



The Flying Wire

**Chapter 124
Experimental Aircraft Association**

**Volume 55 Number 8
August 3, 2016**

Board Meeting - 5:30 pm

Dinner – 6:15 pm (\$7 donation)

General Meeting – 7:00 pm

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www.EAA124.org

www.CafeFoundation.org

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EAA Chapter 124
5550 Windsor Road
Windsor, CA 95492

--- Mail ---
PO Box 6192
Santa Rosa, CA 95406

August 3, 2016 Program

Oshkosh Report

If you did go to Oshkosh this is your chance to tell your high (or low) points. If you did not go, this is your chance to get some ideas for when you do go.

Events Calendar

Please send info about upcoming events!

Please send us information if it comes your way!

Bob Gutteridge: bob_gutteridge@pacbell.net

Stuart Deal: aaa124newsletter@sonic.net

Canceled: Pistons, Pin Ups and Pinot

[Boonville Airport Day Saturday August 16](#)

[Wings Over Wine Country September 24 & 25](#)



The Makings of a Test Pilot: Flight School

(from the personal papers of Lt Colonel Oliver E. Deal, USMC)

"You are requested" said the Navy's letter, "to report to CW Helmstadter of the University of Omaha for Civil Pilot Training." I misinterpreted the letter and took it to be an order. I reported, little realizing that I could easily have refused on the basis of hardship. My entry into combat was thus further delayed. What would have happened to me, had I refused, I can only speculate. I am sure I would have been ordered to active duty earlier.

CPT was pleasant. The classes at the university were largely taught by the husband of an old friend of my sister. He was a capable pilot, I understand. I wish he had been my flight instructor. The classes covered elementary navigation, map reading, pilotage, and a little about airplanes, but hardly more than nomenclature. I tend to sleep in classrooms after lunch, so I felt extraordinarily lucky to be in the afternoon flight wing.

After about two weeks of classes, I had my first instruction flight. My flight instructor's name was Vinton Jones. I recall him as having a protruding nose, being of medium height and build. He was certainly unspectacular in appearance. I imagine he was bored with students. When we first met he greeted me matter-of-factly and led me out to the Piper Cub we were to fly.

This is an airplane, he said. His demeanor was a masterpiece of ennui. Pointing, he said, "This is the front. This is the back. It goes that way."

In stunned self-consciousness I listened to his bored recital. "This is the wing - this is the empenage - this is the fin and this is the rudder..." I had never been treated with such studied disdain. In my youth and hesitance I listened without a word. Finally he said, "Get in." There were a few more discomfiting remarks about my method of boarding - then he the he signaled to someone to pull the propellor through, and we were ready to fly.

He turned a switch. "Contact!" he said. I had seen enough movies to know what that meant. The prop was spun and the engine started. I had thought a lot about flying -- I sat back in the comfortable determination that I would surprise him with my ability. But this fond determination was to fail, for I suffered from a fundamental misapprehension concerning the manner in which the flight controls operated. I expected a consistent logic to their operation, but didn't find it.

The rudder pedals, I observed, where on the ends of a cross-bar, pivoting at the center. It reminded me of the cross-bar to

which the front wheels of a soap-box racer are often attached, to be operated with the feet. I was perhaps too recently exposed to such racers to imagine that I could be wrong about the operation of those rudder pedals.

Now, I was aware that when the stick was pushed forward during flight, the aircraft responded by nosing over. If the stick was pulled back, the nose came up. If the stick were pushed to the right, the right wing went down, and conversely, if it were pushed to the left, the left wing went down. In short, *the aircraft always responded by rotating in the same direction in which the stick (pivoted on its base) was moved*. I expected this same logic from the rudder bar. I was certain that if the rudder bar were rotated to the left (right pedal forward) that the aircraft would yaw to the left, as with a bicycle handlebars, or the soapbox racer's front axle. But I was completely in error. The right rudder pedal is pushed forward to yaw the airplane to the right.

