



The Leader In Recreational Aviation

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42 Issue 9

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

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RUNWAY 35



Clear Prop!!!!



Editor's Mouth...
by David C. Talley

This month's edition of Runway 35 brings a tremendous amount of news and information. I hope I can fit it all in these narrow pages.

NEWS, NEWS, NEWS...

- The August meeting was a great success! The place was packed and the info was awesome. This of course AFTER we filled our bellies with some delicious Italian cooking by none other than our New York member, Louie Viggiano, well except I understand that most of the cooking was done by his red-headed friend. We know this "red-headed" friend as Arlis Olson. THANK YOU both for a wonderful dinner.



- Chapter house...well folks...we have yet to get anyone to respond to the list. Hum...rumor has it since not one of our almost two-hundred members can find the time to help out on their own...it looks like it's time to schedule a chapter house clean up day. This will entail (hopefully) a bunch of us there to paint, clean, fix stuff, and do the annual yard clean up. More on this later. Get those gloves dusted off!
- The USAF has yet has one less plane to count when the lights are turned out at five PM. Unfortunately, the USAF's latest mount, a NEW Raytheon T-6A Texas II, was abandoned while flying by the two pilots. They ejected and allowed the plane to crash into a

field three miles shy of the runway at Stinson Airfield. They faired OK with minor scratches and bruises. The plane did not fair as good. It's a TOTAL loss. Rumor has it they (the planes) cost only about 4,300,000 dollars each. The plane and crew were on a training mission.

- Webmaster needed. The EAA 35 website has been wiped clean. Bryan Tobias is no longer able to fill the roll of "webmaster". Anyone interested in rebuilding the chapter's site please contact Ed Seurer.
- Jim Rice gladly "stepped up to the plate" and wrote an article of his early years in aviation, along with an untimely flight in a Cub. I found his life's story very interesting. Read on. By the way...where's YOUR input?
- Mark you calendars on September 23rd. Mike Lynch will be holding his Aeronautical Decision Making (ADM) seminar FREE to EAA 35 members. It'll be held 10-12 and is a MUST item for those of us who fly (or will be flying). Contact Mike at 210.647.4906 to reserve you seat. This will be a "detailed" and better version of his well received program that was given earlier this year at our monthly meeting.

President's Corner

By Ed Seurer

From the desk or maybe from the computer of the PREZ...

Well another month gone by. I Thank Arlis, Louie, and their helpers for the delicious spaghetti dinner last month.



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We are taking orders for the 2001 EAA Calendars. They only cost ten bucks and this year EAA is offering 2 designs (Ultralight pictures or Warbirds with General Aviation pictures). I will send the order in the first week of November, so call me with your order. These things make great Christmas gifts.

Just remember if you are going to the Southwest Regional Fly-in (Abilene in October) and can help them out, please do so.

Help, Help, Help, we need articles for the newsletter. So, please help us out it just takes a little time. Your newsletter is only as good as YOU make it.

BOARD MEETING this Saturday at 4 PM. All board members please attend.

See you Saturday.

P.S. On a personal note: My son, David's, cancer after 5 courses of chemo is reduced to 6 cm x 4 cm. He has his ups and downs, but we are thankful that the tumor is getting smaller.

Ed

VEEP Report...

By Bob Day

VEEP September 2000

Good news!!! Herman White is up and around without the casts on his feet after his incident with the ultralite. Still wearing the back brace but it should come off soon. You sure are a tough old guy Herman. Bobby Steitler, Betty, and I just got back from another lovely week at the cabin in the Sacramento Mountains of



New Mexico. Had a lot of work to do getting everything ready for the winter and the hunting season, which starts late this month. It may be a cold, hard winter. The squirrels are really packing in the acorns for the winter. David and several of his friends will use the cabin as their hunting headquarters as they have since David sold his place there.

Our prez will be the official chef this month with the main course being sloppy joes. Next month Don Staats has offered to exhibit his culinary skills and present us with his version of either Irish or English stew I forgot what he said. I was not about to ask him for clarification for fear he would change his mind.

And for November, Herman and Casey White offered to do the traditional thing, Turkey! I think it would be great if the ladies would bring a covered dish or desert. I think the Whites are planning to do the mashed potato and gravy too so it should be a great Thanksgiving party. It may be time to think about Christmas and what we would like to do. We have the talent to prepare our own, as we have proven this year or we can have it catered as we have done in the past. We probably should discuss this and make a decision



at the next meeting. And let me say thanks again for the great dinner that Louie Viggiano and Arlis Olson did for us last month. It was especially great cause I got to set down and eat for the first time.

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Please Read This...

Please note that, as always, in the past, present, or future, any communication issued by the Experimental Aircraft Association Chapter 35, regardless of form, format, and/or media used, which includes, but is not limited to this newsletter and audio/video recordings, is presented solely for the purpose of providing a clearinghouse of ideas, opinions, and personal accounts. Anyone using the aforementioned does so at their own risk. Therefore, no responsibility or liability is expressed or implied and you are without recourse to anyone. Any event announced and/or listed herein is done as a matter of information only and does not constitute approval, control, involvement, sponsorship or direction or any event local or otherwise. EAA HQ and EAA chapters, along with any viable aviation organization may reproduce any material within these pages if appropriate due credit is given. ©2000 by EAA Chapter 35 unless otherwise noted.

