



EAA Chapter 1160 • Pahrump NV

July/August 2024 Newsletter

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Hello Member,

This newsletter is for July and August 2024 because we were out of town.

If you didn't make it to Oshkosh for AirVenture 2024, you missed out! It was a fantastic show and the trip there was pretty great too! For more details, read on!

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!

The Lottery Fund Raiser is over

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!

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

<continued>

By Ron Settje

My next destination was Greeley, Colorado. The area around Greeley was flat with an elevation of 4800 msl. The terrain in my direction of flight was also quite green compared to a few hundred miles southeast of here. The South Platte River flowed east and looked as if the river was providing water for irrigation. The farmer's fields were green. And in the distance, about one hundred and sixty miles away, were the Rocky Mountains. There was quite a bit of general aviation traffic at Greeley. Several aircraft were in the pattern. I made my radio calls and overflew the field a couple hundred feet above pattern altitude. I selected a runway and landed. It was one o'clock in Greeley so after refueling I had lunch.

The night before while in Dodge City I had studied the sectionals and had determined that I could not continue west in northern Colorado and find fuel stops close enough together for an adequate fuel safety margin. I had to turn north now and fly into southern Wyoming. My next destination was Laramie, Wyoming.

As I flew north the terrain began to change again. It was now rising rapidly. The elevation at Laramie is 7300. But it was also very dry. Like a desert. There were no trees. Just low shrubs one or two feet off the ground. Laramie is just east of the

Medicine Bow Mountains and the entrance of a plateau that is oriented east-west in southern Wyoming. The plateau elevation is about 7000 msl with the Rocky Mountains rising above. This was very open and beautiful country and I was captivated.

I landed in the dirt at Laramie just to the right of runway 30. After taxing for fuel and shutting down the fuel attendant said that the airport manager had told him I had landed off the runway and he wanted to know if that was true. Yes, I told him I had landed off in the dirt because it was safer to land the Stearman on grass or dirt.

After leaving Laramie I continued to use my GPS and magnetic compass but my primary navigation method was IFR, I Follow Roads. A brilliant engineer had built Interstate Highway 80 that ran from Iowa to California. This interstate would take me into eastern Utah. From there I would turn north again and fly into southern Idaho. My next stop was Rawlins, Wyoming, about 120 miles further west on Interstate 80.

I had stopped at Rawlins for fuel and pressed on. I was now approaching Rock Springs, Wyoming about 130 miles west of Rawlins. The airport at Rock Springs was seven miles east of the city and sat on top of a small plateau that rose up from the valley floor. The airport elevation was 6800 msl. The airport was without a tower but there was a lot of activity. There were aircraft in the pattern and emergency

vehicles at the threshold of runway 27. The taxiways to runway 27 were blocked off so I presumed the emergency personnel were running a drill. I selected a section of ground next to Runway 21, just past the Runway 21-27 intersection.

I announced on my handheld radio my intention to land on runway 21. I came in low and slow. Just past the Runway 27 intersection, I crossed over the VASI for Runway 21. I chopped the power, set up for a three-point landing, and allowed the Stearman to sink toward the ground. From the runway intersection, I had about 2500 feet before reaching the end of the runway and falling, Stearman and all, off the plateau. I figured I had plenty of room.

It was a nice three-point landing. I kept the Stearman tracking straight until she came to a stop. I made a left turn to taxi up and onto the asphalt runway. As I did so I looked over my right shoulder and noted there was another 1500 feet before reaching the end of runway 21. Plenty of room. I now made a left turn to back taxi on runway 21 to reach the fuel station. As I made the turn I observed two emergency vehicles with their lights flashing speeding down runway 21 toward the Stearman.

