

EAA - MILE HIGH CHAPTER 43

Volume 18, Number 7

July 1995

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Our Next Meeting:

- The next Chapter 43 meeting will take place at 7 PM on July 08th, at the Jeffco Airport Terminal building (our normal meeting time and place).

Minutes From the June Meeting:

- The meeting was held on June 10th at the Jeffco Airport Terminal building. Minutes from the June meeting were approved as published in the newsletter.

Old Business

- Annual Banquet, January 1996 - Decided to discuss in July for a Saturday night? The minutes from the June news letter read "We decided to make reservations a little earlier in the year so that we might select a Saturday night in lieu of simply accepting a Sunday night." There is apparently some confusion concerning this issue, perhaps this issue can be settled at the July meeting.
- Chapter Patches - It was suggested that we publish the proposed patches in the news letter. If the patch selection issue does not reach closure at the next meeting, publishing the designs in the news letter is fine with the editor but, I would ask that we publish them all together. Thus, if you have a design to offer, bring it to the July meeting or mail it to me. Fred Wallace, 7090 W 48th Ave, Wheat Ridge, Co 80033. Designs received will then be published in the August news letter.

New Business

- Chapter Banners are available from headquarters. They are 3'X5' at a cost of \$78.50 each. No one indicated any interest.
- EAA annual convention in Oshkosh - Again, headquarters has requested support for the convention. They always need help running the forum programs. Volunteer if you can ... perhaps the Chapter 43 can cover a block of time at one tent.
- EAA Flight Advisors - Bill Mitchell and Tom Young have risen to the challenge.
- EAA Major Achievement Award - Brad Davenport must have been in the running; received a letter from headquarters stating that they couldn't give the award to the same person twice. Brad received the award in 1975, looks like he almost got it again!

- EAA Whitman Hanger - Gene Horsman, Phil Hughes and John Pakan made a motion to donate \$200.00 The motion was carried,
- Harrell Davenport requested letters, photographs, etc. on his father in an attempt to have Brad inducted into the Colorado Aviation Hall of Fame by mid-July.
- The program for the evening was a video tape on Bob Hoover.
- Chuck Ogden asked that he be relieved of his duties as Chapter Secretary. Ron Denight volunteered to assume the responsibilities.

Technical Counselor's Report

- Prop Bolts - Do not cut threads on aircraft bolts. Aircraft bolts have rolled threads. Dies will cut a sharp "V" into the thread, thus greatly increasing the possibility of a stress crack at the thread. Additionally, dies will make the threads undersize.

Visitors:

- Scott Fling - Private pilot... wants to build an RV-6
- Bob Hendrix - Commercial pilot that's looking for a project
- Steve Kelling - Private pilot that's also looking for a project
- Ressel Guenser - Sailplane pilot from Germany
- Bob Wilson - Has a Long Eze that's about to fly.

Progress/Trip Reports:

- Pete Clinton - Skybolt is ready for cover, looking for an IO-540.
- Don Coleman - Flying his Cessna 337
- Ron Denight - Has a new spar for his Midget
- Jim Denly - Completed RV-6 tail.
- Chuck Graf - RV-6, Chucks RV was inspected and is now flying!
- George Meshko - Zenair 701, The 701 is also flying!
- Bob Wilson - Long Eze is ready for the Weight and Balance.
- Mark Yelich - New spinner and faired in the cowling..."much faster biplane!"

Young Eagles:

- 56 Young Eagles were flown during the Young Eagles day at Boulder. Twenty-one of these fine young folks flew with Chapter 43 members. Glen Grove received an EAA award as a Young Eagles Coordinator.



- FAA Report - Aviation accidents cause Bus jobs! Please fly safely!
- Expect a new TV program in 1996, called "wingspan."
- Am Weather - WGBH in Boston is to take the AM weather program.

T The Presidents Corner: T

The regional Fly-in in Longmont will be here and gone by the time this is published. I hope that a safe and fun time will be had by all. If this strange weather will give us a break we'll be lucky.

My sincere thanks go to Chuck Ogden for the job he has done as secretary, and to Ron Denight for stepping in to take over when he was needed. I'm proud to call each of these men my friend.

Our next meeting will include a presentation by Don Armstrong, who will talk about his experiences as an experimental test pilot. He's written a book entitled "I Flew Them First - A Test Pilots Story." He will have copies available for sale.

There have been several first flights of homebuilts in the area since the last meeting. Our Treasurer, Charlie Graf being one of them. Congratulations! How well I remember my own almost five years ago.

