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Experimental Aircraft Association Chapter 33

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Is this cool, or what?

By Jay Honeck

It was to be just another fly-in. Only difference was, it was being held 700 miles away, under some of the most restrictive airspace in the world, at the world's premier aviation museum, and it was by invitation only.

Nervous? Us? Nevah! :-)

When Margy Natalie invited us to fly into the Smithsonian's Udvar-Hazy Center of the National Air & Space Museum, to participate in the "Be a Pilot" event (and the first-ever general aviation fly-in) at the museum, we knew it would be an awesome trip -- and, wow, we weren't disappointed!

This journey dished up everything (except mechanical problems, thankfully) from weather diversions to delightful surprises, from high density airspace to air defense identification zones. Sprinkle in good friends and a wondrous experience at the nation's finest aviation museum, and you've got the makings for a trip of a lifetime.

It started badly, however. Our plan was to fly either north to Mackinac Island, by way of Door County, WI, and then to Dulles "over the top" of the Great Lakes, OR to fly south to St. Louis and spend a day at Six Flags before proceeding eastward. It would be up to the weather to decide our fate.

Neither plan worked. We ended up working late on Tuesday, trying to get everything hammered together at the Inn, and the weather sucked in BOTH directions -- so we went with a new "Plan C," which was "let's see how far East we can fly before darkness or storms stop us..."



We didn't get far. Just an hour east of Iowa City we ran into some really nasty stuff that forced us to set down for the night in Rantoul, IL (home of the former Chanute Air Force Base, and current home to a terrific aviation museum) with lightning and heavy rain raging just a few miles off our port side.

After a pleasant night in an utterly forgettable McHotel, the next morning dawned sunny, and we briefly discussed stopping in Cedar Point, Ohio to let the kids spend a day at the theme park there. Unfortunately, the juicy air mass that was stuck in place over the Eastern half of the nation meant that the weather was highly unstable, with "pop-up" thunderstorms threatening our entire route of flight. Thus, we figured we had better press on, if possible, lest we get stuck under a bunch of storms for the week and miss the Big Show. Implementing a friend's suggestion, we set course for Frederick, MD -- home of AOPA and a great on-field restaurant called the "Airways Inn."

With good early morning weather and almost no wind, we made good time, landing in Frederick just past noon. Of course, there were no storms to fly around, which only poured gasoline on our decision to over-fly the theme park! The kids were NOT happy, having had their "theme park rug" pulled out from under them not once, but TWICE in two days. We will definitely need to make this up to them, soon.

Once on the ground at Frederick, our first order of battle was to find a place to stay. To our amazement, the helpful folks at the FBO could not find an open room in Frederick -- on a Wednesday night! They were dumbfounded and very apologetic -- but had no other suggestions. By now (of course) the mid-day weather in the area was starting to look pretty nasty, with thunderstorms popping up everywhere, so we really didn't want to depart -- but what to do?

Well, it was early in the day and I figured the room situation could wait, so we decided to check out AOPA headquarters, which is located on the field. After an easy walk from the FBO, we wandered into the heart of general aviation's "nerve center," dressed like the tourists we were, wondering what we might find inside....

The lobby is somewhat cold and forbidding, since the structure is your typical office building. The receptionist, however -- the only person visible in that area -- was welcoming and seemingly thrilled to see us, and she immediately started making phone calls to try to line up a tour. This was our cue to find the cafeteria, as we were all parched and hungry from the long flight -- and with her guidance we found the snack bar for refreshments.

After re-hydrating, we walked back to the lobby, where our receptionist had lined up an impromptu tour guide -- one of the ladies who answers the phone in the customer service department. She gave each of us an AOPA "CARE package" containing a coffee mug, hat, stickers, etc., and spent the next 45 minutes giving us a very thorough tour of AOPA. It's a great facility, with many enthusiastic, aviation-focused people on-staff, and we had a great time. (We even got to see Phil Boyer's office, although Phil himself was away. I got to sit in his big leather chair and gaze in wonder at all the awards and plaques he has accumulated.)

Best of all, when we told her that we had been unable to find a hotel room in Frederick, she asked Boyer's personal secretary to get on the problem right away. Within five minutes, she had found a room in town -- how's THAT for service? It obviously pays to have connections, and AOPAs got 'em.