I became aware afterward that my instructors, in their certainty that this was apparent, had neglected to explain the sense of rotation required by the rudder bar. Unfortunately, I had too carefully rehearsed mentally the operation of the flight controls to reverse my reactions consistently, even by the end of the that first twenty minute flight. I was completely embarrassed, and the painful realization plagued me for many months. The logic of my misapprehension is apparent now -- to late for the recovery of face -- and Vinton Jones took full advantage of my embarrassment. (editor comment: If you look at a map of Nebraska, you don't see many bodies of water. Perhaps having no nautical experiences made ruddering harder. When I controlled a rudder pedal for the first time, I had done no mental rehearsal so it did not confuse me. What this reveals about my father is that he was willing to go to almost any lengths to succeed, a willingness that did not always serve him but does bring to mind the time and generation from which he wrote this memoir. – Stuart)

More Civilian Pilot Training

Other details of my CPT Training are rather vivid in memory. For example, there was the day when I got too far downwind and nearly didn't make it back to the field. The Cub would only fly at a true airspeed of about 40 to 50 miles an hour. With a wind of about 30 miles an hour, the little plane simply wouldn't make much headway.

I had taken off from Omaha airport into a stronger than average southwest wind -- about 18 to 20 knots, and had turned

180 degrees toward our practice area to the northeast. I realized that I was traveling downwind at an unusual ground speed, but somehow the probability that it would be difficult to get back didn't occur to me.

I crossed the Missouri River and proceeded northeast toward a series of bluffs. Somehow as I proceeded I got into an area of even heavier tailwinds and by now I became awake to what was happening. I had traveled from the field for about 7 or 8 minutes. I turned back toward the field, into the winds. I was barely moving!

I immediately began to question whether I was going to get back to the field at all. I was expected to make a 40 minute flight, and the maximum endurance for the fuel aboard was about an hour and a half. Of course, maximum endurance was not what I wanted. I needed speed. I pushed the throttle forward as close to full open as I felt the little engine would stand continuously, and waited. My airspeed gradually increased by about 5 miles per hour, and my ground speed now appeared to be about 10 or 12 MPH. But I had about 14 miles to go, I estimated. If only I hadn't gone down-wind!

I felt it was impossible that my fuel would last. I was sure the wind was continuing to increase. For the first time in an airplane, I began to feel desperate and alone. I felt my situation was hopeless -- I would have to get the airplane back to far better terrain before I could hope to land. Furthermore, after landing in such a high wind, the aircraft would surely blow away if I tried to stop the engine. It appeared doubtful whether I would be able to get clear of it. Of course, I had a parachute, but that must wait for absolute necessity. And after all, a parachute landing in a high wind can be quite fatal, too.

I was inexperienced with fear and tension. Somehow I had never expected to face them. It was a matter of wonder to me that on that early occasion I reach the same conclusion which is now my natural response. I resolved not to give up the airplane unless it was absolutely necessary, and resolved not to give up my life under any circumstances.

One feature of an emergency situation is that once the initial shock of realization is over, a person tends to get rather inventive. The decisions one reaches seem to require a long time, but piecing together several events after the flight and comparing them to progress of other events with a time scale with which you are familiar, occasionally one will find that the decisions were made with considerable speed.

For example, faced with an electrical fire in a YF-102, I started

a sharp turn back toward the field at the first sign of trouble. The decisions as to what should be done seemed to take a long time -- yet I realized later that five separate operations had been completed before I had turned 15 degrees, a period of four or five seconds.

So I had not gone very far toward home when I began to feel that perhaps the worst of the wind was at my present position since I was above a small valley between the bluffs, which were about 500 feet below me. I realized that to climb would simply cost airspeed and would probably take me into a region of higher winds.

If in fact the wind were to lessen when I left the valley, it appeared worthwhile to expend my best efforts now toward getting out of it. I added full throttle, in the awareness that the engine was designed to operate in that condition for only limited periods of time. I gained perhaps another 2 mph. Progress was still slow. I became certain that the wind had matched my increase. I became aware of occasional gusts.

I needed an additional speed advantage over the wind if I were to leave the valley. I decided to depress the nose into a slight dive to increase my airspeed. I was not sure whether this would take me into an area of increased wind due to the convergence of the valley, or whether the wind speed would be less because of the drag of objects on the ground. Still, it seemed worth an attempt as long as I didn't lose my altitude too fast. I gained another three or four m.p.h., and now appeared to be making more progress, although it was difficult to tell whether my apparent higher ground speed was due merely to my increasing proximity to the ground.

