



EAA Chapter 1160 • Pahrump NV

June 2024 Newsletter

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Hello Member,

It's been a fairly quiet month! You know... just too hot.

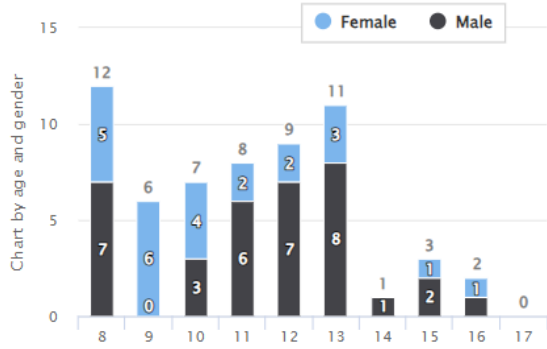
As usual, check the calendar and/or come to coffee every Saturday for all the upcoming events! **IMPORTANT NOTES: The November 2nd meeting will be held at the HOA building at 900 Jenny Circle and there is no meeting in July.**

We've had several new faces showing up at the Saturday coffees. Please come out and join us!

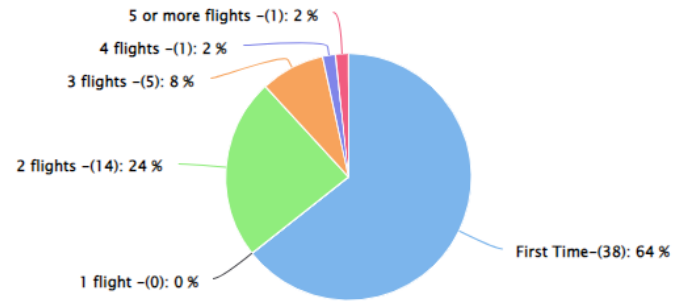
We are still looking for an individual pilot who can stay in touch with other pilots in the area throughout the year to help 'get the word out' when we hold an event. If you are active in the pilot community and would like to help out, please volunteer as a Pilot Coordinator for us!

In case you missed it, here are the numbers from the May Young Eagles Rally. We flew 59 kids before the wind got too strong, and then we had to cancel with around 20 kids still waiting. Here are the details:

