

HORSE FEATHERS



Official Newsletter of the Billings Flying Mustangs
Volume 33 Issue 11 November 2007 www.rcflyer.com

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October Minutes

The meeting was called to order by Pres. Lynda Hahn at 7:30 PM. Secretary Clay Ness read the minutes from the previous meeting and they were approved as read. Treasurer Matt Dahl read the treasurers report and it too was approved as read.

Committee Reports

No report

Old Business

Thanks to all that helped out at the Fall Cleanup. We even got help from two non-members, RC Giess (sorry if I miss spelled your name RC) and Roy Omo; way to go guys we really appreciate your effort.

Jim Sherman volunteered to help Lynda Hahn with the concessions for the up and coming 2 day race event.

New Business

Nominations Committee, Tim McCullough and possibly Jim Sherman, and Scott Chaves will be taking on the job of finding members willing to run for an office for 2008. There will be 3 Board positions open for next year, one for a 3 year term, one for a 2 year term and 1 year term. This will reset the intended single elected board position to open each year.

There was a lengthy discussion regarding nonmembers using the club facilities. In order to use the clubs facilities if you reside within a 40 mile radius of Billings MT you must be an AMA and BFM member. Introductory

guests must be accompanied by an AMA introductory pilot. Non residents may use the facility as long as they are an AMA member. Any AMA or ROAR member may use the facility during an event such as a race or fly-in however only AMA members can operate remote control aircraft.

Clay Ness made a motion to adjourn and the motion was seconded by Jim Sherman, a vote was taken and the motion passed.

00:50:11

From the Secretary

You all probably know by now, the BFM has lost one of its members. Don Herington passed away after a lengthy struggle. I didn't know Don as well as I would have liked to but well enough that he loaned me a pair of socks last year up at Skattum Ranch (near Livingston). That was the kind of guy Don was to me, the kind of guy that would give you the shirt off of his back if you asked for it. I can't remember a time when Don didn't have a smile on his face or a joke to tell, yea some of the jokes I had heard several times but somehow when Don told them I didn't mind hearing them again.

I had originally wanted to put together a group of words (that were spelled correctly) that would best

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describe Don as I knew him but after sorting through my e-mails I found this.

“Unfortunately I didn't get a chance to get to know Don as much as I would've liked. I did have a few conversations with him though, and what I saw was a fellow that has taken a wealth of knowledge with him in his passing. Like my Uncle Ron that passed away last summer, Don was a member of a group of modelers/flyers that is rapidly and unfortunately leaving us. By that I mean that he had seen in his lifetime practically if not the entire spectrum of aero modeling, from free flight to control line to the earliest days of RC up to the newest state of the art equipment that we all take for granted. We might say that we "built" a plane when we assemble an ARF, but ol' boys like Don built them from scratch, if they were lucky they had a set of plans, and most of the time back in the early days the planes seldom survived long enough to fly twice and it was back to cutting and gluing sticks. At least that's what my Uncle Ron told me anyway. Guys like Don are getting fewer and fewer everyday, and it's a shame that more of the younger modelers/flyers (myself included) find it so hard to take the time to sit down and chat with them a bit more. The Fly In won't be the same next year without Don sitting behind the table, and whoever takes over will have some big shoes to fill.”

From the Pres.

The following is a note written in a card from the Herington Family

Our thanks to each and everyone who took part in the candlelight vigil in Don's memory. He would feel honored that the shelter is to be named for him. And also how many planes were burned that night.
Thank you again.

Your kindness and sympathy are more deeply appreciated than any word of thanks can ever express.



Don

Bill

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Subject: Fw: Two Bags 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 out loud by the time you get to 'Milk Duds,' your sense of humor is seriously broken. 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 U.S. 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 dyspeptic 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 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 Montgomery. 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 Lead foot. 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 65, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomery. And I egressed the bananas. And 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.'



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It is that time of year, If you are wanting to move or sell some of that old R/C equipment you can post your add here for free! Just send a picture and description along with your contact info to crashisclay@bresnan.net

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