



FROM THE LEFT SEAT

Len Alt, President

Greetings. With the recently colder weather the flying opportunities have been fewer. Hope you have been able to get in a few flights.



Jim Heidish Overhead

Last week's crash landing of a British Airways Boeing 777 due to loss of adequate power on final approach reminded me of the consequences of losing engine power in flight and the importance of having a reachable landing space. I've had my engine quit due to a clogged fuel filter over Bealeton (poor maintenance) and again, for a reason still not determined (the worst reason possible) over Warrenton Air Park. In both cases I was directly over the field and was able to make the forced landing without difficulty. The experiences have made me very conscious of flying high enough over the forested areas near WAP to be sure to be able to reach a clear patch of ground in the event of an engine failure. This was reinforced recently on a flight with Dave Riedel when his engine quit without warning. Because Dave was at a sufficiently high altitude he was able to set the aircraft down in a field without incident. Since we all fly single engine aircraft we are all subject to total loss of power at any time. Prior planning preferred.

Thanks to all who have sent in a photo with their aircraft. Greg Palmer has updated the club website "Club 1 Member Aircraft" page. If we don't have a photo of you and your flying machine please send one in.



Ami Abramson Near Warrenton Air Park

Be sure and read the very special article by Tom Lodahl on his personal experiences flying the SR-71. Thanks for a great article Tom!

Please join us for our February club meeting at Centreville High School Thursday evening, February 7th, starting at 7:30 P.M.

Fly smart. Fly safe.

Skull Sez ... FROM THE CLUB 1 SAFETY HANGAR

I think that some members at the January Club meeting might have misunderstood the message that I was trying to get across to them. Let me try to clarify what I meant to say. When I was discussing the pattern at WAP, I never meant for a private pilot to not follow FAR procedures. I would hope that anyone who has their private pilot license would be professional enough and continue to use the correct procedures around the field, even if it

isn't a controlled field. I count on them to be the most trained, hence the safest of the pilots in the pattern.

When I was discussing the rules and regulations around the field, I was talking about normal weekends, not during a fly-in weekend. At a fly-in, we will have an Air Boss and info will be sent out to other clubs and put on the website with procedures for flying in, during, and departing WAP for a hosted fly-in. Prior to the fly-in I'll brief/ remind the local pilots on standard procedures, etc. Like always, the Air Boss will monitor 122.9 and direct, if necessary, the flow of the aircraft to keep it safe. I will also have a PPG compatible radio and direct their launches and deconflict them with fixed wing launches. We will have a pilots briefing, etc, at the fly-ins for the competitions and departure plans and I will be monitoring and controlling the airspace. Club pilots at fly-ins have a heightened awareness of procedures because it is not normal ops around the field and safety should be at the forefront of their minds.

I would hope that the radio-equipped ultralights would use their radios and make the calls, even if it's in the blind. Why would they have them if they were not going to use them? They should know pattern procedures and how to fly with the "big boys" in the pattern from their ultralight training. Our challenge at the field is that we have some 'true' ultralights [Quicksilver, etc] that don't have radios and PPGs that carry a different kind of radio.

I was unaware that some people didn't know that the PPGs carry a different type of radio. [Again, another reason for talking about all of the different types of aircraft in the Club]. PPG pilots carry FRS [walkie-talkie] radios, if they carry them at all. There is no requirement, just like in a fixed wing ultralight. I think some of the PPCs and trikes carry an aviation radio, but I have to confirm that point. The PPG pilots at WAP for the most part carry a radio and call and respond if necessary. But, since we don't fly a "normal" pattern to land; normally don't land on the main runway; and we ALWAYS have to take-off and land into the wind,

even if we did fly a “normal” pattern it wouldn’t be the same size as the fixed wing aircraft. This is one of the main reasons we use the abandoned runway for take-offs and landings. Plus to take-off, we must since the bottom line to all of this is our love of flying.