Eventually the tour took us to Julie Boatman's office. Julie is the journalist who wrote the terrific article about our Inn that appeared in AOPA Pilot last fall, and I really wanted to thank her "in-person." We had conversed via email before coming to Frederick, but I had told her to look for us on Friday! Here it was only Wednesday, and she suddenly found the four of us standing unexpectedly in her office. Being the typical Iowa girl that she is (she learned to fly in Iowa City), she rebounded nicely, and invited us to join her and her husband for dinner at the Airways Inn -- the on-field restaurant.

Delighted, we set a time to meet, and drove our rental car to our new-found hotel, where we were able to clean up and let the kids swim before heading back to the airport for a great dinner of crab cakes, baked potatoes, and home-made cream of crab soup. The food was fantastic, the conversation enlightening (her husband Mike flies 767s for American, and had a few good tales to tell), and we finished off the evening by driving to their favorite ice cream parlor in old Frederick for dessert.

Old Frederick is OLD, especially by comparison to anything in the MidWest. We're talking early 1700s, rather than mid-1800s, and that extra century makes a remarkable difference in the character and signature of a town. The roads are incredibly narrow (obviously designed for horses and carriages), and the buildings that have survived are brick and full of personality. The ice cream parlor was in a very old building, and was owned by a retired school adminis-

trator who clearly did it because he loved to do it. We shared another hour of conversation and unhealthy food. It was marvelous!

Eventually we had to bid them adieu, and it was with reluctance that we toddled back to our hotel. Not only is Julie a remarkable writer, Mike and her are warm and friendly "real" people, too. We will remember our time with them fondly.

Because we had arrived early, we happily found ourselves with a couple of "extra" days in the schedule. We didn't have to be at the Udvar-Hazy Center until the event on Saturday, and we now had all day Thursday and Friday to fill -- but what to do?

Almost by accident we discovered our proximity to several Civil War battlefields by glancing at a road map of the area. I have always been fascinated with the Civil War, and Mary was curious enough to suggest that we check out Gettysburg on Thursday. So, we loaded up our rental Mazda 626 and drove 45 minutes to the battlefield, wondering what we might find there.

To say we were blown away is an understatement. The three-day battle of Gettysburg is unrivaled in its savagery and carnage, and the hundreds of memorials -- all erected to honor a specific unit or engagement -- are EVERYWHERE, scattered throughout the huge battlefield. To stand in the field where 12,000 men advanced into the face of withering fire during Pickett's Charge, in the very spot where fully half of them died, was just overwhelming. The gigantic cemetery is sobering, and the National Park Service does a good job of explaining the rather complex battle. All in all, it was a very worthwhile side trip, and I highly recommend touring this historic site if you get the chance. After an early dinner in Frederick, we were ready to tackle flying into Dulles, where we had reservations for the night. Unfortunately, the late afternoon popcorn thunderstorms had started up again, and -- as luck would have it -- one of the cells settled over Frederick. So, we waited...

And waited. Finally, around 7 PM, it looked like our opportunity to escape had arrived, as both flight service and Doppler radar confirmed that there would be a small corridor between storms that would allow us to make the 15 minute flight into Dulles VFR. So, after filing our ADIZ flight plan with Flight Service, we contacted Potomac Approach while still on the ground to obtain our discrete squawk code and activate our flight plan.

Once airborne they told us to contact Dulles Approach, and proceed. I did so, and told them what we were squawking and that we were proceeding inbound to land at Dulles, with Bravo (the ATIS) -- to which they misunderstood and replied that we had not been cleared into Class B airspace. He then asked where we had obtained our squawk code, to which I replied Flight Service.

After a few moments of awkward silence, he gave us a new frequency to contact, where "there would be someone who knew what you are talking about"...

This turned out to be quite true. Once on that frequency, this much-friendlier gal at Dulles Approach told us to fly a heading toward the airport, and to let her know when we had the field in sight. From that point on, she never had us deviate at all -- it was an absolutely straight shot into Dulles, certainly far easier than landing here in Iowa City. I was very careful to verify that I was actually cleared into the ADIZ and Class B, but otherwise it was an absolute no-brainer to fly into one of the busiest airports in the world -- an unexpected (and welcome) surprise. (Of course, landing on an 11,500 foot runway was tough, but I squeezed 'er in.... ;-)

What made it even more fun was the fact that Dulles was in the midst of a "ground stop," where all departures were halted due to the nasty weather all around! It was a gas to be able to fly into Dulles, completely unimpeded, taxiing past dozens of airliners that were waiting (no doubt in frustration) to depart, while we gleefully looked up at them and waved. It was great!

