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Experimental Aircraft Association Chapter 33

A monthly publication of the Dr. Alexander M. Lippisch Chapter of the Experimental Aircraft Association, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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OSH '08 Redux-The Torch Has Been Passed By Jay Honeck

This was to be the year of the great attendance crash at Oshkosh. With GA flying down 50% in many parts of the country, attendance at other major fly-ins down, and record gas prices, it was only natural to assume that Airventure attendance would plummet, too. Even Tom Poberezny referred to it in his introductory remarks on the first day of AirVenture.

Well, we're just back from 7 glorious days camped with our planes, and I'm here to tell ya that Airventure attendance was UP this year, with on-field airplane camping full by Monday night, and thousands of drive-ins camping in Camp Scholler! The crowds on the grounds and in the exhibit hangars were constant, and all of the vendors I queried were pleasantly surprised by their strong sales. Without exception, NONE of them expected to come close to last year's numbers...but match them they did. But I'm ahead of myself. Let's start at the start:

Wednesday, July 23rd: With just 70 hours under his belt, our 17-year-old son, Joe, wasn't ready for "prime-time Oshkosh" just yet. Still, he wanted to fly our new (to us) '48 Ercoupe into Airventure -- a place he's literally grown up exploring. What to do? Solution: Send him in before the show starts, and avoid the craziness of the FISK approach! So, four days before we arrived, Joe flew the 'Coupe into Oshkosh, with enough camping gear and money to survive. Flying into OSH at this stage is no different than any other sleepy Class D airport in rural America, so he had no troubles.

It was sort of funny -- a couple of "old hands" in Vintage took him under their wing, only to discover that Joe knew the grounds and procedures as well as they did! What he did those next four nights is a mystery, but the gendarmes never showed up at my tent, so I guess he was fine. This was Joe's 18th consecutive Airventure.



Saturday, July 26th: Our 6th Annual Fly-In Pool Party started at 3 PM that day. As always, we were on pins and needles, rushing around to get the food, beer, pop, and grounds ready for the hoped-for onslaught of attendees. But would anyone come this year? Fly-in business has been way down, both at our FBO and at the hotel, so we were concerned that this would be the year we took a lot of extra food home with us... Ha -- that was a pointless worry! In fact, we ran out of food AND beer TWICE, and had to make "emergency runs" to keep up. The airport ramp was full the whole day, as a steady stream of "beer/pop and a brat/burger" folks stopped by, and we had a stellar turn-out of folks spending the night. We even had one guy camped on the hotel grounds, and one guy stayed in our nearby college dorm -- so that's as full as it gets. This was our first indication that MAYBE Oshkosh would "normal" this year...and our spirits soared from this point on....



Sunday, July 27th: After a good (if short) night's sleep, we headed back down to the Inn to see who would join us for the flight through the FISK approach into Airventure. At the appointed time, eight pilots were in the lobby, ready for our short briefing on procedures and comm frequencies. We've done this enough times now to have everything fairly well codified, so this only took a few minutes -- and we had a good mix of "veterans" and "newbies" in the flight. By 9:30 AM we were all running up together on the taxiway, making lots of noise and living out every pilot's dream of launching on "dawn patrol" in squadron strength. (Well, okay -- a somewhat short-handed squadron...) Everyone took lots of pix, and then it was time to launch into a hazy-but-cloudless morning sky. Count to five after the guy ahead of you, then advance the throttle and GO!

Mary was flying into OSH this year, so she was "leader of the pack" made up of Pipers and Cessnas. This is, of course, the easiest position to fly (for which she was grateful), but we don't do any "Blue Angels Stuff" anyway -- we just keep each other in sight. Setting our initial speed at 120 knots turned out to be a bit slow for everyone except our "tail-end Charlie" -- a fellow in a 145 horse Cessna 172. He couldn't get 'er over 105 knots, but he was going to land in Platteville for gas, anyway, so he just kept up as best he could. We bade him "farewell" at his fuel stop -- and never ran into him again at OSH, so we wonder if he ever made it in? We then bumped things up to 125 knots (ground speed), and everyone was happy.

