



EAA Chapter 1160 • Pahrump NV

September 2024 Newsletter

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Hello Member,

So, this month has been all about the Young Eagles Rally on October 19th. As always, we need your help to make it a fun and successful flying day for the kids. Contact Larry Moody or Glenna Wagner to volunteer!

As usual, check the calendar and/or come to coffee every Saturday for all the upcoming events! **IMPORTANT NOTES: The November 2nd meeting will be held at the HOA building at 900 Jenny Circle and there is no meeting in July.**

We are continuing to see new faces showing up at the Saturday coffees. This is a great trend. Please come out and join us!

We are still looking for a pilot member 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!

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!

The 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

<conclusion>

By Ron Settje

I taxied over to where numerous general aviation aircraft were parked and shut down. Someone from the fuel office walked out to the Stearman and asked if I wanted fuel. I said that would be great. They also said that the tower wanted me to call them when I was done. Tower? What tower? Then I noticed the sign above the fuel distributor read Pocatello. I had landed at the wrong airport and was in a great deal of trouble again.

After refueling the Stearman I pulled out my sectional. It seems I had intersected Interstate 15 north of the Interstate 80 cut-off. I followed Interstate 15 due north to Pocatello. Eventually, my GPS would have advised me of my error but it had run out of battery power and I had turned it off. I walked to the fuel office to pay my bill and call the FAA personnel in the tower. This was another phone call I was not looking forward to making.

I called the tower. Hello? I'm the jerk in the Stearman who just busted your airspace. I thought I was landing at Burley. My GPS failed about twenty minutes out otherwise I would have realized my error. I paused to take a breath before continuing. The guy on the other end of the line started to giggle, then laugh. Hey, these guys in Idaho were not as difficult as the guys in Texas. Do you realize the runway you landed on was closed and that it's full of potholes? I said, "It sure looked good out there and I didn't hit any potholes." I thought about it but decided not to tell him about the pasture in east Texas. I'm a non-radio Stearman after engine start. Could I get some light gun signals during a departure out of here? No problem. Taxi to runway 21, wait for the light gun signal, and then depart. I hung up the phone and exhaled.

The guys at the FBO thanked me for stopping by, it was the most excitement they had all week.

I departed Pocatello for Gooding, Idaho. I flew over the American Falls Reservoir, a shallow lake west of Pocatello, and was immediately in the desert. It was mid-afternoon. The sun was warming the ground and creating rising currents of warm air. I was getting bounced around a little. This was the roughest part of my trip so far. More unusual terrain. Lava flows. This area must have volcanic origins. Throughout my entire trip, I continued the same instrument scan; oil pressure, manifold pressure, rpm setting, altimeter, GPS, and then scanned outside of the cockpit for traffic, obstacles, and the scenery.

About halfway to Gooding the engine oil pressure started to fluctuate between 80 and 75 psi. The normal psi reading for the entire trip had been 80 psi. I began to watch this gauge very carefully. The desert floor was flat. If the big Pratt forced me to set the Stearman down I would have no troubles landing. However, I was literally out in the middle of nowhere.

Twenty miles south of my position interstate 80 ran along the Snake River. There were small communities along the interstate, but walking to one of them would be an arduous task. I began to wonder why I didn't have a gallon of water with me in the Stearman.

Soon I began to see evidence of civilization. Roads, periodic buildings. I was passing Shoshone, Idaho off my right wing. Gooding was about fifteen miles away. The engine oil pressure was still fluctuating up and down between 75 and 80 psi. I flew on. The terrain began to change again. Rolling hills began to emerge on the horizon. The terrain was rising and vegetation appeared on the ground. Low and close to the ground. Like the

vegetation on the high plateaus of southern Wyoming.

The airport at Gooding is about three miles southwest of the community and sits upon a small mound about five miles in diameter. It almost looked like an ancient man-made structure but I knew it was a natural formation. There were two runways. Runway 7-25 with a recent asphalt surface and runway 17-35 that was concrete surfaced in a state of disrepair. I called Unicorn to advise traffic of my Intentions. I flew down runway 7-25 and checked the wind sock. Judging from the wind sock the wind was blowing about 290 magnetic at about 12 to 14 mph. There was no place to land next to runway 7-25. I came out around to fly down runway 17-35. I dropped down to about twenty-five feet above the runway to get a close look. Off to the northwest side at the runway threshold was a pickup truck and two fellas sitting at a picnic table. They seemed a little startled but managed a wave as I flew down the runway. I didn't like Runway 35 either. I decided to land on runway 25.