The folks at Piedmont Hawthorne were outstanding, if somewhat non-plussed by having a Cherokee 235 on their ramp. We were the ONLY



Mary works the crowd at U-H ramp

non-bizjet GA plane on the ramp, and it was clear that they were NOT used to little planes visiting -- but they were cordial and friendly, helping us unload our luggage and generally treating us like royalty.

Our hotel shuttle quickly arrived to pick us up, although it took quite a while to get back to the Wingate simply because "you can't get there from here." Dulles is a VERY big place, and being "adjacent" to the airport doesn't really mean that you are all that close. Still, we found the hotel to be very nice, reasonably (for DC) priced, extremely short staffed, and would recommend it to anyone flying into visit Udvar-Hazy.

After a good nights sleep, Friday seemed like a good day to do the "tourist thing" down on the National Mall. Friends had clued us into the reasonably-priced (for DC) shuttle bus that runs between the NASM downtown and the Udvar-Hazy Center, and that bus sure made it a snap to get downtown! Between our hotel's free shuttle to Udvar-Hazy, and the NASM shuttle bus, we he didn't need to rent a car, which saved significant money and hassle. We spent a very enjoyable day in withering humidity exploring the new World War II memorial, and a few of the museums that we had missed during our last visit back in 2000.

Everyone's prayers were answered, and Saturday dawned clear and warm, much to everyone's relief -- the show would go on! We arrived at the FBO at 7 AM to find Margy's husband, Ron, already mounting up in his newly restored (and drop-dead gorgeous) Navion, ready to taxi "off-road" to the museum. Soon we were trundling down the entire length of Dulles -- a distance of several miles -- heading toward the Udvar-Hazy Center.

Dulles is not the most confusing airport I've ever been at, but it comes close. Because of a huge construction project in the heart of the airport, the taxiways and ramps are a bit screwed up, but the ground controllers did an admirable job of mixing us in with the 747s and MD-80s. We worked our way all the way to the southern edge of Dulles, where the fence leading down the road to the U-H Center was wide open, awaiting our arrival.

Unfortunately, ground control only cleared us to the run-up area just NORTH of that fence. Just south of the fence gate we could see construction vehicles going back and forth across the road, and just inside the fence sat an airport security vehicle, with some sort of a cop inside, apparently unaware of our presence. In the distance we could see the Navion and one other aircraft, apparently shut down...

So we sat. And sat. Eventually a Citation (also part of the show) pulled up behind us, and -- after ten minutes or so - - irritably asked ground control why he was stuck behind "several GA aircraft that are just sitting there" waiting to go through the gate. The ground controller (who clearly was too far away to see what was going on) simply replied that he could only clear us to the run-up area, where we were all sitting, but that he would check on the situation.

Within a few minutes the proper people were contacted, the road ahead was cleaned and cleared of construction FOD (which turned out to be what we were waiting for), and we all began the cha-cha line taxi down the road to the museum. In the end, the taxi to the museum actually took far LONGER than our flight in from Frederick!

But it was worth it. We were all parked on the ramp nearest the X-35, the F-4 Phantom, and the historic engines on display (for those who can visualize what's inside the museum), and instructed to go inside, where we signed in and were given identifying signage and a prop card to display. Our friend Margy was everywhere on the ramp directing traffic and generally going nuts, but it was the kind of "controlled chaos" that always goes along with a busy airport ramp. Everyone played well together, and within minutes the ramp had taken on the look of the museum -- everyone neatly lined up, with signs on display and an orange post keeping people away from the props.

To say that it was very cool to be on display with Bruce Bohannon's Exxon Flying Tiger, an F4U Corsair, a Beech Staggerwing, two Marine Corps Harriers, and a bevy of other general aviation aircraft would be an understatement! We all got out our cleaning solutions of choice (ours was Lemon Pledge, of course) and started polishing off the grime and bugs from being parked outside for too many days.

Of course, being the representatives for "Family Flying" we had the "manpower" to get the job done far more quickly than most. With each of us cleaning a wing or a wheel pant, Atlas was quickly restored to his usually gleaming self, and was made ready for his moment of glory!

But first (as they always say) we were treated to a nice catered breakfast, and a private tour of the museum. Unfortunately we got tangled up yacking with people on the ramp for too long, and missed the majority of the tour, but that was our own danged fault. The breakfast was delicious, but we had to cut it short cuz the museum was opening --

and we didn't want to miss our cue!

For the next four hours, we were on the ramp in shifts (due to the heat and humidity, we took turns taking one of the kids into the air conditioning), meeting and talking with museum visitors from all over the world. They would come out in groups, having been given a good "pre-flight" indoctrination by museum staff about not touching planes and propellers, and then would slowly wander the ramp from plane to plane.