At the February Club meeting I have asked Steve Beste to talk about his trike’s characteristics. If a PPC pilot is attending and would like to talk for a couple minutes about his PPC flight characteristics, I think it would be beneficial to the Club.

See you at the Airpark and don’t forget to perform a good preflight before your next hop.

Fly safe,
‘Skull’
Dave Riedel

LA To Dulles In 64 Minutes

In 1986, following an attack on American soldiers in a Berlin disco, President Reagan ordered the bombing of Muammar Qaddafi’s terrorist camps in Libya. My duty was to fly over Libya and take photos recording the damage our F-111s had inflicted. Qaddafi had established a “line of death,” a territorial marking across the Gulf of Sidra, swearing to shoot down any intruder that crossed the boundary. On the morning of April 15, I rocketed past the line at 2,125 mph. I was piloting the SR-71 spy plane, the world’s fastest jet, accompanied by Maj. Walter Watson, the aircraft’s reconnaissance systems officer (RSO). We had crossed into Libya and were approaching our final turn over the bleak desert landscape when Walter informed me that he was receiving missile launch signals. I quickly increased our speed, calculating the time it would take for the weapons—most likely SA-2 and SA-4 surface-to-air missiles capable of Mach 5—to reach our altitude. I estimated that we

could beat the rocket-powered missiles to the turn and stayed our course, betting our lives on the plane’s performance.

After several agonizingly long seconds, we made the turn and blasted toward the Mediterranean. “You might want to pull it back,” Walter suggested. It was then that I noticed I still had the throttles full forward. The plane was flying a mile every 1.6 seconds, well above our Mach 3.2 limit. It was the fastest we would ever fly. I pulled the throttles to idle just south of Sicily, but we still overran the refueling tanker awaiting us over Gibraltar.

Scores of significant aircraft have been produced in the 100 years of flight, following the achievements of the Wright brothers, which we celebrate in December. Aircraft such as the Boeing 707, the F-86 Sabre Jet, and the P-51 Mustang are among the important machines that have flown our skies. But the SR-71, also known as the Blackbird, stands alone as a significant contributor to Cold War victory and as the fastest plane ever—and only 93 Air Force pilots ever steered the “sled,” as we called our aircraft.

As inconceivable as it may sound, I once discarded the plane. Literally. My first encounter with the SR-71 came when I was 10 years old in the form of molded black plastic in a Revell kit. Cementing together the long fuselage parts proved tricky, and my finished product looked less than menacing. Glue, oozing from the seams, discolored the black plastic. It seemed ungainly alongside the fighter planes in my collection, and I threw it away. Twenty-nine years later, I stood awe-struck in a Beale Air Force Base hangar, staring at the very real SR-71 before me. I had applied to fly the world’s fastest jet and was receiving my first walk-around of our nation’s most prestigious aircraft. In my previous 13 years

as an Air Force fighter pilot, I had never seen an aircraft with such presence. At 107 feet long, it appeared big, but far from ungainly.

Ironically, the plane was dripping, much like the misshapen model I had assembled in my youth. Fuel was seeping through the joints, raining down on the hangar floor. At each 3, the plane would expand several inches because of the severe temperature, which could heat the leading edge of the wing to 1,100 degrees. To prevent cracking, expansion joints had been built into the plane. Sealant resembling rubber glue covered the seams, but when the plane was subsonic, fuel would leak through the joints.

The SR-71 was the brainchild of Kelly Johnson, the famed Lockheed designer who created the P-38, the F-104 Starfighter, and the U-2. After the Soviets shot down Gary Powers' U-2 in 1960, Johnson began to develop an aircraft that would fly three miles higher and five times faster than the spy plane-and still be capable of photographing your license plate. However, flying at 2,000 mph would create intense heat on the aircraft's skin. Lockheed engineers used a titanium alloy to construct more than 90 percent of the SR-71, creating special tools and manufacturing procedures to hand-build each of the 40 planes. Special heat-resistant fuel, oil, and hydraulic fluids that would function at 85,000 feet and higher also had to be developed.