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Unfortunately I will miss the coming meeting. Seems my baby sister, Nancy, is going to celebrate her birthday and golden wedding anniversary on September the 11th in Wheeling W. Va. and I really want to go for it. Betty and I will have ours in January 2002. Ah, how time flies when you are having fun.

Well...as I expected... The FAA turned down my student pilot's medical. Said quote "a six months recovery period shall elapse after your most recent heart event to insure recovery and stability". HELL, I had my bypass in 1984. I don't know how much more stable I need to be or could be. Seems some folks up there could use some medical help such as a common sense injection and a brain transplant or two. I think SW Research has a retarded monkey or two they would donate. And to think our taxes buys their bread and butter. Oh well I'll just play the game and hope for the best.

Paul McReynolds will conduct the program for this month and I hate to miss it. He knows his stuff and I for one really learn a lot from him. Thanks Paul.

De Veep

PS. Cooler weather will be here soon... say about the 20th. So hang in there folks.

Up Close and Personal... ...Skip Barchfeld

By Miriam S. Talley

Skip Barchfeld is easily one of Chapter 35's more colorful members. Be it wearing his bright red sweaters, swooping in in his Long-EZ or providing a discourse on any number of aviation topics or opinions, Skip can be counted on to provide an interesting and entertaining evening.



Skip is a son of the north. Born in Pittsburgh, PA in 1924 to an Alsatian mother.

His father, from Pittsburgh, has to his credit charging up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt as well as being a charter member of the first VFW. His father also roller-skated 1,400 miles to San Antonio to



deliver a proclamation from Pittsburgh to San Antonio. Kind of makes you wonder from where Skip inherited his colorful personality?? As most aviators, Skip got his start building models at the tender age of seven. In fact there were models all over the house. Skip recalls climbing up the fire escape to try and fly his creations. Some of the models he lit and let 'em fly...almost burning a neighbors house.

After graduating in 1943, like all the young men of that time, he was called to serve his country. So on 29 June he became a member of the Army Infantry and headed for boot camp in Tyler, Texas. 1944 found Skip convoying through the south of France through cities of Marseille, Leon, Dijon and Nanci. Unfortunately while near Munster a German 88 ordnance found ground close to Skip's position... Skip was badly injured and finished up his service in the hospital until Oct 45, when he was discharged wearing a Purple heart.

So it was back to Pittsburgh for a year figuring out what to do next. He was accepted to the Chicago College of Optometry. Why Chicago? Well, after the war, everyone was using the GI Bill and schools were filling up fast. Philadelphia was full. Chicago was available. 4 Years later, after graduating, Skip moved back to Pittsburgh with his mom and did odd jobs while studying for his boards. Through a friend he acquired a road salesman job. Much to his surprise, Skip found he loved the traveling.

In 1951 while running a used car lot, Skip looked across the street, and in line to the movie house was a lovely young lady in red shoes. Well he just had to meet her. He did just that and married the very lovely Martha, with whom he has three children. And yes, to this day Martha does have a pair of red shoes in her closet.

As it turned out, Skip was a pretty darn good salesman. Through his efforts he won a contest trip to



Florida. The trip included a round trip flight in a Connie with front row seating. Back then there were no doors to the cockpit, so Skip had a grand time talking to the pilots. The aviation bug bit hard and Skip decided to learn to fly. So as soon as he got back, it was off to the local airport and lessons in a J-3 cup. Skip earned his wings in 1958. His son Skipper was his first passenger. Shortly there after, Skip, with some friends bought into a Taylorcraft and then an Ercoupe.

In the mean time, Skip wound up working with Uniroyal, did well, which got him promoted and moving to Connecticut. Since the job entailed continued travel, Skip countered that he would move only under the condition that the company would compensate him to travel in his plane, the Ercoupe. After throwing around figures back and forth, the company agreed. Well, skip quickly learned that zipping along at 100 miles an hour really limited his traveling ability. A Cessna 180 entered the picture. Skip crisscrossed the country in the 180 under VFR conditions. Then it happened. He got stuck in Caldwell-Wright Airport, Caldwell NJ with IFR conditions. Well, Skip vowed this would-

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n't happen again and within six months obtained his IFR rating. Skip again felt the "need for speed". So in comes an "H" model Bonanza, which also carried Skip back and forth across the country.

In the mean time, number one son, Skipper, learned to fly in the 180 and attained higher ratings in the Bonanza. Skip and youngest son Rocky joined the CAF where Rocky earned his ticket in a Cessna 150. The years passed, Rocky was graduating from college. As a graduation gift Rocky was presented with a gift cer-



tificate for a multi-engine rating. So as not to be out done by the kids, Skip joined Rocky for a multi-engine course in Florida. Skip has a great picture standing next to a twin, after a great gear up landing... mechanical failure. But that didn't stop him. Skip flew away from that weekend with his ME.