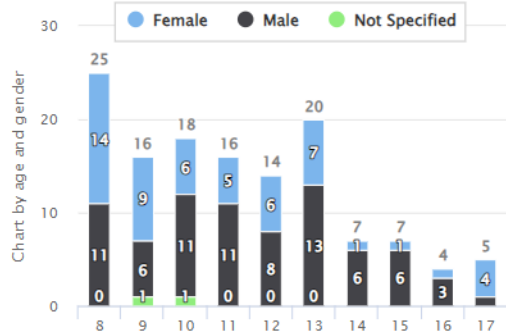
Y.E. flown today by age and gender



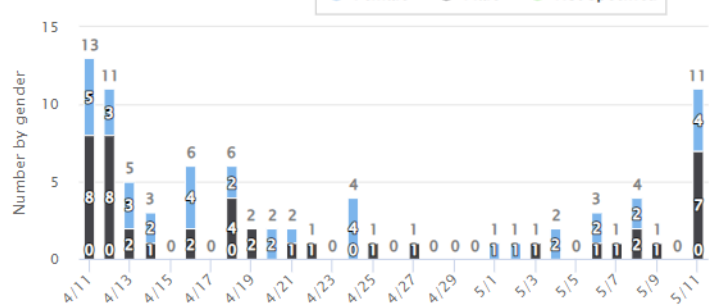
of previous Young Eagle flights



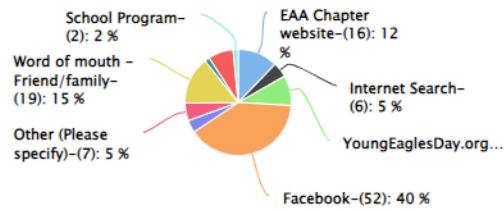
Registered by age and gender



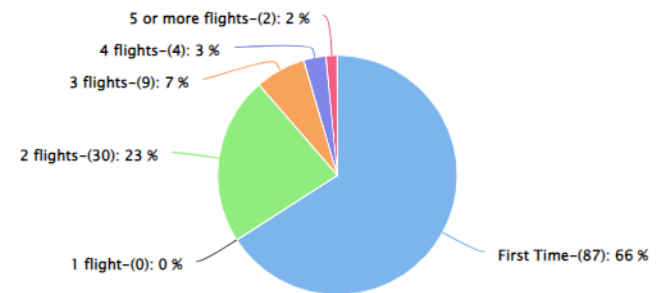
Registrations for last 30 days by gender (before)



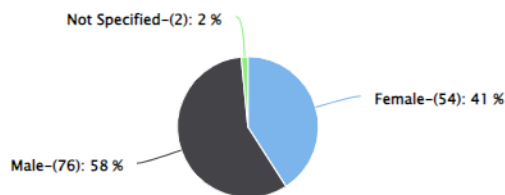
How did you hear about this event?



of previous Young Eagles Rally



Total youth by gender



The Lottery Fund Raiser is over

The winner will be announced on July 4th. Contact Hans or Gladys for the time and location.

Check your tickets! The winning numbers are **40 18 35 9 32 21**

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 wind sock indicated that runway 25 was the best runway for landing. I executed a right-hand pattern for runway 25 and landed in the grass on the right side of the runway. It had been raining here because when I sat down there was a large spray of water and the Stearman came to an abrupt stop in about six inches of water. As nonchalantly as possible I taxied over and up onto the runway. I had just completed the first leg of my trip to the west coast. It was just after 4 pm. It had taken me seven hours to refuel the Stearman and take off again after landing in the pasture.

I taxied over to refuel the Stearman. An inspection of the aircraft yielded no damage except for some grass wrapped around the right wheel axle. However, I looked terrible. My pants had green grass stains above the knees and I was still wet. I changed into a set of clean dry clothes in the men's room. After purchasing a Coke from a vending machine I relaxed in the airport terminal lobby before calling the FAA for a weather briefing. While fueling the ramp personnel told me it had been raining heavily at the airport so I wanted to check for thunderstorms in the area.

My next stop was Tyler, Texas.

Tyler was about 85 miles northwest of Lufkin. Tyler had a full control tower. I was a little concerned about that because I could transmit on my handheld radio but I could not hear radio traffic while flying. The big 600-hp Pratt was so loud that I wore earplugs and a headset. Tyler had three big concrete runways that were 150 wide with two runways 5,000 feet long and one runway was 7,200 feet long. I had to dodge thunderstorms on the early part of my flight from Lufkin to Tyler. About halfway there the weather cleared bringing bright sunshine and warmer temperatures. My mood became a little more light-hearted. About forty minutes into the flight I came to a large narrow lake that was oriented north/south called Lake Palestine. The airport for Tyler, Texas was located at the northeastern edge of the lake about three miles west of the city.

The FAA weather briefer I called when I was in Lufkin had given me a different tower frequency than what was published in the airport facilities directory. I asked the gentleman twice if this frequency was correct because it did not agree with the published frequency. He assured me this was the correct frequency.

I dialed this frequency into my handheld radio and began transmitting my position and intentions about twelve miles from the field. I approached the field slightly above pattern altitude and checked the wind sock. The wind

was blowing from the north so I selected runway 35 for landing. I periodically announced my intentions on the radio. I bounced the Stearman onto the concrete runway and taxied onto a taxiway. I then switched to the published ground frequency and requested permission to taxi to the fuel depot. I could hear ground respond to my radio call but I couldn't hear what they were saying. I called a couple of times. Each time I would bow my head inside the cockpit to get out of the prop slipstream hoping to hear Tyler ground. I finally looked at the tower. There it was. A bright green light. The first one I had ever seen at an airport. Instantly I knew this was for me and I remembered from my classroom work as a student pilot that the green light meant I had clearance to taxi to the fuel depot.

