



**EAA Chapter 1160 • Pahrump NV**

**May 2024 Newsletter**

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Hello Member,

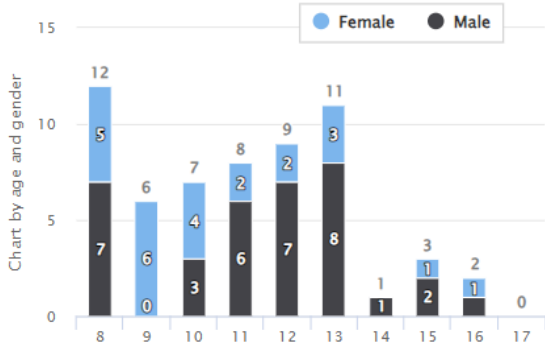
It's been another busy month! Check the calendar and/or come to coffee every Saturday for all the upcoming events!

On May 11th, we held our first of two Young Eagles Rallies for 2024! Our next Young Eagles Rally will be in October as it has been in years past. There was a great deal of interest from the community, but it was a challenge finding pilots. Many of the Pahrump pilots had other commitments and the 1300 pilots were already scheduled to fly the 1300 Young Eagles Rally in Boulder City the following weekend.

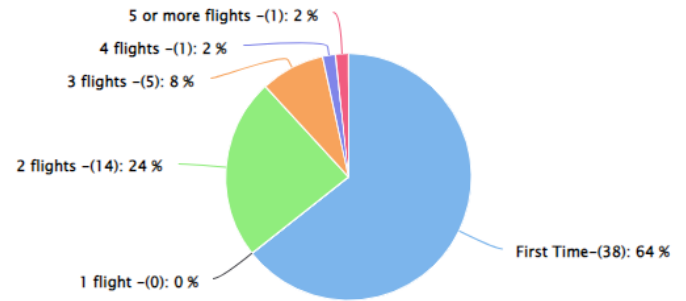
In the future, we'd love to have a local pilot who can stay in touch with other pilots in the area throughout the year to help 'get the word out' when we hold an event. If you are active in the pilot community and would like to help out, please volunteer as a Pilot Coordinator for us!

We flew 59 kids before the wind got too strong, then we had to cancel with around 20 kids still waiting. Here are the details:

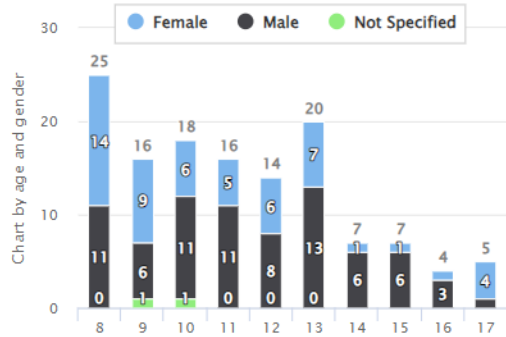
Y.E. flown today by age and gender



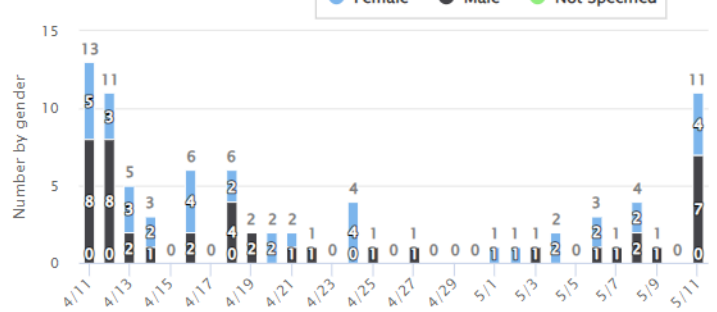
# of previous Young Eagle flights



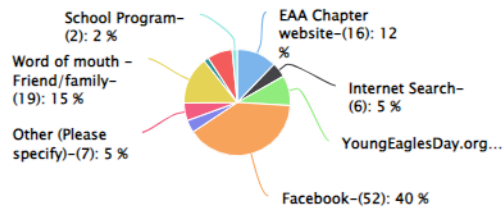
Registered by age and gender



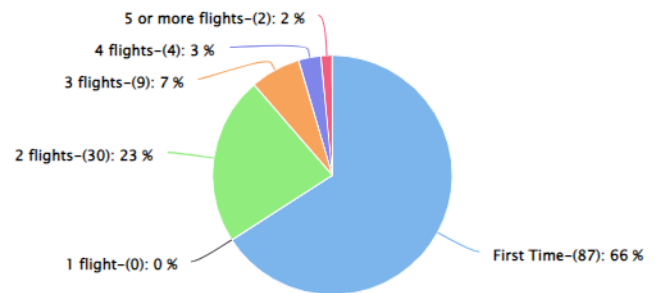
Registrations for last 30 days by gender (before)



