



Long Island Early Fliers Club, Inc.

November, December 2015 Newsletter

Happy Thanksgiving! The Board of Directors of the Early Flyers has made some changes to modernize our communications with our members, pilots and aviation enthusiasts. We hope you like our new format and style and encourage you to submit information, stories and feedback about the newsletter, as well as supplying us with your own stories, legends and folklore related to aviation.

While we will always endeavor to provide accurate information to our subscribers, we realize that some stories that are submitted are based upon “old memories” and therefore may “stray,” at times, from fact. However, it doesn’t make a person’s recollection less interesting, it simply makes good, oftentimes inspiring reading. With that in mind, we hope you will be willing to put pen to paper (or finger to keyboard) and forward your story to the club for possible publication in this, our new newsletter.

Because our readers represent a broad spectrum in age group and level of aviation knowledge, we plan to offer articles of interest to both non-pilots and pilots alike; to people of all ages who enjoy aviation related stories, both fact and fiction.

By having an electronic, emailed newsletter, we are able to provide you with links to great stories that we hope will entertain and inspire you in your daily activities. It is also important to us, that we hear from you. Please email your comments, thoughts, suggestions and especially your stories and recollections to: Fred Coste, Editor, P.O. Box 43, Holbrook, NY 11741 or email to: fred@costeagency.com

Did you know?.....

One of the hardest things for a pilot to do is relinquish control of the airplane in which he is riding, to someone else. This is especially true of flying commercially when going on vacation.

While those in surrounding seats are settling in with ear buds and iPads, the pilot who is unknown to the other passengers is sitting quietly waiting for the push back, possibly wondering if the dude up there in the left seat got some sleep last night, or if he's starting the last leg of his duty time on *this* flight. While taxiing to the active runway and listening to the flight attendant recite the speech about the safety card that no one is looking at and discussing the "unlikely event of a water landing," (it's called ditching, damn it!), this passenger pilot is looking at the wingsdid they deploy the slats?, the flaps?....the thought is interrupted by the two chimes....ding, dong. He knows before the flight attendant makes the announcement that the flight has been cleared for take-off.

Slowly, the airplane turns onto the active runway. As the engines begin to throttle up, this pilot knows when they have hit the take-off power detent on the quadrant. The instrument panel in his head is active; the heading indicator is showing the runway heading, it all looks good and he briefly thinks about the other passengers who are not feeling his excitement. They just don't even know...or care about what is going on! He either starts to count or looks at his watch. One-one thousand, two one-thousand.....as the engines start to bite the

air and the power builds, the acceleration starts to suck you into the seat. The other passenger's heads go back against their seats. This pilot keeps looking out of the window, observing and feeling the acceleration. Boy, does it ever feel good! At 20 - 25 seconds, depending upon how full the load, he waits for rotation. This is the speed at which the plane says to the pilot..."I'm ready to fly, how about you?" At 30 - 35 seconds, the plane should be in a climb attitude with the main gear just off the runway. He thinks: "positive rate (of climb), gear up!" Being a passenger and sitting in the back, where he can actually hear it, he listens for the familiar sound change from a roar to a low frequency moan. He can relax now....he helped the crew get the plane into the air!

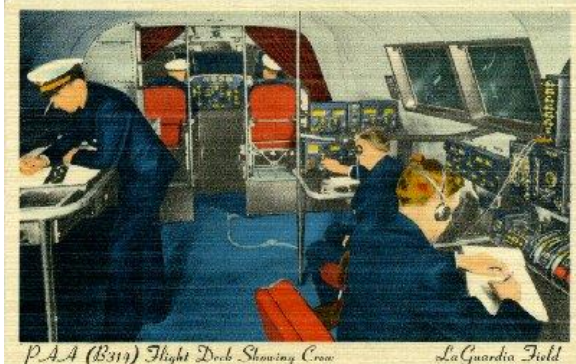
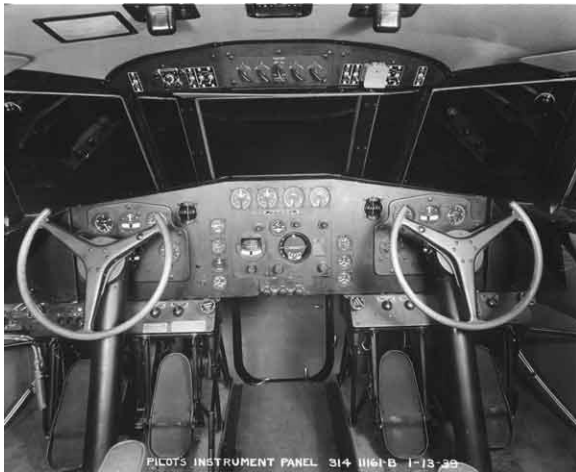
The good old days.....