In 1962, the first Blackbird successfully flew, and in 1966, the same year I graduated from high school, the Air Force began flying operational SR-71 missions. I came to the program in 1983 with a sterling record and a recommendation from my commander, completing the weeklong interview and meeting Walter, my partner for the next four years. He would ride four feet behind me, working all the cameras, radios, and electronic jamming equipment. I joked that if

we were ever captured, he was the spy and I was just the driver. He told me to keep the pointy end forward.

We trained for a year, flying out of Beale AFB in California, Kadena Airbase in Okinawa, and RAF Mildenhall in England. On a typical training mission, we would take off near Sacramento, refuel over Nevada, accelerate into Montana, obtain high Mach over Colorado, turn right over New Mexico, speed across the Los Angeles Basin, run up the West Coast, turn right at Seattle, then return to Beale. Total flight time: two hours and 40 minutes. One day, high above Arizona, we were monitoring the radio traffic of all the mortal airplanes below us. First, a Cessna pilot asked the air traffic controllers to check his ground speed. "Ninety knots," ATC replied. A twin Bonanza soon made the same request. "One-twenty on the ground," was the reply. To our surprise, a navy F-18 came over the radio with a ground speed check. I knew exactly what he was doing. Of course, he had a ground speed indicator in his cockpit, but he wanted to let all the bug-smashers in the valley know what real speed was. "Dusty 52, we show you at 620 on the ground," ATC responded.

The situation was too ripe. I heard the click of Walter's mike button in the rear seat. In his most innocent voice, Walter startled the controller by asking for a ground speed check from 81,000 feet, clearly above controlled airspace. In a cool, professional voice, the controller replied, "Aspen 20, I show you at 1,982 knots on the ground." We did not hear another transmission on that frequency all the way to the coast. The Blackbird always showed us something new, each aircraft possessing its own unique personality. In time, we realized we were flying a national treasure. When we taxied out of our revetments for takeoff, people took notice. Traffic congregated near the

airfield fences, because everyone wanted to see and hear the mighty SR-71. You could not be a part of this program and not come to love the airplane. Slowly, she revealed her secrets to us as we earned her trust.

One moonless night, while flying a routine training mission over the Pacific, I wondered what the sky would look like from 84,000 feet if the cockpit lighting were dark. While heading home on a straight course, I slowly turned down all of the lighting, reducing the glare and revealing the night sky. Within seconds, I turned the lights back up, fearful that the jet would know and somehow punish me. But my desire to see the sky overruled my caution, I dimmed the lighting again.



SR-71 at the Udvar-Hazy Museum

To my amazement, I saw a bright light outside my window. As my eyes adjusted to the view, I realized that the brilliance was the broad expanse of the Milky Way, now a gleaming stripe across the sky. Where dark spaces in the sky had usually existed, there were now dense clusters of sparkling stars. Shooting stars flashed across the canvas every few seconds. It was like a fireworks display with no sound.

I knew I had to get my eyes back on the instruments, and reluctantly I brought my attention back inside. To my surprise, with the cockpit lighting still off, I could see every gauge, lit by starlight. In the plane's mirrors, I could see the eerie shine of my gold spacesuit incandescently illuminated in a celestial glow. I stole one last glance out the window. Despite our speed, we seemed still before the heavens, humbled in the radiance of a much greater power. For those few moments, I felt a part of something far more significant than anything we were doing in the plane. The sharp sound of Walt's voice on the radio brought me back to the tasks at hand as I prepared for our descent. The SR-71 was an expensive aircraft to operate. The most significant cost was tanker support, and in 1990, confronted with budget cutbacks, the Air Force retired the SR-71. The Blackbird had outrun nearly 4,000 missiles, not once taking a scratch from enemy fire.

