



October 2020

	WHEN:	WHERE:	PROGRAM:
OCTOBER MEETING	Thursday 8th 6:30 pm	KMIW PAUL ADAMS HANGAR	PAUL'S LATEST HOMEBUILT

WHAT'S FLYIN' THIS WAY !!!

The weather is looking pretty fair for this next Thursday! Might even be good enough for a pre-meeting flight like last month.

Paul Adams has his newest home-built finished and will display it at his hangar for our next meeting. Here is a photo of it. He will give us the details and even taxi it around a bit.

Note that we are meeting a half hour earlier to take advantage of the sunshine.

Should be fun and hope to see you there!



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WHAT FLEW BY !!!

We had a good turnout for our September meeting! Most brought something to eat and we gathered around Dave McCurry's hangar to shoot the breeze as it were.



There was some flying going on too. Charles Kuhlman was up in the Q2 and Lorin Miller took Corey Butcher up to look at some tree damage on the Butcher property. They then went up and did a fly-by of the Eldora airport and then went looking for Robert Richtsmeier's place, but missed it by a couple miles.

The FOGz have occasionally been able to meet, but it's getting colder and with Covid rules still in place, it can be a bit chilly meeting outside.

CALENDAR

It appears from the Iowa Department of Aviation calendar, that all Iowa fly-ins, for the rest of the year, have been cancelled.

See the attached flyer for EAA's B-17 coming to Cedar Rapids. We have been personally invited!

Member News

There has been some interest with a few members about jointly acquiring Ed Boehm's **Ercoupe** which is for sale. All those who are interested, give Corey Butcher a call and he will set up a meeting with the interested parties, either in person or on some kind of teleconference call to discuss possibilities.

Here is what we know at the moment. Wayne Bausch says Ed's sons contacted him about selling the airplane for them. The airplane needs to fly about 8-10 hours so he can make sure the cylinder compressions come back up. They are a bit weak because the airplane hasn't flown for nearly 4 years. He says everything else is good. It has new and better brakes. He can sign it off for annual after the compressions are checked after the hours are flown. There is a catch-22 in all this, but if the engine checks out, it would be a terrific deal. Wayne says the asking price is now \$17k and 3 or 4 of that is to Wayne for the work he has done in the last year. Don't know if they would go any lower. There are at least four interested at the moment depending on specifics. Five or six would make for a very inexpensive flying alternative.

Call or email Corey at his numbers on the front page of this newsletter.

Lorin Miller and Corey Butcher on a perfect September flight in Lorin's Waix



Visit your Chapter 675 website!
www.eaa675.org

Dave Kalwishki has been having cookouts at his hangar in Ankeny and Chapter 675 is invited. His next one is scheduled for Wednesday, October 7th. Details are below.

Looks like Wednesday evening will be nice for a cookout!

Terri and I plan on being at the airport and lighting the grill at 6pm.

I am in the northernmost row, F7. There is plenty of parking for cars and planes back at my hangar.

If you get to the gate and it's closed call my cell and I'll come let you in. My cell is 515-314-7060

Bring your own meat for the grill and something to drink. If you'd like to bring a side dish or a dessert to share that would be great.

I've got paper plates, napkins, plastic forks, spoons, knives, and bottled water in the refrigerator.

Come on out and enjoy fellowship with fellow pilots and enthusiasts.

If you don't want to eat come on out and visit with the others, it's always a good time!

Dave

**HEY,
CHAPTER 675 MEMBERS
and friends!**

Got something you would like to share with others??

It can be put right here in this space!

Just send it anytime to:
coreybutcher@voisin35.com

It will go into the next edition of this newsletter!



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JOIN THE FLIGHT!



Climb aboard EAA's B-17G *Aluminum Overcast* for a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to fly in one of World War II's most vital aircraft.

Cedar Rapids, IA The Eastern Iowa Airport October 23-25, 2020

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The Mystery P-51 Pilot

This 1967 true story is about an experience by a young 12-year-old boy in 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 stopover. 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 at a spot halfway down the runway. 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. 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, 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, and 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; 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 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 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.