Thirty miles out from RIPON we told the group to turn their transponders to "stand-by", and switched over to the approach frequency. As we approached RIPON we stepped down to 1800 feet, dropped to 90 knots, stayed in line over RIPON, and headed up the railroad tracks toward FISK -- the approach is simplicity itself. The only other glitch of the approach occurred when the controller at FISK was ASKING which runway a pilot might prefer -- and receiving radio responses. This is unheard of (strict radio silence is the norm), and was actually nice -- but when it was our turn and we announced "Flight of seven, prefer Rwy 27" he cleared us all in and told us to switch to the Rwy 27 tower frequency -- which we did.

Unknown to us, they switched FISK controllers in the middle of our flight, and the new guy directed the last three planes to Rwy 36, countermanding the clearance already issued to Rwy 27 by the previous guy. When our tail-end Charlie piped up that he'd already been cleared to Rwy 27, the new controller ripped him a new you-know-what for (a) breaking radio silence, and (b) questioning his orders. He declared that there was a Mooney climbing up his butt and he needed to break right NOW for Rwy 36 -- which (of course) he did. We eventually linked back up with him in the North 40, but those last few guys didn't arrive until after a 20-minute taxi from the very south end of Wittman Field. It all worked out in the end, as it always does -- but it sure would've been nice if the FISK guys were on the same sheet of music.

As we shut down, we were gratified to be met by this group's own Montblack, beer in hand. Despite the early hour, I dug one out and gratefully pounded it down -- we had arrived on the hallowed ground for our 26th consecutive OSH!

Our daughter tied Atlas down as Mary and I set up camp. To say that were glad to be there would have been the understatement of the century. After all of our flooding, and employee travails, and any of a hundred other things that could have nixed the trip, we were, at last, home in the North 40. We soon settled down to an enjoyable welcoming from (and to) this group's own Jack Allison, Jer Eberhard, John Smith, Montblack, Jim & Tami Burns, and a host of others who saw our hotel banner and stopped by for a cold one... Amazingly, we were parked in almost the same spot as 2007, so everyone kinda knew where to find us!

We spent the day hanging out with friends, getting acquainted with our neighbors, and generally relaxing after a couple of very stressful days. In the evening we toddled off to Friar Tucks to meet friends for the first of many enjoyable meals to come -- and then it was back to the campsite for cocktails... We called it an early night, though, knowing that tomorrow would be a big day...

Monday, July 28th: First day of the show, and it was GREAT. The arrivals and crowds were really picking up, and the exhibit hangars were really getting going. After so many years of attending we have a pattern of activities that we stick to, which includes (a) Get the 2008 pin and patch, (b) take the family picture under the main entrance, and (c) get the picture of the kids with "The Big Bomb" in the warbirds section. (We've got pix of them with it each year, going back forever!) By doing all this up-front, we've covered the basics in case we get called back to the hotel for some emergency.

We then cruised down to the "Vintage" area, to check out Joe's campsite. Everything looked ship-shape, and Joe was off doing his own thing -- so we moved on...but not before answering a zillion questions from people who wandered up to the Ercoupe. Today was the day that Joe's article hit "EAA Today" -- the on-field newspaper (http://www.airventure.org/2008/2mon28/growing_airventure.html), so his celebrity was now spreading beyond the borders of the Vintage area, and people far and wide were asking about him. Needless to say, we were happy to oblige!

Next step is to always "cruise the exhibits", giving everything in the big hangars a cursory once-over. I've learned not to buy anything right away, as the prices become a bit more negotiable by mid-week, but I always like to see "what's hot" early in the week before the crowds are too thick. This, of course, means LOTS of walking, but we were still fresh at this stage of the game...