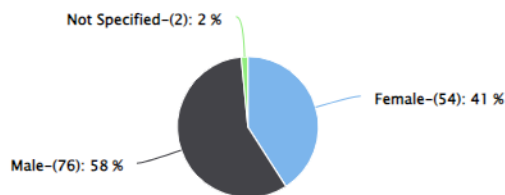
How did you hear about this event?



# of previous Young Eagles Rally



Total youth by gender



Following the Young Eagles Rally on the 11th, we held a Flying Start Program on the 18th. There were several who signed up, three young adults showed up and they all left with a certificate for a free introductory flight at KVGT. We are still looking for pilots to fly adults as part of our Flying Start/Eagle Flights programs. Please let us know if you're available!

Help us get the word out! The community is hungry for aviation-related activities and information. Help us satisfy that hunger!

Fundraising continues! Get your lottery/raffle tickets now! You could win an RV trailer and/or \$100,000 if you match all six lottery numbers. Also, please grab 5 or more tickets from Glenna, Hans, or Gladys and help us get them all sold! The drawing is on July 4th, 2024. Anyone can play and win!

### **Don't Forget! We (always) Need Your Old Toys**

Although the kids ages 8 to 17 have a great time at our Young Eagles Rallies, their younger siblings are usually less excited to be there. They're too young to fly and the rally can last for a few hours. So they can become bored, uncomfortable, and generally cantankerous, which is hard on the parents and can be an unwelcome distraction to other participants. Glenna has noticed that these kids like to hang out at the Merchandise Table and play with whatever toys they find there. This keeps them occupied while their older siblings fly. If you have any unwanted toys like trucks, cars, puzzles, fidget spinners, etc. please get them to Glenna or Martha so these youngsters can play with them during the rallies (please, no balls or frisbees or any throwing toys). The kids, parents, and your chapter will thank you!

## T-shirts are here!

Order yours now!

Tell your friends and family and anybody else you know who loves aviation!

\$20 for adults and \$15 for kids!



# My 1942 Stearman

<continued>

By Ron Settje

## THE TRIP TO THE WEST COAST

The next morning dawned bright and clear. Just like all the rest of the mornings while I had been on this trip. But the haze that blocked off the horizon was still there. It was Wednesday, August 23, 1995. Freddie drove me to LeGros. We said our goodbyes. I departed on runway 31 since the wind was calm and that was my direction of flight. The night before, I had planned the trip to Dodge City, Kansas. I figured I could reach Dodge City on the first day.

While Lloyd was installing the electrical system I hung around and acted as gopher. Lloyd was a mechanic who I learned had flown as a crop duster in the area. So I knew he had a lot of experience. I asked him to provide me with any tips he could offer about flying the 1340 Pratt & Whitney. I was curious to know at what manifold pressure should I fly the machine? What was the best way to lean the engine? What setting should the prop rpm's be during cruise?

Lloyd told me the engine would pull 42 inches of manifold pressure on takeoff but that I probably wouldn't need that much. He said most pilots fly around here without leaning the engine. And that it would probably be best to fly in cruise at about 30 inches. He said the 1340 is a very reliable engine but that sometimes the cylinders will split. If I experience any problems with the 1340 Lloyd recommended that I do not change the power setting until I have selected a landing site and have the field made. Changes in the power setting when the engine is under stress frequently will cause the engine to quit running. After adjusting engine power with the throttle I should set prop pitch so that I have 2200 RPM. Lloyd also said that

if needed the 1340 would run just fine on regular automobile gasoline.

I departed LeGros at 8 am for Lufkin, Texas. I climbed to 3,000 feet AGL. It was a beautiful morning. Visibility was about twelve miles and the wind was calm. I had estimated that the flight to Lufkin should take no more than one hour and a half. The Stearman was flying well. Here I was, finally on my way home. I was navigating with my GPS, which I had strapped to my leg, and cockpit cockpit-mounted magnetic compass. The GPS gave me ground speed, time in route, magnetic heading, and distance to my destination. This was all I needed.