It required about 20 minutes to go the four miles to the end of the valley. By this time I was at a fairly low altitude reasoning that the wind would surely be lower near the surface. I throttled back slightly, realizing that the engine had been at full power for a long time. My ground speed was now, I estimated, about 15 mph. I had about 10 miles to go, and began to feel that I could make it. But now that I was at a low altitude, I had new worry -- how could I be sure of finding the field?

From my present altitude of about 100 feet, the airport would be invisible from more than a few miles away. I tried to find familiar objects on the ground, but realized that I was fooled by my proximity to them. The area that was so familiar from 1,500 feet was quite different now. I began to realize that I had developed a fiercely tight hold on the stick, and that I was leaning forward in my seat in my effort to make the plane go faster. I changed course several times on the basis of what I thought I saw on the ground.

After about another twenty-five minutes, I began to feel quite hopeless. I looked around for fields in which I could land, and I tried to reason out a method for getting the aircraft on the ground safely. Since the wind even over the plains was now well above my normal three point landing speed, I know that even if I landed on the main gear, with the tail held in the air, the aircraft would simply blow away if I tried to throttle back and lower the tail. It occurred to me that if this aircraft only had wheel brakes as the Luscombes did that I would have less trouble. The Luscombes were heavier, had a higher wing loading and thus landed at a higher speed.

The plan that came to mind, and which I might have tried, was to land the aircraft with the tail resting on a fence. I realize now that my chances of success would have been slim indeed, so I am glad I didn't need to try it.

I decided that I simply had to see better, so I added full throttle again and began a slow climb. By the time I reached about 400 feet above the terrain, I saw the hangars of the airport about 20 degrees to the right and about five miles away. I corrected my course and let back down to about 100 feet off the ground.

Fortunately, the hangar out of which we operated was on the south west corner of the field, with the hangar doors on the lee side. Now, I reasoned, if I were to land on the main gear and taxi up to the hangar doors, clear of the wind, the aircraft might not blow away if I put the tail wheel down.

I crossed the field boundary near the north east corner of the mile square field. I maneuvered so as to land directly downwind of the hangar, about 200 yards away. There were no other aircraft in sight. The hangar doors were almost fully closed. I wondered if I could have been forgotten. The wind was gustier, now, and with concentration I flew lower. I had always landed three-point before, but had frequently watched the airliners (ed. DC-3's for example) land on the main gear only, and I felt it should not be that difficult. For some reason, however, I could not find the ground at first, then I hit something harder with the main gear than I had anticipated, and bounced back into the air. I added throttle and held the Cub off. I was approaching the hangar.

Next time I felt for the ground somewhat more carefully, found more lightly, and forced the stick forward to hold the tailwheel off. I was now about 100 yards from the hangar and approaching it at about walking speed, with the main runway still to be crossed.

I suppose the people in the hangar must have heard me approaching. About a dozen men -- instructors, mechs and students -- suddenly appeared before the opening in the hangar door. As I continued, one appeared to be giving me signals. He

waved me ahead, and began yelling at the other men, directing them. I throttled back a bit to approach more cautiously, but was waved ahead again and again.

About half a dozen men reached toward the airplane, and I hoped they would be careful to avoid the propellor. Two grabbed the tail and two rushed in from each wingtip to grab the struts. Their combined weight was greater than that of the aircraft, and I found myself firmly held, tail still in the air. The doors of the Cub opened and an instructor climbed into the front seat. I had been rescued and relieved.

Fortunately, all the other student pilots who were out at the same time that day had been practicing landings close to home when the wind came up. I had been alone in the practice area.

This was the first time I had heard of it being necessary to "catch" an airplane. Later I was to be "caught" in an airplane as fast as an SNJ, a so-called "advanced" trainer.

Next time: Not a beginner any more. VMB-413.



SNJ Texan
Would need a tailhook to "catch" it.

