

Logbook

EAA602



www.eaa602.org

April 2012
Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

From the President's Desk

by Tim Devine



Looking out the window at the thermometer hanging in my wife's garden is a surreal scene. The thermometer is trying to convince me that it is late May or early June, but emptiness and lack of color in the garden tells the real story.

If this weather pattern continuous the local grass strips should dry out quickly and we should get an earlier than usual start on the spring flying season. I finally was able to finish my winter repair work and with Fred & Darryl's help I am ready to start logging some hours.

In the first few month's of this year the leadership diversification plan is off to a good start. Larry has hit the ground running with lining up entertainment for future meetings. This month's newsletter has a new format and perspective as Phylise delivers her first solo edition. Pat Morris has stepped up and arranged a really good deal for a day trip down to NYC in April to visit USS Intrepid museum. Joel is working on both the Stride YE event and

the Thiers fly out at the Schenectady Airport (SCH) in June. All good stuff, to everyone else the challenge is there to jump in and give something a try.

I have been approached by the Hole in the Wall Ranch about holding a joint pancake breakfast with their organization this spring at the Saratoga County Airport. I agreed to help set it up and will keep everyone posted.

I am greatly appreciative to all those members who have stepped in and taken on some of the day to day duties of running a successful chapter. We still need some new faces to step up and get involve and be mentored to help the chapter grow.

Lots of updates and stuff to discuss at Tuesdays meeting so don't be late, meeting will be followed by another one of John Pecks safety training presentations which are always to the point and insightful. See you there!

Monthly Meeting

Tuesday, April 24
7:00 PM
Kurt Kapelles Workshop

Intrepid Sea and Air Museum Trip

Saturday, April 28
7:30 AM
This trip is open to members, friends and family. Please email Patrick Morris zn105@yahoo.com with the number of people in your party.
Please respond by April 16th.

Klinekill Young Eagles

Saturday, May 19
10:00 AM
NY1
Partner event with EAA146
See inside for more information!

Cooperstown Breakfast

Saturday, May 19
7:30 AM to Noon
K23

2012 Chapter Officers

President Tim Devine
Vice President Larry Saupe
Secretary Pat Morris
Treasurer Darryl White
Newsletter Editor Phylise Banner
Young Eagles Doug & Judy Sterling

Board Members

Kevin Bartholoma
Fred Blowers
Don Fleischut
John Pashley
Doug Sterling

events

***This story describes
a memorable day from
the August 2011
bucket list trip to
Canada and Alaska
taken by Bill and
Jeanne Milton, and
John Peck, in the
Milton's classic
1952 Cessna 195.***

The rocks on both sides of the mountain pass above the Fraser River towered above us to 12,000 or 13,000 feet, and we knew from our VFR chart that the gaps in the big rocks ahead were going to be much narrower. The ceiling above us was coming down, the rain showers were becoming more numerous, and it was getting harder to see through them. The promises of a hot meal and a warm bed at our friend Brian's home a few hundred miles ahead was tantalizing. A little landing strip appeared through the murk below and to our right. Decision time!

Our day had started in Ketchikan, where a trip from hotel to airport involved a ferry boat across the harbor to the airport. Beaver seaplane traffic was heavy and kept our attention during the short ride. Ketchikan was a bit of a disappointment, sort of like returning to civilization after the previous days flying down the wild southeast Alaska coastline.

The evening before had been quiet enough, but the morning after was a different story, as four or five cruise ships had sneaked into port during the night. The weather was acceptable, although definitely not as spectacular as the previous couple of days. Bill once again performed his magic, and made all of our gear disappear into the guts of the classic Cessna, with not a cubic inch to spare. Our takeoff was routine, or as routine as it gets with me at the controls of the big old taildragger, with that beautiful rumbling round Jacobs

trying to take a left turn off the runway. Shortly after takeoff we crossed the international border back into Canada, Prince Ruppert slipped behind us, and we bid farewell to the beautiful blue Pacific and the spectacular scenery of the inside passage.

In this part of the world one does not fly over the mountains, unless well-heeled enough to be in a turbine airplane (or at least have a turbo-charged engine). Mountain flying could better be described as "flying the passes." VFR Routes are marked on the sectionals, and follow the surprisingly low terrain



through the river valleys and mountain passes. We were able to navigate our entire trip through Canada and Alaska at altitudes seldom exceeding 4000 MSL.

