

# The Citeco

Official Publication of the Experimental Aircraft Association  
EAA Chapter #393 POBox 272725 Concord, CA 94527-2725

JANUARY 1999

## CHAPTER MEETING

The next meeting is on Wednesday, January 27, 1999 at 7:30 P.M.

Our Vice President reports that each month he attempts to find speakers who are interesting, and able to present their topic well on a compelling subject...a challenge considering the wide range of flight hours and building experience of the 393 members. This month's speakers, Graham and Karen Hawkes, were recommended by Harry Heckman. He reports that the work they have done on The Deep Flight Program deals not with airplanes, but rather submarines... or more accurately micro-submarines designed for ocean exploration at great depths. Interestingly enough, many of the same factors involved in through-the-air flight are taken into consideration with water flight, and the vessels designed by Hawkes Ocean Technologies (H.O.T.) have vertical stabilizers, wings, and control surfaces similar to air planes. Their work has been widely published (including October 97 Scientific American) and we hope that you can join us on the 27<sup>th</sup> of the Month to hear what promises to be both an interesting and informative talk... on a somewhat unusual topic for a flying club.

And finally: As all members should be aware, we have a Chapter Fly-Out on Saturday following the meeting. This month (weather permitting) we will return to

Half Moon Bay to connect with RV builders from the Bay Area, prior to walking into the town of Princeton for lunch. Meet in front of Ron Robinson's hangar F-17 East Ramp in time for an 11:00 departure to HAF. There are often empty seats, so chapter members are encouraged to show up and hope to hop a ride in a fellow member's plane.

All RV pilots are especially encouraged to attend this fly-in!

## Subject: PRESIDENT'S CORNER JANUARY 1999

Date: Fri, 8 Jan 1999 15:57:11 -0800

From: "Ron Robinson" <ron@pmg96.com>

To: "Doug Page" <dougpage@earthlink.net>

Well, the holidays are finally behind us and the New Year is here. I hope your airplane is performing well or, you are making good progress on your airplane building project or, ... you are giving serious thought to starting your dream project. Building and flying your very own airplane is one of the most rewarding and personally satisfying experiences you can have. It is one that I personally experienced over 5 years ago and continues to be as satisfying today as it was on that first flight.

A recent foggy Sunday cleared enough for 5 planes from the Chapter, along with 12 members and wives, to clear the area. Once airborne, we flew in

warm sunshine above the fog shrouded Central Valley for a nice lunch and great camaraderie at the Auburn airport. It was a beautiful day and after lunch none of us was eager to return immediately to cold Buchanan so we leisurely walked around the Auburn airport admiring the many planes and otherwise soaking up the warm rays on our backs before departing for a smooth and beautiful flight back in the late afternoon. Ah.....what better way than to spend a warm afternoon in the middle of winter with good friends enjoying that "hundred dollar hamburger" and talking airplanes?  
Fly safely and see you at the next meeting,

Ron Robinson.

### **FLASH: HARMON ROCKET DESTROYED BY FIRE**

The Beautiful Rocket built by Rick Young and sold to Vern Dallman of Esparto recently suffered an in-flight fire. Vern, the pilot, managed to make a hard landing and he and his passenger escaped with burns. The Rocket was totally destroyed. Our sketchy information is that Vern had caused some modifications, and no one yet knows the cause of the fire.

### **Greetings From Tucson**

Doug Page and C. Jay are vacationing in their motor home for the month of January in warm sunny clear Tucson. Doug is on line there with his same e-mail address, dougpage@earthlink.net. Consequently, the January Cleco has been prepared in Tucson and mailed from Tucson. Members and officers of #393 have emailed information, but the January Cleco is somewhat anemic because our last meeting (the Christmas Party) was reported in the December Cleco. On the first day here, I ran into the Secretary of the local EAA Chapter. He was acting as a docent at the Pima Air and Space Museum. He invited me to the local meeting and told me about several

local builders. I have already visited President Bob Hasson and his absolutely perfect RV-6A with full IFR panel, new O-360, new constant speed prop, extra wing tip gas tanks, oxygen, auto pilot, and an electric aileron trim control of his own design. He claims he will be able to make it to Oshkosh non-stop in 6 hours at altitude

### **BOARD MEETING:**

There was no formal Board meeting for January. The Officers consulted each other by phone and e-mail.

