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SWRFI PHOTOS CONTRIBUTED
BY J. NORRIS AND J. FEIGHNY



RUNWAY 35



Serving San Antonio Aviation Aficionados with all the Aviation News that's fit for print.

Airplanes, people, a very nice weekend

SWRFI: Fun, Fast, Furious, and a great job by Chapter 35 volunteers



Tom Gould with his recently completed Challenger II

Featured in the program at SWRFI

Blue skies, lots of airplanes, new tractors...what more could Lee Ann Carlson ask for?



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SWRFI Report

SWRFI—Fun, Fast & Furious!

By Norris Warner

The biggest aviation event in our part of the country—the South West Regional Fly-In was a real success in spite of Mother Nature. The heavy rains came daily on the week of set-up, and culminated in a thunder and wind storm late Thursday night. This violent weather took down about half of the tents, and a real chunk of the crowd control fencing.

SWRFI president Stan Shannon (a Chapter 35 member) held a 7:30 AM meeting on Friday, the first day of the fly-in, and dispatched volunteer crews to all points to repair the damage. One thing he couldn't fix was the sodden landscape, so it was necessary to revamp all of the auto and airplane parking as well as vendor and food court placements.

It's more than fair to say that we really didn't see the fly-in as planned! Having said that, Stan and his staff will attempt to come up with contingency plans so that the effect of such awful weather won't have quite the impact we saw this year.

With Friday's recovering weather an unexpectedly high number of airplanes arrived late in the day. Saturday's CAVU weather brought in enough airplanes and airplane lovers to guarantee a degree of success. Some of the airplanes that caught my eye included a two-seat Spitfire (yes, a real one), a gorgeous Stearman by our Bandera County friend Russ Luigs, several plastic Lancairs, a state-of-the-art Subaru powered gyroplane, a slick motor glider, a Subaru-powered RV-6, as well as excellent examples of almost all other types. Naturally the RV-10 that Van Grunsveld brought to the show was a key exhibit, and he delivered a great how-goes-it talk as guest speaker at the Saturday evening banquet.



As a member of Stan's staff, I was totally impressed by the dozens and dozens of volunteers who made the fly-in a success. Chapter 35 was well represented in every facet, and a lot of our volunteers were our members that we don't often see. Many of us worked the Saturday prior, and then picked it up again on Wednesday and continued on Thursday as well. It is true that volunteers have the most fun—and we had a big bunch of

happy guys and also a few happy gals.

P.S. Start making your plans to be part of next year's SWRFI—the second weekend in May.

Tool Crib Donations

Please, **PLEASE** open your checkbook today and send a check made out to EAA Chapter 35 and mail it to Joanne Warner, Treasurer, EAA Chapter 35, 719 Oak Hills Road, Pipe Creek, TX 78063. Thanks!

Thanks to Oscar Olszewski for donating a job site tool box to the Tool Crib.

SWRI Continued

The following thanks was received from John Latour. "Thank You to all member associated with TRAM. You were superb. EAA CH 35 support & leadership is most appreciated." In addition, Team TRAM submitted a thoughtful after-action report with recommendations for next years TRAM POC.

Observations from the drivers seat (Jim Feighny): I flew the Stinson all the way from Zuehl Field in order to do an operations check of the camping gear my grandson and I will use at Oshkosh. The field was draining pretty well and as Saturday progressed, more and more airplanes arrived. As a driver, I got to see them all and made note of those , special one of a kind , I wanted to see during the off time. There were lots of Ch 35 faces in the crowd and at the various work teams. Driving the tram is a pretty good deal.

Dave and Miriam Talley, Brad Doppelt with the RV-10. Everybody's dream ship came nicely equipped.



The editor ops checks his camping gear.