About 1980, shoveling snow got really old. Skip took early retirement, grabbed Martha, packed the Bonanza and headed for Coconut Creek, Florida. It's here Skip first joined the EAA with the Ft Lauderdale chapter, where he held the offices of secretary and treasurer. Then like every good EAAer he just had to build something. He bought a set of plans for the Vari-eze. Shortly there after the Long-EZ plans came out. The Long-EZ had bigger dimensions. Skip took a long look at his own dimensions and swapped the plans out. And of course, the garage became his building kingdom. Skip then formed an EZ builders group of Florida. The group met once a month, sharing jigs, tips and stories. Skip shaved off a lot of time with borrowed jigs in producing his major components. In the mean time Martha kept busy opening and running a very successful la-

dies boutique. Number three child Rocky, left to "break the surly bonds" with service in the US Air Force.

Ok, so how does a boy from Pittsburgh wind up in D'Hanis, TX?? Well, remember skips Alsatian mom. As we all know, there is a large Alsatian settlement west of San Antonio in the Castroville area. Years back, while on a trip to San Antonio, Skips mom did some asking around and by a quirky coincidence of name recognition along the railway found a cousin in D'Hanis. The families quickly became close and exchanged vacation visits between Pittsburgh and D'Hanis. Over the years, Skip put out the word that if a nice piece of property became available in the D'Hanis area, to give him a call. Well, the call came as Martha was putting up the last of the custom drapes. During this time, Skip and Martha were getting disil-

lusioned with their life in Florida, so a move was somewhat welcome...except for the timing with the new drapes. So it was off to D'Hanis. The Long-EZ project was stored in a barn on the 40 acres of property from 1984-1990 while Skip and Martha built their dream house.

Skip Joined Chapter 35, where he quickly became an active member helping develop building programs and became president in 1996. He also served on the board of the South West Regional Fly-In while still in Kerrville. In 1990, tired of looking at his beloved EZ just sitting in the barn, he vowed he would do something every day, even if it was just five minutes of sanding. He vowed to fly it on his birthday, 29 June 1993. June came and went. He vowed to fly on his next birthday 29 July. July came and went. He vowed to fly on his third birthday 29 August...and he did just that.

We often hear Skip allude to his businesses in the north by Chicago. Well, number one son Skipper, by chance was afforded the opportunity to buy into an FBO he flew out of at Shaumburg Airpark, 9 miles west of O'Hare. Skipper invited dad and brother Rocky into a three-way

partnership. They developed a flight school, starting a second corporation. A friend of Skippers, an aircraft crash investigator, finally convinced him to look into the profitable aircraft recovery business. So the three partners bought a piece of property across from Rockford Airport, a truck and started Air Salvage of Chicago. Then to top it off, Shaumburg airport management came up for bids, they obtained this also.

So, I don't know how "retired" Skip is. Cuz if he ain't flying north to check on the kid or flying long cross countries, he's playing the part of gentleman farmer on his ranch, lending a hand to new aircraft builders, taking aviation lovers for a ride in his hot Long EZ and supporting our Chapter. The only time he slows down is to brag about number three child Rocky, one of the Air Forces Finest. Keep it up Skip and "Hats of to you"!! By the way... when do I get my ride?? ☺

Chapter Members & The Annual Info Sheets

By Norris Warner

Thanks to many, many keyboard hours by my favorite redhead Joanne, the Chapter roster has now been distilled from these data sheets. Yea! On the downside, many (way too many) of these data sheets have been extremely difficult to read, and many questions on them are unanswered. As the Chapter now publishes the roster, please look at your entry and double check it for accuracy. If need be, contact Joanne at (830) 510-4334 (Metro) or at njwarner@flash.net.



Having said all that let me tell you that some of these data sheets are real gems! I want to tell you this month about one of

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 them, submitted by long-time, long-distance member Ray Hegy of Marfa, Texas.

Ray holds EAA #276, which puts him back in the very early formative days of EAA, and many of you know that he designed and built a famous tiny red biplane, the "Chuparosa" in those early days. This famous, one-of-a-kind biplane today hangs in the EAA Museum, and when you look at it, you know it was built for a very small person. In fact, I don't think anyone besides Ray ever flew it—they simply couldn't shoehorn in!

Many of you also remember Ray as one of the early custom propeller carvers, and in fact his shop is still turning them out with the help of a foster grandson. Yes, he needs a bit of help, for today Ray is around 95 years old.

Let me now put Ray's life into perspective by using his own words:

"I learned to fly in 1928 in a Curtis ship in Milwaukee while employed at Hamilton Aero, prior to its merger with Standard Steel (ed. Note: Hamilton-Standard then evolved). I barnstormed with a Waco until 1938 when an aerial survey company in Chicago hired me until WW II came along.

"I was given a direct commission in the Army Air Force and was assigned to a new photo squadron formed at Bolling Field, Washington D.C. We operated stateside initially, then later in Mexico, and finally in the Amazon Valley flying the Grumman Goose in all parts of Brazil until the end of the war.

"Following the military service, I returned to Chicago to fly for the same pre-war survey company. I also worked for several other mapping companies, finally flying an AT-11 (Twin Beech) carrying a magnetometer in both the US and Canada.

