway at Calverton is a sad reminder of the loss of this asset to Long Island as well as the United States of America.**

## LIEF club news.....



We were pleased to host Boy Scout Troop 329 again on the weekend of April 15 through 17 for a special Leadership Training weekend. I had the opportunity to listen in on some of the presentations and I was quite impressed with the depth of the material being taught. We live in a world that is so devoid of guidance and common sense when it comes to bringing along the next generation to run our great country.

The Boy Scouts of America are doing more than their share to help the youth of today understand the values with which most of us were raised. It made me proud to see the lessons that these young men were being taught and their willing participation in the training.



I am pleased that Troop 329 has the adult leadership that is dedicated to helping these fine young men become self-reliant and great citizens of our country.



***Several of the dad's prepare lunch for the scouts during their leadership training at the LIEF hangar***

The first meeting of the year was held April 10<sup>th</sup>. With approximately 30 members in attendance, President Sal Vitale pointed out some of the progress that has been made by the "Wednesday crew." These included: 1). the refurbishment of several engine stands; 2). sorting and grouping of the thousands of books and paperwork that the club has in storage; 3). Installation of a bank of kitchen cabinets – complete with laminate counter top for a food prep area; 4). Hanging of several model airplanes; 5) a new storage cabinet for many of the clubs tables and chairs.

Also discussed at the meeting was the return to member presentations about their background in aviation. If you would like to help us make our meeting more interesting, please come forward and tell us your story!

\*\*\*\*\*

The idea of a bus trip to Washington D.C. was proposed at the meeting. I am pleased to announce that the trip has been planned for Friday, June 24<sup>th</sup> through Sunday, June 26<sup>th</sup>.

Details are in the special announcement toward the end of this newsletter.

I hope you will join us!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Donations:

Special thanks to the following:

Michael Scott: \$10.00

Stanley Kalemaris: \$65.00

#### New Members:

We welcome the following new member:

Jim Roth

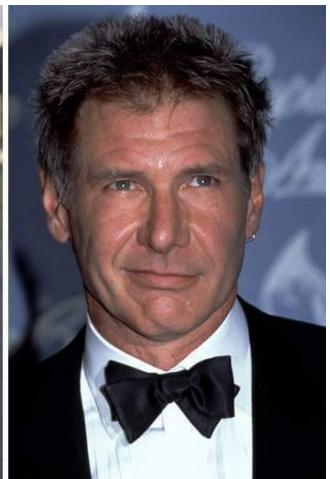
Charles Woodman

Robert Lyons

Thanks to all those who have renewed  
their membership in the L.I. Early Fliers  
Club!

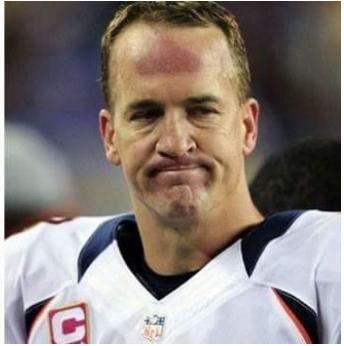
#### **OK.....Time to smile!**

*Ever see animals who remind you of people? Check these out.....*





*Sorry, Kitty!*



Please support our sponsors. We are pleased at their support of the Long Island Early Fliers Club and cannot say thank you enough for their support of our endeavors.



### DH-60G Gypsy Moth

Once upon a time, after the Big War, there was this scud running fighter pilot caught by nightfall's rapid approach with commensurately dwindling visibility, and he thought he had better find a place to land fast.

Our intrepid aviator, at the last minute, gets a glimpse of a field of new mown hay through a hole in the clouds.

Relieved at his good fortune, he lands and taxis up to the nearby farmhouse.

The farmer comes out onto the front porch and says, "You can spend the night in the barn, but stay away from my daughter."

As he lay down, starting to doze off, said daughter brought him a plate of supper.

The conversation led to romance and the farmer's number one rule was broken.

As dawn broke our hero got long gone. Some seven years later, the pilot passed

over the farm and decided to land and pay a visit. However, as he approached the house he saw a six-year-old boy standing in the front yard with the object of his former passion.

The daughter, sensing his question said, "Yes, this is your son."

"Why didn't you let me know, I would've done the right thing," he said.

The daughter then replied, "We discussed it, even prayed about it, but in the end we thought it was better to have a bastard in the family than a fighter pilot."

**Don't forget to renew your membership!**

**You can use the form at the end of the newsletter.**

**We need your support as we move ahead with our museum plans.**

**P.S. We are looking for an antique airplane....any condition to display in the new hangar...can you help?**

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger...

Except for bears...  
Bears will kill you.

CrossCards.com

# *The Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc.*

## **\*\*\*\*\**Special Notice*\*\*\*\*\***

**We are pleased to announce our first club bus trip to the  
Washington D.C. area:  
Friday, June 24<sup>th</sup> through Sunday, June 26<sup>th</sup>**

**While the itinerary is not complete at this time, we are planning a  
visit to:**

- 1). The National Air & Space Museum on the Mall**
- 2). Hazy Center (Air & Space Museum Annex @ Dulles)**
- 3). Museum of the U.S. Marine Corps.**
- 4). National WWII Memorial**
- 5). Additional sites as time permits**

**We will be traveling on a tour bus that has a restroom facility.**

**Price includes the following:**

- 1). Round trip bus transportation.**
- 2). Two nights at Embassy Suites Hotel, Chantilly Virginia  
(includes breakfast at the hotel, free cocktails 4-6 p.m.)**
- 3). Admission to an IMAX movie at one of the museums.**

**Cost:**

**1). Single individual \$442.00**

**2). Second person in same room: \$248.00**

**(sharing a room with someone brings the cost down to:**

**\$345.00 each)**

*The Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc.*

**Washington D.C. bus trip sign-up sheet:  
Friday, June 24<sup>th</sup> through Sunday, June 26<sup>th</sup>**

**Count me in!!!!  
(Please print legibly!!!)**

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Sharing room with:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address (if different):** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Single occupancy: \$442.00 (deposit \$142.00 with sign up by May 4<sup>th</sup>; two payments of \$150.00 on May 25<sup>th</sup> and June 8<sup>th</sup>.**

**OR**

**Sharing a room: \$690.00 (\$345.00 each) Deposit \$190.00 with sign up by May 4<sup>th</sup>; two payments of \$250.00 on May 25<sup>th</sup> and June 8<sup>th</sup>.**

**Space is limited....book early!**

**Return to: LIEF**

**% Fred Coste  
P.O. Box 43  
Holbrook, NY 11741**

**Call or email me with your questions:**

**Office: (631) 588-2116**

**Cell: (631) 523-5407**

**Email: [fred@costeagency.com](mailto:fred@costeagency.com)**

**(Click on the blue email address)**

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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  
*President*

Pat Gallagher  
*1<sup>st</sup> Vice President*

Fred Coste  
*2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President*

Joan Vitale  
*Secretary*

Bill King  
*Treasurer*

Valarie King  
*Financial Secretary*

**Club address: LIEF, 222 Heathcote Road, Lindenhurst, New York 11757**

**Newsletter: LIEF, c/o P.O. Box 43, Holbrook, NY 11741**

**Join/Renew today!**



**222 Heathcote Road, Lindenhurst, New York 11757**

**Membership Application**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Annual Dues\*

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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

\_\_\_\_\_

Individual membership: \$35.00

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Family membership: \$50.00

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_

I am applying for:

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.***