The terrain changed from farmland to pine forest. There was no rising terrain in my flight path. The elevation at LeGros and Lufkin was 16 and 296, respectively. I was in Texas. I had passed the Sam Rayburn Reservoir. A large body of water for this part of the country that was probably man-made. I would scan the fuel sight gauge in the center section of the lower wing, oil pressure, manifold pressure, RPM setting, and then look outside of the cockpit. I found it was not possible to open a sectional in the cockpit while in flight. There was enough draft coming through the fuselage to make it impossible to hold the sectional and stick at the same time. I tried it on this leg and ended with the sectional rolled into a ball and stuffed between structural tubing in the cockpit because I didn't want to lose the sectional. I would have to study the sectional carefully before beginning the next leg of my trip.

Sections of the forest below had been cleared and had been replaced by farmhouses, large and small. There were also open pastures. I had passed one especially large farmhouse in the middle of a field. There was a road nearby and power lines. I checked the fuel sight gauge. I had a little bit less than a third of a tank left. The GPS said I was less than twenty miles from Lufkin.

Less than a couple minutes later, while peering outside the cockpit, the big Pratt coughed. I immediately looked at the fuel gauge. It read empty. I then looked at the manifold pressure gauge and it read thirteen inches. I couldn't believe it, I had just run out of gas. Then it hit me. If you were flying heavy crop dusting loads within a thirty-minute flight from your fuel supply you wouldn't need to lean the engine. You could fly the engine full rich. On a long cross country flying full rich is not a prudent thing to do. Next, I remembered something that Bob told me during my flight training in St. Louis. He said that the Stearman has a lot of parasitic drag with its dual wings, n struts, and wires. While in the patte±-n he demonstrated this by chopping the power. We couldn't make the runway even though we were in the airport pattern. He landed in a small open grassy area short of the field. I realized that my Stearman would have a much steeper glide slope because the 600 hp Pratt was much heavier than the 220 hp Continental.

The large farmhouse that I had seen less than a couple of minutes before was now at the 5 o'clock position. I changed my heading 30 degrees to the right and looked over my right shoulder. Something in the pit of my stomach told me that I couldn't glide to the farmhouse in the middle of the field that I had passed. I turned back to my original heading. Off the end of the lower left wing tip, about 10 o'clock, was a large open field in the shape of an upside down and backward "L". I changed my heading and dropped the nose.

I was very glad to have been at 3,000 feet AGL. Events were beginning to happen very fast about this time. Although the engine was not producing any power, the prop was still turning. I approached the field at a very steep angle. At 1200 feet AGL I recognized a dark line of shrubs and small bushes running diagonally across the field. I realized that this was a ditch in which water flowed when it rained. I had no way of knowing the depth of the ditch. If I struck this obstacle while on the landing roll, I could flip the Stearman over on her back. This would be disastrous in this remote area.

I was now just over the trees at the edge of the field. I pulled the stick back thinking it would be better if I could land past the ditch. The Stearman began to slow down and I realized that I would stall the aircraft if I tried to force a landing on the other side of the ditch. I decided that the Stearman lying on her back would be better than stalling 75 feet above the ground. I crossed over the edge of the forest. The trees were 50 to 60 feet tall. I lowered the nose to pick up some speed before the flare. About 10 feet above the ground I started pulling the stick aft. The nose of the ship came up and I lost forward visibility. The Stearman was still flying but I could feel her sinking. Looking at the top of the fuselage under the top wing, I used my peripheral vision to keep the ship tracking straight. Moments later she touched down, all three wheels at the same time.

I kept the stick full aft, neutral ailerons. She started to veer to the left. I applied right rudder. She was still veering left. A little bit of brake. Too much brake. She was now veering right. Left rudder. I was now in a sea of green grass. It was rushing by very quickly. I was busy trying to keep the Stearman tracking straight. For a moment I had forgotten the ditch. Then came a little jolt and the Stearman rolled to a stop moments later. At the same time, the engine quit running and the prop stopped turning. There was a loud pounding in my ears. I realized it was the beating of my heart. I next became aware of the wind blowing through the grass, the birds chirping, and the humming of dragonflies. I had just made my first real dead stick landing in a pasture in east Texas, and I had not damaged my Stearman. 'It was an experience I did not want to repeat, but it certainly was exciting. I had this big grin on my face.