Fly Mart

For Sale: (10-15) Stainless Steel firewall material.
26 gauge 4ft X 7ft. \$90 for all or \$50 for half.
Jim Duvander 707-953-0129 jim@duvander.com

For Sale: (8-15) disassembled continental A65 – needs crank and camshaft. New engine gauges, ammeter, airspeed indicator, new aluminum prop extension and new brake actuator.
Paid \$400 - Byron Barnes 707-980-4818
barnesbyron75@gmail.com

For Sale: (7-15) Seat Parachute - needs a fresh repack but otherwise in very good condition. Will sell it cheap to a member if interested \$350. Steve Pizzo, 707-829-7038

For Sale: (7-15) RV-6A Tricycle, Less than 80 TT, 180 HP - \$79,900. See Flickr link below. Ogden Utah. Call Angelo at 801-391-3873 <https://www.flickr.com/photos/angelosrv6a>

For Sale: (7-15) Two Bendix magnetos for 4-cylinder Lycoming (O or IO 320); converted Falco to dual electronic ignition. 1 left, 1 right rotation; both with impulse couplings. Harness, impulse coupling adapters, long mounting studs included. Time in service: 344 hours. Also available: 4 new Tempest massive electrode spark plugs, 4 well-used Champion fine-wire spark plugs, 1 brand-new TSO'd magneto noise filter. \$250 each, \$450 for both. Peter Lert, peter.s.lert@gmail.com, 707-508-7500.

For Sale: (7-15) Garmin D2 pilot watch with GPS, worldwide airport database. Bought for Atlantic ferry flight that was canceled; worn 1 day to prove it works great, so basically new. Original box and all accessories included. New \$450, will sell for \$375. Peter Lert, peter.s.lert@gmail.com, 707-508-7500.

For Sale: (11-14) Aero Tug E-200 with New Batteries - \$800 – contact Bill at (707) 938-1465

For Sale (11-14) Engine Stand for Lycoming and Continental engines - \$250 – contact Bill at (707) 938-1465

For Sale: (8-13) RV8 – 1/3 Share. Superior IO 360/9.5 pistons,

Hartzell Blended Airfoil C/S Prop, IFR Equipped all Glass Panel, Auto Pilot, Smoke System, Approx. 300 hours total time, Contact: Carl von Doymi, cvondoymi@gmail.com, (415) 845-6448

For Sale: (3-13) AirTech Fuel Cap Tool. This high tech tool helps pilots open many types of aircraft fuel caps, doors and latches. Contact Ryan Beck, ryan.beck1@yahoo.com for information.



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News/Notes From the Editor...

Okay, the brewery tap room has had it's official Grand Opening and the bottling machine is making it easy to carry beer. The latest Oliver's Market has it on tap. Jim Duvander met my son Wesley last year and in the ensuing year Wesley has designed and created a brewery in Windsor with help from partners, vendors and volunteers. [Here is the link](#) to their web site.

I realize this is off topic, but I am really thrilled about it.

Interesting Aviation Links

(thanks to Tim Peterson, Meg Hurt)

Engineering 101- [Click Here](#)

Floats are fun! - [Click Here](#)

EAA Chapter 124 Board Meeting Minutes July 6, 2016

Called to order at 5:35 PM by Pres. Jim Boyer.

Minutes of the June 1 meeting were approved unanimously.

Pres. Boyer said he intends to set up a nominating committee before September 30th, 2016 and will be asking them to present a slate of suggested Executive Officers and Directors to the membership for the November 2 election.

The Chapter 124 booth at the September PCAM airshow needs volunteers and Pres. Boyer requested that interested members contact him or Andy Werback. Steve Waite reported no further detail had come from PCAM regarding space. Expects several airplanes like last year on the second day.

Larry Rengstorf said the weeds have been sprayed a second time. No outstanding problems with the facilities were noted.

Ray and Sher discussed their changing time commitments and the need to train new leadership for the Young Eagles program. Pres. Boyer asked all to keep that need in mind for upcoming nominations. Ron Cassero described Josh Hochberg's interest in similar youth rides at summer camp and general discussion of EAA support and requirements ensued.

The Treasurer's report was deferred until John Whitehouse returns from vacation.

Jim Boyer announced the 17th Annual Booneville Airport Day and Potluck Dinner will be Saturday August 13th, 2016. The monthly (1st-Sunday) event at Sonoma Skypark was also noted.