I entered the downwind leg, made a right base turn, and set up for final. Right rudder and left aileron; a little slip to move the nose of the ship out of my line of sight. All this time I was watching the oil pressure. My nerves were on edge. The thought occurred to me that if I lost the engine while approaching this field that I would slam into the slope of the mound. I crossed the runway threshold and had the field made. I raised the nose of the Stearman in the flare for a three-point landing. As she was touching down the wind raised the right wings and brought the right main tire off the ground. I was unprepared. The Stearman veered into the wind and headed off the runway toward the terminal building. By the time I had the Stearman under control and stopped I was in the weeds between the runway and the down area. The

Stearman was not damaged. I was upset with myself. I taxied over to the tie-down area and shut

down. Prop pitch full forward. Throttle full aft. Mixture full aft. Mags off. Fuel supply valve off.

As I shut down a pick-up truck pulled up. It was the two fellas from the end of runway 35. They had been flying radio-controlled model airplanes but wanted a closer look at the Stearman. They said the airport was closed because it was Saturday. They offered to call the fuel supplier to the airport so I could purchase fuel.

The prop, engine, firewall, forward fuselage, and leading edges of the lower wings had engine oil all over them. A visual inspection showed that the leak appeared to be coming from the propeller. I was concerned. Is there a mechanic who knows something about radial engines nearby? Can I get him to look at the engine today?

One of the model airplane flyers was also a C1 72 driver. He knew the people and area fairly well. Twin Falls, about thirty-five miles south by Interstate 80, had radial engine people. Also, Caldwell, just twenty-five miles northwest of Boise, had radial engine people, and they would be open today.

Caldwell was in my direction of flight. But it was 120 miles and Boise was in the way. Boise airspace required two-way radio communications and probably a transponder. I would have to avoid this airspace.

I pulled out a sectional and the guys told me to fly northwest until I picked up Interstate 80. I should stay with Interstate 80 until I come to Indian Springs. Indian Springs was a large truck stop with a small lake lying just west of the truck stop. I couldn't miss it. At this point, change my heading and turn southwest to fly around the Boise airspace. Continue on this heading until my GPS indicates that Caldwell is due north. Then fly to Caldwell. This would take me around Boise airspace.

I fueled the Stearman and dumped six gallons of aviation oil in the reserve oil tank aft of the pilot seat. The reserve oil tank only held ten gallons. Previous to this I was burning one quart of oil every other day. I had gone through six gallons in one hour of flight time. I realized there was a chance I wouldn't make it to Caldwell. But I knew that I couldn't get the Stearman repaired in Gooding. I thanked the fellas for the info and departed Gooding without any problems.

The terrain turned into rolling hills. Off the right wing was steeply rising terrain that became mountains. Shortly I picked up Interstate 80 and followed it. I was IPR again. The engine oil pressure continued to fluctuate. Only now I knew I was pumping oil overboard. How long did I have before running out of oil? I was on edge again.

In a little while the engine sputtered. I was in the outside cockpit part of my scan when this happened. I scanned the engine instruments instantly and everything was normal. Engine oil pressure had dropped but was holding at a steady 75 psi. I flew on. The terrain was rising and becoming more hilly. Good, level landing areas were becoming few and far between.

There it was. A large truck stop with a small lake. Indian Springs. By now the engine had sputtered several times. I was becoming concerned. If the engine quit where would I land? The terrain below did not look good. I stayed with Interstate 80.

Holy cow! The big Pratt's rpm just took a major dive and then was back to normal. I hadn't touched any of the engine controls. I knew what was going on. The big Pratt was struggling at trying to keep the engine psi at a constant 80 pounds, but couldn't do it because of the oil leak. I knew then that I had to set this bird down before she did it for me. A scan of the terrain indicated that now was not the time to land.