"I married in 1959 and settled in this little town in West Texas where my wife, a young widow of 39, had a home across the street from the high school where she taught. I built a shop in the rear of the house to make propellers for homebuilts, and about 10 years ago, at age 86, I turned

over the work to my foster grandson, who continues to carry on, enjoying a worldwide reputation.

"Come see us. See the only prop shop in the world with a 22 foot Anaconda skin tacked to the ceiling."

Thanks for the most interesting bio, Ray, and many more years of good health to you—you are certainly one of the most colorful gents in all of aviation, and we treasure your continued membership.

Growing Up in Aviation

By James Rice

I really don't remember not flying. In fact, I was flying before I was born. In 1962, my mom was pregnant with me and learning to fly with my dad as her instructor. The standard line around my home is that I was flying before I was born. Besides mom and dad both being pilots, I was reared around an amazing collection of airplanes and aviation people.

My dad got his start in Aviation Cadets during World War II after graduating from the Missouri Military Academy in Mexico, Missouri (now home to Chris Heinz and Zenair). After training stateside, he went to England and the 8th Air Force as a B-24 pilot. Following the war, in October 1945, he returned to civilian life and farming. The farming didn't last too long though. In the spring of 1946, he bought a surplus Stearman at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, converted it to a dusting configuration and spent the next forty years in the aerial application business. During his AG days, he flew Stearmans, Super Cubs, Cubs, Pawnees and ended up with a Rockwell Thrush. His toy was Cessna T-50 Bobcat (UC-78 Bamboo Bomber) that he and my mom used for numerous trips to see friends around the country.

Since the business was seasonal, dad had time to tinker with homebuilts, antiques and just about anything with wings. In 1962, he built a Pitts Special, N66Y. At that time, no one really knew who Bob Herendeen was, but in 1966, he made himself and N66Y famous by placing third in the World Aerobatic competition in Mos-

cow. In the meantime, Dad had purchased a 1930 Stinson SM-8A and restored it as well as a Cessna C-170. I spent many an hour riding with mom and dad in those planes.

In 1964, dad found a 1931 Stinson SM-6000. To you non-Stinson types, this is the famous highwing Stinson Tri-Motor. When dad got it, it was licensed in the Restricted Category and used as a spray plane. Seeing what an injustice this was, he quickly set about returning it to the Standard Category and restoring it. Fortunately, the structure was sound, as was the sheet metal covering. Due to the enormity of the work and lack of a suitable hangar (he just couldn't figure out how to fit it in the 40'x40' hangar that already had the SM-8A, C-170 and a Pitts Special in it), dad elected to keep the metal skin. After an undetermined number of man-hours, dad had the Stinson ready for the airshow circuit and ride hopping. He, mom and my older sisters headed out to Ottumwa and Rockford on an annual basis. My brother and I were typically left with Grandparents or an aunt or uncle, much to our dislike

While flying the Tri-Motor was fun and rewarding, dad really like to build and restore. Over the next couple of years, he managed to find time to build two more Pitts Specials. He modified both of these by stretching the fuselage and wings, resulting in a somewhat more docile, yet still highly aerobatic plane. They were painted up in matching red and white sunburst designs and again, he and mom set out on the airshow circuit. This time, much to my sisters' relief, the girls were left at home as were the boys. Now it was Rockford in the Pitts and Ottumwa in the Tri-Motor. By 1968, he had acquired the two Cubs he had always dreamed of owning. The first one was restored and ready to go in April 1969. Many years later, both my brother and I would learn to fly in these planes. The second should fly sometime next year! It has to be one of the longest restorations going...32 years and it was flown home! In his defense, he did have several other projects and jobs to complete along the way. During this time, he even had a D-18 Staggerwing he simply never had time to restore and sold...that in itself is another story!

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Unfortunately, the early and mid-seventies saw the sale of all of the planes that didn't help in earning a living, with the exception of the two Cubs. The AG business was seeing more and more of a trend of ground rigs and operators that were willing to undercut you to get your customers and a lack of customer loyalty. As such, dad started looking at doing something in addition to spraying. During the course of the years of building and restoring so many planes, he had earned his A&P license and done minor work on other's planes. Naturally, his new pursuit was to restore antique airplanes professionally. Finally, in 1976, dad accepted his first full-blown restoration for a customer. It was an old Stearman sprayer for conversion back into military configuration. This was my first experience with Stearmans and I was forever hooked!

As the restoration business began to flourish, a friend approached dad with a proposition to do some aerial photography for the local Agricultural Extension office. Thus sprang up a new business of MAPS (Missouri Aerial Photography Service). MAPS saw a renewed lease on life for the old 150hp Pawnee that had long since been retired for all but the smallest of jobs. Out came the hopper, a plexiglass floor was installed, camera mounts were designed and installed and away he went. A one-man show, flying and shooting pictures for the state. All the while a whole series of restorations went through our shop. Since dad was flying so much, I was tasked with virtually all disassembly, clean and stripping of airframes. It wasn't uncommon to find me, now all of 15-16 years old working alone reassembling an airplane or some component. This was heady stuff for a teenage kid, not to mention I was making \$5 per hour while my friends only made about \$2.