The Arlington, Washington EAA Fly-in occurs the same weekend as our meeting this month, and if the weather is good I may be compelled to attend! Trips in the T-18 have been too rare this season, and Mas Yoshida has arranged a room for me to share. I'm sure Gene Milligan, or one of the other officers will help me out and take over if necessary. For you guys building or thinking about buying or restoring, this is what it's all about - Going somewhere, in your own ship, with your friends.

We should have a good turnout. Bring a friend!

John

Other Items:

- Bud Aumann has a large hanger at Tri-County and is looking for a hanger partner. Bud needs someone with a low wing experimental or ultra-light. Bud has a 5/8th's Cub. Call 420-6071
- Included in this news letter is a story from Tom Young..."Homer to Home."

Homer to Home

A non-stop flight from Homer to Fairbanks was the beginning of my journey "outside" by airplane, to California. I had to visit some special friends in Fairbanks and then pick up my brother Tim, in Anchorage, to accompany me flying down the Alcan highway.

Leaving Homer the weather wasn't too good on my route but it was clear in Fairbanks so I thought I would see if I could make it. By the upper end of the Kenai peninsula the snow showers and clouds had me down to minimums. I was not uncomfortable since I had been over this route before and I knew the way quite well. Compensating for the wind, a compass course brought me out right where I wanted on Turnagain Arm, headed into Anchorage.

The poor weather now accompanied by strong turbulence made for an exhausting flight through the Anchorage area. Fortunately by the time I got to Talkeetna the battering bumps had smoothed out and the ceilings had lifted to make flying more comfortable. I knew that I was still in for some jostling as the up coming Windy Pass is bad when ever there is any wind at all.

When I got close to the pass I was flying under clear skies and into a very strong head wind. As I anticipated the turbulence was severe and it hit me suddenly just as I got to the beginning of the pass. I had a pretty wild ride for a few minutes and at one point the negative "G's" were so strong that a column of gas spewed straight up out of the vented cap on the nose fuel tank. My 180 degree turn attitude came on strong and I almost turned back, but by edging over to the uplift side of the canyon I was able to find a little smoother air and the rest of the pass was fairly easy.

A pleasant weekend and an unexpected birthday party went by quickly. Monday saw me off to Anchorage to pick up Tim who was flying in, by airliner, from California. The day dawned bright and clear with only a very thin haze layer at about 6,000 feet. Departing Metro air field, I put my Champ in cruise climb and headed towards the visible tower of Mount McKinley. Passing through 6500 feet I flew out of the haze layer and was treated to seeing the top of the haze as flat as can be, for as far as I could see. It gave me the sensation of being on a giant table top.

McKinley was now becoming a dazzling spectacle in it's immensity. Without a cloud around it the scenery held me in awe. This mountain is rarely with out cloud cover of some sort as it makes it's own little weather system. To see it so close up unencumbered by it's cloaks is quite a treat. I had to resist the urge to just fly around and explore.

Threading my way into the somewhat intimidating airspace in and around Anchorage, I parked the Champ at Merrill field and caught a bus to Anchorage International to pick up Tim. Tim had also been able to see some incredible sights and came off the plane talking about the coast of Canada and Alaska. He had seen hundreds of Glaciers and fiords, the expanses of forest and ocean and almost endless mountain ranges. This kind of scenery can really spoil you.

We spent the night at a friends house and left in the morning for Homer. Back in Homer we stored most of my belongings, sent the rest on by mail (except for our travelling gear) and were ready to depart. My friends have a small fishing boat and before we left they treated us to the seasons last fishing trip. A clear and warm day on Kachamak Bay yielded a couple of small halibut and a pot full of crab. At supper time Tim's taste buds almost went into shock. There is nothing quite as good or satisfying as gathering and preparing your own fresh seafood.

In the afternoon of October 10th, Tim and I departed Homer by Champ. Fighting winds, weather and approaching darkness we only made it to Sheep Mountain, just past Anchorage. Sheep mountain was a good place to stop though, they have a gas station, store, restaurant, and lodge right at the air strip. Since it was raining and we didn't want to put up the tent we let the proprietor talk us into staying the night in the lodge for the night (at a very reasonable price).

Morning of the next day the clouds were a little higher when we left for Gulkana. At Gulkana clear skies greeted us but the winds were picking up again. Landing was interesting when we crossed the numbers at 60 mph indicated and almost no ground speed. Because of the storm the FBO was closed, power lines were down so the gas pumps didn't work. The friendly people there finally found some cans with 80/87 gas in them so we could continue on our way.