Visitor after visitor was at first incredulous, and then excited to hear that the four of us had arrived from Iowa in "that little plane." They asked great questions about every possible topic, from gas mileage, to range, to cost, to the usual "how do you pee in there?" It was a lot of fun, and I was pleasantly surprised that Atlas wasn't ignored in favor of the more exciting-looking planes on the ramp. In fact, in some ways we were paid MORE attention, especially by the families being led by "wannabe" pilots. We've all met them, and we were all just like them, once upon a time. Almost immediately I could detect the glint in the eye and the wheels starting to turn as they asked themselves "How can *I* do this?" These folks asked more pointed questions about who we had to talk to on the radio, what it cost to land at airports, and how much learning to fly cost.

You could tell some of them were very, very serious about flying and we did our best to persuade all of them that family flying wasn't some kind of a pipe dream that took super-human intelligence or finances to achieve. Some of the wives were noticeably wary of my enthusiasm, and it was easy to tell that some conversations had already taken place between these couples. Mary would then jump in and tell the wife to take a "Discovery Flight" or something similar, and hopefully persuaded our "doubting Teresa" that flying wasn't just a crazy thing for her husband to do on weekends.

And we were the living proof of it.

It always surprises me how so many people have such a warped view of aviation, and I always have to remind myself to start at the lowest common denominator when talking to newbies, which is that flight is exciting and joyous! There were a few people -- mostly women -- who were openly skeptical of what we were doing, and within a few minutes it became clear that they simply had no idea what general aviation was about. These were the ones we took the most care with, as we carefully explained how "the System" worked, and helped them to realize that GA is really a huge part of flying in America.

More than one of these skeptics mentioned those "idiot pilots who keep flying over the White House." It's sad, but the few morons amongst us have obviously risen to the "top of the minds" of many non-pilots -- especially in the DC area (naturally) -- and we all truly have our work cut out for us to counter the impression that we're just a bunch of cowboys up there, flying around randomly.

All too soon, the day was over. Even though the ramp must have been over 100 degrees (and we're both sporting the sunburns to prove it), and even though the kids started whining after the first hour, neither of us wanted to leave. To be parked at the Udvar-Hazy Center, on the same stage as the Space Shuttle, the Blackbird, and the Enola Gay, was surely the dream of a lifetime, and we never wanted it to end.

Soon, however, we were being shooed away -- our day in the sun was over. Michelle (there displaying her beautiful Maule), being completely comfortable with DC airspace, volunteered to lead those of us who were staying the night



The Honeck Family

back to the FBO as a "flight of four," waaaaaaay at the other end of the airport. It was hilarious as the four of us "ducks" waddled across the big, bad airport together, seemingly clustered for safety, and I'm sure more than one airline pilot got a chuckle out of the sight -- but I think the extremely busy Dulles ground controllers really appreciated not having to deal with the four of us separately. It worked perfectly, and we were soon back at Piedmont-Hawthorne....

...where the makings of a party were brewing! Ron and Margy were throwing a post-event bash at their home, and were kind enough to not only provide all the marvelous food and drink, but to ask their son to chauffeur us to and from their home, too! We spent the next several hours eating, rehydrating with hops and grains (glad *I* wasn't driving!), and enjoying the company of a house-full of fellow pilots. It was a perfect end to a wonderful day, and we just can't say enough good things about Margy and Ron -- they are the best!

After catching a ride "home" with Ron, we saw that we should depart at O-dark-thirty in order to get home ahead of the remnants of a tropical storm that was battering the Gulf of Mexico. Unfortunately, our hotel's wake-up call never came, and we blew through the alarm, too. (It was set to "radio," not tuned to a station -- and the hiss sounded just like the stupid air-handling unit in the room...) So, we got off to a late start, and I knew at once that we'd be lucky to get beyond Indiana that night....

Once again, however, flying in the ADIZ turned out to be a real no-brainer. Dulles approach just had us fly directly to a nearby VOR that was directly on our route of flight, and that was that -- no muss, no fuss, and we were soon on our way in perfect VFR conditions -- with a TAIL WIND! .

Sadly, however, the weather forecast turned out to be 100% accurate, and we hit the tropical storm not far from Indianapolis. With massive thunderstorms, low ceilings, and deteriorating visibility all around, we landed at Anderson, Indiana, where we spent a pleasant night in yet another McHotel. That night tornados roared through the area, but Atlas survived on the ramp without a scratch. The next morning we had to wait a few hours for the system to move off to the northeast, but soon we were winging our way on an uneventful flight home.