During this period, we restored three Stearmans, a J-3 Cub, a PA-18 Super Cub, an Aeronca 7AC Champ, a glider (I don't recall the model), a Waco EGC-8 as well as minor work on other planes. Naturally, I got to fly all of them with one exception. We never flew the glider for lack of a towplane, not for a lack of my trying.

During my sophomore year at West Point, my brother bought a Cessna UC-78 Bamboo Bomber. He and dad headed to Calexico, CA worked for a few days and ferried it home. On arrival home, they did a quick restoration of systems and applied a new paint job. Each winter, between jobs, they would rework some part of the plane. One winter was all new wood in the fuselage and new cover. The next year saw an STC'd upgrade from R-755 Jacobs to R-680 Lycomings and new props.

By this time, I had finished up at USMA and was stationed at Ft Sill, Oklahoma. Soon after arrival at Ft Sill, I found the Mid-America Air Group in Frederick, OK on the old USAAF training field. I was soon in the cockpit of several of the museum aircraft. I spent the first airshow season in the Vultee BT-13 and managed a couple of hours in an AT-6. Over the winter, I played in the Taylorcraft L-2, Aeronca L-3, Piper L-4, and Aeronca L-16 and even flew a few hours in an Interstate L-6. For my own plaything at this time, I was flying a Stinson 108-3, N513C. The new airshow season was rapidly approaching and we needed pilots...badly. Next thing I knew, I was off getting my multi-engine rating so I could fly right seat of the B-25J, Iron Laden Maiden. What a rush!!! I didn't think it could get much better than this, but it did. Many of the DFW CAF members were also sponsors of the Mid-America Air Group aircraft. Several were also members of the Marshalls. This created a problem for them and I was the solution. They couldn't fly in the show because they were always marshalling the warbirds. I sacrificed my time and usually flew a couple of different planes each show. The highlight had to be the Oakgrove show in Dallas. I flew the first part of the warbird show in an L-3 making three passes, landed and switched to the BT-13 for three passes and jumped into the B-25. By the end of the day, I was dead tired, but it was a good feeling, fun kind of tired.

As I got to know more and more folks the SW OK and NE/Central Texas area, I got to fly even more planes. Weekend get-togethers with some DFW friend found me flying a Fairchild PT-19, PT-23 and PT-26 in the same morning before getting in my old Stinson and heading back to Oklahoma. Of course, all this flying requires

lots of work. And work I did. I spent many an hour working on the B-25 or BT-13 or some other museum airplane. Of course, even work can be used as an excuse to fly. We were in SW Oklahoma and the nearest carburetor shop for large radial engine type carbs was in North Central OK. Enid, OK to be exact, home of Vance AFB. I flew a friend's Navion between Lawton and Enid many times to run carburetors back and forth. During one of these trips, I got my checkout in the museum's T-28B Trojan. I now knew I was in aviator's heaven. I was flying with the Big Boys in the T-28 and B-25 and I still had numerous puddle jumpers to play with whenever I wanted. One of the most fun planes I flew during this period was a Mooney M-18C Mite. On 85hp, it would cruise 120 mph and was as nimble as it looked.

Still, it seemed something was missing and one day I walked into the hangar and found it. Seems the museum had Globe GC-1B Swift that had been sitting in a private T hangar that I didn't know about. When I inquired, I was told it had a problem with the landing gear that no one had ever corrected. Seems the gear would never extend and lock so it was locked down with a cable and flown to Oklahoma and parked. As soon as I could get a ferry permit and do some brake work, the Swift N3368K was in my hangar. I quickly discovered the problem with the landing gear. Someone had reassembled the actuator incorrectly and it wouldn't extend the leg far enough to lock it. A quick fix, an annual and I was airborne! Next came hours and hours and hours of polishing, but I loved it. I flew the Swift over 100 hours in one year all the while continuing to fly anything and everything else I could, however seems that the bulk of my time is in a Cub or Stinson 108-3.

I guess by this point, I should have known everything was going too well and it had to end. It ended in March of 1990 when the Army shipped me to duty with the 8th Infantry Division in Baumholder, Federal Republic of Germany. Other than a couple of hours here and there while back in the states on leave each summer, I didn't get to fly at all. Of course, on the trips home, I sure made up for not flying. My dad's Cub about never cooled off while I was home

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and while visiting the wife's family in Lawton, OK, I'd usually manage some time in somebody else's plane. One summer, I even managed a quick trip in a friend's Beech D-18. Talk about an experience. A pilot that hasn't flown a great deal in several months and his most recent experience was in a Cub! Takeoffs weren't much problem, but I was all over the runway landing. Fortunately, Wiley Post airport in Oklahoma City has wide runways and the ATP in the right seat was able to keep me corralled!