I found where LightSpeed's head cheese, Alan Schrader, was working (Aircraft Spruce), and stopped by to say "hi". We've known each other for years now, and I told him that I was in the market for his latest offering, the "Zulu". He allowed that he'd work me a good deal later in the week, and we bade a temporary farewell. Alan is truly one of the "good guys" in the aviation world, and will give you the shirt off his back to make sure you're happy -- so I knew he wouldn't let me down....

With the size of the grounds, this cursory look around filled the entire day, and soon it was time for EAA's annual kick-off concert on Aeroshell Square. This year they blessedly retired the Beach Boys (two years of them was enough) and moved up a generation to Foreigner. They really rocked the house, and -- combined with the arrival of the awesome Boeing DreamLifter -- the concert simply couldn't have been better. This was the music of our high school and college years, so we knew every word, and sang along without prodding! After shouting ourselves hoarse we toddled off to meet friends for dinner at the Charcoal Pit -- a nearby favorite for many years. Unfortunately, after waiting over an hour we were still ten groups from the top of the list -- so friends with a van drove us off-site to Kodiak Jacks for a fan-



tastic lake perch (a Wisconsin specialty) dinner! It was waaaay too late by the time we toddled off to bed, but it was a great first day!

Tuesday, July 29th: We started this day with a bang, when a P-38 Lightning (Ruff Stuff) landed low right over our tent! Luckily I saw him coming, and managed to get a couple of great pictures. This is one of the truly fantastic things about camping in the North 40 (and is something Joe later complained about lacking in the Vintage area) -- the ability to watch the "other airshow" coming in (or taking off) on RWY 9/27. We spent the entire week with incredibly rare aircraft flying directly overhead, often so close that we could see the expression on the pilots face, and this alone was worth the price of admission.

Having stayed up too late, we slept in and got a fairly late start. No worries -- today was the day for the "Fly Market", in search of aviation "stuff" for the hotel, and we could hit that entire area in a matter of hours. (The Fly Market is an outdoor area of tents where the low-budget vendors are allowed to display their wares, and we often find hidden gems here.) This year was no different, and I was soon playing "pack horse" to haul all the goodies and decorations that we found in this very down-home vendor area. We barely made it back to the site, on our bikes, with so much to carry, and gladly made use of a friend's offer to haul all our stuff home in their van.

Then it was time for cocktails and the "arrival airshow". I must say that this year we saw very few close calls -- everyone did a great job. We saw a fair number of go-arounds, though -- so perhaps the controllers had been instructed to "pull the go-round trigger" a bit quicker this year? Either way, it was great fun watching the hordes arriving (and departing) after the airshow...

Wednesday, July 30th: After sand-bagging (figuratively) yesterday, we hit it hard today, getting an earlier start on the show, and to get ready for our big HOPS Party. We also realized that we hadn't seen much of our son, who had made friends in Vintage and become nearly self-sufficient on the field -- except for that whole money thing. I had given him my credit card for his trip up, and agreed to pay for anything that we would normally buy (camping, food, etc.), but I figured it was time to repo the card before he went out and bought a 496 for the Ercoupe...so we hooked up with Joe early.

For flying into Airventure, the Vintage folks give out a plaque with a picture of you and your plane -- a very nice touch, and something Joe will treasure forever, I'm sure -- so we went to pick that up. He also wanted a mug, and a shirt, and...you get the picture. Understandably proud of his achievement, we nevertheless had to put the brakes on some of his "wants", since everything came with a price tag on it.



We spent a long time in Vintage, hanging out at Joe's campsite, enjoying the day and trying to get over the weird feeling that the torch had been passed to a new generation. Joe had made a circle of friends in Vintage, and proudly introduced us to them all. We then wandered over to Addison Pemberton's awesome Boeing 40 -- the only one flying in the world. I tried to get close enough to say "hi" -- he and his family have stayed at the hotel before, and are coming back in a few weeks for an airmail reenactment -- but the mobs around the plane were such that we just kept moving. What an awesome airplane, and a great effort to get it flying again!