I climbed out of the cockpit onto the left wing and jumped to the ground. The grass was just about waist-high. The Stearman's landing roll was plainly visible in the grass. She touched down about forty feet before the ditch and stopped rolling about forty feet after the ditch. I walked over to inspect

the ditch. The ditch was about two feet wide and about two inches deep. Now I knew what caused the jolt during the landing roll. While standing there looking at the ditch I knew it had been very stupid of me to run out of fuel, but I also knew that some supernatural being had to be looking over me.

I looked at my watch. It was about 9:12 am in the morning. I had to find some fuel. While landing I had noticed a road on the southeast side of the pasture. I struck out for this road. After leaving the pasture and entering the forest I realized I was lucky to find an open clearing. I later learned that farmers clear land to grow grass that they store during the winter in order to feed their livestock. While walking in the forest I came upon a one-lane dirt road. I followed this road until I came to a chained gate just inside the edge of the forest. About forty feet away was a two-lane asphalt road. By now less than an hour had passed since I landed the Stearman. I built a marker by piling up a bunch of stones so I could re-enter the forest at the same location that I had exited. Because I did not know which direction was the shortest distance to help, I simply picked north and started walking.

After about ten minutes a small red Datsun pickup truck came down the road traveling in the same direction. I flagged the vehicle down. The occupant of the vehicle pulled up and asked what type of trouble I was in. I explained that I was flying an airplane from Louisiana to Lufkin and had run out of gas and that I had landed in a pasture a couple of miles away. I asked for a ride to the nearest gas station. The driver said he was headed for town and that I could ride with him.

We chatted on the way into town. The driver's name was Mr. Gregory. He was a retired merchant marine with a disability. Mr. Gregory was tall, about 6'2", and slight of build and he walked with a cane. He lived nearby on a farm down by the river. I asked him how he knew I needed help. He responded by saying he doesn't see many

pedestrians walking on this road and I was obviously not a local fella.

The town was a wide spot in the road about 20 miles away that had a general store, gas station, and restaurant. Mr. Gregory said he had a couple of errands to run but that he would stop at the gas station on the way back to the farm. I purchased six five-gallon jerry jugs and then topped them off with regular automobile gasoline. Mr. Gregory showed up before I finished filling the last jerry jug.

Mr. Gregory drove me back to the spot where I had built my stone marker and offered to drive his truck down the one-lane dirt road as far as he could. His vehicle did not have four-wheel drive and I was concerned that his vehicle would get stuck. He was confident that he would have no problems. We drove to his farm which was only a couple of miles away and picked up a large cutting tool.

We returned to the chained gate and cut the lock. I expressed concern that the property owner would be upset that we cut the lock. Mr. Gregory said that he would explain the situation and he was sure there would be no problem. Mr. Gregory then drove me to the edge of the pasture in which I had landed my Stearman. The Stearman was in the middle of the field, about 200 hundred yards from Mr. Gregory's truck. I grabbed two jerry jugs and packed them to the Stearman. I emptied them into the fuel tank and carried them back to Mr. Gregory's truck. I made this trip two more times until all 30 gallons in the six jerry jugs were transferred to the Stearman. The terrain was very rough for a man walking with a heavy limp and a cane but Mr. Gregory came down to the edge of the pasture to look at the Stearman.

I asked Mr. Gregory if he would mind taking one more trip to town for more fuel. He responded by saying it would be no problem. The one-lane dirt road leading from the pasture to the two-lane asphalt highway was really red clay. The clay was

very slippery and the ruts in the road were very deep. Mr. Gregory's truck became stuck. We walked to the edge of the asphalt road and I offered to walk to his farm and bring a four-wheel all-terrain vehicle back to the chain gate to pick up Mr. Gregory. The plan was to pick up Mr. Gregory and return to the farm for his tractor. With his tractor we could pull his truck out of the ruts in the road.

While walking to Mr. Gregory's farm another pickup came by with Mr. Gregory in the back. The neighbor stopped, picked me up, and then drove us to Mr. Gregory's farm. Mr. Gregory started his tractor, I hopped on the back and he drove this tractor back to his pickup truck.

A thunderstorm passed overhead while I was chaining up Mr. Gregory's pickup to his tractor. There was a torrential downpour. I was now soaking wet. The red clay became extremely slippery. And I was becoming concerned that if the tall grass in the pasture became wet, that it might prevent me from departing. The tractor could not pull the pickup out of the wet clay. I asked Mr. Gregory how much it would cost to get a tow truck out here and pull his vehicle out. I gave him twice the sum quoted and explained it was for the tow truck expenses and a little extra for his trouble and hospitality. I further explained that I was concerned about my ability to leave with the pasture wet and that I was going to try immediately. Mr. Gregory said he would wait to hear my engine on take off before leaving to call a tow truck. I thanked him, apologized for the trouble I had caused him, and then I departed for the Stearman.