After arriving at the fuel depot and shutting down the ramp personnel told me that the tower wanted me to call. I had never called the tower before, this was one call I was not looking forward to making. The tower personnel were very upset with me. He explained he was responsible for guiding aircraft traffic in and out of the airport zone but the first he knew of my presence was when I flew by the tower and one of his co-workers said, "Hey! Isn't that a Stearman!" And then to add insult to injury he had gotten very tired of flashing the green light after I had landed. He threatened to recommend remedial light gun and airport radio procedure training to my local FSDO.

I was very apologetic and explained how I had gotten the wrong tower frequency. After a twenty-minute conversation, in which I did most of the listening, the conversation ended with me promising to review radio and light gun procedures. By now it was past 6 pm. I decided to call it a day. I tied the Stearman down. Called a cab. And stayed the night in Tyler, Texas.

I was up early the next morning. It was very humid and moist. Visibility was about three miles and the ceiling might have been at 1,000 feet. It was marginal VFR weather. And I wanted to leave Tyler first thing. Great, just great. I arrived at the airport via cab. I untied the Stearman, seatbelted my bag in the forward cockpit seat, and pre-flighted the airplane. Mags and master switch off. I pulled the prop through four times to move oil out of the lower cylinders. I jumped into the aft cockpit, strapped in, and listened to ATIS with my handheld. The ATIS said it was three miles of visibility and barely a 1,000-foot ceiling. I called Tyler ground and announced I had ATIS and that I was a non-radioed Stearman after engine start who wanted to depart to the north. Tyler ground responded by stating that visibility had just gone to two miles, that the zone around the airport was now IPR, and to please state my intentions. I thought about asking for a special VFR clearance out of the zone because it looked better than two miles to me. But because I was unfamiliar with the surrounding countryside I decided to wait for better visibility.

I asked Tyler ground if the airport restaurant was open for breakfast.

I had a cinnamon roll and a glass of milk. I watched the turboprop traffic come and go. The entire crew from one of these ships came into the coffee shop. There was a slight breeze from the east and they were landing on runway 13. I asked if the visibility was less than three miles when they approached the field. One of the crew responded that the tower was reporting about two miles of visibility but they found the visibility to be closer to three miles.

A minute or two later I could be found out on the ramp pulling the prop through. I strapped in the aft cockpit and listened to ATIS. The tower was now reporting visibility back to three miles. I called Tyler ground and received clearance to taxi to the threshold of runway 13 and to wait for a green light from the Tower. I started the big Pratt and taxied out between two twin-engine turboprops who also wanted to depart on runway 13. I did a quick run-up, mag and carb heat check. I swung around toward the tower and saw a bright green light. I looked for traffic and then pulled out onto the runway. I advanced the throttle steadily but not briskly. I brought the tail up and lifted off the runway. Still advancing the throttle I made a sharp left turn to the north and flew right by the tower. I waved goodbye.

My next destination was my last stop in Texas. A little town on Interstate 30 about 50 miles south

of the Texas-Oklahoma border called Sulphur Springs. Sulphur Springs had one runway oriented north/south numbered 18-36. The runway was asphalt, 5,000 feet long and 75 feet wide. And the airport directory said they had avgas.

I was now leaning the 600 hp Pratt almost immediately after takeoff. I planned to make shorter hops without missing any gas pumps. The visibility went to twenty miles a short distance from Tyler. It was a beautiful morning having departed Tyler at about 10:30 am. At least the haze that I found in St. Louis and Louisiana that seemed to dampen my spirits had disappeared.