Checking with Flight Service our route looked grim. Severe turbulence was reported and winds so strong that a Bell 206 helicopter called in with 90 mph airspeed and 0 ground speed. As Tim taxied the plane I held onto the upwind wing until we were lined up on the runway. With a very short ground roll we departed for Northway. The conditions turned out to be much better than forecasted as we made it to our last stop in Alaska.

In Northway we filled the plane with fuel, had lunch and filled out our international flight plan to Whitehorse. With Tim in the front seat I had time to do lots of sight seeing and keep close track of navigation. The strong headwinds held us to a leisurely ground speed and at times cars would pass us. The way we had the edge on them was that they had to go around corners and slow down occasionally while we maintained our blistering air speed of just over 85 MPH indicated.

As we made our way to Whitehorse, I realized I had forgotten about crossing a time zone headed east. Our flight plan would put us into town about dark, at best. Over half way there and knowing how nervous customs people can get if you land at other than a designated airport I decided to continue rather than put down before dark. The headwinds were not about to let us be early, so we pushed on as fast as we could. As we rounded a hill in the almost darkness Whitehorse finally came into view. We nervously searched for the airport as the tower cleared us to land. The beacon and runway lights finally stood out and we landed uneventfully. Rolling towards customs the tower called and asked if I knew that my nav lights were not working. The only electric I have in this plane is the hand held radio, so I replied "affirmative," and fortunately they did not pursue the subject.

Customs cleared us quickly and parking the plane we set up my tent close to the parking area in an unofficially allowed camping area. The cold and howling wind kept us awake most of the night as it tried to knock the tent over.

Morning in Whitehorse came with clear skies, but still the wind was against us. Flight planned and fueled, again we were on our way. Three hours of flight put us in Watson Lake for fuel and another three hours saw us at Fort Nelson. While filling the Champ with fuel the line man told us about a place called Prophet River where we could camp out for the night. Filing a flight report with the FSS I figured that the hour and a half of light left was plenty of time to find our camping spot, only about 75 miles away.

Following the highway we searched for the small dirt strip on the left of the road. As the ETA came and went, our destination was nowhere to be seen. Darkness was now close so I kept track of places to put down if we did not find the airstrip. New highway construction gave miles of unobstructed runway if needed so I wasn't too worried. Somehow we never did find Prophet River, but just at dark I spotted an abandoned dirt strip close to the highway. Now it was so dark that we could hardly see the strip. After dragging it a couple of times to check for obstructions and wind direction I made an apprehensive approach to the almost invisible clearing among 30 foot tall pine trees.

With Tim in the front seat I couldn't see the instruments so he called out the airspeed as I set up a glassy water type landing. When I felt the wheels touch I pulled the power off and stopped as fast as possible. Tim and I promised each other that we would be on the ground an hour before sunset from now on!

Parking the plane between two buildings for wind protection we set up the tent and made dinner on my single burner coleman stove. During the night we were disturbed by two young men vandalizing a building down and across the strip from us. Apparently they never saw us and soon they were gone with out further incident.

Next morning gave us clear skies again but without the wind. As we wandered around we found that the place was indeed abandoned but had been once an FBO of sorts with a crude sign saying "D.B.R. air" brushed on one of the sheds next to the plane. It was a really nice place, especially for air camping, to bad no one was around any more.

In the two and a half hours flying from the dirt strip to Fort St. John we noticed an unusual vibration and noise. I thought it was something loose in the cowling metal. On the ground as we fueled up I checked and found nothing amiss. Continuing a preflight walk around, I went cold inside when I grabbed the prop and it clunked back and forth in my hand. We had come close to having the prop go on with out us!

This particular engine prop combination uses an adapter to fit the 72 inch McCauly prop to the O-235 Lycoming. A close inspection showed the bolts holding the adapter to the crankshaft still had their safety wire but that the metal under the bolt heads had worn away and now their was almost an eight of an inch of play under them. Several hours later, after begging and borrowing tools and nuts and bolts and making some new parts and even calling out a mechanic we were airworthy again. Our efforts were some what hampered by the fact that this was October 13th, Canada's Thanksgiving day and almost every one was home eating their turkey dinner. How much help we got is really a testimonial to how friendly the Canadians are.