On her final flight, the Blackbird, destined for the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, sped from Los Angeles to Washington in 64 minutes, averaging 2,145 mph and setting four speed records. The SR-71 served six presidents, protecting America for a quarter of a century. Unbeknownst to most of the country, the plane flew over North Vietnam, Red China, North Korea, the Middle East, South Africa, Cuba, Nicaragua, Iran, Libya, and the Falkland Islands. On a weekly basis, the SR-71 kept watch over every Soviet nuclear submarine and mobile missile site, and all of their troop movements. It was a key factor in winning the Cold War. I am proud to say I flew about 500 hours in this aircraft. I knew her well. She gave way to no plane, proudly dragging her sonic boom through enemy backyards with great impunity. She defeated every missile, outran every MiG, and always brought us home. In the first 100 years of

manned flight, no aircraft was more remarkable.

With the Libyan coast fast approaching now, Walt asks me for the third time, if I think the jet will get to the speed and altitude we want in time. I tell him yes. I know he is concerned. He is dealing with the data; that's what engineers do, and I am glad he is. But I have my hands on the stick and throttles and can feel the heart of a thoroughbred, running now with the power and perfection she was designed to possess. I also talk to her. Like the combat veteran she is, the jet senses the target area and seems to prepare herself.

For the first time in two days, the inlet door closes flush and all vibration is gone. We've become so used to the constant buzzing that the jet sounds quiet now in comparison. The Mach correspondingly increases slightly and the jet is flying in that confidently smooth and steady style we have so often seen at these speeds. We reach our target altitude and speed, with five miles to spare. Entering the target area, in response to the jet's new-found vitality, Walt says, "That's amazing" and with my left hand pushing two throttles farther forward, I think to myself that there is much they don't teach in engineering school. Out my left window, Libya looks like one huge sandbox. A featureless brown terrain stretches all the way to the horizon. There is no sign of any activity. Then Walt tells me that he is getting lots of electronic signals, and they are not the friendly kind. The jet is performing perfectly now, flying better than she has in weeks. She seems to know where she is. She likes the high Mach, as we penetrate deeper into Libyan airspace. Leaving the footprint of our sonic boom across Benghazi, I sit motionless, with stilled hands on throttles and the pitch control, my eyes glued to the gauges.

Only the Mach indicator is moving, steadily increasing in hundredths, in a rhythmic consistency similar to the long distance runner

who has caught his second wind and picked up the pace. The jet was made for this kind of performance and she wasn't about to let an errant inlet door make her miss the show. With the power of forty locomotives, we puncture the quiet African sky and continue farther south across a bleak landscape. Walt continues to update me with numerous reactions he sees on the DEF panel. He is receiving missile tracking signals. With each mile we traverse, every two seconds, I become more uncomfortable driving deeper into this barren and hostile land. I am glad the DEF panel is not in the front seat. It would be a big distraction now, seeing the lights flashing. In contrast, my cockpit is "quiet" as the jet purrs and relishes her new-found strength, continuing to slowly accelerate.

The spikes are full aft now, tucked twenty-six inches deep into the nacelles. With all inlet doors tightly shut, at 3.24 Mach, the J-58s are more like ramjets now, gulping 100,000 cubic feet of air per second. We are a roaring express now, and as we roll through the enemy's backyard, I hope our speed continues to defeat the missile radars below. We are approaching a turn, and this is good. It will only make it more difficult for any launched missile to solve the solution for hitting our aircraft.