### **CALENDAR**

January 27, 1999 Regular #393 Meeting

January 30, 1999 Fly out to Half Moon Bay

February 6 Regular 393 Board Meeting

April 11-17 Sun and Fun

July 28-August 3 Oshkosh

September 9, 10, 11 Golden West

### **REQUEST FOR WEB SITE'S OF INTEREST TO BUILDERS AND FLYERS**

The Board would still like to compile a list of interesting websites. All of you surfers: please submit your favorite websites.

### **CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**

#### Hanger for Rent/Share

Buchanan Field, East Side. EAA member preferred. Workbench, refrigerator, extra lights, extra electrical outlets plus 220. Good builder's hangar. Brad Poling 925-827-3528

For Sale Lycoming IO360A1B6D (200hp)  
1500TTSN 150SMOH. \$15,000 or best offer.

Hartzell Aerobatic prop HCC2YR-4C/FC7666A-2 ; zero since overhaul. \$3000 obo.  
Russ Ward 408-864-7824 (w) 650-344-2318 (h)

Wanted to buy Jacobs 755 engines or parts, Ham Standard 2B20 prop. Russ Ward (408) 864-7824

For Sale: 2 new 3-way fuel selector valves ("Imperial"). Valves have 1/4" female pipe thread on both sides. 1/2 price. Approximately \$35 each. Bruce Milan 925-254-4780

For Sale or Rent or Use:  
Precision jig table 13 feet long, 2 feet wide. Totally flat surface of 1" thick aluminum supported by 8" channel steel beams. Has screw bolts for exact water leveling. Also has rollers and jacking system to raise to an additional height of 2 feet. Bruce Milan 925-254-4780

#### NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

Submissions may be **e-mailed**, hand written, typed, or on any IBM diskette (in ASCII or MS Word). The deadline for submissions to the editor is the 14th of every month (newsletter is produced and mailed by the 17th). The editor's address is: 400 Arbol Via Walnut Creek CA 94598  
Telephone: 925- 943-1581  
E-Mail: dougpage@earthlink.net  
Fax # 925-943-2338

#### JOKES????????? PLANES ARE OUR TRUE LOVE!

An un-named 393 builder, like all builders, spent much time away from his wife. She was unhappy and requested a new fur coat as "pay back" for her Christmas present. In keeping with his "do it yourself" outlook on life, this builder presented his long suffering wife with thimble, needle, thread, and a trap!

A student pilot was waiting for his instructor to arrive at the airport when another student pilot taxied up in a beautifully restored vintage airplane.

"Where did you get such a great plane?" asked the first.

The second student pilot replied "Well, I was at another airport yesterday watching flight operations minding my own business when a beautiful woman taxied up in this plane. She hopped out of the plane, took off all her clothes and said, 'Take what you want.' I took the plane." The first student pilot nodded approvingly "Good choice; the clothes probably wouldn't have fit!"

#### LOUIS GOODELL'S QUESTIONNAIRE

We are beginning the planing stages for our Christmas banquet in Dec 1999. In order to serve our members better, we would like your opinions on previous banquets. We will attempt to put together a program that fits the requirements of as many of our members as we can. Please complete the survey, bring it to the next meeting or send it to Louie Goodell's EAA P.O. Box 272725, Concord, CA 94527-2725

Did you attend this year's party? Yes \_\_\_\_\_  
No \_\_\_\_\_  
If no, why not; \_\_\_\_\_  
If Yes , what could we do to improve it? \_\_\_\_\_

- 1) Nothing, everything was just about right \_\_\_\_\_
- 2) Cost: \$30 \_\_\_\_\_ maybe \$35 next December; OK? \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) Day of week; Thurs \_\_\_\_\_ Fri \_\_\_\_\_ Sat \_\_\_\_\_ Sun \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) Speaker? \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) Not particularly interested in the event \_\_\_\_\_
- 6) Just doesn't fit in my Schedule \_\_\_\_\_
- 7) Format (i.e. dancing, etc) \_\_\_\_\_
- 8) Would you attend if we can follow your recommendations? \_\_\_\_\_

Subject: [Fwd: long cross country [long]]  
Date: Thu, 07 Jan 1999 07:47:10 -0800  
From: C177AV8R <aerosol@pacbell.net>  
To: DougPage@earthlink.net

Doug,  
I thought this might make interesting reading for the newsletter.