The lamour Latour's with Betty Chapman at far end. Across from Betty is husband Dick. Foreground is Bob Guthrie and Jillian Carlson. Bob did a fabulous job of announcing during both days of SWRFI

From the President's Desk

By Steve Carlson

June meeting features Pancake Breakfast and Young Eagles

This is the first issue with Jim Feighny at the helm. Oscar received an opportunity in Florida that was too good to pass up, not unexpected given his many talents, and so he had to move quickly to his new endeavor. We wish him well and thank him for his efforts at producing a fine monthly newsletter. Jim is getting quickly up to speed and I for one am anxious to see the results. Thanks Jim for volunteering to step into the breach. As a parting gesture, Oscar has donated a brand new huge job site tool box. This will be displayed in the chapter house for all to admire until the tool crib committee decides what to do with it. This is a good contribution to the tool crib. Thanks, Oscar, and thanks for all your editing and flying for Young Eagles. I have just heard from Oscar and he reports that he already has been appointed newsletter editor for the EAA Chapter in Pensacola.



The Christmas party will be one of the topics at the board meeting in July. We will need to form a food committee at that time to get our reservations in. Think of last year's dinner and provide your input for improvements. Also think of other events you have attended that went well and what went into making those events work.

SWRI: Les Bourn and our RV super expert Paul McReynolds next to Les's just completed and beautiful RV-8



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The Trip I Will Never Forget—Part I (or, What Else Could Go Wrong?)

By Jerry DeGroot

It was one of those warm pleasant summer mornings in Michigan as I stepped out on the back deck of the house, coffee in hand. Not a cloud in the clear blue sky, the air was clean, fresh and felt great as I filled my lungs and smelled the odor of freshly turned soil from John's farm, next to my place. The old Bluetick hound lay asleep by the barn, she stretched and opened one eye to look at me, and then decided there was not enough excitement in the air to warrant getting up to investigate, so she closed the eye, relaxed and went back to sleep.

Just about then there was the sound of flapping fenders from Pete's old truck coming down the drive. Pete lived about four miles from me, a good mechanic and his hobby was fixing up old airplanes. The truck's engine was always in tiptop shape, though the rest of the truck was not the same—rust had taken its toll, with holes in the fenders, etc. There were still a few spots of paint showing here and there, but, as a whole, not a pretty sight. Pete always said that the truck would follow the engine, and it would not run any better with new fenders or paint, so why mess with it? Pete steps out of the truck and says, "Hey." I reply "Hey." He asks, "What you doing next weekend?" "I don't know, why?" "Want to go to Oshkosh for the weekend? They are having the Experimental Aircraft Fly-in there all weekend." I've got two of those fold up bicycles and we can put them in the back seat. Oh yes, take your sleeping bag." "Sure, why not." "Lets leave on Wednesday, we can see the whole thing develop this way. (What Pete was really saying was that we would get there, become established

and not have to pay to get in.) By the way, can we fly your plane, I'm working on mine?" "Sure."

I owned a 1949 Piper Pacer, a pretty little bird, well maintained but not enough room on the dash to hold the instruments to make it IFR rated, so VFR it was. It had a Lycoming 150 hp new engine, a special prop and would climb out with the twins, two people, cool temps, 1800 ft/min. I had to be careful on takeoff that there was not another aircraft lifting off in front of me. I had to wait until they were almost at traffic pattern altitude or they would disappear under my nose and I would not know where they were.

Wednesday arrived, clear, perfect flying weather, a little breeze coming from the west, but that was normal for this time of the year. Pete wanted to leave around four in the afternoon so we would be there on the ground well before dark. So with my brand new prescription sunglasses, we lifted off heading into the wind and west. There was one small spot left on the dash of the Pacer, it was way to the left and down in the corner, that would hold one small instrument face and so I had a VOR installed. There I thought that this was a valuable instrument to have along anytime. In about an hour we are fixing to leave land and start crossing Lake Michigan. The Pacer's radio was the old coffee grinder and I never really could make it work so that I could easily understand what was being said to me. The FAA had what they call a "Lake Crossing Service". You let them know your intentions and you call in every ten minutes to let them know you are still on track and in the air. If you don't, they will

start the process of looking for you, first with the radio because perhaps you forgot and more than ten minutes had slipped by. I flew, Pete ran the radio. They talked to him, he talked to them. I asked, "Can you understand what they are saying?" "No, but I know what they should be saying, so I'm answering that."