The rain had stopped by the time I had reached the edge of the forest and had entered the pasture. I performed a quick inspection and preflight of the Stearman. I paced off about 150 feet behind and in front of the Stearman. I was planning a rough field takeoff and figured that once I started the takeoff roll that I would not want to stop. The big engine started with no problems. With stick full aft, neutral ailerons, prop,

and fuel mixture full forward, I advanced the throttle. A little more throttle. The Stearman began to roll. I immediately turned downwind and taxied the distance I had paced off. Without stopping I turned the Stearman into the wind. A slight five-knot breeze was blowing. I advanced the throttle forward briskly and steadily. My feet were on the rudder pedals but off the brakes, the stick was still full aft. The Stearman began to pick up speed very quickly and had traveled less than one hundred very bumpy feet when I sensed the tail wanted to come off the ground. I moved the stick slightly forward and then fully aft in one quick motion. The Stearman jumped off the ground and at the same time I pushed the throttle full forward to its stop position. The Stearman was flying! I immediately lowered the nose in order to avoid a stall. By now she was picking up a great deal of speed. I eased the throttle back and raised the nose. Upon reaching the end of the field I was two hundred and fifty feet above the trees. What an incredible airplane! I'm not sure I could have gotten into the air with a different aircraft. I flew over the general area where I thought Mr.

Gregory might be waiting. I couldn't see him in the forest. I punched in the coordinates for Lufkin into the GPS. The field was twelve miles from my current position. I turned the nose of the ship to that magnetic heading and I was there in five minutes.

Angelina County Airport is located about seven miles southwest of Lufkin. The airport has two concrete runways oriented 07-25 and 15-33, both one hundred feet wide, 5,400 and 4,300 feet long, respectively. As I approached the field I called on my handheld radio and gave my position, and distance from the field, announced that I was going to overfly the field for a wind sock check, and that I intended to land.

<to be continued.>

To read the full story, click [here](#)



# AirVenture 2024



Have you ever been to Oshkosh? Several of us have not... BUT, we are planning to make the trek this year! We're planning to camp on the airport grounds for the full week of the show. We have seven or eight people so far in four vehicles going. If you have a way to camp and you'd like to caravan with us, please call Lori Davis at 775-764-7557. This will be the first time at the show for most of us! We'd love to have you along!

## Hangar HaHa

Wanna know how to make a small fortune running a charter airline?  
Start with a large one.

And here are a couple more pictures from your chapter, just because!



3rd Grade Field Trip



3rd Grade Field Trip

Remember, your officers are here to help if you have any questions or suggestions about getting our community flying! Call 'em, email 'em, or come have coffee with 'em!

- President                      Glenna Wagner
- Vice President                Hans Conser
- Treasurer                      Don Hibbert
- Secretary                      Tammy Moore
- Newsletter Editor          Larry Moody
- Program Coordinator        Charles Wagner
- Web Editor                     Larry Moody

Let your committee leaders know how they're doing and share your ideas! With our new projects, programs, and people, we can get more kids (and adults) off the ground!

<b>Committee</b>	<b>Members</b>	<b>Phone</b>
Flying Start	Hans	702-232-1908
Fundraising	Gladys	281-602-9702
Marketing	Larry, Hans	702-499-8229
Model Building	Bob	775-469-3052
Eagle Flights/Pilot	John, Peter	702-449-3147
Project Airplane	Lee	760-608-2765
Simulator	Larry, Ron, Tom	702-499-8229
Young Eagles	Larry, John	702-499-8229
Building/hangar	Lee, Charles	775-537-1097
Food	Glenna, Libbie, Martha	775-537-1097
Merchandise table	Glenna, Martha	775-537-1097

Come by (almost) every Saturday for coffee and hangar talk!

Want to chat? Call, email, text, smoke signals, carrier pigeon, Morse code, or any method that works for you!

Meetings and events are listed [here](#)

Learn about Young Eagles [here](#)

Learn about Eagle Flights [here](#)

Learn about Flying Start [here](#)

Learn about AirVenture [here](#)

See all your newsletters [here](#)

That's all for now!

**See you at the Monthly Meeting on June 1st!**



**EAA Chapter 1160**

*Pahrump NV*

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