As you can see by his response above, it is ok with him or you to print it.

Duane Allen

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Subject: long cross country [long]  
Date: Wed, 03 Jan 1996 21:04:41 -0500  
From: "David 'Pablo' Cohn"  
<David.Cohn@acm.org>  
To: wvfc-members@lists.best.com

Due to an irresistible job offer in Pittsburgh (the one in Pennsylvania), we're leaving the Bay Area, and with it West Valley. A couple of weeks ago I posted progress reports of my trip east in our Skyranger to rec.aviation. A couple of friends suggested that I send it to the WV list as well, so here's a digest of the postings. It's my third coast-to-coast flight, and the first time I wasn't waylaid somewhere for half a week by weather.

Also wanted to say 'Thanks' to everyone at WVFC. There isn't a flying club like it anywhere else on the planet. I'll miss you folks!

-pablo

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PAO->AGC - The Long Cross Country

As some of you might recall, I sent out a note a few weeks ago asking for advice on an upcoming cross country from California to Pittsburgh in our antique, 85-horsepower Skyranger. Well, I'm underway now, and thanks to a modem and an 800-access number, I've got the opportunity to fill you in with how it's going.

Day One: Too much of a good thing

The plan was to avoid winter and the Rockies by heading south before heading east. Next to the short short winter days, cold and altitude are my prime obstacles. The southern route, down to Bakersfield, Blythe, Tucson and El Paso, alleviates much of that.

It seems I always have a headwind, so I was initially psyched to see that there was a stiff tailwind for both the south and initial east legs. Until I saw that it was 30 knots at the surface, which would make crossing the Tehachapi mountains suicide. Sigmet for severe turbulence along all the southern mountain ranges, with numerous PIREPS backing up the forecast.

I cut Day One short at Bakersfield Municipal, and got a ride into town with the airport manager. Good friendly folks there.

Day Two: Back to the headwind.

By morning, the winds had abated and, predictably, shifted 180 degrees. A headwind again. Sigmet reduced to airmet for moderate turbulence, and the pass looked clear. Wind was blowing along, rather than across the



pass, which allowed me to ride the canyon wind up to altitude.

Over Palmdale at 4000', they kept calling me "Helicopter '395" - I guess anything clocking 85 knots is fair game as a helicopter. Palmdale called my traffic as an F-117 entering the pattern. I never saw him - I guess that stealth technology works, after all.

Followed roads around Twentynine Palms and across the Joshua Tree area to Blythe, being chased by allegedly scattered rain showers all the way. Set down in Blythe and let them pass by - 45 minutes later they'd dissipated and I was on my way to Arizona.

Absolutely beautiful. At 85 knots, not much moves if you're up high (and besides, I had a headwind at altitude), so I dropped down to the deck and followed the (sparsely settled) highway at a distance of 500-700 feet. Looked just like Roadrunner and Wile E. Coyote. Big Saguaro (sp?) cacti everywhere, tall skinny mesas, dry lake beds, sand washes, and a million colors of rock with the sun on it. I was aiming for Mesa, AZ, to meet with another Skyraider owner. Approaching Phoenix, I was vectored around Luke AFB, and kept having F-16 traffic ("10 o'clock, two miles, below you, 1 o'clock 5 miles, and 9 o'clock three miles - report traffic in sight..."). Very pretty. I suspect that some of the F-16 drivers came a little closer than they needed to, just to have a glimpse of my approximately stationary Skyraider putting along through their airspace.