The flight to Sulphur Springs was short. About forty minutes. I announced my intentions to land on unicorn about ten miles from the field. Upon my arrival, there was a strong wind from due east that I estimated at twelve to eighteen mph. The crosswind was at ninety degrees. After checking the wind sock I came in to land on runway 18. My skill level was not adequate to handle this much crosswind in a biplane. The right wings lifted causing the Stearman to drift left. The familiar sound of screeching tires causes me to execute a go-around.

I came around again to land on runway 18. The result was the same. As I was climbing for altitude the second time I decided that if I couldn't land with this much crosswind I would land into the wind. Now I looked at the field with

a new perspective. Immediately north and west of the runway was a large lake. Between the west side of the runway and the east side of the lake was a grass area that I estimated to be about 800 feet wide. There were trees along the lake shore about twenty-five feet in height. Approaching from the west and landing to the east, into the wind, I would have to come in low and slow over the trees. I would have 800 feet in which to land the Stearman before coming to the edge of the asphalt runway that stretched right and left before me. I would also have to be aware of and avoid the airport wind sock that would be just a little to the right of my landing path.

As I came around to downwind for runway 18 I was also on base for the new grass runway I had created in my mind. I turned final for the grass strip. I came in slow just over the top of the trees and chopped the power. Fuel mixture full rich, prop full forward. I lowered the nose of the ship to pick up a little speed for the flare. I was going to make a three-point landing. As I approached the ground I pulled the stick aft. It seemed like I didn't have very much room. I felt committed. The nose came up as I pulled the stick aft and I lost forward visibility. She was still flying but floating to the ground. It seemed to take forever. All I could do was keep the ship tracking straight into the wind. Where was the wind sock pole? How far away was the asphalt runway? Just about the time I was thinking about a go around all three wheels slammed onto the

ground. I was about one hundred feet from the asphalt runway and the wind sock pole was seventy feet away at the two o'clock position. Plenty of room. I had another grin on my face.

As nonchalantly as I could I taxied over to the edge of the asphalt runway and looked for traffic. Seeing none I taxied up and onto the asphalt runway and proceeded to the fuel pump. By now I was feeling a little embarrassed about my two missed approaches to runway 18. I was also hoping that no one was upset with me for my unorthodox approach and landing on the grass.

I shut down at the fuel pump and went to the airport office. There were three or four persons in the office but no one seemed upset. As a matter of fact, it was difficult for me to attract the counter person's attention so I could ask to purchase some fuel. I returned to my Stearman and the fuel attendant appeared moments later. While I was fueling the airplane a one-armed man approached the Stearman. He was about 5'7" with gray hair and seemed to be in his late 50's or early 60's. He said that he had heard the Stearman in the pattern and that he had to drive over to see the plane. He continued and said that there used to be numerous Stearmans in the area but that they were all gone now. A relic of the past. He further went on to say that it had been many years since he had seen any aircraft land on the old grass runway that I had landed upon. It made him feel good. Like old times.

I was starting to feel good too. Prior to this comment, I was feeling pretty cautious. Now I wanted to give the old man a big hug. Instead, due to fear that he might think I was weird, I simply held my shoulders a little more square and let my chest swell out a little. Our conversation soon ended. I paid for my fuel and departed on runway 18, the one I couldn't land on.

The next stop was Ardmore, Oklahoma. I would make four stops in Oklahoma today. Ardmore, Chichasha', Fairview, and Woodward. I selected these fields because they took me generally in a northwesterly direction, fuel was available, and they were all about 100 miles apart. I had no desire to run out of fuel again. I had decided to land on grass or dirt strips if they were available at these airports. When I encountered asphalt or concrete runways I landed in the grass between taxiways. I had no difficulties except when taking off from Chichasha. I landed on runway 18R, a grass runway that was 3400 feet long, because the wind was blowing from the southeast. After refueling I decided I would make a downwind takeoff on runway 36L, the same runway I had landed upon. I did not want to take the time to back taxi all the way down to 18R and then take off.