Now somewhere along here the headwinds must have picked up big time, as this crossing should be done in 30 minutes, and here we are still on a straight course and still over water after two hours. But the engine is running great, the ride is smooth, lots of fuel, company is good, so who cares? At last I can see the shore line of Wisconsin, so if the engine quits now I can make it to the beach. I breathe a little sigh of relief. The sun is setting now, darkness is setting in fast, I have never flown this aircraft at night before, and while there were no landing lights, we were going to be on the ground way before dark. Gosh, I don't even know if the cockpit lights work. I turn them on, but there is no difference—the place is dark! I can't see my instruments; moreover, I can't see any towns under me anywhere. And I've only got a couple of trips under my belt flying at night. The pucker factor is starting to rise. I've flown a lot with Pete in his plane—he sticks his finger in his mouth before getting into the cockpit and using this information, sets the crab and believe it or not, the destination always comes up under the nose of the plane when he says it is due. He has been an IFR pilot for 35 years. Knowing this experience, I fly with confidence with him. Pete says to me,

Continued Next Page

The Trip I Will Never Forget—Part I (or, What Else Could Go Wrong?)

By Jerry DeGroot Continued

"This is a bad time of the day, it is not dark enough for you to see the towns coming up under you and too dark to see your instruments clearly." Now I'd been working on my commercial license, and was taught that if you are in trouble, do not let your passengers know about it, just fix it or get it down safely. So in my mind I do not want to let Pete know that I can not see the instruments. The thought that he is sitting right next to me and he cannot see the instruments also, does not occur to me. If I cup my hand around the VOR gauge, the little green light shows me the needle. I'm a little left of the course so crab a little to the right. Pete says, "There must be a strong wind from our right, we are a little left of our desired course." He's holding the map, so I crab a little more into it, and wondered how he could read a map with no flashlight? "That wind has got to be really strong as we are way left of our course." I check the VOR and he's right, really off, so crab a lot this time. "You see that big town down there?" "No, I didn't see any town there, where?" By now, I know we are in big trouble and perhaps Pete notices a change in my voice and he looks at me. I don't know where or how, but I do know we can't stay up here and that we must come down sometime. The old pucker factor is up to about 8 of 10 by now. Pete says, "Digger, you got your sunglasses on!" "Yea, I do." I take them off. WOW! The cockpit lights are working, it is like daylight in there, I can see all the instruments clearly, I can even see towns under us. What a relief!

We quickly get back on course, I monitor Oshkosh tower, all is quiet, so I call in and tell them I'm

in-bound. They tell me to report in when I start to cross the lake. "OK, will do." We fly on, VOR centered, air speed reads 125mph. The tower calls, "Pacer 7407K, are you still in-bound?" "Yes, still inbound." "Are you over the lake yet?" "No we don't see the lake yet." "There's a twin coming in from in back of you." "OK!" Zoom, this twin streaks by, under us. "Oshkosh tower, 7404K, we are over the lake." "Let me know when you see the airport." "Oshkosh tower, 7404K, we see the airport." "7404K, you're cleared for runway 27, by the way, after you are down, I can not see that part of the runway, so let me know when you are clear, there is a twin coming in behind you." "Will do." "Pete, I've never flown this plane at night before, we don't have landing lights. I'll set it up as I would for a daylight landing, but, how do I know when the wheels are going to touch?" "Set it up on the center of the runway, then with the yoke all the way back, the nose will come up and you can't see the center anymore, so look at the landing lights going by, judge and keep the distance the same. When the landing lights look taller than you are, and it looks like your butt is going to drag on the ground, cut your power, the wheels are going to touch." And it happened just like he said. But, it's pitch black out, can't see anything and there is that twin coming in behind us. "Pete, the next runway light I go by, I'm going to turn a 90 and go off into the grass, I hope there is not a swamp there." I do and call the tower to let them know we are clear. Zoom, the twin streaks by, and it just happens to be a 737.