There were dozens and dozens of Ercoupes on the field (including the oldest one, a 1941 military model) since the national fly-in had been held just a few miles away from OSH earlier in the week, and we really enjoyed strolling the rows, checking out the different models and mods that are available. We were gratified to note that our little 'Coupe (christened "Sweetie") stood up well against the group, and Joe puffed with pride whenever someone would stroll up to ask about "his" Ercoupe.

That's one thing you rarely get in the North 40, and is something that is really fun about the Vintage camping area. There were rarely ten minutes without SOMEONE wandering up to ask questions about the 'Coupe, and there was

often a line of folks gawking and taking pictures. It's an unusual looking plane, rarely seen anymore, so the public is naturally interested in it -- and they are REALLY interested to hear about a 17 year old pilot flying a 60-year-old airplane! By the end of the show Joe was getting a bit tired of the whole scene, but -- for the most part -- he was really in his element.

Then, it was time to head back to our campsite for the Sixth Annual HOPS Party! As always, this event could not be staged without the direct support and assistance of this group's own Jim & Tami Burns, Montblack, and Jack Allison -- and we all went shopping to nearby Pick & Save for beer, pop, hard lemonade, and any number of snacks. Montblack took care of the food, buying a ton of pre-cut sub sandwiches from nearby Subway, and Tami supplied potato salad, too. A veritable feast was laid out, and then we waited... Soon, the airshow was over, and the people began to wander in. Getting to this party is never easy -- we're two miles from show center, in the middle of a giant field -- but come they did! Soon, hangar flying and a general celebration of the Oshkosh experience was well underway, with beers brought in from all over the country! We ran out of food (which Montblack promptly replenished) and a great time was had by all!

A group of us stayed up till 1:30 AM, discussing everything and anything, and we were all happy when we at last toddled off to bed...

Thursday, July 31st.: That happiness didn't persist past dawn, however. It's not possible to "sleep in" at OSH, even with eye-shades and ear plugs, since the morning sunshine rapidly raises the in-tent temperature to blast-furnace levels. So, we toddled off to breakfast, feeling punk and not wanting to do much of anything but sleep. So, we made our way South of Aeroshell Square, to the forested area that surrounds the Theater in the Woods, found a shady spot -- and promptly fell asleep. It was a lovely day (in the shade), with a nice breeze and low humidity -- so sleep came easy. We all awoke refreshed, and proceeded with the show. This was the first time we'd ever done this at OSH, and really showed how picture-perfect the weather was! In fact, the weather has never been better at Oshkosh, and we were rarely too hot or too cold. Stranger still -- it NEVER stormed all week, although it did look nasty a couple of times. That's another first for AirVenture!

The airshow today was simply awesome, with the Marine Corps V-22 Osprey making it's first Oshkosh appearance. I've always wondered about the military spending billions on this aircraft, but -- now that I've seen it fly -- I understand their reasoning. This thing is FAST -- way faster than a helicopter -- and can get the good guys in (and out) much faster. Speed is life, in that sort of thing, so the V-22 suddenly makes sense -- and what a fun thing to see fly! Then, the awesome F-22 Raptor did it's "usual" (if that word applies) flight demonstration. Words can't describe this aircraft's capabilities, and seeing one fly is simply breath-taking. As always, the crowd loved every minute.

Friday, August 1st: After days of being on his own, Joe realized that Oshkosh was more than half over and we hadn't done our usual "Guy thing" of exploring the Warbirds, just the two of us. This has been a tradition with us since he was a little boy, and I was wondering if he was going to remember! While Mary and Bec went off to join in the "world's largest gathering of women pilots" on Aeroshell Square, I gladly forced my weary feet to endure another five miles of walking with Joe, as we strolled up and down the rows of Mustangs, Warhawks, Corsairs and Avengers. I couldn't help but marvel at how time has flown past, and noted that it wasn't that long ago that I was teaching him the history of the various warbirds, and describing the differences between a "C" and "D" model Mustang.