I push the speed up at Walt's request. The jet does not skip a beat, nothing fluctuates, and the cameras have a rock steady platform. Walt received missile launch signals. Before he can say anything else, my left hand instinctively moves the throttles yet farther forward. My eyes are glued to temperature gauges now, as I know the jet will willingly go to speeds that can harm her. The temps are relatively cool and from all the warm temps we've encountered thus far, this surprises me but then, it really doesn't surprise me. Mach

3.31 and Walt is quiet for the moment. I move my gloved finger across the small silver wheel on the autopilot panel which controls the aircraft's pitch. With the deft feel known to Swiss watchmakers, surgeons, and "dinosaurs" (old-time pilots who not only fly an airplane but "feel it"), I rotate the pitch wheel somewhere between one-sixteenth and one-eighth inch location, a position which yields the 500-foot-per-minute climb I desire. The jet raises her nose one-sixth of a degree and knows, I'll push her higher as she goes faster. The Mach continues to rise, but during this segment of our route, I am in no mood to pull throttles back. Walt's voice pierces the quiet of my cockpit with the news of more missile launch signals. The gravity of Walter's voice tells me that he believes the signals to be a more valid threat than the others. Within seconds he tells me to "push it up" and I firmly press both throttles against their stops. For the next few seconds, I will let the jet go as fast as she wants. A final turn is coming up and we both know that if we can hit that turn at this speed, we most likely will defeat any missiles. We are not there yet, though, and I'm wondering if Walt will call for a defensive turn off our course.

With no words spoken, I sense Walter is thinking in concert with me about maintaining our programmed course. To keep from worrying, I glance outside, wondering if I'll be able to visually pick up a missile aimed at us. Odd are the thoughts that wander through one's mind in times like these. I found myself recalling the words of former SR-71 pilots who were fired upon while flying missions over North Vietnam. They said the few errant missile detonations they were able to observe from the cockpit looked like implosions rather than explosions. This was due to the great speed at which the jet was hurling away from the exploding missile.

I see nothing outside except the endless expanse of a steel blue sky and the broad patch of tan earth far below. I have only had my eyes

out of the cockpit for seconds, but it seems like many minutes since I have last checked the gauges inside. Returning my attention inward, I glance first at the miles counter telling me how many more to go, until we can start our turn. Then I note the Mach, and passing beyond 3.45, I realize that Walter and I have attained new personal records. The Mach continues to increase.

The ride is incredibly smooth. There seems to be a confirmed trust now, between me and the jet; she will not hesitate to deliver whatever speed we need, and I can count on no problems with the inlets. Walt and I are ultimately depending on the jet now - more so than normal - and she seems to know it. The cooler outside temperatures have awakened the spirit born into her years ago, when men dedicated to excellence took the time and care to build her well. With spikes and doors as tight as they can get, we are racing against the time it could take a missile to reach our altitude.

It is a race this jet will not let us lose. The Mach eases to 3.5 as we crest 80,000 feet. We are a bullet now - except faster. We hit the turn, and I feel some relief as our nose swings away from a country we have seen quite enough of. Screaming past Tripoli, our phenomenal speed continues to rise, and the screaming Sled pummels the enemy one more time, laying down a parting sonic boom. In seconds, we can see nothing but the expansive blue of the Mediterranean. I realize that I still have my left hand full-forward and we're continuing to rocket along in maximum afterburner.

The TDI now shows us Mach numbers, not only new to our experience but flat out scary. Walt says the DEF panel is now quiet, and I know it is time to

reduce our incredible speed. I pull the throttles to the min 'burner range and the jet still doesn't want to slow down. Normally the Mach would be affected immediately, when making such a large throttle movement. But for just a few moments old 960 just sat out there at the high Mach, she seemed to love and like the proud Sled she was, only began to slow when we were well out of danger. I loved that jet.

~ Tom Lodahl

ADVISORIES

December Meeting – Minutes

USUA Flying Club 1
Monthly Meeting
Thursday January 3, 2008
Warrenton Airpark

President **Len Alt** opened the meeting at 7:30 PM in the Centreville High School Library, fifteen members were present.

Officer's reports:

Secretary:

Jim T. Hill – Thanks to Len (President) for acting as Secretary for November & December meetings. The Minutes as published in the January 2008 news-letter were accepted.