Another three and a half hours of flying got us to Prince George. The line man that fueled the Champ turned out to be real friendly and upon our decision to splurge for the night called us a taxi and even found us a hotel that gave a discount to pilots. A night on the town was in order, so after long hot showers that felt soooo good we walked to a restaurant for a pizza and then took in a movie. As this was a fun and unhurried trip we didn't feel bad about sleeping in the next day and then making sure the showers still worked.

After visiting a bakery for breakfast we finally made it to the airport with half the day gone. In excellent flying weather we only put on three and a half hours of travel this day to get us to the town of 100 mile house. 100 Mile has a dirt strip that is virtually in town. Walking across the highway from the airport we visited the grocery store to replenish our food supplies. Next to the runway is a grassy area, so we tied down the plane and set up the tent under the wing. With time to kill before dark we explored the town and had another dinner out. Something I hadn't expected to do on our flight through the Canadian "wilderness" was to see movies, but with nothing else to do we decided to have another night on the town. Top Gun was showing so we couldn't resist the urge for some movie screen flying excitement.

On our sixth traveling day the sky was full of nothing but blue and as we prepared for departure we got to meet some of the locals. They turned out to be just as friendly as everyone else we had meet on our trip so far. We didn't really want to leave.

Four hours put us into the coastal fog and haze of Vancouver and at a grass strip that is a "low and slow" aviators dream come true. Delta airpark is an immense area of manicured grass that is home to two runways, an EAA chapter, lots of light planes, a few helicopters and even some warbirds. The only tarmac is in front of the gas pumps.

Speaking to John Gealis, the airport manager, he let me know, in no uncertain terms that we would not be able to camp out on the grass. I thought "oh oh, here we go!". He turned out not to be gruff, but instead, quite assertive about us being his guests in a house on the field that is just for transient pilots and club activities. No one else was using the house at the time so Tim and I had run of the place. At our disposal we found showers, kitchen, a pool table, an activity room, stacks upon stacks of flying magazines and even a pop machine that dispenses beer!

The next day, instead of going on we visited Vancouver's Air Museum and the closed down remains of the World Expo 1986, which we missed by only two days. On a guided tour of the museum we saw a wonderful assortment of displays, projects, flyable planes, wrecks and relics.

Seeing the Expo grounds wasn't much as it was all closed down, but we did wander around the big city gathering a bit of culture shock.

Oct. 17th we woke to a foggy morning and had to wait till about two o'clock to depart Delta Airpark. Half an hour at VFR minimums put us in Bellingham WA. for customs inspection. Another three and a half hours flying got us to a small grass field by the name of Swanson. The map indicated Swanson to have fuel and other facilities, but the people there were surprised to see us. Apparently they don't get much transient traffic. Bud Blancher, who is an A&P and IA lives at and has a shop on the field. Bud sold us some gas and since it was close to our self imposed hour before dark he let us camp in his front yard for the night.

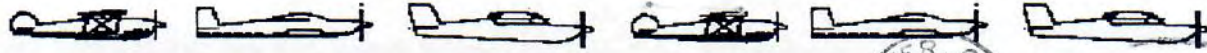
When I looked out of the tent in the morning the fog was so thick we couldn't see across the runway. Again we played the waiting game with the weather. By two o'clock the fog had turned to scattered clouds with low overcast so we decided to give it a try to see how far we could get. Threading our way between clouds and winding up valleys we headed east towards better weather. About half way through the mountains we broke out into dazzling sunshine. On our left towered Mt. Rainier, What an impressive sight after all that coastal fog. With clear sailing ahead we climbed above the mountainous terrain and took a compass course for Klamath Falls Oregon.

Forty five minutes from Klamath we touched down at Weed Airport California. With the tent set up under the wing again we decided we needed a pizza for dinner. The town was miles away so we called to see if the local pizza house delivered. They did not have a delivery service but as it turned out the fellow I talked to was just getting off work and said he would bring it to us. He said to meet him at the rest stop on the highway that goes by the airport. We got some really funny looks when we hopped the chain link fence as a car screeched to a stop and handed what looked like a couple of hitchhikers a pizza and drinks.

Tim and I watched in awe as the sun rose in a clear sky directly over the top of Mt. Hood. It's times like these that dissolve all the hardships in life for a little while and makes getting up early a little easier.

Nut Tree airport at Vacaville was our next to last stop on this journey. We spent the night with my sister who lived close by. Nut Tree is a great place to visit a great aviation oriented gift shop.

Promising to visit again soon Tim and I said good by and spent an uneventful three hours finishing the long trip to Paso Robles CA. It was a fun and satisfying trip, but much to short once it was over.



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