

# The Sport Flyer

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Hugo Garcia, Editor

Brad Methvin, Web Editor

Members who elect to receive the newsletter by the US Postal Service, instead of by email, must pay \$10 in addition to the annual \$20 membership fee. Please refer potential members to

Secretary-Treasurer:

GSFA/ Richard Logue

584 Ripplewater Dr.

Marietta Ga. 30064 (770.590.3071)



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## *OUR BOARD of OFFICERS*

**Bryan Jorgenson, President**

**Mark Henderson, VP**

*Richard Logue, Sec Treas.*

## Recap of our October Meeting:

Mark Henderson supplied the October meeting details that follow.

Bryan Jorgenson chaired the meeting. There were about 20 folks in attendance with several member planes flying in to Etowah bend.

The first item discussed was the status on the trailer which is now complete. We will continue to keep the trailer at Ferguson's field which is near the Cartersville airport.

The second item of business was the treasurer's report, Richard Logue indicated that the club account balance is in excess of 2000 dollars (exact figure I don't recall).

The third item was the nomination of club officers for the 2004 club year. Brian opened the floor for nominations and Bob Smedburg nominated Kim Arrowood as president and Lonnie Sand for Vice President.

**Richard Logue was also nominated to the Secretary treasurer position. There were no other nominations made at that time, however, nominations can be made up until our next meeting at which time the final voting will be made.**

**We also would like to welcome our newest member, Wayne Evans, to the club. He is currently in training with Ben and will be purchasing a new Flightstar soon.**

**Richard also reminding us of the Christmas party that he and his wife have graciously offered their home for this on Dec. 6th. The Christmas party will replace our normal club meeting for December. Richard will be posting details and directions on the forum so stay tuned. Kim has volunteered to organize the banquet and will be seeking volunteers (especially the wives) to help out with food etc. I also offered thanks for the kind words, thoughts and prayers to the club from my father's recent passing.**

**Hamburgers and hot dogs were served after the meeting.**

**Our November meeting will be at Etowah bend at 11:00am. We are encouraging all to come in by 10:30 to socialize before the meeting. Kim will be providing Chili following the meeting!**

**Mark Henderson V.P. Did this month's meeting minutes.**

**Don't forget to send me any articles, for sale ads or pictures you want me to post in the newsletter!**

**See you at the November 8th Meeting, Etowah Bend, Kingston, GA.**

**Hugo Garcia [h\\_garcia@bellsouth.net](mailto:h_garcia@bellsouth.net)**

**The driving directions to Etowah Bend Gliderport:**

Driving from downtown Atlanta take: Hwy I-75 North exit 290 "Cartsvilles Exit" make left, follow to US 41, turn right on HWY 411, then follow signs to Rome. After 10 miles will cross Etowah River. Make U-turn after bridge then Etowah Bend clubhouse will be the FIRST GATE on the right after driving back over the bridge.

**November 8<sup>th</sup> starting @ 11am**

**CALENDAR OF EVENTS:**

**Nov 8th Georgia Sports Flyers Monthly Meeting**

**Topics: Election of GSFA officers for 2004, Christmas party. 11AM  
Etowah Bend Gliderport (see below for directions)**

**Dec 6th Georgia Sports Flyers Annual Christmas Party**

**Food to be catered (shrimp tray, cheese tray, sandwiches, sheet cake, Beverages, gifts, and door prizes. Hosted at Richard Logue's house (same location as last year!) starts at 6:30pm.**

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**BEFORE ULTRALIGHTS *(Part 5 in the series)***

**By Lloyd "Doc" Burns**

**Before leaving the Scots - they didn't smile much those days! They thought about only a few things and they weren't funny. They were at war 24 - 7, taking and doing their duties very seriously and efficiently, be it combat flying, ferrying airplanes, or putting up with green Yanks. They were tough and could be mean. (Note that "Burns" ain't the name of a canary, so behave).**

**Back to Kimbolton. Very little research went into these writings. I did go to the Mighty Eighth Museum near Savannah to look up something, but I've forgotten what.**

**They were nice though. This stuff is from pure memory, which is no longer very pure. Anyway an old English Castle gave the air base its name. I never saw it. I visited four towns sic while in England: London, Liverpool, Bedford and Kimbolton Village. In one of the latter two was a small river named the Ooz, along the banks of which grew a tall (6-7 ft) weed which became quite thick. As a result many pathways wound their way along the river from one room-like opening to another. It so happened that these "rooms" were just big enough for two people to liedown and perhaps roll around a bit. It could be somewhat hazardous to take such a stroll unless you had sharp hearing, and were ready to choose another path. Convient for G.Is and their girlfriends when their parents didn't invite the Yanks to stay over, a not uncommon practice. I was very much in love with my wife and did not participate. Some of the crew did, both married and unmarried. I was unaware of what was transpiring back home.**

**Since we completed 30 combat missions over Europe within three months we didn't have much time for leaving the base. I volunteered us at every opportunity, not adequately considering how my crew felt. I had just reached age nineteen, was really in it for the action and excitement, and wanted to get back home to practice being a hero.**