Just 11.7 hours total time (10.7 in the air -- 1.0 of taxi time!), and a lifetime of memories. It's hard to imagine topping this trip, but OSH '05 is only six weeks away...



Jay in Phil Boyer's Office

Trip to Rocky Mountain Regional Fly In

By Steve Ciha

Since I am usually working out of town, I don't get a lot of chances to fly to far away places. Last Friday, finding myself home due to a job postponement, I decided to fly to Denver to the regional fly in. I wanted to get up early and get off by 7 am to beat the morning heat and sticky weather that was coming. A look at the weather showed a lot of rain in central Nebraska, but it was to dissipate by the time I would get there.

I decided to stay in the aircraft camping area. It sounded pretty good when I checked out the fly in web site. So I loaded up the plane with tent, sleeping bag, stove, a little food, and other such stuff. There was a good headwind component of about 15 to 20 knots the whole trip, but the rain was gone as forecast. I don't like to sit in my airplane for over 2 hours at a time, so I stopped in Central City, Nebraska and fueled up. Such a sweet little airport, and such nice people were there. One thing that was a concern was higher than usual oil temperatures. It topped out at 220 degrees. Lycoming's never exceed temps are 245. The upper air was warmer than usual due to a strong southwesterly flow, and this was making the engine run a little hot. With a close eye on the oil temp I headed onward to Denver, got in the arrival pattern, missed the airport, and ended up landing on runway 8 which required about a mile of taxiing to get to the parking area. Total flight time Cedar Rapids to Denver was 4 and 1/2 hours.

Six or Eight airplanes were already there and set up when I arrived at about Noon. I taxied to a spot along the taxiway for runway 17. It was clear from the start that this was not



Oshkosh by any stretch. The place was really dead. Anyway, I am here. I set up camp and then took a walk to the show area, which was under attack by the show organizers. They had a lot of work to do before tomorrow morning. I looked for the showers, that were suppose to be there for the campers. Never did find them. I looked for a water source for the campers. I had to beg water from the airport maintenance department. There was nothing there for the campers.

Once back in the camping area, I planted my rear end in a folding chair and watched the aircraft arrive. Not many came on the day before. Just about dark, a Spitfire came in. I got a good picture as he taxied by. I did not notice until later that it had been converted to a duel arrangement. I learned that this plane had fought in the Battle of Britain, and the conversion had taken place during this time. Never did learn what the purpose of the conversion was. I also watched and fretted over some thunderstorms that pop up every afternoon in Denver about this time of year. One went South and one went North. I worry about hail on an aluminum plane. Crawled into the tent and fell asleep.

On Saturday, the usual airshow stuff started. Over night, the site had been transformed by the show organizers. Everything was in place. The aircraft streamed in, making some real unusual approaches. Since Denver class B airspace went to the surface less than a mile from Front Range Airport, the base leg and turn to final were quite short by many pilots. They were "aircraft carrier" type of landings. The wind was mild and right down the runway. No accidents or anything really close. There were 4 airshow aerobatic performances, that were quite good. The RV formation flights were also good. The thing I liked best was the formation fly bys by a group of Yak's. They held position very well, and integrated some aerobatics into there flying. I met many of the friends that I had got to know while working in the Denver area, and had a nice time visiting with the people that had bought my RV-6A, which is now on it's fourth owner.

My plan was to get up at first light on Sunday morning and fly home. So at 5AM I broke camp and checked weather. Again, rain in Central Nebraska, and lots of heavy rain in Eastern Iowa. It looked like it would be out of the way by the time I got there so I decided to fly to Grand Island Nebraska and check the weather before proceeding home. It was just a beautiful morning to fly, and as I climbed up to 7500 feet I found the tail winds that the briefer had spoke of. At

times i was seeing 185 knots groundspeed. If the weather had been good, I think I would have flown direct to Cedar Rapids, but the storms needed to be checked on before proceeding Eastward. I landed in Grand Island after 1 and 1/2 hours of flight. Checking the weather showed that there was rain to the North of Cedar Rapids, and it was moving away.