By the time I returned to Fort Sill from Germany, I had struck a deal and work had commenced on a plane with my dad, now retired. I would pay for everything and he would build a V6STOL and when done, we would each own 1/2 interest. In the meantime, I would keep his Cub in Oklahoma with me. All was well with this plan and it worked until 1997 when my plane flew for the first time. I was getting excited about swapping the Cub for the V6STOL when fate intervened. Since I knew I would be giving up the Cub soon, I was flying it as much as I could. One day, a couple of friends that had been asking me for rides found me as I was pulling the Cub from the hangar. The first one and I mounted up and off we went for about a 30 joyride. Back to the airport and a quick switch of passengers found me yet again slipping the surly bonds of earth. About 20 minutes into the flight and at about 500 AGL, the engine began to spit and sputter, but not quit completely. I weighed my options...land. The engine, though running wasn't running well enough or producing enough power to get home. All it was going to do, was to fly me to the crash site. The good Lord was watching out for me and Tom as we were directly over a newly paved road with virtually no traffic. The road was flat and I could see for miles. By the numbers I established the best glide speed of 60 mph, set trim and look for a place to land. I checked for obstacles on the road...poles to the south (right) but set back far enough so as to present no obstacle and nothing to the left. Alright, I should have no problem when I see a truck heading north on a perpendicular road. As I watched, was thinking we were very likely to arrive at the same point at the same time. Check the road, check the truck, check the road, check the truck.

Man, this guy just doesn't get it. I am landing and he doesn't see me. Now I am focusing on the truck and checking my track by glancing at the side of the road out the open door.

WHAM!!! What the heck? Did I hit a bird? "FLY THE PLANE DAMN IT," I thought. "Why is the windshield in my lap? I better throw that big chunk of plexiglass out of the way so I can move the stick. Hum, the stick won't move laterally. Not good. Oh, oh, I am bleeding badly. FLY THE PLANE...AIRSPEED--AIRSPEED--AIRSPEED!!!! Okay, doing good, flair and touchdown. FLY THE AIRPLANE!!! You aren't stopped yet." All this kept going through my badly bleeding head. Once we rolled to a stop and I kill the still sputtering engine, I turn to my non-pilot friend and ask him is he is alright. Fortunately he is, having suffered only a very minor nick over his right eye. Both eyes are so wide I almost laugh. Now the adrenalin kicks in! Okay, I remember now I am bleeding badly, but figure I am going to live so I shut off the gas and hop out to survey the damage. Ouch, all four struts bent, windshield gone. Side window gone. V tubes over instrument panel bent. Instrument panel ripped on left side. Boot cowl crushed on top left side. Left eyebrow cowl mangled. Huge holes in the fabric on fin and rudder. What is this big piece of wire hung in the windshield frame (or at least what is left of it)? Okay, duh! It is wire. I hit a wire. Man this is going to cost me a fortune to fix, but I am happy as can be. I walked away.

As I am looking at all this, my friend is trying to get me stand still so he can stop the bleeding. All we have is an old red grease rag so I guess it will have to do. Now, where do I apply it...badly cut scalp, forehead, nose or cheek. Tom decided the scalp cut was the worst and that I should hold it there. Fortunately, about this time, a local high school football team drives up, enroute to a game. They break out the first aid kit and give me some gauze. Unfortunately, there was no tape and only band-aids. Naturally, being hot (this is Sept in SW Oklahoma), the band-aids won't stick to my face, but at least we got the cuts cleaned up a little. A lady coming from the other direction allows me to use her cell phone since I had forgotten to get mine

in the plane before leaving. It was a good thing too as I was about 30 miles from home and 7 miles from the nearest town. First call is to the FBO and my friend Ray. He tells me he is on the way. Next call is to my wife to let her know I am okay before anyone else calls her. Everything is fine until she asks me if she needs to come get me. "No, Ray is coming," I tell her and leave it at that. Now she is mad because I didn't want her and my daughters to come get me. I didn't want her and my kids seeing me covered in blood for one and second, I wanted a professional pilot and FAA knowledgeable person with me at this point. Time to push the plane out of the way as we now have several cars and trucks starting to back-up. Fortunately, there is no ditch so we simply push it into the wheat field by the road so traffic can pass.

Now I am sitting on the wheel, waiting on someone to show up. A farmer and his wife stop and ask what happened and if I am alright. I confirm I am alright and that I hit wire landing following the engine failure. Problem is, I still don't know where the wire was that I hit. Tom and I hop in the back of the truck and ride back towards where we struck the wire. Along the way, we pick up small pieces of airplane. Finally, I see where the wire was. To the north side of the road, set way back from the road is a pole with a couple of trees by it. It is set back so far and hidden by the trees that I never saw it. Surprisingly, there is still another wire intact on the pole. I took out the top one only. Back to the plane we go.

A couple of minutes later, the OK Highway Patrol shows up. Since I am not dead or badly injured, they decided to make this a training case for a new trooper. Okay, I am game. I answer all their questions and my FBO pilot friend shows up. He talks to the Sheriff's deputy for a few minutes and arranges someone to watch the plane overnight since it is too late to recover it today. That done and no more questions from the Highway Patrol, we head for the car just as the local TV station shows up. Fortunately, I am in the car and gone before they ever see me. Fate is yet again smiling on me. Back at the FBO, I clean up some of the blood and wash my face, head and

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hands. When I get home, my wife is shocked at how badly I appear. I laugh and tell her that I look much better than when I talked to her on the phone. At this point, she is glad I didn't ask her to come get me. Off the hook. She is no longer mad, but like me, just happy that I am alive.

