



# EAA602 Log Book

Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

January 2012

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## From The Presidents Desk

*by Tim Devine*

I don't exactly know where to start as there is much going on the last two months both locally and nationally. Once again we had a really nice turn out for the Christmas party and as always C&R does a fantastic job of handling all the orders and getting everyone fed in a timely manner.

The 2011 Christmas party saw the induction of our new vice president and board members to kick off the 2012 season. The addition of Larry, John, Don and Kevin to the executive board will help the chapter accomplish it's mission of building a stronger executive board and sharing of duties.

After a busy holiday season, the new executive board held their first meeting on January 14th to formulate a plan of action for the new-year ahead.

In an effort to try to help get more people involved and share the work load a number of committees were discussed and accepted to establish new guide lines and areas of responsibility.

The following committees and their respective chairmen are as follows;

- Event Planning            Tim Devine
- Entertainment            Larry Saupe
- Young Eagles             Doug & Judy Sterling
- Fund raising              Fred Blowers
- Publicity                  John Pashley
- Newsletter                Phylise Banner & Doug Sterling
- Membership              -----
- Calendar                  -----
- TSRA                        -----

As you can see not all the committee chairman slots were filled. I am confident that the remaining BOD members will step up and fill

the remaining slots. If anyone else feels that a certain committee needs to be formed to address a function of the chapter please let me know. What was covered at the BOD meeting will be explained in detail at this months meeting on the 31st.

The most important thing that we need to discuss on the 31st is the 2012 events schedule.

Anyone with an idea or suggestion for a chapter event no matter what it is please come to this months meeting so your idea can be presented, discussed and voted on. The past two years I have created the bulk of the schedule. This year it is going to be up to the general membership to decide what they want to do. If no one brings any suggestions to the table, then it will be a very quiet year for the chapter.

Phylise Banner has volunteered to take over the newsletter and her appointment was approved unanimously by the BOD. Phylise and Doug will work together on the February newsletter, and Phylise will take over full time for March. Many thanks go out to Doug who has diligently produced the newsletter for many years, he has

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**Our Next Meeting  
Will Be At:  
C&R Resturant  
Tues. Jan. 31st  
@ 7:00 pm**



## Continued From The Presidents Desk

earned a much deserved break. Phylise has a fresh prospective and some great ideas, so look out.

If you don't already know there has been a major shake up at EAA headquarters. Some long time key department heads were let go on short notice and the EAA is currently searching for their replacements. Rod Hightower and Paul Poberezney issued a letter of explanation the week following the firings. Hightower also put out a short video message the same week. In my humble opinion it was mostly corporate double speak and really didn't give a clear picture of why some really good people got the ax. It is particularly disturbing that Adam Smith who chaired the Air Adventure Event for many years was canned, and with six months to go before Air Adventure 2012 no one has been hired to fill this critical spot. Strikes me as pretty poor planning as EAA moves to strengthen the organization. Having worked in the corporate world for much of my life it looks more to me like a mass house cleaning of people who didn't agree with the new boss. I am cautiously optimistic, but I see some rough years ahead for EAA. Don't forget next meeting Tuesday January 31st at 07:00.

*See you there, Tim Devine*

## Biting the Bullet!

*by Tim Devine*

When you fly airplanes, much of your time is dedicated to assessing and making decisions. When you own an airplane, especially a vintage airplane, you are required to constantly evaluate and make decisions regarding the maintenance and up keep of your craft.

The reason that you haven't seen me out flying during this really nice extended late fall early winter flying season that we have been blessed with this year is that I needed to tackle a couple of big jobs and I finally decided that they couldn't be put off any longer.

The first major project was to send back my Stromberg NA-S3 carburetor for a factory rebuild. Tom Kravis and I did a minor rebuild three years ago, but I have always wanted to get a complete overhaul as the log books don't indicate that the carburetor has ever been serviced. Two things finally convinced me that it was time to remove it and send it out. The first was that with the arrival of the winter weather again, for whatever reason the carburetor began to drip gas when I parked the airplane. If I wasn't vigilant about shutting off the main gas valve when I parked the airplane, when I returned to it there would be a nice little puddle of fuel under the nose. This anomaly started three winters ago with a slow drip, but this season it had turned into a steady





drip. With the cost of fuel what it is, saving every drop counts.

Removing the carburetor from a C-85 Continental engine is a 98% easy job. Disconnect the throttle and carburetor heat cables, remove the air intake box, loosen the clamp on the carburetor heat scat tube. Then it's just a matter of removing (3) 7/16 nuts and lock washes from the studs that hold the carburetor to the intake manifold. No I didn't make a typo, I said (3) nuts. All of this work can be accomplished in approximately 30 minutes. Getting the last 7/16 nut which is tucked up behind the mixture control assembly off is a B---H!!! Some evil demented minds at Continental and Aeronca transpired to create a mechanics hell. After another hour of struggling, a trip to Artie's for advise and to borrow a wrench, I finally cut the safety wires to the screws that held the mixture device cap on and was able to get at the offending nut. I can't wait to put the carburetor back on when it returns from the shop.