I topped off the tanks and departed Grand Island. I had flown in haze all the way. Now it started to get much worse. Flying along at 7500 feet, I could no longer see the horizon. I still had about 3 miles visibility, but only if looking downward. I started to get a little disoriented at times. I found myself using the attitude indicator and altimeter to maintain flight. Once near Des Moines, I started to lose sight of the ground, even when looking downward, so I descended to 5500 feet. I don't think I was ever flying at less than 3 miles, but it was not a comfortable flight. Never the less, I landed at Cedar Rapids after a total flight time of 3 1/2 hours. I have flown many times Denver to Cedar Rapids on United and had them take longer, factoring in there usual foul ups.

Read Back

By Jim Meade

Boyd, The Fighter Pilot Who Changed The Art Of War, rarely met a general he didn't offend. So he never became one. All he did was tweak enough beaks in the Pentagon to dramatically affect the way the U.S. designed fighter planes, defeat every opponent in aerial combat in 40 seconds or less, and redefine military theory.

Have you heard Colin Powell or another military official say we wanted to get inside the opponent's decision loop? That is John Boyd speaking. It is one facet of the OODA loop; observe, orient, decide, act. OODA is simple to describe to hard to understand. When Boyd was asked to give the Chief of Naval Operations a briefing, he said it would take 6 hours. When told the CNO didn't have that much time, Boyd refused to give the briefing.

Boyd was too late for WWII action. He attended the University of Iowa to be part of the swimming program run by Dave Armbruster. He didn't like Iowa, but met his wife there. She was from Ottumwa. After graduation, he was again nearly too late for action in the Korean War He flew a number of combat missions as wingman.

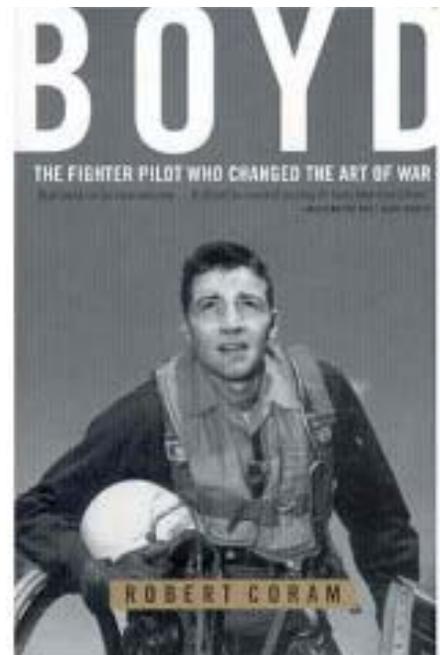
After Korea, Boyd was sent to Nellis AFB where he spent 6 years teaching tactics. In this time, he came to be known as "Twenty-Second Boyd" where he promised to reverse positions in that time or pay \$20. He never had to pay. Boyd developed the procedure for handling adverse yaw that had sent too many F-100 pilots to death when the plane started an unrecoverable spin.

Boyd flew in his third war in Southeast Asia, but again had no headlines in combat. Rather, he used his experience when he was assigned to the Pentagon and became involved in fighter plane development. Boyd made no friends when he proved that U.S. fighter planes of that era had only a small envelope where they could defeat a Soviet fighter. In most situations, the Soviet plane convincingly defeated ours. The Pentagon didn't like it, but Boyd convinced enough people he was right to cause the development of the F-15.

Boyd's final contribution was the OODA loop in which he showed how getting inside the enemy's decision cycle allowed a general to stay one step ahead and therefore always have the element of surprise.

This is a fun book to read if you've ever wanted to thumb your nose at the establishment and see the good guys win. But it also shows the price these warriors pay. Boyd had some fanatical disciples but few friends and his family life was sad. Still, he was a great thinker and warrior who was a positive force for change in an Air Force that was steeped in bomber tradition and thought only of nuclear war.

You will not always like Boyd if you read this book. And you should read it not only for his flying but also for his thinking about war and business. However, you will find it interesting and provocative.



...But What Have You Done Lately?

By Tim Busch

Our newsletter editor, David Koelzer gave a rather entertaining introduction of himself at the last meeting: "Hi, I'm Dave Koelzer, and it's been 18 months since I built an airplane." Although I had to laugh, thinking it sounded like an introduction at an AA meeting, I thought about the significance of his comment. Related to EAA's charter, what *have* I done lately? I have to admit to the chapter that I've never built an airplane. Now *there* is an AA-like intro for the chapter meeting introductions! It wasn't for lack of interest in building. The first interest I showed in building any aircraft was the Scorpion 2 helicopter I discovered while in high school. I actually bought a set of Long-EZ plans in 1984, just before Burt quit selling plans. Gosh, that's over 20 years ago. I bought the first chapter's worth of parts and built the bulkheads for the EZ, then put it all away, figuring I would attack it later when my kids were grown. Well, they're grown now, and I still have the plans and materials from before, but time is at a premium these days due to my avocation as a flight instructor. I guess restoring an older 172 over the past couple of years counts for doing something. Giving Young Eagle rides certainly counts too. What comes next? Maybe dusting off the EZ plans....or that Lan-cair....or.... You know, I think I suffer from the "kid in the chicken yard" syndrome, wanting to do it all. What have you done lately? Please write about it and share it in the Lippisch Letter.