A takeoff on 36L resulted in a quartering right tailwind. The takeoff was fine until I raised the tail off the ground. The Stearman immediately veered right off the runway straight for the wind sock pole. I was not prepared for the

tailwind and I had lost control of the airplane. Do I chop the power and try to stop the Stearman? Or do I add power and try to take the Stearman off the ground before reaching the wind sock pole? I applied full throttle and raised the nose. I did not see the wind sock pole again. The lesson learned was that no matter how inconvenient never attempt a downwind takeoff in the Stearman. The remainder of the day was uneventful. After leaving Woodward, Oklahoma the next stop was Dodge City, Kansas.

It was between six and seven pm. I had traveled 450 miles since leaving Tyler, Texas. The three to four hours I lost in Tyler waiting for the weather to improve had cost me three hundred miles. I was now more than a day behind schedule. But I was tired and did not want to continue flying into unfamiliar terrain with diminishing daylight. I spent the night in Dodge City, Kansas.

It was now Friday, August 25, 1995. The morning dawned bright and clear. But there was something new about Dodge City. It was the aroma of the stockyards. I departed on runway 14 and flew over the stockyards climbing for altitude. There were acres and acres of stockyards. And they were all full of cattle. And in the open cockpit Stearman I could smell every one of them.

I continued my northwesterly heading. Scott City and then Goodland, Kansas. As I flew further west the visibility improved. At Goodland, I was seventeen miles

from the Colorado border. I began to look on the horizon for my next big hurdle, the continental divide, the rocky mountains. I had not encountered any rising terrain, no mountains. But the terrain was rising. In Sulphur Springs, Texas the elevation is 490. The elevation in Goodland, Kansas is 4,450. Alaska has wide open spaces. So does the lower 48. Most of the country I had traveled would have a periodic farmhouse and then a small town would pop up on the horizon. My next fuel stop. And the country was dry. Not at all like the green rainforests of southeast Alaska.

From Goodland, Kansas I flew to Akron, Colorado. I had crossed the Central time zone to the Mountain time zone. I picked up another hour. Upon arrival in Akron, I couldn't find the wind sock. I made several passes over the airport but couldn't determine the wind direction. I looked for a flag, smoke from a fire, even trees, or the wind blowing on the surface of a pond or lake. No luck.

I made my standard radio calls and selected a grassy area between two taxiways on the southwest side of runway 11. I came across the last taxiway perpendicular to my flight path. Fuel mixture rich. Prop full pitch. Slowly ease off the throttle. As I approached the ground I eased the nose up. The Stearman seemed to float forever. Something was wrong. I was landing downwind! The wind had shifted to the north. Should I execute a go-around? I had to have the Stearman on the ground

and stopped before I reached the next taxiway. Moments later the Stearman touched down. I chopped the throttle and with brake and rudder kept her tracking parallel to the asphalt runway. I stopped the Stearman fifty feet from the taxiway.

As inconspicuously as I could in my brightly painted black and yellow Stearman I taxied off the grass onto the asphalt taxiway and moseyed over to refuel. As I shut down the big Pratt three or four people had gathered around the nose of the Stearman. One of them was the fuel supplier and the other folks were mechanics. The fuel supplier said that he tried to call me several times to give me wind direction but I never responded. I told him I couldn't receive radio calls due to the noise level in the open cockpit Stearman. I told him I was a little alarmed when I realized that I was landing downwind. He responded by saying that I did just fine. He was not upset that I didn't land on the asphalt runway. He further went on to say that the airport wind sock had blown down a couple of days before and the city had not been out to replace it. Meanwhile, the mechanics were looking at the big Pratt and wanted to know if it was a 1340. I responded that it was. One of the fellows stated that she must be an awesome performer with all that horsepower. I said that she was sometimes quite a handful.