This is a link to the film clip about the 75th anniversary of the Pan Am China Clipper. Though somewhat lengthy (20 minutes), it's worth the time to watch, even if only for a few minutes. So turn up those speakers and enjoy.for some of us who grew up during this time period, a box of tissues may be helpful, also. **[Click on this link, then on the video to view it.....](#)**

<https://vimeo.com/26086480>

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

Here are a few still shots from
Pan Am's Clipper in 1941:



PAA (B314) Flight Deck Showing Crew

La Guardia Field

The photos..... (circa 1936-1941)

- 1). Pan Am's China Clipper
- 2). The crew area behind the flight deck
- 3). The early instrument panel
- 4). Navigator, Flight Engineer and Radio man busy at work.

LIEF club news.....

Progress has been made on a few projects at our hangar:

** The first section of bookcases on the mezzanine has been built and put in place. Eventually the mezzanine will be set up as a research area for aviation related topics. With thousands of books, magazines, uniforms and posters to catalogue and display we are hopeful that the progress will continue through the winter months. If you would like to give some of your time and talent to helping us organize this material, it would be very much appreciated.

** Have you noticed all the pine trees that are dying out on Long Island? Thanks to a beetle that is thought to have entered the U.S. through a shipping crate from China, many of our oldest pine trees have been lost. The early damage is identified by what looks like a shotgun blast to the tree.

We have had four of these trees removed from close proximity to our new hangar and will need to remove a few more this spring.

** We are very happy to have received the donation of an "almost new" garden tractor in November. The new acquisition sports a 44" mower deck that does very well at mulching the leaves that have come down at our hangar!

Following is a very special message to those who understand the world of flying...and a few who don't!

You see them at airport terminals around the world. You see them in the morning early, sometimes at night.

They come neatly uniformed and hatted, sleeves striped; wings over their left pocket; They show up looking fresh. There's a brisk, young-old look of efficiency about them. They arrive fresh from home, from hotels, carrying suitcases, battered briefcases, bulging, with a wealth of technical information, data, filled with regulations, rules.

They know the new, harsh sheen of Chicago's O'Hare. They know the cluttered approaches to Newark; they know the tricky shuttle that is Rio; they know but do not relish the intricate instrument approaches to various foreign airports; they know the

volcanoes all around Guatemala.

They respect foggy San Francisco. They know the up-and-down walk to the gates at Dallas, the Texas sparseness of Abilene, the very narrow Berlin Corridor, New Orleans' sparkling terminal, the milling crowds at Washington. They know Butte, Boston, and Beirut. They appreciate Miami's perfect weather; they recognize the danger of an ice-slick runway at JFK.

They understand short runways, antiquated fire equipment, inadequate approach lighting, but there is one thing they will never comprehend: Complacency.

They marvel at the exquisite good taste of hot coffee in Anchorage and a cold beer in Guam. They vaguely remember the workhorse efficiency of the DC-3s, the reliability of the DC-4s and DC-6s, the trouble with the DC-7 and the propellers on Boeing 377s. They discuss the beauty of an old gal named Connie. They recognize the high shrill whine of a Viscount, the rumbling thrust of a DC-8 or 707 on a clearway takeoff from Haneda, and a Convair. The remoteness of the 747 cockpit. The roominess of the DC-10 and the snug fit of a 737. They speak a language unknown to Webster.

They discuss ALPA, EPRs, fans, mach and bogie swivels. And, strangely, such things as bugs, thumpers, crickets, and CATs, but they are inclined to change the subject when the uninitiated approaches.

They have tasted the characteristic loneliness of the sky, and occasionally the adrenaline of danger. They respect the unseen thing called turbulence; they know what it means to fight for self-control, to discipline one's senses.

They buy life insurance, but make no concession to the possibility of complete disaster, for they have uncommon faith in themselves and what they are doing. They concede the glamour is gone from flying. They deny a pilot is through at sixty. They know tomorrow, or the following night, something will come along they have never met before; they know flying requires perseverance and vigilance. They know they must practice, lest they retrograde.

They realize why some wit once quipped: "Flying is year after year of monotony punctuated by seconds of stark terror." As a group, they defy mortality tables, yet approach semi-annual physical examinations with trepidation. They are individualistic, yet bonded together. They are family people. They are reputedly overpaid, yet entrusted with equipment worth millions, and entrusted with lives, countless lives.

At times they are reverent: They have watched the Pacific sky turn purple at dusk and the stark beauty of sunrise over Iceland at the end of a polar crossing. They know the twinkling, jeweled beauty of Los Ange

les at night; they have seen snow on the Rockies. They remember the vast unending mat of green Amazon jungle, the twisting Silver road that is the father of waters, an ice cream cone called Fujiyama; the hump of Africa. Who can forget Everest from 100 miles away, or the ice fog in Fairbanks in January?

They have watched a satellite streak across a starry sky, seen the clear, deep blue of the stratosphere, felt the incalculable force of the heavens. They have marveled at sun-streaked evenings, dappled earth, velvet night, spun silver clouds, sculptured cumulus: God's weather. They have viewed the Northern Lights, a wilderness of sky, a pilot's halo, a bomber's moon, horizontal rain, Contrails and St. Elmo's Fire.

Only an aviator experiences all these.

It is their world. And once was mine.....and remains in memory.



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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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Bill King
Treasurer

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.