**I do remember going out with some of the crew in London one night. We registered at the Savoy Hotel but didn't get our money's worth, taking off for some pub hopping. I did not drink but really enjoyed seeing that night life culture. It was all there, just like in the movies. The bar and bar girls, the bench around the wall, singles, marrieds, prostitutes, the dart games, and old drunk crones trying to dance. After several pub changes, either in cabs or walking in the dense fog on wet, narrow cobblestone streets, we were hopelessly lost. One by one my comrades vanished into the whorehouses for the night. I suddenly realized I was alone in peripheral London with no sign of life in sight; no pedestrians, no traffic, no nothing. I had no idea which direction was toward the Savoy and civilization. Then out of the fog appeared a Bobby who spoke a strange dialect called English and was happy to give me directions. One could not see the next street light,**

but he pointed the direction toward which I was most likely to see a passing cab. Since I had not seen one in an hour I wasn't encouraged. After a few miles however one came by and I threw my body in front of it. He decided to take me in rather than smush me since we were on the same side of the war.

So young, so stupid, so American.

Kimbolton Air Base was like all the rest - similar in every way. When I see scenes in movies I always think it's Kimbolton - the observation building from which take offs and landings are directed, the plane parking spaces, the taxi ways with the Fortresses snaking toward the take off runway, the two upper/lower bunk bed shack like sleeping quarters, the Quanset buildings, where engineering , planning, meetings, eating, etc. were done. Then I see some slight variation that says no. But I keep looking.

England seemed like one humongous airport condominium with traffic patterns of different "condos" not infrequently intersecting one another. Returning from a mission could be hell, with "aircraft damage" or "wounded aboard" and "out of petrol" flares competing for attention from the tower. I have been in squadrons that were intersecting squadrons from an adjacent base head to head at dusk. We identified our base by its shape of a card spade. The lead pilot, usually at least a major was not always post-graduate material and would pull some pretty big boners. I was too young and too busy to care. I remember pulling two and three bombing runs on a cloud covered target and each time the flak got closer and thicker. ( He was not popular). I used too much petrol and on the way back had to land or crash. With a couple of engines sputtering I chose what I could get - a Spitfire base just over the coast of England.

The Brits, and my crew couldn't believe their eyes. My crew closed theirs and the Brits hit the deck. One can slip and slide a B-17. The brakes and the guns were hot and just as we turned off the runway at a somewhat rapid pace, my bombardier fell against his 50 mm. and fired off a few rounds. He had forgotten to put on the safety. We were lucky the Brits didn't think we were Germans on some kind of kooky mission, and blow us away - far away.

They were also ticked that we were going to take their fuel, and when they saw that our tires had sunk pretty deeply into their soft tarmac overnight we knew to get out of there tout de suite. So we did. I don't know if it's ever been done before or since. Probably.

When we got back to Kimbolton - this is the best part - and walked into our sleeping shacks, strange men were separating our individual stuff and putting it into boxes. They were to be examined by officers before being sent home to our relatives. They didn't want a letter or picture from an English girlfriend to be sent to a grieving wife, etc. It seems that communications had gotten fouled up between the Spitfire people and our group; no one had seen us land (they wouldn't have believed it anyway) and we were considered missing in action until further notice. I think that's around the time that the acronym SNAFU gained wide use in the military.

There were various reactions when our buddies first saw us. Some turned white, some green, some had to return stuff they had always wanted; and then there was the fact that a nineteen year old couldn't be a first pilot in the middle of a combat tour anyway. Remember, they didn't know I was there. One of my best friends, an old boy from Savannah, actually hugged me and cried. Then I resumed my position of not being there.

Too many words, bringing up too many memories. I'll try to be of more interest next month. But it's all true...I think!

**"Doc"**

**Would you like to Learn to fly Ultralights or Trikes?  
These folks are instructors you can call:**

Chuck Goodrum	<a href="mailto:trikes@mindspring.com">trikes@mindspring.com</a>	770-426-7294
Joe Horton	<a href="mailto:jhorto1@bellsouth.net">jhorto1@bellsouth.net</a>	770-975-0003
Bryan Jorgensen	<a href="mailto:bajorg@aol.com">bajorg@aol.com</a>	770-439-5504
Richard Logue	<a href="mailto:loguer@earthlink.net">loguer@earthlink.net</a>	770-590-3071
Ben Methvin	<a href="mailto:adakb@aol.com">adakb@aol.com</a>	770-509-6753
Brad Methvin	<a href="mailto:bradm@brashley.com">bradm@brashley.com</a>	678-461-4463
Bob Smedberg	<a href="mailto:bobsmdberg@bellsouth.net">bobsmdberg@bellsouth.net</a>	404-427-5739

( If you know of other instructors please e-mail [h\\_garcia@bellsouth.net](mailto:h_garcia@bellsouth.net) )

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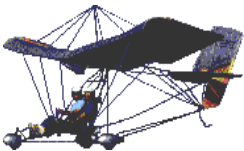
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*Georgia Sport Flyers Association  
584 Ripplewater Dr.  
Marietta GA 30064*



**MAIL TO:**

**Meeting : Sat. November 8th starting @ 11:00 am**

**Meeting at: Etowah Bend Gliderport**

**Topic: Nominations for 2004 Officers**

**SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS AND DIRECTIONS**