Luke handed me off to Phoenix Approach which, in spite of their

insistence on routing you to South Dakota to avoid the Class B core, were very helpful and chatty.

Landed at Mesa (home of the Champlin Fighter Museum) at 4:30 - just in time to get into the museum and have a look for a half hour before it closed. But damn - I've crossed a time zone! It's actually 5:30, and the museum doesn't open until late tomorrow. Ah well, maybe the weather will suck and I'll get to see it tomorrow. Or the weather won't suck, and I'll get to fly. Sometimes you just can't lose...

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Next update: Across Texas, and across Texas, and across Texas.

The motel I stayed at last night didn't have any phones with modular jacks, so I couldn't log on and send an update. First time I flew across the country (Seattle->Boston) I spent about half the nights camping at the airports where I stopped. Airport managers always seemed quite encouraging of that practice, and frequently offered their airport office as a place to lay my bag rather than pitching my tent outside. Lots of fun. But that was mid summer, and the prospect of airport camping in December wasn't quite so inviting, so I've been staying at motels along the way.

Yesterday began with a slow battle uphill against a headwind out of Mesa (near Phoenix) for my climb up to the New Mexico elevations. 20 knots on the nose, and at times, during the agonizingly slow haul up to 7500 feet, I was seeing a GPS ground speed of 38 knots. A harbinger of the day to come -

the low pressure area in Mexico gave me a stiff headwind throughout the southern NM mountains. Surprisingly little turbulence, though. I cut the corner north of Tucson and headed due east to pick up I-10 near Demming, NM. A lot of hostile terrain below, but there was always a long thin strip of flat farmland somewhere below. Only had to hold my breath a few times when I knew I'd be out of gliding distance.

The continental divide isn't as impressive down south as it is in the northern Rockies. Somewhere on the flat 4800' high plains approaching El Paso, I noticed that the rivers were flowing east rather than west, and that meant I was over it. Cut across the salt flats of west Texas, flipped a coin and settled on aiming for the small town of Monahans, about 60 miles southwest of Midland. Very friendly folks, as is the case with most small town airports. Airport manager Kermit Steira handed me the keys to the courtesy car and gave me a rundown on where to stay, where to eat, and where to avoid. A couple of other folks around the airport showed me their projects, and we talked airplanes until well after the sun went down.

Next morning: frost. Wow, I haven't had frost on my wings for three years! Pulled the tail around so the rising sun would help it melt, and watched as a high thin gray overcast approached from the west. It's that low from Mexico, following me east. It followed me most of the day today, and will probably catch me by tomorrow morning, but that's for another episode.

Finally got the last of the frost off around 9 a.m. Hopped in and headed

east across west Texas. Absolutely positively nothing for hundreds of miles but sagebrush, oil wells, and rabbits. Dropped down to the deck a few times, less than 100 feet, just to watch the world go by a little quicker. Finally, near Dallas, signs of civilization (or whatever it is that causes golf courses to exist) began creeping over the horizon. The headwinds had abated somewhat, so I amended my plan to stop at Stephenville in favor of Cleburne, about 50 miles further along. Beautiful little strip on the edge of town - a mom and pop operation with friendly smiles and genuine curiosity in how I was doing and where I was going. Kind of place that this kind of trip is all about.

But the cloud from the west was still following, and daylight was wasting.

I said goodbye and headed east again, south of Dallas, aiming to make Arkansas by sunset. East of Dallas, Texas becomes truly beautiful. Gently rolling hills, plenty of trees, pretty towns, and lots of little lakes. As usual, I picked out three airports, for my destination, and chose between them as dictated by winds and remaining sunlight. Decided that I could bypass Magnolia, but not quite make it to Warren, so that left El Dorado as my Arkansas destination. Little airport right downtown, looks great!

In choosing El Dorado, I blatantly violated the "Greenland" rule: Leif Ericksson called that cold icy place up north "Greenland" in order to lure unsuspecting travellers into thinking it was warm and green (in contrast to the relatively temperate "Iceland"). Well, El Dorado (named after the

mythical city of gold) is an industry town. Its main industries are papermills and chicken processing plants. As far as I can tell, the entire town consists of papermills and chicken processing plants, with a K-Mart, and a few hotels and gas stations stuck in between. Rather than "El Dorado," perhaps "El Pollo"?