Now, his knowledge easily matched my own, and exceeded it in certain areas. I've taught him everything I can about airplanes, aviation, and flying, and there is little else I can impart to him. Strolling up and down the rows, stopping to examine an intake here, a folding wing there, we were both comfortable discussing these aircraft as equals, both having flown in, both knowing what the other knows. I realized that -- with disconcerting suddenness -- my son had become a man, and I swelled with pride and a little sadness as we came to the end of the line. The torch had been passed again.

Friday has become our traditional "Seaplane Base" day over the years, because they throw a traditional Wisconsin fish fry that can't be beat! Also, by this point in the week, we're more than ready to get away from the hustle, heat and noise of Wittman Field, and trade it for the quiet coolness of Lake Winnebago. So, that afternoon we rode the trams to the far South end of the field, caught a big yellow school bus, and rode 15 minutes to the seaplane base to spend time with our friends Markus, Jack, and Montblack.

As always, the contrast was stunning. After a short walk through a darkened forest trail, we popped out onto the shoreline, waves lapping the beach, seaplanes bobbing at anchor in the little harbor. It was absolutely idyllic, and

completely different from the rest of AirVenture. We found a quiet place to sit, and enjoyed an hour of quiet conversation, until....

We'd been watching darkening clouds approach, and suddenly the wind shifted. First it got much warmer, then it switched again and grew much colder! We could see shafts of rain in the distance, out over the water, and then the wind doubled in speed -- and then doubled again! A real storm was brewing, and we could see the whole thing from across the water. Then the PA system came to life, warning that a tornado had been spotted nearby, and that everyone should seek shelter. It was easy to spot the native Midwesterners, because we all immediately went to the shoreline to see if we could spot the twister! Nothing was visible, but the waves rapidly grew until they were tearing apart the rickety old piers that the coast guard was tied to, and the lake actually rose over a foot, driven our way by the increasing wind. It was fun to watch, and very unusual in that nary a drop of rain ever fell. The entire storm skimmed off to the North, leaving us (and, thankfully, Wittman Field) untouched.

Within a half hour the weather had returned to normal, the lake was reverting to its glassy former self, and folks from outside the Midwest were left shaking their heads. The rest of us just smiled knowingly.

Eventually we grew bored with the silence, and longed for the hub-bub of Wittman Field again -- but the seaplane base sure is a wonderful place to recharge your batteries after a week of craziness. We rode the bus back to the field, where they proceeded to drop us off at the more centrally located bus tower. This pleasant turn of events allowed us to check out Aeroshell Square, and to get a few more pics along the way, before retiring to our campsite for an evening cocktails and conversation, exhausted but happy.

Saturday, August 2nd: We'd been closely watching the Prog charts since Wednesday, eyeing a system that was approaching from the Great Plains. At first predicted to be terrible, Sunday was then pronounced "good" by Flight Service -- only to be once again pronounced as "iffy" last night. So, with one more check of the progs, we decided to leave today after the airshow rather than wait for Sunday as planned. Discretion being the better part of valor, we also figured that it would be nice to have a day at home to scrape the topsoil out from under our nails, and have some time to check email, etc.

But first, we had to get Joe launched. Having been on the field a whopping ten days, he was more than ready to head for home -- but was understandably nervous about flying out of OSH during the show. We sat down with the NOTAM and went over the possible variations, and I offered to fly with him -- but he ultimately declined my help, preferring to do the "whole Oshkosh enchilada" himself. By the time we met up with him at 9:10 AM he was fully packed and ready to go. To help with his useful load, we agreed to take his tent and a folding chair he had purchased -- every ounce helps in an Ercoupe -- and we spent a few nervous minutes going over the radio frequencies and procedures.