Upon my return from the emergency room where I went for a blood transfusion to replace all I had lost from the 10,000 self inflicted nicks, cuts, and scrapes of the carburetor removal, I started project number two.

During this past summer when we flew to some airports with hard surface runways and ramps, I noticed that when my airplane was parked the right wing tip looked lower than the left. Sure enough, when I measured, it was almost 3 inches lower than the left. The Aeronca



service manual says that this can be the result of a low oil charge in the oleo or worse a broken spring. I had dismantled the oleo's four years ago to replace worn brass bushings. At the time I replaced the shaft packing, inspected the springs and filled the oleos with fresh oil. I figured that a top off of oil would do the trick. So after Jamie Healy helped me hoist the airplane up off the ground, I removed both landing gear and took them home to my warm shop. After removing the covers and draining the oil, I dismantled both oleo's and discovered that the maintenance was

much overdue. The left spring was broken in half and the right spring only measured 10.5 inches in overall length. The Aeronca service manual states that spring length when new should be 11.75 inches. I was operating on tired springs and low oil, if I had not done the tear down, I could have eventually caused structural damage

to the airplane. Lesson learned constantly examine your airplane, and if something doesn't look right check it out.

So now came the hardest part. Chris Brown coined the phrase "cashectomy" and I am still feeling the pain. The good news is in a few weeks my parts will be here, my carburetor will be rebuilt and if we get a mild day I can get everything back together in time for some winter flying. The airplane will be still on the hoist so it will be a good time to mount the skis. I figure the airplane should virtually leap into the air as all the extra weight has been removed from my wallet.

*Fly Safe, Fly Smart, Tim D.*



## Zero/Zero by Charles Suoboda

It happened sometime in 1965, in Germany. I was a copilot, so I knew, everything there was to know about flying, and I was frustrated by pilots like my aircraft commander. He was one of those by-the-numbers types, no class, no imagination, no “feel” for flying.

You have to be able to feel an airplane. So what if your altitude is a little off, or if the glideslope indicator is off a hair? If it feels okay then it is okay. That’s what I believed. Every time he let me make an approach, even in VFR conditions, he demanded perfection. Not the slightest deviation was permitted. “If you can’t do it when there is no pressure, you surely can’t do it when the pucker factor increases,” he would say. When he shot an approach, it was as if all the instruments were frozen – perfection, but no class.

Then came that routine flight from the Azores to Germany. The weather was okay; we had 45,000 pounds of fuel and enough cargo to bring the weight of our C-124 Globemaster up to 180,000 pounds, 5,000 pounds below the max allowable. It would be an easy, routine flight all the way. Halfway to the European mainland, the weather started getting bad. I kept getting updates by high frequency radio. Our destination, a fighter base, went zero/zero. Our two alternates followed shortly thereafter. All of France was down. We held for two hours, and the weather got worse. Somewhere I heard a fighter pilot declare an emergency because of minimum

fuel. He shot two approaches and saw nothing. On the third try, he flamed out and had to eject.

We made a precision radar approach; there was nothing but fuzzy fog at minimums. The sun was setting. Now I started to sweat a little. I turned on the instrument lights. When I looked out to where the wings should be, I couldn’t even see the navigation lights 85 feet from my eyes. I could barely make out a dull glow from the exhaust stacks of the closest engine, and then only on climb power. When we reduced power to maximum endurance, that friendly glow faded.



The pilot asked the engineer where we stood on fuel. The reply was, “I don’t know--- we’re so low that the book says the gauges are unreliable below this point. The navigator became a little frantic. We didn’t carry parachutes on regular MAC flights, so we couldn’t follow the fighter pilot’s example. We would land or crash with the airplane.

The pilot then asked me which of the two nearby fighter bases had the widest runway. I looked it up and we declared an emergency as we headed for that field. The pilot then began his briefing.

“This will be for real. No missed approach.



We'll make an ILS and get precision radar to keep us honest. Copilot, we'll use half flaps. That'll put the approach speed a little higher, but the pitch angle will be almost level, requiring less attitude change in the flare."

Why hadn't I thought of that? Where was my "feel" and "class" now?

The briefing continued, "I'll lock on the gauges. You get ready to take over and complete the landing if you see the runway – that way there will be less room for trouble with me trying to transition from instruments to visual with only a second or two before touchdown." Hey, he's even going to take advantage of his copilot, I thought. He's not so stupid, after all.

"Until we get the runway, you call off every 100 feet above touchdown; until we get down to 100 feet, use the pressure altimeter. Then switch to the radar altimeter for the last 100 feet, and call off every 25 feet. Keep me honest on the airspeed, also. Engineer, when we touch down, I'll cut the mixtures with the master control lever, and you cut all of the mags. Are there any questions? Let's go!" All of a sudden, this unfeeling, by the numbers robot was making a lot of sense. Maybe he really was a pilot and maybe I had something more to learn about flying.