<to be continued.>

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

AirVenture 2024

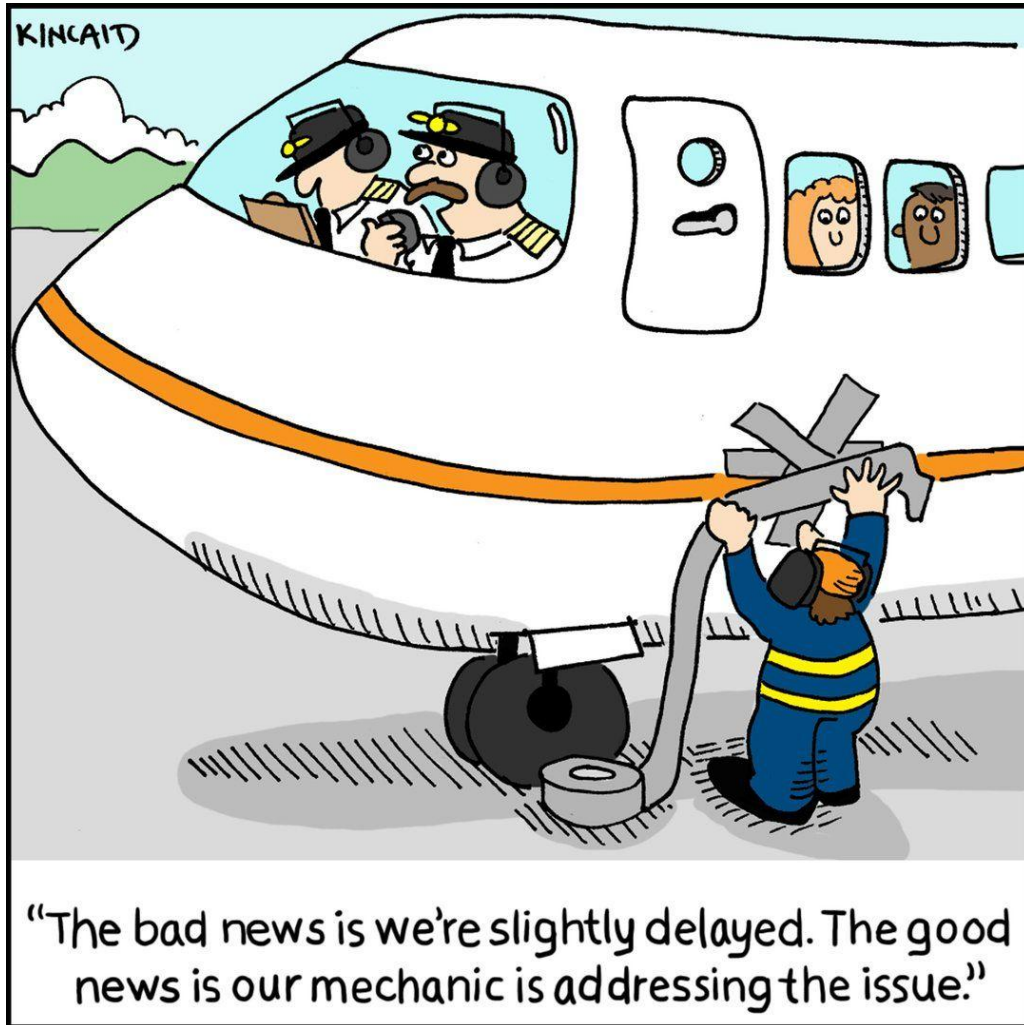


Have you ever been to Oshkosh? Several of us have not... BUT, we are planning to make the trek this year! We're planning to camp on the airport grounds for the full week of the show. We have seven or eight people so far in four vehicles going. If you have a way to camp and you'd like to caravan with 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!

Last Chance Before We Hit The Road! We are leaving on July 6th!



Hangar HaHa



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



Young Eagles Rally



Young Eagles Rally

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!

There will be no meeting in July.

See you at the Meeting on August 10th!



EAA Chapter 1160

Pahrump NV

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