Once satisfied that he was good to go, we left the 'Coupe and headed to the hangar buildings to hunt down Lightspeed's Alan Schrader once again, to work out a deal on a pair of Zulus. He agreed to swap out my old pair of Twenty 3Gs in exchange for a half-price deal on two new Zulus -- as good as it's gonna get -- and we headed back to the Vintage area so Joe could "test" one of the new headsets in the (incredibly noisy) Ercoupe. (Note: No ANR headsets had been found to work in the 'Coupe, due to it's very loud engine/wind noise combination. This is true in most airplanes of this type, from 'Coupes to T-6s, but Alan swore up and down that the Lightspeed Zulu would work perfectly in the 'Coupe -- so we wanted to test this assertion. Joe reported that they worked perfectly, by the way...)

At last ready to go, the Vintage guys on scooters escorted him through the sparse morning crowds out to Rwy 36, his mother, sister and I proudly watching him all the way. Eventually, after a few minutes of waiting for arrivals, it was his turn to depart, and we heard the big 85 horsepower Continental wind up from a quarter-mile away. He trundled down the runway, gathering speed, and then levitated beautifully into a graceful right turn, coming to an Easterly course and staying South of the tower, just as briefed. He was off into a clear blue sky, alone, headed for home.

Heart full, we headed back to Aeroshell Square, absent-mindedly snapping pictures and slowly working our way Northward. I couldn't concentrate, my thoughts being in the 'Coupe with my son, hoping that all was well on his 2.5 hour flight...

We headed back to our site to break camp and get Atlas packed so that we could enjoy the airshow and then blast off for home. This unpleasant task always takes longer than setting up, but (for once) it wasn't ungodly hot, so everything went smoothly. Jack soon came around, and we decided to eat at Friar Tuck's one more time, given that we had only eaten their once during the week. While on our way to lunch Joe called to say he was home, safe and sound. It was

with relief that we could enjoy our last meal in Oshkosh for the year, and enjoy it we did, spending a very enjoyable hour in the cool, air-conditioned darkness...

After lunch we returned our bikes to Goodwill and walked back to the field to catch a North 40 bus for the first time all week. From there it was the usual tram to Aeroshell Square, and the short walk to the old control tower, where we spent an enjoyable few hours planted in the shade of that grand old structure, watching the show. I can't believe they're going to tear that building down (it would make a great bar, or observation area), as it has been in the background of our pictures for 26 years. EAA really missed an opportunity this year, as they could easily have sold tickets to tour the old tower for ten bucks a head. I'd have bought four of them, and everyone I asked agreed that they would have, too.

Soon, the airshow was winding down, and it was time to head back to the North 40. With heavy heart (and even heavier footsteps, sore as we were) we walked to the North 40, wondering how an entire week could go by *so* quickly. All the planning, all the months of dreaming, all the weeks of preparations seemed to take forever, yet -- as always -- the week itself went by in the blink of an eye. We sat in the shadow of our wing talking with Markus, and soon Montblack showed up to bid us farewell, too. I was nervous, wanting to get the show on the road while simultaneously never wanting to leave -- a strange mix of feelings, indeed -- but too soon the field was open and we had to start up.

Hand shakes and hugs all around, we had our easiest departure ever, literally taxiing about three blocks, waiting a few minutes, and being waved off of Rwy 9, arcing smoothly out over Lake Winnebago behind Atlas' wonderfully powerful O-540. Despite the heavy load, we quickly overtook the aircraft ahead of us, reached the edge of Oshkosh airspace, and made a beeline for home...

Thanks, all, for making OSH '08 -- our 26th in a row -- our best, yet! See you next year at OSH '09!



8th Annual Abel Island Fly-in & Float-in Potluck and BBQ!

By Carl Carson

Mary and I left Cedar Rapids about 11:00 a.m. on Sunday, 8/24, for an hour of beautiful flying and headed for Abel Island next to Guttenberg, Iowa. For the past eight years pilot residents on this beautiful 2600' turf strip invite pilots to fly in and share in a potluck noon time meal. Several residents open up their yards and homes plus provide grills, tables, coffee and water.

