



Columbus Area Aviators

EAA Chapter 729 Newsletter
Columbus Municipal Airport
Columbus, Indiana

February, 2004 Volume 8, Issue 2

February Meeting

The February meeting will feature a Safety presentation by Lew Owens from the Indianapolis FAA office. In order to accommodate Lew's schedule, the meeting will be held on **Thursday Feb. 12th** rather than the normal first Thursday of the month.

The meeting will be held in the downstairs meeting room at the Columbus Municipal Airport Terminal Building. We will gather at 6:30 PM and the program will begin at 7:00 PM. This presentation counts towards the "FAA Wings Program".

January Meeting

Dan McElroy gave us an interesting update on the status of the Eclipse Jet program. The project is progressing well now that Pratt & Whitney Canada has been selected to be the powerplant supplier.



He showed some slides of the latest design of the "all glass" cockpit and noted that

a third large screen has been added partly due to his input. One of the more impressive statistics on this impressive plane is its ability to operate out of a 2500 ft. runway.

Starting 2004 Off Right

What did you do to celebrate the New Year? Mike Williams organized a small "Dawn Patrol" flight to Middletown, OH for breakfast on New Years Day.



A flight of 3 planes from Columbus (Mike Williams, Dick Gaynor, and Mike Foushee) and Mike Jester from Shelbyville had superb weather for the quick flight to Middletown (site of the old Aeronca factory). If you need a reason to fly in the morning, this is a good destination with breakfast available every day.

Congratulations to Mike Williams who reached the "Half Century" mark on January 23rd. Mamie Williams hosted a pitch-in luncheon at Mike's hangar to celebrate the occasion on Saturday the 24th. As usual, there were lots of interesting old planes to see.

Future Meetings

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Mar 4 th | Air & Space Museum Toby Orme |
| April 1 st | Wat Zit Project Jesse James |
| May 6 th | IAC Aerobatics Dick Gaynor |
| June 3 rd | TBD |
| July 8 th | TBD |
| Aug 5 th | Oshkosh Review Group |
| Sept 9 th | TBD |
| Oct 7 th | TBD |
| Nov 4 th | Hangar Flying! Toby Orme |
| Dec 2 nd | TBD |

2004 Young Eagle Dates

Even though December 17th 2003 has passed, the Young Eagle program will continue. The scheduled dates (all Saturdays) for 2004 are as follows –

June 5th
July 10th
August 7th
September 11th

Interesting Web Sites

www.exp-aircraft.com
www.avhome.com
www.aerolink.com

Aviation/Member News

Officers For 2004

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| President | Doug Burgham |
| Vice President | Dick Gaynor |
| Sec./Treasurer | Larry Morlock |
| Newsletter Editor | Mike Foushee |
| Young Eagle Coord. | Toby Orme |
| Historian | Dave Timbers |
| Director | Toby Orme |
| Director | Karl Schilling |

2004 Dues Reminder

This is a reminder that it is time to pay your chapter dues for 2004 if you haven't already done so. The annual dues are \$15. Please fill out the information and send it along with your check for \$15 to Larry Morlock our Treasurer. If you have already paid you 2004 dues, we thank you.

Nametags

Nametags with our EAA logo, your name, and one line stating your interests (Aircraft, N-Number, etc.) will be made available free of charge to those members who have not yet received one. Replacement nametags can be obtained for \$6.00. Contact Larry Morlock if you are interested in getting a nametag.

Newsletter Input

The newsletter editor is always looking for member input. If you have input please contact Mike by phone at 812-342-3032 or e-mail at mike.j.foushee@cummins.com by the third Friday of each month.

Calendar of Events

April 13 – 19 Sun & Fun Fly-In
Lakeland, FL
July 31 – Aug 1 Mt Comfort Airshow
Air Force Thunderbirds

Aviation Humor

Below is an article written by Rick Reilly of Sports Illustrated. He details his experiences when given the opportunity to fly in a F-14 Tomcat. If you aren't laughing by the time you get to "Milk Duds," your sense of humor is broken.



"Now this message is for America's most famous athletes:

Someday you may be invited to fly in the back-seat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have ... John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you, with the greatest sincerity...

Move to Guam.
Change your name.
Fake your own death!
Whatever you do ...
Do Not Go!!!

I know. The US Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped. I was toast! I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach.

Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about six-foot, tan, ice-blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger-crippling handshake -- the kind of man who wrestles dysleptic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this man, run the other way. Fast.

Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ("T-minus 15 seconds and counting" ...Remember?) Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, "We have a liftoff"

Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie. I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning.

"Bananas," he said.

"For the potassium?" I asked.

"No," Biff said, "because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down."

The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the left breast. (No call sign -- like Crash or Sticky or Leadfoot ... but, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed. If ever in my life I had a chance to nail Nicole Kidman, this was it.

A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would "egress" me out of the plane at such a velocity that I would be immediately knocked unconscious.

Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me, and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14.

Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80. It was like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell. Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, snap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and it chased us.



We broke the speed of sound. Sea was sky and sky was sea. Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G force

of 6.5, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie.

And I egressed the bananas. I egressed the pizza from the night before.

And the lunch before that. I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade. I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of the G's, I was egressing stuff that never thought would be egressed. I went through not one airsick bag, but two.

Biff said I passed out. Twice. I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down.

I used to know 'cool'. Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know 'cool'. Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast-iron stomachs and freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does every day, and for less a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand.

A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit.

What is it? I asked.

"Two Bags."