Meeting adjourned 6:15 PM.

Respectfully submitted,
Ben Barker, Secretary

EAA Chapter 124 General Meeting Minutes

July 6, 2016

Meeting called to order by Pres. Boyer at 7:08 PM.

1. Pres. Boyer thanked the cooks and welcomed first time visitors. Kevin Quirk did the BBQing, Gaye and Arlene set up and ran the dinner. Sam did all the preparation of the dinner ahead of time for us.

2. The June 1, 2016 minutes were approved with the correction of our visitor's name to Eric Gromala.

3. John Whitehouse's treasurer's report was deferred due to his absence on yet another vacation.

4. Larry Rengstorf reported a second spraying of the weeds and observed that the grass already needs mowing again. The facilities are operating smoothly.

5. Ray and Sher reminded members they had recommended to the Directors that the Chapter should look for their replacements in the Young Eagles jobs.

6. Fly-out opportunities were described for Sonoma (monthly) and the 17th Annual Booneville Airport Day and Potluck Dinner will be Saturday August 13th, 2016.

7. Charley Taylor from PCAM presented his talk, "Linebacker II - Nixon's Finest Hour?" Charley explained that his title was chosen to stir up audience in a notably antiwar county to the south of us. "Linebacker II" was the December 1972 bombing campaign over Northern Viet Nam that led to the Paris peace talks that eventually ended U.S. engagement.

Meeting adjourned at 9:30 PM.

Respectfully submitted,
Ben Barker, Secretary

Chapter 124 Contact Information

President: Jim Boyer (15/16) (707) 571-8001

Vice President: Andy Werback (16/17) (707) 823-5616

Secretary: Ben Barker (16/17) (707) 838-0238

Treasurer: John Whitehouse (15/16) (707) 539-5549

Board: Ray Shipway (15/16) (415) 584-9682

Marlon Young (16/17) (707) 479-9994

David Heal (16/17) (707) 953-5021

Steve Waite (16/17) (707) 837-9354

Sher Shipway (15/16) (415) 584-9682

Ron Cassero (15/16) (707) 291-8958

Facilities Chairman: Larry Rengstorf (16/17) (707) 575-0331

Facilities Committee:

Dwayne Green, Dale Wittman, Jim Long

Webmaster: John Palmerlee
jbpalm@sonic.net (707) 566-8560

Newsletter Editor: Stuart Deal (707) 328-4206
aaa124newsletter@sonic.net

Technical Counselors:

Bob Gutteridge (707) 539-5188

David Heal (707) 953-5021

Jerry Rice (707) 431-0206

Kevin Quirk (707) 539-8589

Doug Dugger (530) 526-4997

Rolf Unternaehrer (707) 763-7729

Flight Advisers: CJ Stephens home: (707) 836-1458
cell: (707) 799-2878
David Heal home: (707) 838-0261
cell: (707) 953-5021

Young Eagles: Sher & Ray Shipway (415) 999-0949

Librarian: Walt Ferris (415) 482-8331

EAA Chapter 124
5550 Windsor Road
Windsor, CA 95492

Chapter meetings are held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7:00 pm. FOOD (\$7) AND SOCIALIZING (free) from 6:15 to 7:00 pm. EVERYONE IS WELCOME!

Directions: The site is located on the west side of Sonoma County Airport. Take the Shiloh Road exit from Highway 101 in northern Santa Rosa. Turn left at the stop light (west) and continue to a "T" intersection. Turn left again and follow the road to the EAA sign on the left.

Members are invited to submit articles of interest. You will be notified whether or not an article will appear in the current issue.

Please email articles to: ea124newsletter@sonic.net
or mail to: Stuart Deal
430 Secretariat Ct
Santa Rosa, CA 95401

Deadline for newsletter submissions is the 20th of each month. Articles submitted after that date will be included in the newsletter at the discretion of the editor. All articles are copyrighted. To reproduce any article, please contact the editor.

EAA CHAPTER 124 is not responsible for any modification or maintenance items appearing in the newsletter or in any other correspondence. It is the responsibility of the reader to get approval for such items from the appropriate A&P, FAA or other government official.



Yes, it was an airliner
DH.89 Dragon Rapide/Dominie