I pushed the "near" function on my GPS. This would list the nearest airports in descending order from my current position. Top on the list was Boise. I couldn't go there. I didn't have two-way radio communication or a transponder. How far was the next airport? Twenty miles. Out of the question. I had to land the Stearman now. How far was Boise? Six miles. I had already entered their airspace. Meanwhile, the big Pratt sputtered again. I made my decision. If I had been thinking clearly, I could have pushed one more button on my GPS and I could have had Boise Tower frequencies. But I wasn't thinking clearly. The adrenaline was flowing. I reached for my handheld radio and dialed in 121.5, the emergency frequency, and I started transmitting.

Boise Tower this is Stearman 039 on a flight from Gooding to Caldwell transmitting on 121.5. I am six miles southeast of Boise. I am experiencing engine trouble and I would like to declare an emergency. My eta is three minutes and I intend to land at Boise. I am transmitting on a handheld radio and will not be able to hear your response.

Now the adrenaline was really flowing. I knew I was in trouble with the FAA but I figured I would deal with it after I landed the Stearman safely on the ground. First things first. I concentrated on flying the Stearman. The big Pratt was still producing power, but the intermittent power loss was becoming more frequent.

I was still over Interstate 80. I knew the interstate would take me to Boise. I continued to scan the cockpit instruments looking for the first moment of trouble. The prop kept turning. Shortly the desert turned into an oasis. There were green trees and fields. The Boise River ran straight through town. Civilization again. My GPS told me I was three miles from the field.

Boise Tower this is Stearman 039 transmitting on 121.5. I am currently 3 miles southeast of Boise and experiencing engine trouble. I am declaring an emergency and announcing my intention to

land. I am transmitting on a handheld radio and will not be able to hear your response.

I was now well within the perimeter of the city. An emergency landing anyplace other than the airport would have been disastrous for myself, the Stearman, and property owners on the ground. There it was! The airport. Off my two o'clock position. What a beautiful airport! Two parallel runways numbered 10 and 28. I flew directly to the field at pattern altitude.

Boise Tower this is Stearman 039 over the field intending to land on runway 28R. I say again I intend to land on 28R. I made a sharp left-hand turn over both runways to enter a left downwind for runway 28R. It didn't occur to me until later that runway 28R was probably flown using a right-hand traffic pattern. It was the shortest downwind, base, and final I had ever flown. On downwind I looked at the Tower. There it was! A green light! The Tower had heard my earlier transmissions. I was going to reduce power on base but I remembered what Lloyd had said at LeGros. When the engine is under stress don't change the rpm setting until you have the field made. I turned final. Lowered the nose and reduced the engine power setting. I made a three-point landing in the first 1500 feet of the 7400-foot runway. The prop continued to turn. I taxied off the runway to the tie-down area and shut down.

I walked over to one of several fuel suppliers and was told the Tower personnel wanted to talk to me. I was becoming accomplished at making these calls. She answered the phone "Boise Tower". "I'm the guy in the Stearman who just busted your airspace." "What happened? You scared the heck out of us up here." "I experienced engine trouble with my engine oil pressure fluctuating all over the place. If you guys were excited on the ground, how do you think I felt? I was a little excited too." "Well, thanks for the call. We just wanted to make sure you understood that you busted our airspace and we wanted to find out what happened." I hung up. I breathed a sigh

of relief. No violations or citations. I headed back to the Stearman.

She was a mess. Engine oil everywhere. It was late Saturday afternoon, August 26th, between 5 and 6 pm. There were no mechanics around. There was nothing I could do in Boise. And the lady I was planning to meet in Portland was arriving from Chicago within the hour. I called my brother and asked him to meet that flight. I caught an Alaska Airlines flight to Seattle and then to Portland arriving at 11 pm that evening. I spent the subsequent six days in Portland doing what most normal people do while on vacation. •

The second FBO I contacted at the Boise airport would look at my Stearman. They found an oil seal in the prop that was leaking and repaired it. It was Friday, September 1, at about 4 pm Boise time. I found my Stearman sitting in front of the FBO. She was easy to locate amid the Cessna and Piper aircraft.

I paid the maintenance charges and performed a preflight. The maintenance guys said they had washed her but they hadn't done a very good job. It would have to do. I had to be back in Alaska Sunday night in order to report for work Monday morning.