Treasurer:

Jim Birnbaum – December 2007 Treasurer's Report attached. Income (\$241) exceeded expenses (\$152) by ~ \$90. Club checkbook balance was \$2888.89. Several members renewed at the meeting. Len Alt reported a \$100 donation by Hara Bouganim to be used for the library. Motion – Order "PPG bible" [Larry Walker/Steve Beste) Approved.

Vice President: - Not present

Safety & Training Director:

Dave Riedel – Review of PPG characteristics and safety information. Future meetings to include discussion of: PPC/Trikes; Ultra Lights/Experimental; and Light Sport & General Aviation

Membership: Not Present

Activities at WAP:

Tom Richards – Far (new) hanger is enclosed but doors not operational, near (new) hanger most of the framing is up and the metal covering is ordered.

Tom offered Saturday (week-end) work days to clean up brush, some building, and general maintenance if the temp is above 40 and relatively low wind and no moisture. An added benefit is free fire-wood for you to cut and haul.

New set of Warrenton Airpark Safety Rules have been developed. Revised version will be sent to membership & posted at the WAP.

Awards:

Lew Clement – Outstanding Volunteer (for the years of service to Club 1 as secretary, membership chair, official photographer and News Letter publisher.

Jim Heidish – Volunteer Service Award

(preparation of calendars and other signs/graphics)

Tom Richards – Volunteer Service Award

(Maintenance of WAP, allowing the use of WAP facilities by Flying Club 1)

Members At Large:

Larry Walker – Great Christmas party – thanks to Joe Bender, Kim & Len Alt.

PPG Representative - Not Present

Phil Williams – Not Present

New Business:

Events Schedule 2008 (See January News-Letter)

Should the May 31st Memorial Fly-In and the June 7th meeting/Lunch/Fly-In be combined. Club voted to combine the above events.

Jim Birnbaum – Presented several excellent ideas to increase the participation of members in the events, increase membership and visibility of the Club [Advertising, Web activities, inviting other groups]. Jim Heidish will provide advertising support, Jim, Jim & Tom Richards will coordinate these activities so as not to damage the “good neighbor” concerns for WAP.

Jim Birnbaum will send out this proposal (e-mail) Len (President) asked for member’s response (and wiliness to participate) - by the end of January.

50/50 won by Ron Nelson - who donated \$10 to the Club

Len Alt - President adjourned the meeting at 9:10 PM

Respectfully Submitted,

Jim T. Hill

ACTIVITIES

2008 FLYING CLUB 1 ACTIVITIES SCHEDULE

Designated Club meetings will be held the first Thursday of each month in the Centreville High School, Union Mill Rd., Centreville, VA, at 7:30 PM. Others will be held at the Warrenton Airpark as shown in the 2008 schedule.

Changes in time or location will be posted in this newsletter and on the Club website.

2008 Club Activities Schedule

Jan 3, Thu	Monthly Meeting, CHS
Feb 7, Thu	Monthly Meeting, CHS
Mar 6, Thu	Monthly Meeting, CHS
Apr 5, Sat	Monthly Meeting, WAP

May 3, Sat	Monthly Meeting, WAP
Jun 7, Sat	Memorial Fly-In & Monthly Meeting, WAP
Jun 21, Sat	Club 1 Poker Run, WAP
Jul 12, Sat	Monthly Meeting & Summer BBQ, WAP
Aug 2, Sat	Monthly Meeting, WAP
Sep 6, Sat	Monthly Meeting, WAP
Sep 13, Sat	Club 1 Fly-Out, WAP
Oct 4, Sat	Monthly Meeting & Club 1 Fall Fly-In, WAP
Oct 11, Sat	Color Run Fly-In, WAP
Nov 6, Thu	Monthly Meeting, CHS
Dec 6, Sat	Monthly Meeting & Holiday Party, TBD

CLASSIFIEDS

Ads will be run twice and then dropped unless resubmitted, or renewed by telephone or e-mail. Please advise the editor when the ad is no longer needed.