The emergency vehicles pulled up next to the Stearman. The driver of the first vehicle got out and approached. The driver was a male in his late twenties with blond hair. I had left the engine running but had removed my headset, goggles,

leather helmet, and earplugs. We still had to shout in order to hear each other. He said it appeared to airport personnel that I had not landed on the runway and they were concerned for my safety. He asked if it was true that I had not landed on the runway. I responded by saying it was true that I had landed in the dirt but that I had done so because it was safer for me and the Stearman. Once he was assured that pilot and aircraft were ok he was concerned with airport property. He said I could damage airport property such as the runway lights by not landing on the asphalt runway. I assured him that I had not damaged any property and that he could verify that by inspecting the area. He instructed me to follow him and that he would escort me to the refueling station.

I refueled and departed Rock Springs for Evanston, Wyoming. Evanston was on Interstate 80 adjacent to the Utah Wyoming border. The distance was about 120 miles so the flight would last about 55 minutes. I had been heading almost due west since leaving Laramie but now it was past 6 pm. The sun was low on the horizon and directly in my flight path. I decided to land and find a hotel for the night. A small community was just off to the south of Interstate 80. I punched the "near" function on my GPS. The Fort Bridger airport was four miles north of my position.

I flew there and landed on runway 22, a newly resurfaced asphalt runway. I made a decent wheel

landing. I didn't want to attract any more emergency vehicles. I taxied up to the tie-down area and shut down. There were three structures at the airport, a hanger, a two-story residential home, and a one-story building that appeared to be the airport terminal building. No one was about. I knocked on the door of the residential home and the only response I received was a barking dog. I then went into the terminal building and found a calling card pay phone and telephone directory. I searched for a cab company directory listing and couldn't find one. I then called a motel only to be told there were no cabs in Fort Bridger and that the hotel was nine miles away. The motel desk person suggested I call the county sheriff's department to get a ride into town. I considered jumping back into the Stearman and flying to Evanston. But I was unsure about my fuel supply. I decided I should at least refuel.

It would be inappropriate to call the Alaska State Troopers for taxi cab service, but that's what the motel desk person had essentially suggested I do. I considered spending the night at the airport without a sleeping bag. I liked that idea less than calling the county sheriff's department. The county sheriff dispatcher was very cordial. She said she would have a vehicle there in just a few minutes.

Sure enough. An officer pulled up in a few minutes and drove me to the motel. The officer and I had a pleasant conversation and he suggested that I call the county sheriff dispatcher in the morning

for a ride back to the airport. Amazing.

I called the county sheriff dispatcher in the morning and she was expecting my call. Sure enough. An officer pulled up at the motel in a few minutes and drove me to the airport. Amazing.

The airport looked like a ghost town. After knocking on the door of the residential home for ten minutes a woman came to the door and said there was no fuel at the airport. No fuel? How was I going to get to Evanston? I pulled out the sectional, looked at my fuel site guage, and made some calculations. I wasn't sure I could make it.

The sheriff, who had hung around to make sure I was going to get off alright, said that he had seen too many aircraft accidents to let me leave without a full fuel tank. He drove me back to town. We visited a couple of his friends and found half a dozen jerry jugs. He topped them off at the county fuel depot and then we returned to the airport. After refueling the Stearman I left Fort Bridger grateful for the hospitality.

After leaving Fort Bridger I climbed from 7000 msl to about 10500 msl in order to cross a mountain range oriented north-south. This range was about twenty-five minutes from Fort Bridger. After crossing the peaks of this range the mountains fell away abruptly into a valley that ran north-south. The terrain below changed again. It became drier than Wyoming. It

was a desert mixed with green patches where farmers were irrigating. The valley was twenty or thirty miles wide with communities up and down the valley along a central road. One of these communities was my destination, Logan, Utah.

Logan, Utah had three runways at an elevation of 4500 feet msl. I performed my standard procedure. I called traffic ten miles from the field. I checked the wind sock above pattern altitude. Concrete runway 17-35 appeared to be the best runway for the wind. I looked for traffic and dropped down low to fly along the east side of runway 35, looking for an off-runway landing strip. I was making a close inspection of the ground because I wasn't satisfied with what I was seeing. As I reached the end of the runway I looked down the side of the strip and I saw a twin-engine Piper on final approach to runway 17. We were awfully close to each other. I threw in hard right stick and rudder to fly away from the runway. As I leveled off I looked back at the field. The twin-engine Piper had crossed the runway threshold and was just touching down. The pilot had not changed his heading.