Pete gets out and with a tiny flashlight walks in front of the plane

for a ways. Finally parked, we shut it down, grab the sleeping bags and sleep under the wings until morning when we can see what is around us. The sun rises and so do we. This place is really nice, short green grass, and no fire ants. We find a place to park and tie down the Pacer and walk around. We really are early birds. Pete says, "I think there is a charge to get in here, so don't go out and we won't be bothered if we stay in here." I had no money in those days, perhaps had \$10 on me for the whole trip. Pete said he would pay for food if I took care of the plane, so I had no worries. Well we did take bicycles into town and got a hamburger and fries, and got back in with no problem.

I had never seen an air show before, it was mind boggling. And so many different planes, all sizes, all colors. I watched Bob Hoover in his personal twin take off to do aerobatics for us. He had just lifted off and was just starting to climb out when his engines failed. Too soon to be part of the act, his plane disappeared down behind some low trees. I thought to myself, I'm going to see and hear a big explosion. Suddenly the plane appeared, a little climb showing, silent as a ghost and I don't know how, but he made it to the strip and landed safely. They towed him to the ramp and discovered that the new line-boy fueling there had put in jet fuel, not gas. They were going to fire him when Bob said not to do that. The boy made a mistake that he will never do again—you now have a reliable employee. I tipped my hat to Mr. Hoover. He went up and did his aerobatics, but I had seen the real stuff from him just a few hours before and so it was all anticlimactic to me.

Continued page 7

The Trip I Will Never Forget—Part I (or, What Else Could Go Wrong?)

By Jerry DeGroot Continued

Someone came up to me and asked if that was my Pacer over there. I said yes. "Would you like to move it over in this area? You don't have to, just thought you might like to show it off." I didn't understand what he was really saying—folks were walking around and looking at it anyway, so I saw no reason to move it and politely declined. Later I discovered that there was a slot for a 1949 Pacer and it was empty, that's why he wanted me to move. Dumb me! It was a great show, I'll never forget it, but, time to go home. So many planes headed for the runway, and so we got in line.

Now a big storm was approaching, and Pete had checked the weather and sure enough there was a bad one in Michigan, so he suggested that we not cross the lake, but go south towards Chicago and skirt the lake. The weather appeared better there. but we had to get into the air before IFR restrictions were implemented. We anxiously waited, approaching the runway, slowly, two planes, side by side. I lucked out, I got the left side of the runway, and then the flag and we were off. (Part II, the wild and woolly conclusion, next month.)

Steve and Lee Ann Carlson (foreground), Bill & Claudia Loftin and George Tovar enjoying the SWRFI Banquet



CHAPTER CALENDAR

DAY/MONTH	PROGRAM	TIME
12 JUNE	PANCAKE BREAKFAST AND YOUNG EAGLES RALLY	9:00 AM TO 1:00 PM
10 JULY	RAYCHEM SOLDERLESS CON- NECTORS BY DAN ZAIONTZ	DINNER 5:30 TO 6:00 PM PROGRAM 7:00 PM
14 AUGUST		DINNER 5:30 TO 6:00 PM PROGRAM 7:00 PM
11 SEPTEMBER		DINNER 5:30 TO 6:00 PM PROGRAM 7:00 PM
25 SEPTEMBER	YOUNG EAGLES RALLY	9:00 AM TO 1:00 PM
9 OCTOBER	CHAPTER FLY-IN AND PICNIC	
13 NOVEMBER		DINNER 5:30 TO 6:00 PM PROGRAM 7 :00 PM
11 DECEMBER	EAA 35 CHAPTER CHRISTMAS PARTY	5:00 PM SOCIAL HOUR 6:00 PM DINNER IS SERVED
JANUARY		
FEBRUARY		
MARCH		
APRIL		
MAY		
JUNE		

“Happenings around the patch”

Interesting web sites:

<http://www.swaviator.com/html/constants/calendar.html>

<http://www.fun-places-to-fly.com/>

<http://www.ultraflightradio.com/>

From Terry Winnett “Been busy showing my parents around England, mostly London. I'm now a married man, as of yesterday!! “

Tram 2004 - Lessons Learned.