Items bought and sold through the Newsletter are solely at the risk of the buyer and seller. Neither the Newsletter nor USUA Flying Club 1 guarantees, or is in any way responsible for, the airworthiness or other aspects of the items listed.

FOR SALE -- Brand new and unused Blackhawk one-piece flying suit in red and black. Size Medium. **\$40.**

Inquiries: Bob Bell
(W) 540-351-1081 or (C) 703-943-7129
cedarfield540@juno.com (12/07)

1952 PIPER TRIPACER — Project. Airframe and engine with less than 800 hours since new. Fuselage and one wing have been recovered. Other wing needs cover. Needs paint job. Engine needs assembly. Asking \$ 12,000.

Inquiries: Ralph E. Kew via e-mail at REKP1@MSN.com (08/07)

PASHA 2 TANDEM WING — 42m, like new, \$2400.00

Inquiries: Michael O'Daniel 540-270-8855 onegooddoc@starpower.net (08/07)

WEIGHT SHIFT KIT FOR BLACKHAWK — brand new, never used \$225.00

Inquiries: Michael O'Daniel 540-270-8855 onegooddoc@starpower.net (08/07)

the family rate, if applicable, and will be credited will full membership for the following calendar year.

Please mail payments to USUA Flying Club 1, 8570 King Carter Street, Manassas, VA 20110. Payment can also be made at the regular monthly meeting. Please include the 2008 Membership Application form with your payment. This will be used to ensure that our records are current. A copy of the membership application is attached and also printed at the end of the Newsletter.

Jim Birnbaum
USUA Flying Club 1
Treasurer



Dayna with Co-Pilot (Larry Walker)

Membership Due's Policy

The period of membership follows the calendar year – January through December.

The renewal period starts on 1 October with regular dues at \$20.00 and family at \$25.00. Members who have not paid their dues by the end of February will be dropped and will not receive the Newsletter or Membership Roster.

New Members joining from 1 July through 30 September will be charged \$10.00. New members joining after 1 October will be charged \$20.00 or



*Two Young Eagles, One Old Eagle
(L-R: Chase, Larry, and Dayna)*

FLYING CLUB 1 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - 2008

All members are encouraged to provide an e-mail address to the Club. It is our best means for fast communications with a large number of Club members in minimum time. We welcome you to USUA flying Club 1 and hope your membership will be rewarding to you in flying and fellowship.

*Name: _____ New _ Renewal _ Regular __ Family__ Membership

*Street or PO Box: _____

*City: _____ State _____ ZIP

*Telephone(H) _____ Telephone (W) _____

*Spouse's Name _____ *Name To Go On Your Name Tag _____

Emergency Contact: Name: _____ Phone: _____

To Receive Your Newsletter By E-mail, Enter Your E-mail Address:

*USUA Member: Yes ___ No ___ If yes, enter member number: _____ USUA Pilot: Yes ___ No ___

*UL Registration # _____ *Aircraft Liability Insurance _____

Type Aircraft Cessna 150 Stored/Flown from Warenton Air Park

Other Ultralights (Owned or flown) _____

Flying Hours: Dual UL _____ Single UL _____ Conventional _____

*Club Activities or Services for Which You Volunteer _____

(NOTE: References to Ultralight aircraft above include Ultralight-type aircraft). Starred must be completed. Mail application to the Club 1 Treasurer, Jim Birnbaum, 8570 King Carter St., Manassas, VA 20110, accompanied by dues for regular (\$20) or Family (\$25) membership for a full year or \$10 and \$12 (Family) for the period 1 July through 30 September. Payments after 1 October should be for the full rate and the member will be credited with membership for the following calendar year. NOTE: Information from this application will be included in the Club 1's membership roster intended for internal use only. (*Roster__E-mail__USMaiI__Name Tag__).