The next day, three friends and I go recover the Cub. Four guys, two tool boxes, one 1-ton box truck, another 1-ton pick-up with a 20' gooseneck trailer and 75 minutes later, we have it out of the field, loaded and are on our way back to the airport. The bad news is, it took me two years to get it all repaired and back in the air. Since April of this year, it is in Tennessee in the care of my brother. My V6STOL is sitting lonely in Oklahoma just waiting for me to come and get her.

Dave Talley and I are going to try to rescue my plane from Oklahoma come September when my work schedule opens up greatly. Then, I hope to become much more involved with EAA Chapter 35.

I haven't flown much since moving down here from Lawton, but I plan to remedy that as soon as possible. In the meantime, I limit my activities to safe things, like jumping out of perfectly good airplanes... but that is another story.

Jim Rice

FREE SEMINAR

Hear Ye, Hear Ye...EAA Chapter 35 member, Mike Lynch, has offered to hold his Aeronautical Decision Making (ADM) Seminar for FREE. Yup, Free. As in "just show up". But do show up with a clear head and a learning attitude. 'Cause, that's what we'll be doing. Mike, a long time CFI, has developed this seminar over the years. Though he's humble, this is one well rounded aviation seminar that is a must. Normally, there is a fee for this seminar, however, Mike has graciously agreed to donate his knowledge and time for EAA Chapter 35 members. Let show Mike the respect he deserves by attending this event. I'm sure we'll cook-up some

lunch for everyone. After all, we all know that one learns better if one is not starved! Contact Mike ASAP with your name and number to attend. His info can be found else where in the newsletter.

Moments in Aviation History

By Miriam S. Talley

This selection comes from "T-Hangar Tales" by Joseph Juptner.

Chinese people of the 1930's must have been more air-minded than any people could possibly be. In fact, they liked to fly so well that when the local airliner put in place the hi-speed Douglas DC-2 airliners, which cut flying time in half on a route to famous cities and resorts, people complained loudly and stayed away in droves. When someone finally asked, an old sage explained that by traveling twice as fast the people missed half of the flying! Yes, and sound-proofed cabins were a nuisance too because you couldn't "hear the flying." So, would they please go back to using the slow and noisy Ford "Tri-Motors"—please!

Chapter House Fix-Up

By Miriam S. Talley

(Here's the ongoing list of fix'er uppers needed at the Chapter House)

- *Paint bathrooms
- *Paint kitchen and back hallway
- *Clean and wax kitchen and bathroom floor
- *Clean bugs from and wash overhead lights
- *Clean the rug
- *Wash windows inside and out.
- *Paint fascia and soffit
- *Clean up landscape in front of chapter house
- *Repair/update grill surround.
- *Cut vents in the soffits

If there are any folks that can donate several hours to the above items, needed supplies will be paid for by the chapter. If you

can help, call Miriam or David Talley, 210/521-2359, so we can keep track of projects accomplished... Thanx

EVENTS AND HAPPENINGS

(If you know of any local aviation events or happenings we can share with the chapter, call Miriam or David at 210/521-2359.)

9 Sep-EAA Warbirds SQDN 21 meeting Stinson Airfield. Contact Howard Lowery at 210/924-6634.

6 Sep-Paisa/Gapa safety meeting. Hallmark Institute Building on Wetmore. Meeting starts at 7 PM. The Paisa/Gapa meets the first Wednesday of every month. Steve Carlson 210/545-2376.

9 Sep- Denton, TX. Chapter 661 Fall Fling Fly-In Lunch. 940/387-8642.

15-17 Sep - Watertown, WI. Midwest Stinson Reunion. 630/904-6964

16 Sep-Burnet, TX-Craddock Field. Hamburger Happening. 11AM-2PM. Contact Frank Hansen ,915.247.1035

16 Sep-Sulphur Springs, TX- Chapter 1094 6th Annual Fall Fly-In, 903/365-2635.

18-24 Sep-Galveston, TX-International Comanche Society, Inc. 27th annual convention. Carol 318/925-9728 or Judie 318/797-3962 for info.

23 Sep-San Antonio, TX-Aeronautical Decision Making (ADM) Seminar. FREE to EAA 35 Members! This is a MUST for any pilot/passenger. EAA 35 member Mike Lynch will hold this Seminar from 10 AM- 12PM. Contact Mike at 210.647.4906 to reserve your seat.

Sep 21-23-LaGrange, TX-Annual Fayette Co. Airshow at Fayette Reg. Air Center (3T5). Fly-In breakfast, BBQ, antiques, evening hangar dance. 979/249-4200 or 409/561-8840.

5 Oct- Midland , TX- American Combat Airman Hall Of Fame Induction Ceremony at CAF HQ at Midland International Airport(MAF) Tina Corbet 915/563-1000.

7-8 Oct- Fort Worth, TX-International Airshow 2000 at Fort Worth Alliance Airport(AFW). Featuring Northern Lights. 817/551-1967 for info.

7-8 Oct- Midland, TX- Fina-CAF AIRSHO 2000 at Midland International Airport(MAF). Tina Corbet 915/563-1000 for info.

5-8 Oct- Gainesville, TX-(GLE) 25th annual Intern'l Cessna 120/140 Fly-In. Info: L or M Richey, 940/670-1883 or mrichy@ntws.net.