If you haven't heard Burt Rutan and company talk about the details of private space travel, go to his talk at Oshkosh! I have enjoyed his talks at Oshkosh for 25 years, and he is always thinking well ahead of the pack. If you want to know the about future of aviation, and now aerospace, listen closely to Burt. His team even intends to bring the White Knight and Space Ship One to Oshkosh this year. Talk about the ultimate homebuilt! I'm sure other cool toys will be there as well, such as the new, certified Light Sport Aircraft. Now that the FAA has solved the certification issues and turned on the spigot for LSA certifications, focus has turned on how to insure them and the flight schools that use them. So far, no solutions are forthcoming, as all the insurance companies have turned their backs on LSAs. I hope a solution comes quickly, or the whole LSA movement could end before it gets a chance. The Eclipse jet is flying now, so their display will be more real, and Honda is bringing their small jet as well. I wish someone would figure out how to build jet engines cheaper. In spite of feeling like I had 'been there, done that' at Oshkosh, every year there is something new, something old (Glacier Gal is both!), high tech, low tech, or just plain cool for everyone. Don't forget, there will be no August meeting, since a large part of the membership will be at Oshkosh during the planning time for the meeting. We'll try to get the chapter together once again for a monster cookout. Don't miss it! See you there.

Last Meeting - D-Day Remembered a Living History

Our speaker for our last meeting was Bruce Fenchel, retired dentist from Cedar Rapids. Bruce did not talk about dentistry however, Bruce shared his experiences as a teenage tank driver in Patton's Third Army going ashore at Utah Beach and what happened in the air and on the ground in the grueling days, weeks, and months following. Bruce talked about the race to Bastogne, his near capture and the Belgium family that sheltered him and even shared their Christmas dinner with him even as the German army camped just outside their inn. Bruce also talked of being the first tank to liberate one of the many concentration camps through out Germany.

Next Meeting - Project Visit Zenith Zodiac

This month we will visiting an almost completed Zenith Zodiac project being built by Jerry Maxwell and Jack Rezabek. Thursday, July 14th, 7:00 p.m. at Jerry Maxwell's place. Address is 6203 42nd St. NE, Cedar Rapids IA.

Bring your own beverage & lawn chair. Weather permitting Jerry will have a bonfire and roast hot dogs and marshmallows afterwards.

The \$100 Hamburger For A Lot Less

By Carl Carson

If this type of activity is of interest to you I can share some experiences with you. Over the past several years some of my flying buddies and I have worked hard to find places to fly to within walking distance (or by a loaner airport vehicle) of a café. Places we've visited have included Independence, Oelwein, Prairie du Chien, Cassville, Tama, Davenport, Sully, Amana, Traer, Belle Paine, Dike, and Waukon. There are lots more available but remember many of us (Carson, Zangger, Bowden, Marting) fly a Taylorcraft and my buddy Tom Shafer flies an Aeronca Champ so we look for places that are not too far away.

My last "fly to lunch" place was to Waukon, Ia. on May 24th. It was the first time Tom and I had been there except for a flight breakfast a couple of years ago. The airport is about 90 miles north of C.R. and has an asphalt runway, 07/25, 2413 ft. in length. The really nice part is that it is an easy walk to several places to eat and it is an attractive community with well kept homes, a nice historical museum, a new veteran's memorial in front of the Allamakee County Courthouse and the people we talked with were very friendly and helpful.

There are plenty spaces to park planes near the hangar area, bring your own tiedowns. Walk down the highway (South on Allamakee St.) a couple of blocks and you'll pick up sidewalks that lead to the downtown area. At the traffic light (Main St.) you will see a pizza place and a couple of restaurants. Tom and I took a right at Allamakee and Main and went into the S & D Café just a few doors from this intersection at 13 W. Main St., it was only about a 10-15 minute walk from the airport. The owner, Carol Opher, was on hand and our waitress was Linda Ranzemberger. It was a busy place and all the help seemed to really enjoy being of service. The menu was varied, plentiful and priced very reasonably. In front of the menu there was also a history of the restaurant's previous owners, starting in the 1930's, and what the building had been used for through the years.