To join USUA Flying Club #1, fill out the forms on the reverse side. To join the national USUA, fill out the form below: (Canadian and non-US membership add \$5.00)

**Jim Birnbaum
8570 King Carter Street
Manassas, VA 20110-4888**

____ **\$30.00** U.S. Ultralight Association annual membership does not include magazine subscriptions. All publications are optional, and are available to USUA members at the discounted prices below. A current USUA membership is required to take advantage of these discounts. Subscribe to your chice when you renew your membership.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Phone _____ **Date of Birth** _____

**Ultralight Magazine - \$24.95
Light Sport and Ultralight Flying - \$34.95
KITPLANES Magazine - \$19.95
Air & Space - \$19.00**

**Enclosed is my Check ___ Money Order ___
Visa ___ Mastercard ___**

____ **Enclosed is \$2.00 for work in ultralight safety by USUA.**

**United States Ultralight Association
104 Carlisle Street
Gettysburg, PA 17325**

USUA FLYING CLUB 1 GENERAL INFORMATION

The United States Ultralight Association's Flying Club 1 is a non-profit, recreational club dedicated to the sport of ultralight and light sport aircraft flying.

2007-2008 CLUB OFFICERS, DIRECTORS & STAFF

President Len Alt*	703-467-0586	
Vice President Pete Bastien+		703-568-5778
Secretary Jim Hill*	540-659-8366	
Treasurer Jim Birnbaum+		703-361-7478
Past President Dave Riedel		703-815-4924
Dir, Safety & Tng Dave Riedel		703-815-4924
Dir, Membership Phil Williams		703-361-3320
Dir At Large Jerry Starbuck		301-928-8755
Dir at Large Larry Walker		540-347-7609
Club Artist Jim Heidish		703-524-5265
Events Coord.		
Librarian Dick Walker	202-363-4546	
Newsletter Editor Kim Alt		703-655-4137
	e-mail:	
kim.alt@gmail.com		
Web Master Greg Palmer		703-912-3774
PPG Web POC Par Karandikar		703-201-8909

Terms of office: +2007-08 *2008-09

ANNUAL DUES (Jan 1 - Dec 31) \$20.00. (Includes newsletter.) Family membership: \$25.00. After July 1, dues for remainder of year are \$10.00. Family membership: \$25.00 (husband and wife). (A spouse who wishes to participate will please complete a membership application form.)

NEWSLETTER SUBSCRIPTION (without membership) is \$10.00 per year.

CLUB WEB SITE: <http://usuaclub1.org>. Note the change in web site. Flying Club 1 now has an officially registered name on the internet.

MEETINGS are at 7:30 PM on the first Thursday of the month at locations announced in the Club newsletter and on the Club web site. (Times and days may vary. check the newsletter and/or the web site.)

SUBMITTING ITEMS FOR THE NEWSLETTER Members and non-members are encouraged to submit items for this newsletter. Send submissions to Kim Alt, 13102 Mares Neck Lane, Herndon, VA 20171. E-mail is shown at left. Deadline for entry of items into the newsletter is 10 days before each meeting.

Ads will run twice and then dropped unless resubmitted or renewed by phone or email. Advise editor when item is sold.

A club is only as good as the members who volunteer to support its activities. The following listed activities with the club require member support in varying amounts. Please indicate on your membership application the function(s) (can be more than one) you will support as a Club member. All active Club members are expected to participate. However, members who live some distance away and cannot attend meetings regularly, may prefer to support functions associated with Club week-end activities.

Club Management/Administration: Club Officers (elected, Directors and Staff). (Talk to current officer for more detail.) *Fly-ins:* Food supply, preparation; Facilities; Grounds; Ground Support. *X-country & outside events:* ground support. *Safety & Education:* Flight Safety & Training, New Member Mentoring, Library, Monthly Program Development. *Communications:* Membership, Newsletter, Web Site. *Fund Raising:* 50/50 Raffle. *Miscellaneous:* Meeting Facilities, Property Management, Clothing Sales, Tool Custodian, Ad Hoc Committees.