20-21 Oct - Abilene, TX. EAA Southwest Regional Fly-In. www.swrfi.com 800/727-7704

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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 add in this column. Call Editors Miriam or David Talley @ 210.521.2359 or talley@flash.net

"Remember...Caveat Emptor...buyers beware!"

Instructors Available: Chapter 35 member Zyvonne Langau has the following certifications: CFII, SE, ME, Ground Instructor, Advanced Instrument.. She is available for instruction in your plane. Contact her at 210.692.9851

Chapter 35 member Cyd Birns has all of the FAA licenses and qauls thru ATP. She is also a tail wheel pilot. Contact her at 830.372.5762



FOR SALE: Corbin Baby Ace "D". Contact Woody Haston for details. 830.379.0719



FOR SALE: '43 T-craft L2A, DCO-65. Cont. C-85-F. TTAf: 1094, SMOH 127. Contact: Jim Havens 210.680.7882.

FOR SALE: 1986 Honda Spree. Looks good, runs perfect. Good airport runner. \$375.00

Sheet Metal Toolbox. Comprehensive set with mostly new tools, shavers, squeezes, clecos, cherrymax, etc. Very few pros or businesses have a set like this. \$4,000.00 OBO.

Contact Alan Lawson 210.698-1559.

FOR SALE: San Geronimo Airport Lots. Due to continued interest in lots at San Geronimo Airport (8T8), it has been decided to develop property between the main road and the runway. If interested, contact Dan Cerna @ 210.688.9345.

FOR SALE: AN turnbuckles-
130-16L \$8 ea.,
130-32S \$7 ea.,
135-16S \$6 ea.,
140-22L \$8 ea.,
150-16L \$8 ea.,
150-32S \$7 ea.,
135-32L \$9 ea.

Also have nuts, bolts, washers, plate nuts, tinerman nuts, adel clamps, two-part metal primer, fuel tank sealer, pair 600/6 wheels and some smaller wheels.

Wall props (not airworthy). Your choice \$50 each.

Everything half price current catalogs or less.

Contact Julius Junge 210.628-1251.

Scenes from the meeting!

Compiled by Miriam Talley

Last month's meeting was a great time! For those of you who couldn't make it, following are some of the highlights...

First and foremost...the place was clean. And I mean C-L-E-A-N. It seems that Dave and Shirley Baker went to town. No, not San Antonio, but to the EAA Shack. They cleaned our chapter house and made it worth visiting. Thanks to both of you!

As can be seen in the picture, Arlis was busy eating the profits. Honestly, she's tasting the food to ensure fit for a president. A BIG thanks also goes out to Don Woodham, EAA 35 Life Member, who graciously donates his time serving up the meal line. There are lots of smiles all around. You can see "The Boyz" on the porch grinning from ear-to-ear. I wonder what made them smile that much!? Drive in or fly-in, there's something for everyone.

Bill Haskell weighed in with a surface safety review. He covered the FAA's pamphlet of talking with controllers and keeping things safe on the ground. It was

very informative and makes you wonder why the FAA thinks we're having so much trouble with runway incursions.

Paul M^cReynolds in his "Homebuilder's Corner" is taking names and numbers of builders/restorers to help keep tabs on the progress of projects. He also had a great "Tech Tip" concerning bolts and the installation thereof. One must drill the hole undersized and ream to fit the bolts. Did you know that the bolts are in fact not "close tolerance" and should be measured individually and fit to each application?

Several members gave their Oshkosh trip report. Though still the "Big One", several members feel that the "Big O" is going through a transitional period. Time will tell what the future holds for the aviation event of the year. Those who reported are Ed Hergot, Charlie Brame, Mike Lynch with Ed Seurer and Paul M^cReynolds. This was Paul's 30th Oshkosh!



"Little Miss Jillian Carlson" was the big winner of the EAA Chapter 35 Cookie. The smile tells it all!

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Left: A packed house of interested faces sums up a "typical" meeting. Are you in this picture? As always, your attendance is requested!



Below: Hum, Miriam took this picture of (L to R) Ed Goodfellow, Al Almond and Skip's brother-in-law, Tom Meredith



Above: Paul M°Reynolds gives out a pointer on an RV-6. Paul was part of a "RV cottage industry" that sprang up around Chicago. He has been involved in the building of quite a few RVs. Did you know that on top of being a sheet metal expert, that Paul is nationally recognized as a "plastic" expert? We really are blessed to have someone of Paul's caliber in the chapter.



Right: The official food taster doing the duty in the background. (L to R) Louie Viggiano, Arlis Olson and Don Woodham. As can be seen, "someone was eating the profits"! ☺

YOUR

INPUT

HERE!!!



The Official Newsletter of EAA
Chapter 35, San Antonio, Texas

Norris Warner, Membership Chairperson
719 Oak Hills Road
Pipe Creek, Texas 78063-5652



Norris Warner
719 Oak Hills Road
Pipe Creek, TX 78063

When Do you Meet?
Second Saturday of the Month
Dinner 5:30 PM
Social Hour 6-7PM
Meeting @ 7PM
Where do you meet?
(See Map)
Call Any member listed
On Page 2 for help