The first leg of our trip on this Sunday morning necessitated following the very serpentine path of the Skeena River through the Coastal Range. The route was very scenic, with 8,000 or 9,000 foot peaks on both sides, and very winding. Earlier in our trip these passages were a bit daunting, but by now we were seasoned mountain flyers and the twisting and turning was fun. Of course we practiced good mountain technique, by hugging the right side of the valleys, allowing for a sharp 180 to the left if we got boxed in by weather, or

took a wrong turn up a dead-end canyon. And as to navigation, on this leg Bill decided to up the ante by turning off the GPS, so we could "do it the old fashioned way!" Yes, he has a questionable sense of humor.

Once past the Coastal Range, the terrain flattened and we cruised into Prince George, British Columbia, elevation 2267. Canadian customs processed us through smoothly, as usual. We fueled up (yes, 100LL is very expensive in Canada), planned our route to Calgary, and set out to cross the Rockies. The climb out from Prince

George is almost due east, entering the wide Fraser River Valley. The gap narrows as the elevation of the valley floor gradually increases. We began to encounter rain showers, especially after passing McBride, which has a grass strip beside the river. We pushed on, figuring our escape route would be back to McBride if things got bad. That wasn't a real appetizing option, since from what we could see as we passed by, an overnight at McBride would involve pitching our camping gear in the rain and being nervous about bears all night. Tenderfoot pilots from the lower 48 are reputed to be a favorite bear delicacy, and we had no desire to prove or disprove this point.



Some miles past McBride we actually had to orbit in the valley for a few minutes to await the passing of a particularly heavy shower. When we were able to proceed, the visibility was going downhill and this was beginning to be anything but fun. When the 4000 foot paved (yes, actually paved) strip at Valemount came into view, our decision was pretty easy. If we were to push on through the scud the next segment of our route would involve departing

from the valley, and the road (read that "emergency strip") alongside it, and take us many miles along McNaughton Lake, a narrow wilderness valley area with no roads and 11,000 foot plus mountains on both sides. Not a real friendly place to be in marginal weather.

We dragged the strip once to look for hazards, bears, moose, etc., and circled in the "circuit". Bill made his usual perfect landing and as we rolled out we

spotted a little building next to the runway. Things were looking up! Once we figured out the combination to the door, we were rewarded with electric lights, a bathroom with a hot shower, a microwave oven, and a working phone, that would save the search and rescue folks a long night looking for us, and us a lot of embarrassment. And as a bonus, we got to use some of our delicious emergency rations!

John Peck holds Flight Instructor Land, Sea, and Instrument ratings, and flies the Van's RV-12 that he completed last year. In 2008 he was named a "Wright Brothers Master Pilot" by the FAA, celebrating fifty years of safe flight. His current project is the restoration of a Cessna 120 co-owned with Jeanne Milton.



Volunteers Needed for Kline Kill Young Eagles Event on May 19th



Joel Glickman has been working with Chapter 146 based at the Kline Kill airport (NY1) to help organize a Young Eagles rally on May 19th, beginning at 10am. The rally happens to coincide with the grand opening of a summer camp near the airport run by the STRIDE organization, an amazing Albany-based non-profit that provides adaptive sports activities for disabled children and wounded warrior veterans.

The 146 group will administer the flyin and handle all the paperwork, but they only have a few Young Eagles pilots and really need our help to make this a success! Please consider helping our neighboring chapter and volunteer your time and aircraft on May 19th and fly some Young Eagles at Kline Kill. The number of Young Eagles you fly on that date will be credited towards your total count and the 602 chapter count.

Joel has already volunteered, but he and the 146 Chapter needs more pilots to get these kids in the air. It won't happen without our help. Please take a moment now to check your calendar and let Joel know if you can set aside some time for this very worthy Young Eagles day.

To signup, please visit the following website: <http://is.gd/9OigE1>

Back in the Saddle

by Travis Sleight

Reading Tim's pleas for more newsletter articles, I thought perhaps it was time for me to sit down and share some of my own personal observations as I reacquaint myself with the joys of flight. For those of you whom I haven't met yet, perhaps I should take a step back and do a little introducing first.

My interest in airplanes stretches as far back as I can remember, but really my aviation story began in college. My freshman roommate had grown up flying in small airplanes and his father was a private pilot. It was from him that I got my first taste of single engine flying and it instantly planted a desire to fly myself. I had been in love with airplanes since I was a little kid, building model airplanes, giving school reports on fighter planes, and watching my 2 favorite movies Iron Eagle and Top Gun until I wore out the VHS tapes (2 separate copies of Iron Eagle actually) but this was the first time I had ever really considered that becoming a pilot myself was an actual possibility.