1. Add Culvert, 2 places, entrance to vendor area/Tram Staging area from highway & to Academy.
2. Re-design Tram Route
 - a. Forum Only - 2 Tractors/Trailers
 - b. Terminal to DC-6 Area - 2 Tractors/Trailers
 - c. Regular Route
3. Larger Gate to Academy Area - trailers cleared gate by inches
4. Power Washer to clean equipment
5. Revise Driver Shifts
 - a. 0800-1100 - 4 Trams
 - b. 1100-1400 - 8 Trams
 - c. 1400-1700 - 8 Trams
 - d. 1700-1700 - 2 Trams
6. Free Lemonade to Drivers. Encourage passengers to have refreshments @ Ch 35 lemonade stand
7. Sunday Morning - 2 Trams Only
8. Create a Equipment Wash Team for cleaning Tractors, Trailers, Golf Carts & Gators
9. Equipment return team
10. Hay return team
11. Improve advertisement of company loaning us equipment
12. Rotate drivers
13. Improve availability of water to drivers
14. Encourage drivers to wear hats/sunscreen

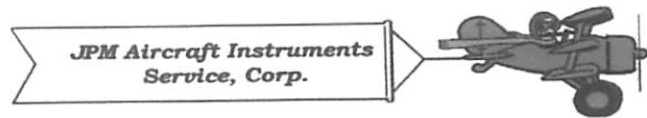
John Latour

2004 SWRFI Tram POC

LOCAL EVENTS AND HAPPENINGS

(If you know of any local aviation events or happenings we can share with the chapter, call Jim @ 210-822-7229 or send it via email to: jfeighny@satx.rr.com.

Open every Sunday 1-5 PM or by appointment – Shooting Star Museum, Devine, TX, Proprietor Pat Wegner, 830-931-3837



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WANTED & FOR SALE

Chapter members in search of or have items for sale, or need to post a service, may place a free (non-commercial) add in this column. Call the Editor Oscar Olszewski @ 210-382-4675 or send it via email to: Big-O@satx.rr.com

For Sale: Dynafocal mounts for Lycomings available. Manufactured by Barry, part #94011-40. Look like Lord mounts and interchangeable with them. Full set \$80.00. Retail is around \$300.00. Norris Warner 830.510.4334(Metro).

For Sale: Evans VP-1 Volksplane rebuilt and flying with 40 hours at Zuehl. Contact Danny McCormick for details: 210-872.3959 or 210-690-6048.

For Sale: RV-4, 180hp O-360A1A, Hartzell constant speed prop, KX155, encoding transponder, GPSMAP 195, wing leveler. Lots of fun, and

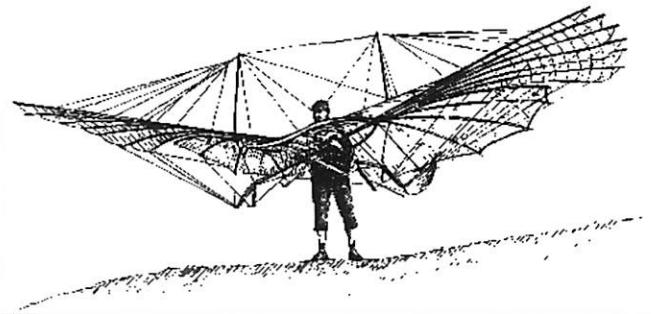
good cross country too. Located SAT. \$49,500.00
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For Sale - QUICKSILVER MX Hirth 2702 40 hp (62 hours TT) POWER-FIN Propeller-3 Bladed (new) Original Price \$7,200 Now Reduced to \$6,500 Contact Norris Warner at 830-510-4334

For Sale English Wheel 40 inch arm \$2,000
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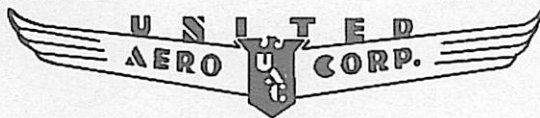
Instructor Available. Chapter member Bob Cabe has recertified his CFI & CFII. Available to EAAers for BFR's. 210-493-7223.

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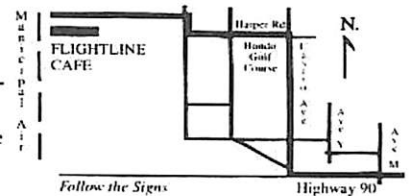
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