But it's not that bad. In spite of (because of?) the surroundings, the folks here are really friendly. Informal and relaxed - "yup, I figured you were from up north... where 'bouts?"

So, tomorrow it's going to get tricky. I've done the difficult terrain, but easy weather. Now, as I head north, the weather is going to be crucial in the endgame. There are fronts sweeping the midwest, but they keep changing speed and direction. If I'm lucky and I play it right tomorrow, I can position myself to hit Pittsburgh after just one more day. If not, I could be hunkered down in Kentucky or Indiana until the spring thaw. Well, not really \*that\* long, but it'll feel like it.

Wish me luck!

-David

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Day Five: Squeeze Play

Yesterday's posting found me in the quaint town of El Dorado, Arkansas, about two days of good weather from Pittsburgh. I'd been battling headwinds all the way east, and would now need some careful maneuvering on my way north to dodge the cold fronts sweeping down from the Great Lakes.

Morning brought more of the gray overcast that had been following me east, but the forecast brought unexpected news: high pressure moving in off the east coast was going to keep it in check. That high pressure area was butting shoulders with the low in the Great Lakes, and the two were going at each other like sumo wrestlers, trying to push each other out of the way. Running between them was a squeeze play: turbulence, but if I could ride it, there was a forecast 37 knot tailwind all the way north.

Before the morning's weather briefing, my first planned stop had been just north of Memphis, and I figured I could make Bowling Green, KY by night. Tailwinds are never as good as they sound in the forecast, but I was thinking I could stretch it a bit - I'd just have to head out and see. As I bounced up to 3500 feet, it was clear that this was a good solid wind. Not only right at my back, but cold and dry too - the Skyranger's meager 85 horse engine was drawing good power, showing about 87 knots (airspeed) at cruise. Flicked on the GPS and confirmed the news: I was making 105 knots over the ground. Rechecked my range and decided that I could make Springfield on this leg, 45 minutes short of Bowling Green.

Up, up, further north, I watched the earth turn from green to brown to gray as I entered winter's domain. I was leaving the south behind. I'd been planning on skirting Memphis' airspace, but ATC steered me right on through ("395, I suggest a heading of 059" "But that'll put me in Memphis class B

- am I cleared?" "Oh, sure, N33395 cleared into Memphis class B, heading and altitude pilot's discretion...") Try \*that\* one in Boston!

Across the mighty Mississippi and out over Tennessee. By now my ground speed was 109 knots. I searched a bit in altitude feeling greedy for speed. Winds were stronger higher up, but less on course, so I lost some speed. Back to 3500 for the ride. Another check of time and distance. Yup, my luck was holding: I could even make Bowling Green on this tank with a 45 minute reserve. By now I was tempted - check the GPS distance and ETE - just a bit more speed and, incredibly, I could even make Pittsburgh by sunset. The stop in Bowling Green would cost me at least 30 minutes, and winds should die down in late afternoon, so it was a pipe dream. But at least I'd be in easy striking distance for the following morning.

BG looks like a very pretty town, and as I (literally) swooped down into the pattern from altitude, I was sorry I'd not get the chance to spend some time there. But, as my friend Jim would say, I was smelling the hay and heading for the barn. Fuel, oil, a quick friendly conversation with the line folk, a bag of PopTarts from the vending machine (to supplement the goodies Devon packed for my trip), and I was on my way.

Back up at 3500, I began plotting my options: Portsmouth, OH looked pretty good, as did Moundsville, WV if the winds held (not that "Moundsville" was all that auspicious a name, but coming out of El Dorado, truth in advertising sounded pretty good). I called Flight Service on the radio for

conditions and NOTAMs along the route. Everything sounded great, and the briefer asked for a pilot report. I confirmed the nifty tailwind and moderate turbulence. He suggested that maybe, if I didn't mind, I might try a bit higher for smoother air and a "better" tailwind. Better? I wasn't going to argue - at this point I'd believe in Santa Claus if FSS told me to.

