



# The Bend High Desert Flyer of Chapter 1345

WEBSITE: <http://1345.eaachapter.org/>

KBDN AWOS 134.425

November 2017, Vol. 16, #11

## **PREZ SEZ:**

Hello everyone! Your chapter has been invited to enter a float in the Bend “Veteran’s Parade” November 11<sup>th</sup>! I have been busy assembling the BD-5 to make it actually look like an airplane but, it’s slow going. Not sure yet if I’ll make it in time. If anyone wants to assist, I work on it almost every evening after 5.

Next month, we are again having our annual EAA Chapter 1345, Xmas Dinner at Bend’s “Black Bear Dinner”, located on 3<sup>rd</sup> street, Bend, Wednesday, December 13<sup>th</sup>. We have invited EAA 617, Central Oregon “99’s” as well as the local CAP Squadron to join us as well. Doors open at 6 (I’ll be there around 5:45) with food orders taken around 6:20! The dinner is off the menu and yes, adult beverages are available plus they bill separately! The “Black Bear” staff has been great hosts in the past; I hope you, your friends and families can join us. Please RSVP to myself @ [maxfly55@gmail.com](mailto:maxfly55@gmail.com).

This month’s meeting is Wednesday, November 8<sup>th</sup>. Your VP Mike Robertson has invited Ty Sibley, President EAA 1567, Columbia River Gorge, to talk about UAS (unmanned aerial systems/ drones) and the National Airspace System!

This should be a great meeting and if you have any questions, this is the man to ask! Dale is on assignment so Mike Wissing is taking over this month with the “Young Eagles” portion of the meeting starting @ 4- 6. The evening gathering begins @ 6 with Burgers and Pizza. We’ll start the program promptly @ 6:30 as Ty is driving back North directly afterwards.

We’ll be meeting at the Bend Builders Assist hanger 63030, Powell Butte Hwy. All are invited, friends, neighbors and family!

Also, while you’re here, check out the progress of the chapter project, Mike Bond’s Glstar! Wings are progressing nicely!

Fly safe!

*Thomas Phy,*  
President

## **Faye’s BFR**

I just wanted to share the good news: I passed my BFR and am now current! I can fly again! Woohoo!

**Faye Phillips**  
Secretary

## ***Treasurer's Report***

Financial For period: 01/01/17 to 10/31/17

TOTAL INCOME	\$10500.30
TOTAL EXPENSE	\$3763.89
NET INCOME	\$6736.41
<b>TOTAL CASH IN BANK</b>	<b>\$9772.05</b>

***Jack Watson,***  
*Treasurer*

## ***October Meeting Minutes***

Minutes of a regular meeting of The Chapter held on Wednesday, October 11th, 2017, at the "Bend Builders Assist"/Robertson Hangar at the Bend Municipal Airport. Meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month.

### **ATTENDEES**

There were 15 in attendance who signed the roster at this meeting.

### **DINNER**

Tom threw down the gauntlet earlier this week and challenged us to a chili cook-off. Everyone brought either chili, a side dish, or both. There were four chili's from which to sample and many delicious side dishes. It was a fun event with good food.

### **CALL TO ORDER**

Tom called the meeting to order at 6:30.

### **PROGRAM**

Tonight's meeting was pretty informal. We all enjoyed the good food, each other's company and hangar-talk. We talked about what our members have been up to and their future plans. We talked about the Glstar that is being built with the help of the members who want to come out and participate. The building generally takes place on Wednesday afternoons. Tom suggested that EAA should put together a float and be in the Veterans Day Parade.

Tom plans to put his BD-5 on a trailer and create a float.

At 8:00 PM the meeting was . . .

### **ADJOURNED**

***Faye Phillips***  
*Secretary*

## ***Young Eagles Support Group Meeting***

### **Agenda**

**Who: Adults, Young Eagles, Potential Young Eagles, Eagles, Civil Air Patrol, and everyone interested in aerospace education.**

**What: A meeting to have fun with airplanes**

**When: 4 pm, Wednesday, November 8, 2017**

**Where: Bend Builders Assist (EAA) hangar, Bend Municipal Airport**

**Why: For Education, Safety, and FUN !!!!**

**4 PM Introductions:** Introduce yourself to the group.

Mike Wissing has volunteered to lead the group in Dale's absence (attending a Recreation Conference in New York)

**Show & tell:** Anyone with something to share with the group?

**Reports:** Veterans Day Parade, Saturday Nov. 11. Tom's BD-5 will be turned into a float 'for the parade. Tom needs help to prep the plane. Ben Wernli volunteered to ride.

Next month, December 13 Christmas party at the Black Bear Diner instead of a regular meeting.

**Special Topic:** Simulators for practice flying – sampling some different types.

**Homebuilders topic:** Differences in aircraft design and construction. What's monocoque?

**FAAST Topic:** Not yet available. Mike will come up with something.

**6 PM** Pizza time

**6:30 PM** EAA Chapter 1345, High Desert Flyers, monthly meeting, & guest speaker

See you all at the Black Bear Diner Dec. 13

***Dale***

## ***Clouds at Night***



Be sensitive to the possibility of encountering unforecasted clouds while flying VFR at night.

The first step in avoiding an encounter with clouds at night is a good weather briefing. This weather briefing will give you an idea of where the cloud layers are expected. However, don't expect these forecasts to be precise because they are simply that: forecasts.

Do this by observing the intensity of ground lights. If they begin to dim, there may be clouds or increasing moisture below you. Also observe other aircraft in flight, if possible. If you see blooms around your position lights, suspect increasing moisture in the air. When you see these signs, you can suspect that you are close to the clouds.

Be sure to watch for other signs of increasing humidity that may occur close to or just beneath the clouds. You can test for this by briefly turning on your landing light to see if there is a bloom around the light.

Be prepared to make a 180 degree turn if any of these conditions negative to continued VFR flight exists. This is another good reason to be proficient at basic instrument skills gained through practice"



***Hands on at the October YE meeting ---***



***--- followed by Chili night!***

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## ***A P-51 story***

This 1967 true story is of an experience by a young 12 year old lad in Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

It is about the vivid memory of a privately rebuilt P-51 from WWII and its famous owner/pilot.

In the morning sun, I could not believe my eyes.

There, in our little airport, sat a majestic P-51.

They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. Airport, on its way to an air show.

The pilot had been tired, so he just happened to choose Kingston for his stop-over.

It was to take to the air very soon.

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 tall, lanky man 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!", he said. (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 with an arrogant snarl.

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 pre-flight run-up.

He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight.

All went quiet for several seconds.

We ran 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.

It's tail was already off the runway 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 hellishly 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 just, more or less, asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show!

The controller looked at us.

"Well, What?" He asked.

"I can't let that guy go without asking.

I couldn't forgive myself!"

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 3,000 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.

Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze.

Her airframe straining against positive G's and gravity.

Her wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic.

The burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field, shredding and tearing the air.

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 indelible 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 old American 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 loving reciprocal salute to a Country, and especially to that old American pilot: the late-JIMMY STEWART (1908-1997), actor, real WWII Hero (Commander of a US Army Air Force Bomber Wing stationed in England), and a USAF Reserves Brigadier General, who wove a wonderfully fantastic memory for a young Canadian boy that's lasted a lifetime.

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