Guests bring something to grill, a covered dish, tableware and drink. People arrived by car, boat, plane, seaplane and simply walked over to join the group at several locations around the island. I didn't count the number of planes but there was a very nice turnout. The weather, hospitality, food, and the setting was perfect. It was fun to visit with people from the Chicago area, Moline, Wisconsin, Iowa and even a pilot of a Taylorcraft on floats from the Minneapolis area.

We'll look forward to next year's gathering about this time of year. For details of the Abel Island airport go to www.abelisland.com It is a very interesting place. I even won a prize for being the "most senior pilot" and that is another reason to keep flying on and on and on.



Iowa Flight Training

By Tim Busch

We have ground school classes coming up soon. See the schedule below. Please pass the word along to anyone you know who may be interested. Our goal of course, is to create more pilots! I have a flyer in pdf form if anyone is interested in posting it. Just drop me an email at the address below and I will forward it directly.

Cost for the classes are \$250 and include all books and materials. To register, send name, address, phone, and email information to info@IowaFlightTraining.com.

Private Pilot Weekly Class
Class #IFT-PPL-0806 - Cedar Rapids
Session Starts September 22, 2008
Monday Nights, 5:30 - 8:30 pm, 12 weeks

Instrument Pilot Weekly Class
Class # IFT-IFR-0808 - Cedar Rapids
Session Starts September 23, 2008
Tuesday Nights, 5:30 - 8:30 pm, 12 weeks

Private Pilot Weekly Class
Class # IFT-PPL-0807 - Vinton
Session Starts September 22, 2008
Monday Nights, 5:30 - 8:30 pm, 12 weeks

Private Pilot Weekend Plus - September Class
Class # IFT-PPL-0809 - Cedar Rapids
Wednesday, September 24 5:30 pm - 8:30 pm
Saturday & Sunday, 9/27 & 28, 8:00 am - 5:00 pm
Wednesday, October 1, 5:30 pm - 8:30 pm

Time to Get a New Pilot Certificate

By David Koelzer

During my last bi-annual flight review, Keith Williams pointed out that my old paper pilots license certificate will soon be obsolete and I need to obtain a new laminated tamper resistant certificate. As it turns out it is not difficult to do. Just point your browser to http://www.faa.gov/licenses_certificates/airmen_certification/airmen_services/ and create yourself an account and then click on the "Order Replacement Certificates" link. You can then select the certificates you need to replace. It will cost \$2 per certificate.



Or, if your social security number is still being used as your certificate number then you can use the "Remove SSN as Certificate Number" link to request your SSN be removed and new number will be assigned and a new certificate will be mailed to you at no charge. And by-the-way if your SSN is still being used your REALLY need to have it changed since your SSN as well as your name and address are freely available as public information on the FAA's web site. This makes you easy pickings for identity thieves of all kinds. So take a few minutes to protect yourself and get your cool new laminated certificates.



Last Meeting - Project Visit and Cookout

Our sacrifice to the weather gods paid off for our July meeting and we had as perfect a day at the Cedar Rapids airport as is possible for upper Midwest. Jack Rezabek and Jerry Maxwell showed off their Zenith Zodiac CH601XL. We also got to ogle several other aircraft which are hangared in the East-Ts. Jack also fired up his grill and provided us with all the burgers and brats we could desire and every one had a wonderful day at the airport.

We also said farewell to our Chapter President Todd Millard who has set off on a new grand adventure (see page 5 June issue). Dave Miles volunteered to take Todd's place and the member present unanimously approved. Congratulations Dave!

Many thanks to Jack and Jerry for hosting our meeting and to the other aircraft owners for bringing out their planes.



Next Meeting – Marion Young Eagles & Cook out

Our next meeting will be at the Marion Airport on Saturday September 13th. We will be flying Young Eagles in the morning, 9am-Noon and then have a cook out for lunch about 1pm. And maybe we can persuade Dick Scotter to show off his Zenith 601 project he has hangared at Marion. We will provide burgers, brats and drinks. We ask everyone to bring a side or desert to share.