So, up I went to 5500'. Nice cold air - in the California summertime I'd be hard pressed to reach 5500' but the prop was still taking nice big bites out of the cold air. 80 knots indicated airspeed at altitude and letsee, 117 knots over the ground. Yehaw! I still couldn't make Pittsburgh by sunset, but it would be a short hop from wherever I stopped. Just keep the compass on 057 and the altitude at 5500.

Below me, winter reigned. Even in the late afternoon, the skeletons of trees on wooded hillsides glistened with frost. From time to time, there was a small frozen pond here, a bare hilltop dusted with white -- I was glad I'd donned my cold weather gear this morning. Occasionally I'd catch a glimpse of my own breath in the Skyranger's unheated cockpit.

I was so caught up in the beauty of the landscape below that I lapsed on my flight planning. Crossing into Ohio, I checked and rechecked my progress. No, that can't be right - but the GPS confirmed it: 128 knots over the ground - a tailwind of 50 miles an hour, directly at my back. The weather gods aren't just smiling, they're giving me an early Christmas present (hey - I'm Jewish, but I \*never\* say "no" to presents...).



One more check of the charts and tables, and I realize I can do it: if I keep altitude and the wind holds, I can arrive at Allegheny County Airport in Pittsburgh just 15 minutes after sunset. I inch the throttle up a touch.

The sun disappears behind clouds low in the west as I cross the Ohio into West Virginia. There is definitely snow here. It's cold, uncomfortably cold, but the adrenaline keeps me warm. As the horizon glows red, I glance at the GPS - 132 knots, and 35 miles to go. Lights are coming on below, as I push the nose over for my descent. The sky is still light, but the sun is definitely down a few minutes later when I make out the outline of AGC - I'm there. But there's a catch: the wind is 200 at 19 knots. Inexplicably, they offer me runway 28 - almost a direct crosswind. I ask for, and am given runway 23 - only 30 degrees into the wind, but still a handful for a dusk landing with a fatigued pilot. (They suggest "But 28's longer...") These people obviously don't understand little aircraft, especially not taildraggers.

I swing wildly onto base, then final of 23. In crosswinds, a "wheel" landing offers more control, but requires precise pitch control I'm not going to be able to achieve on a dark runway. I opt for a full 3-point attitude. Feel for the ground, watch the runway lights in my periphery - can't see anything out the front. Correct a wild gust that blows me nearly off the runway, then a shot of power to keep the bottom from dropping out. Damn, I know the ground's down here somewhere. Boing! A hard bounce and I'm up

again. Hold pitch and hit throttle. Boing! A second bounce, but much smaller, and I'm careening along on the ground before I can react. Throttle full idle, stick full back, and dance on the rudder to keep the runway edge lights at bay.

And then I'm stopped. I'm so elated and breathless that I forget what to do next. Tower prompts me: "395, exit runway next turnoff, contact ground 121.7..." Huh? Oh right. Get off the damn runway. I taxi in, ask for directions to the infamous Corporate Air, where I've made arrangements to keep the plane.

I pull up in front of the big hangar, turn off radios and electrical equipment, but leave the engine running at idle for a few minutes. I sit there listening to that soft regular thub-thub-thub-thub -- the purr of a contented kitten. That purr has carried me faithfully over undercast valleys, through mountain passes, across harsh deserts - 2500 miles to my new new home in Pittsburgh. I just want a few minutes of time to appreciate that purr before I switch off the magnetos and the trip is really over. The lineman comes out and waits for me to shut down - he sees me sitting there, smiling, doing nothing. He must think I'm crazy. But for him, airplanes are just a job. For me, this is what life's all about. I take a deep breath and flick off magnetos and master switch. A couple of coughs and then just silence. "Thanks," I say to noone in particular, or perhaps to the Skyranger and myself. "Thanks, and welcome home."

# THE EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION CHAPTER #393 NEWSLETTER, JANUARY, 1999

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