Being a poor college student at an overpriced private university, it occurred to me that flying was going to be a difficult proposition in the near future. I don't need to point out to you that becoming a pilot is by no means an inexpensive proposition -- unless you can get "someone else" to pay for your training.

At some point late in my sophomore year I decided that since I had no wealthy relatives that I was aware of, the American taxpayers would have to be that "someone else". I began looking at the different military branches and over the course of a few months I decided that the best course of action was to finish college and apply to the USAF Officer Training School. I further decided that to increase my chances of acceptance, having some logbook hours was a very good idea. So, in the summer of 2003 I began taking lessons with Roger Teck in his Aeronca Champ.

By the time I returned to college in the fall I had managed to build approximately 14 hours and had soloed the Champ once. Upon returning to college and after a few months of delays and bad experiences with an instructor who cared much more about building his own hours than teaching me to fly, I finally got hooked up with a very good instructor and managed to get my private ticket in about 45 hours.

"I've learned that there are people in the world who love to fly even more than I do, and are perfectly willing to share that"

After finishing my PPL, I went through all the necessary tests, physicals, interviews, applications, tests, and more tests required to apply for OTS and waited for the results. For those who aren't familiar, the OTS selections at that time were made by a selection board of USAF Colonels only every 3 months. Your application was scored and the top scores are accepted based on the number of slots open. Your application was valid for 2 consecutive selection boards, after which if you are not selected you have to go through the whole application process all over again, which itself takes months. Well, as luck would have it, very few pilot applicants were selected (I never got the actual number from the recruiter) for the 2 boards that I was eligible for and I decided it was time for me to get a real job (the haircut was unnecessary, I started balding at 16) and no longer pursue the military. For me, this effec-

tively meant I was now a pilot on paper only, not in practice.

For the last 5 years, flying an airplane has theoretically been something I am capable of doing, but financial realities have prevented it. So now, here I am, and what has changed? Well, 2 primary factors have spurred me into action and allowed the stars to align. First, former EAA 602 president Tim Cowper offered to take me for a few rides last year. The entire Cowper clan have been family friends for years and Tim and I got into flying right around the same time. Tim's gracious offer to let me ride along reminded me again what I've been missing these past years. Second, a close friend that I went to high school with began asking me about learning to fly himself. He wanted to figure out if there were any instructors in the area and what the costs might be. Having been out of aviation for so long, I did not have a clue what was happening locally other than Tim being an active member in EAA 602 so I offered to go with him to a meeting and see what we could learn.

That was last July, and boy how things have been exciting since. While my high school friend has decided he does not have the time and money to pursue flying just yet, I have fallen head over heels back in love with everything aviation. I've met a bunch of great people who understand why I stare at the sky every time I hear the drone of an aircraft engine in the distance and think nothing of it. And I've learned that there are people in the world who love to fly even more than I do, and are perfectly willing to share that. I've even managed to convince my fiancé that it's time for me to get back into the air again, and she has supported me in doing so. It's certainly been a great experience so far. But enough about the warm and fuzzy stuff, this article was supposed to be about flying. So let's get to it!

While I began my training in a tailwheel airplane, I completed my PPL in a

172, and thus I don't have a tailwheel endorsement. I decided that the best way to get back in the air was to find an instructor willing to finish my tailwheel training and complete my (long expired) biennial requirements at the same time. Through the club I managed to meet Mark Murphy, who thankfully agreed to work with me on doing just that, once his new (rebuilt) Aviat Husky is completed. In the meantime, we've been able to go up a few times just for fun and to evaluate how my skills are (and aren't) with the long layoff.

Perhaps a good foundation for my observations about relearning to fly would be to start with my concerns and expectations of what I was getting myself into. The first time around, my goal was solely focused on getting my license in order to be accepted into the USAF so I really never thought very far beyond that in terms of where I wanted to go in general aviation. I also found that most of the basic flying skills came fairly naturally to me (with a few exceptions) and there wasn't a lot that I struggled with along the way. When I first decided to get back in the air, I had a lot of trepidation that it wouldn't come as natural as it had the first time. I was very afraid that I wouldn't pick up the things that I had before as easily as I once had. I was also afraid that perhaps I didn't learn certain aspects of flying as well as I would have if I hadn't been flying just on the hopes of getting into the military. I was certainly not very confident in my abilities to communicate with ATC, flight plan, read the weather, etc. I also had some specific concerns about flying tailwheel again since it had been so long. My last lesson in the Champ had been focused solely on wheel landings, and to put it mildly, I performed horribly.