Their dinner specials ranged from \$5.29 to \$6.25. Hamburgers were \$2.00, a hamburger basket with French fries and coleslaw was \$4.50. I had a hamburger, coleslaw and iced tea for \$4.55 plus tip. Tom had a steak sandwich for just a little more and the food was very good and served promptly. We talked after lunch with Carol and Linda, took some pictures and had a great time with the staff. I doubt that reservations are necessary for small groups but that would be up to you to decide if several planes are going at the same time.

If you go there be sure to tell them you flew in and are a part of EAA Chapter 33. We did that and they were pleased that the airport attracted people to spend some time in their community. After eating it is a short hop over to Decorah where sits a DC-3/C-47 painted in military colors. Mike Connell, DEH/FBO flies co-pilot on this plane during the summer fly-in season. DEH also has a good price on 100LL and friendly service.

Editor's Rant

By David Koelzer

69 year old, Hayden Sheaffer won't be flying for a while. It is not that Hayden does not want to fly nor has he lost his medical, but rather Hayden flew some where he shouldn't have flown, specifically, into the restricted airspace around Washington D.C. and now he won't be flying for at least 10 months. After that time he can reapply to get his license back. All I can say is "Good luck, Hayden. You are going to need it."

Then again I think Hayden and his passenger already used up their good luck on their little misadventure over our nation's capitol. They are lucky to be alive after being intercepted by armed Secret Service BlackHawks and Air Force F-16. Fortunately the cool headed servicemen were able to visually identify the passengers in the aircraft menacing the Capitol as just a couple of confused and lost weekend flyers who made a wrong turn, rather than some wild-eyed suicidal Jihadists out to get on the fast track to Paradise.

Others in our government, including a few Congressman, were not quite so cool headed and were demanding that any aircraft violating the ADIZ be immediately shot down, no questions asked. It is a scary thought that some in the "Government of the people, by the people and for the people" should be calling for the summery execution of those people who have done nothing other that get lost and wander into the wrong airspace. It seems to me that getting splattered all over the Maryland or Virginia country side is a rather harsh punishment for a navigational error.

So guys, check those NOTAMS and do your best to keep on course and stay out of trouble.

Fly Market

FOR SALE 0360 A4M first run Lycoming with 2335 hours TT sense new in 1989. comes with Carb, Mags, \$8100. Contact Ron white for further information. 319-393-6484 or E-mail longez38ar@juno.com

OELWEIN FLY-IN

Saturday, July 16th 2005 • 2 PM to Dusk

- **FREE Aerobatic Show at 6 PM**
Airfield closed from 5:45 PM - 6:30 PM
- **Military Aircraft on Display**
C-47 'Spooky' Gunship, T-28 Trojan
- **C-47 'Spooky' Gunship Rides**
Call 319-283-5089 for reservation information
- **Lifeguard Helicopter Display**
Display subject to emergency recall
- **Airplane Rides**
\$15 per seat donation appreciated
- **Custom Car Display at 4 PM**
Hosted by the Oelwein 'Odd Rods' Car Club

Fly-In Dinner Served 4 PM - 7 PM
Iowa Pork Loin Dinner **\$10.00**
Kid's Menu Also Available
Dinner is FREE for the Pilot In Command

Darrell Massman Aerobatic Show

'Spooky' C-47 Gunship

T-28 Trojan

Sponsored by EAA Chapter 1269





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In The July 2005 Issue...

Cool, or What, RMRFI, Read Back-Boyd, \$100 Hamburger-Waukon

Chapter 33 Calendar

July 10 Flight Breakfast, Rodrunner Flying Club, FREE to Fly-ins, Drake Airfield (2Y1) Radcliffe, Iowa

July 10 Pilots and Co-Pilots FREE Emmetsburg, Iowa Municipal Airport

July 14 7pm Chapter Meeting, Jerry Maxwell's house, Zenith Zodiac project built by Jerry and Jack Rezabek

July 16 4pm-7:30pm Fly-in Supper, Oelwein, Iowa Municipal Airport

July 17 Flight breakfasts at the following airports: Monticello, Iowa Airport, Sioux City, Sioux Gateway Airport, Forest City, Iowa Municipal Airport, Waverly, Iowa Municipal Airport, Algona, Iowa Municipal Airport

July 25-31 EAA AirVenture, Oshkosh, Wisconsin



Naval Aviation 1 - Buzzard 0