After a preflight but before engine start I called Boise Ground. I advised them I was a non-radioed Stearman after engine start with ATIS - departure to the northwest for Baker, Oregon - request light gun signals to depart the field. Boise Ground instructed me to taxi to runway 28R, watching for traffic, and wait for a green light after run-up. Upon departure, they gave me clearance to climb to 3000 feet direct to Baker, Oregon. I started the big Pratt and everything came into the green with engine oil pressure at 75 psi. I taxied out to runway 28R with a Boeing 737 following me on my tail. It occurred to me that both the Stearman and 737 had been built by Boeing.

I pulled off to the edge of the taxiway for my run up and the Boeing jet pulled out onto the runway and departed. After the engine run-up, I turned the Stearman to face the Tower looking for a green light. I immediately got the green light. I transmitted on my handheld radio - "Boise Tower Stearman 039 has a green light for departure to the west on runway 28R. Thanks for the help." After looking for traffic I pulled out onto the runway and took off.

Shortly after leaving Boise the terrain started rising again. Baker, Oregon sat on the eastern side of the Blue Mountains. The Blue Mountains was a range of 6000-foot peaks in eastern Oregon with a northeast-southwest orientation. This mountain range stretched into southern Washington state. Baker was at an elevation of 3400 msl with three runways. The community was in a valley next to Interstate 84. The flight to Baker, Oregon lasted about one hour. I watched the oil pressure gauge like a hawk. The indicator never moved off 75 psi. I landed on runway 30 without incident. I refueled and thoroughly inspected the prop and engine for oil leaks. I could find none.

My next best destination was Walla Walla, Washington. It was about one hour away and they had fuel. But they also had a tower. No surprises this time. I called the Walla Walla Tower on the telephone. I explained I was flying a Stearman with a handheld radio and that I could transmit but not receive. Could I get permission to land at Walla Walla? "No problem. Have you been here before?" "No sir." "We are currently using runway 20. You will approach from the southeast. Just call when you enter the downwind leg for runway 20 and look for a green light. When will you depart Baker?" "In just a few minutes. I'll be there in one hour."

I departed Baker, Oregon with no problems and crossed the Blue Mountains. The terrain turned into treeless rolling hills. I continued to watch the oil pressure gauge. The indicator never moved off

75 psi. I had not worn a jacket on this entire trip. I had not been cold at any time, even at 10500 msl when I left Wyoming and entered Utah. Now I was at 7500 msl and it was chilly. I was getting closer to home.

Walla Walla, Washington had three runways at an elevation of 1200 msl. I was almost at sea level again. I circled down from 5500 msl to pattern altitude. As I came around to enter a 45-degree angle for the downwind leg of runway 20 I called the Tower. I immediately received a green light. I called the Tower again and acknowledged the green light and my clearance to land on runway 20. I made a nice wheel landing and taxied for fuel and a tie-down. It was dusk and after 6 pm. I would stay the night. I called the Tower after engine shut down and thanked them for letting me land in Walla Walla. They said they were happy to have me.

The next day dawned clear. Tyler, Texas was the only marginal weather I had encountered on my trip. A direct flight to Colville from Walla Walla was about one hundred and seventy miles due north. But there were no good airports en route for a fuel stop except several around Spokane, Washington. Most of these were in class B or C airspace. You guessed it, I needed a radio and a transponder. Instead, I flew to Pullman, Washington, and then to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Both legs were beautiful and about 75 miles long. The terrain changed from treeless rolling hills to forests with lakes and rivers.

I left Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and flew in a northwesterly direction again to Colville, another 75 miles. Just north of Mt. Spokane to a little valley east of the Columbia River. Colville has one runway, 1-19. I checked for traffic and winds and landed on runway 1. It was a wheel landing. My log book showed 2400 miles in 18.3 hours of flying. I had made it! I had a big grin on my face as I taxied to tie down.

Hangar HaHa

A man parachuted out of an airplane and his chute did not open. As he headed for almost certain death, he saw a man coming up toward him through the air from the ground.

As the man zoomed by, the man headed down asked, "Do you know anything about parachutes?"

The man replied in passing, "No, you know anything about gas stoves?"

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!

Committee	Members	Phone
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 Meeting on October 5th!



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