As always we need pilots as well a ground crew to help out with the Young Eagles. If you can help out please email or call Connie White rewhite691@msn.com 319-393-6484. I hope to see you all there.



Fly Market

FOR SALE 50 % share of this E-LSA Zenith Zodiac . Model CH 601 xl. Jabiru 3300120 hp six cylinder. 110 hours total time on airframe and engine. Includes, Sensinich wood prop, nav and strobe lighting, landing lights, dual control sticks, electric elev and aileron trim, wheel fairings, canopy shade, ELT, Garmin SL40 radio [new], Narco tpx with mode c encoder, Full instrument panel w/ electric turn and bank gyro, Lorrance600c GPS Based at the CID East-T hanger #11 (see pic previous page) Weight loaded - 1320 lbs, Fuel consumption@ 75% power is 5.0 gph 100ll or 92 oct mogas, Range 715 miles Contact; Jack Rezabek 319 362-4384 or cell # 319 389-5700

FOR SALE: My 1958 172. I have owned the airplane for 30+ years. I am changing to Sport Pilot so can't use the 172 anymore. Airplane is based north of Cedar Rapids, Iowa at my private strip. The airplane is low time and clean. All logs available. Fresh annual on 6/30/08 shows compression to be: (77, 78, 78,77,77, 78)/80. Autogas STC, Cleveland brakes, new Gill battery 2006, mufflers rebuilt 2005, new intake hoses 2005. Airtex interior, good paint. TTAE 2620 SMOH 823 Radios are basic. New ICOM A200.
Dave Yeoman 319-377-4188



FOR SALE BUSHBY MUSTANG II KITPLANE, Folding wings, completely unassembled, 25 gallon fuel tank, can accommodate an engine up to 210 hp. \$9000 Aviation tools pertinent to this kit are available and can be purchased separately. More specific information can be obtained through the Bev Streba bevstreba@cox.net 402-493-2198

FOR SALE One tenth share in a 1975 Piper Arrow. Cloud 9 Flying Club. Full IFR. Hangared at CID. Asking \$6,000 or best offer. Includes 12 hours flight time. Moved, must sell. Keith Johnson (217) 483-7929.

FOR SALE Garmin 96C in at \$450.00. I think they sell new for around \$495 but I've included the auto kit which is another hundred or so. This is a small battery operated color display with obstructions. It will run for 12 to 13 hours on two AA batteries. I've got a 496 now and have to use my gell cell to keep it running! Jim Zangger 712-477-2230 (home) 605-370-1139 (cell)

FOR SALE GOLD WING aircraft in flying condition - Ken Dodson 319-629-4669

FOR SALE Wing & tail parts for UltraLite type airplane. Any Offer - John Banes 319-846-2033

FOR SALE P-38 Lightning ultralight for sale. - Dan Knoll at 848-4406 for details.

FOR SALE 2000 Phantom X1 Ultralight, 125 total hours, Rotax 447 engine, BRS 750 parachute, 10 gal tank, Great Flying Aerobatic Airplane, More info available at www.phantomaeronautics.com \$7000 or make an offer, - Jerry Maxwell Phone (319) 393-8560

Chapter 33 Calendar

Sept 6 Stearman Fly-In Breakfast, Southeast Iowa Regional Airport

Sept 7 Fly-In / Drive-In Pancake Breakfast, Dubuque Regional Airport

Sept 7 Fly-In Pancake Breakfast, Fort Madison Municipal Airport

Sept 7 Flight Breakfast, New Hampton Municipal Airport

Sept 7 Flight Breakfast Carroll Municipal Airport (Arthur Neu)

Sept 13 9am-2pm Young Eagles, Chapter Meeting & cookout, Marion Airport

Sept 14 Annual Algona Rotary Flight Breakfast, Algona

Sept 20 Airshow, Southeast Iowa Regional Airport



Just two clicks to the left and that cat is history?

In The September 2008 Issue...

OSH '08 Redux, Abel Island Fly-in, Iowa Flight Training, New Pilot Certificate



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