We made a short procedure turn to save gas. Radar helped us to get to the outer marker. Half a mile away, we performed the Before Landing Checklist; gear down, flaps 20 degrees. The course deviation indicator was locked in the middle, with the glideslope indicator beginning its trip down from the top of the case. When the GSI centered, the pilot called for a small power reduction, lowered the nose slightly, and all of the instruments, except the altimeter, froze. My Lord, that man had a feel for that airplane! He thought something, and the airplane, all 135,000 pounds of it, did what he thought.

"Five hundred feet," I called out, "400 feet .....300 feet.....200 feet, MATS minimums.....100 feet, Air Force minimums; I'm switching to the radar altimeter .....75 feet nothing in sight.....50 feet, still nothing....25 feet, airspeed 100 knots,"

The nose of the aircraft rotated just a couple

of degrees, and the airspeed started down. The pilot then casually said, "Hang on, we're landing."

"Airspeed 90 knots....10 feet, here we go!"

The pilot reached up and cut the mixtures with the master control lever, without taking his eyes off the instruments. He told the engineer to cut all the mags to reduce the chance of fire. CONTACT! I could barely feel it. As smooth a landing as I have ever known, and I couldn't even tell if we were on the runway, because we could only see the occasional blur of a light streaking by.

"Copilot, verify hydraulic boost is on, I'll need it for brakes and steering." I complied.

"Hydraulic boost pump is on, pressure is up." The brakes came on slowly---we didn't want to skid this big beast now. I looked over at the pilot. He was still on the instruments, steering to keep the course deviation indicator in the center, and that is exactly where it stayed.

"Airspeed, 50 knots." We might make it yet.

"Airspeed, 25 knots." We'll make it if we don't run off a cliff. Then I heard a strange sound. I could hear the whir of the gyros, the buzz of the inverters, and a low frequency thumping. Nothing else. The thumping was my pulse, and I couldn't hear anyone breathing. We had made it! We were standing still!

The aircraft commander was still all pilot. "After-landing checklist, get all those motors, radar and un-necessary radios off while we still have batteries. Copilot, tell them that we have arrived, to send a follow me truck out to the runway because we can't even see the edges."

I left the VHF on and thanked GCA for the approach. The guys in the tower didn't believe we were there. They had walked outside and couldn't hear or see anything. We assured them that we were there, somewhere on the localizer centerline, with about half a mile showing on the DME.

We waited about 20 minutes for the truck. Not being in our customary hurry, just getting our breath back and letting our pulses diminish to a reasonable rate. Then I felt it. The cockpit

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shuddered as if the nose gear had run over a bump. I told the loadmaster to go out the crew entrance to see what happened. He dropped the door (which is immediately in front of the nose gear) , and it hit something with a loud , metallic bang. He came on the interphone and said “Sir, you’ll never believe this. The follow-me truck couldn’t see us and ran smack into our nose tire with his bumper, but he bounced off, and nothing is hurt.”

The pilot then told the tower that we were parking the bird right where it was and that we would come in via the truck. It took a few minutes to get our clothing and to button up the airplane. I climbed out and saw the nose tires straddling the runway centerline. A few feet away was the truck with its embarrassed driver.

Total damage--one dent in the hood of the follow me truck where the hatch had opened onto it.

Then I remembered the story from Fate Is the Hunter. When Gann was an airline copilot making a simple night range approach, his captain kept lighting matches in front of his eyes. It scarred and infuriated Gann. When they landed, the captain said that Gann was ready to upgrade to captain. If he could handle a night-range approach with all of that harassment, then he could handle anything.

At last I understood what true professionalism is. Being a pilot isn’t all seat-of-the-pants flying and glory. It’s self- discipline, practice, study, analysis and preparation. It’s precision. If you can’t keep the gauges where you want them with everything free and easy, how can you keep them there when everything goes wrong?

Come see the our club pictures on our web page in living color at:  
**[www.eaa602.org](http://www.eaa602.org)**

## EAA602 FLY MARKET FOR SALE

For sale a rans 4/5 ultra light 477 rotax very low hrs. call Fred at 518-661-5623

Gauges & Other - All brand new left over Gauges for sale. Tach, Dual CHT, Dual EGT, Water Temperature (All Westach 2 1/4” with probes) Combo EGT-CHT, Turn Coordinator. Tapered air filters for 447-582. 5” Matco wheels & disc brakes. 3 Wheel pants for smaller wheels (4”-5”) All half price Doug 863-2409



### NEW 2012 EAA602 Officers

<i>President</i>	<i>Tim Devine</i>
<i>V-President</i>	<i>Larry Saupe</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Pat Morris</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Darryl White</i>
<i>Editor</i>	<i>Doug Sterling</i>
<i>Y.E. Coord.</i>	<i>Doug &amp; Judy Sterling</i>

### Board Members:

*Kevin Bartholoma*  
*Fred Blowers*  
*Don Fleischut*  
*John Pashley*  
*Doug Sterling*

**January 2012**

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