The required control inputs felt completely unnatural and I managed to convince the Champ to imitate a flying dolphin repeatedly. Feeding my anxiety was the fact that the few times I've been in airplanes since learning to fly, I had been allowed to fly from the right seat for a few minutes and found that it felt completely foreign to me. None of the instruments or controls were where I expected them to be (except the yoke and rudder), and I genuinely didn't feel like I was flying the airplane.



So how does the reality compare to my imagination? Well, certainly at first, many of my fears felt like they were coming true. For the first couple of flights I felt like I was way behind the airplane in every respect. My airspeeds were not what they needed to be, I couldn't judge my distances properly for my downwind and base turns, and I was always either way high or way low on approach. I just wasn't feeling it. Luckily, that feeling hasn't lasted long. I only have a few hours logged so far, but I'm happy with what I'm feeling now.

I'm not saying that I'm ready yet, I most definitely am not. But I feel things starting to come back that used to be natural. I've also realized that some of my fears have not come true at all. We managed to practice some wheel landings and I really don't know why I worried so much about them. Can I do them myself already? Heck no! But I've gotten better than I was before and I now know that I will get them with practice. Mother Nature gave us a great opportunity to practice in some very stiff crosswinds a couple of weeks ago and I really don't feel the concern that I used to for landing in that type of weather. Again, I certainly haven't gotten comfortable, but I've convinced myself that I will eventually and that makes all the difference for me. I even got a chance to work on my ATC communication with the aforementioned Tim Cowper. We went for a ride together down to KALB and KSCH to help both of us brush up on our ATC procedures.

The exercise went great, and I don't worry about doing it on my own again when I get the chance.

So what is the point in all this? Well, first it was to let people know how I got to where I am and to say thanks for creating the club that allowed me the opportunity to reacquire my love for flying. Second, to point out that there is a lesson to be learned here. I know what you're thinking, "What can this 50 hour wannabe teach me about flying when he barely knows himself?" Well, the lesson is this; sometimes those things we're afraid of turn out to be nothing worth fussing over at all.

We as humans tend to avoid things that we're not 100% comfortable with and not do the things that we're not super confident in our own abilities to do. I bet everyone who flies has certain things that they shy away from and avoid doing. So my suggestion to you is to go do them. Figure out what it is about flying that makes you the most nervous and go do it. You'll be a better pilot for it and down the road when you're forced into a scenario where you have no choice, you'll be ready for it. You may even find out that you were worried for no specific reason at all. So go learn to fly a taildragger, fly into a big controlled airport, or go on a long cross country to somewhere you've never been. You'll be a better pilot for it, and spending time doing something you're uncomfortable with in the air still beats doing almost anything on the ground, right?

Editorial Corner

Greetings, fellow EAA602 members!

I've worked on the newsletter layout and tried to make it more exciting and colorful. I hope you enjoy the new format.

Please think about sending in an article, or volunteering to be interviewed. I'll be reaching out at upcoming meetings for folks who are willing to share hangar stories, and would prefer to have someone else write them down!

Suggestions for new features are welcome, and hopefully we can evolve this member publication together.

Thank you for all of the recent input, and keep sending me those member profiles. I'll be including at least one profile in each upcoming newsletter.

I'll also be including a "marketplace" feature, and will be scouring the local boards for projects and planes for sale and swap. Please let me know if you hear of anything interesting to add to this section.

As always, I thank you for supporting my aviation endeavors. As of now, I'm preparing for a night solo cross country tomorrow (WX permitting), and gearing up for my first solo cross country. Travis' article was a great inspiration to me as sometimes it feels like I'm never going to finish up this training and get my ticket. All in good time. And I'll never give up with all of the inspiration I get from the EAA602 community.

Keep those articles coming and the blue side up!

Phylise



member

What is your name? Bob Anderson

What is your home base? 1F2, Plateau Sky Ranch

How long have you been a member of the EAA602? 10 years

How long have you been flying? 11 years

What do you fly? 1965 Cessna 150E

What do you do when you're not flying?

Working still, camping, mowing runways

Who took you up on your first flight? Brian Clothier

What do you remember most about that first flight?

Seeing my house, I was 8 years old.

Who or what inspired you to become a pilot?

Having two grass strip airports in the town of Corinth when I was young and riding my bike to them on week-end and summers to hang out and hope for a ride

What had been your most rewarding aviation project/activity?

Camping all summer weekends at the airport and greeting all who stop in and hosting them at the airport.

If you could give one piece of advice to a student pilot, what would it be?

Never give up on the dream, adjust your priorities to achieve it!

spotlight

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