I figured if runway 17 was good enough for the Piper pilot it was good enough for me. I swung around, looked for other traffic, and made a wheel landed on runway 17. It was a long taxi to the refueling station. I had visions of the Piper pilot chewing me out for not maintaining adequate aircraft separation.

After shutting down I was approached by a glider pilot who wondered if I had a tow hook and could tow him to some nearby thermals. I responded by saying I didn't have a tow hook. The folks in the fuel office told me that the fuel truck was off airport being refueled. After my Fort Bridger experience, I was happy they had a fuel truck let alone fuel. I then called the Uinta County Sheriff dispatcher in Fort Bridger and left a message that I had arrived safely at my next fuel stop. The twin-engine Piper pilot was also waiting for fuel but he didn't say anything about the near miss over the threshold to runway 17. I didn't mention it either. After a vending machine transaction that produced a cold one, I strolled out to the Stearman. There were a couple of folks looking her over and a third drove up in a car. The driver said he had heard and seen the Stearman in the airport pattern and had driven over to get a closer look.

While waiting for fuel I studied the sectional and thought about putting new batteries in my GPS. I decided the GPS batteries should last through the completion of my next flight to Burley, Idaho. I had to fly due west into the next valley and pick up Interstate Highway 15 northbound. Almost due west from Logan Interstate Highway 80 branches off from Interstate Highway 15 and heads northwest toward Burley. The airport at Burley does not have a tower and lies halfway between Pocatello and Twin Falls. Both Pocatello and Twin

Falls have towers that would require two-way radio communications. This was airspace I had to avoid.

I departed Logan on runway 35 and turned west climbing for altitude. Reaching the next valley I found an interstate running north-south. I figured this was Interstate 15. I turned north so that I could intersect Interstate 80, which should have branched off to the northwest. A few minutes later my GPS gave me the message that I had five minutes to replace the batteries before suffering a complete power failure. The batteries were in the storage compartment behind the aft cockpit. I turned the GPS off.

I was monitoring my time in route because I knew the distance between Logan and Burley and I knew what my ground speed was averaging on this trip. A few minutes before arriving at Burley I exited a valley and found an interstate highway running east-west. I located the airport about seven miles northwest of Burley. The runways were oriented as I remembered them on the sectional. There were three runways in the basic shape of a triangle. Runway 3-21 had recently been recovered with asphalt. The other two runways were not as well maintained.

I had called ten miles from the field to advise other aircraft that I was going to overfly the field and make a wind sock check. I flew over the field above pattern altitude but couldn't find the wind sock. I now

dropped down below pattern altitude to look for the wind sock. I still couldn't find the wind sock. I didn't want to land downwind like I did at Akron, Colorado. I made another low pass. There it is! Right in the center of the three runways. What idiot would have thought to have put it there? The wind was blowing from the west. Runway 25 looked good.

While I was looking for the wind sock a twin-engine DeHavilland turboprop had pulled up to the threshold to runway 21. I set up an approach to runway 25. It looked like it had been a while since any maintenance work had been done on the runway. But it looked a whole lot better than the pasture in east Texas. I made a fairly decent wheel landing. While back taxiing I noticed there was grass growing up through the cracks in the concrete and a few potholes on the edge of the runway. The DeHavilland turboprop departed on runway 21.

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.

<to be continued.>

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

AirVenture 2024

What a Trip!

After weeks of planning and packing, it was finally time to depart. Peter still had some work to do on the van and Hans and Gladys would fly in the week of the show so the caravan would consist of two vehicles instead of three.

The drive was slow and easy, over a full week, and we arrived a week before the show as well. We stayed at some nice campgrounds on the way and passed many places that we definitely want to explore further on a future trip.

Although we had a chapter camp reserved, we decided that we preferred spots with full hookups. Peter, Lori, Hans, and Gladys would take the reserved space when they arrived.



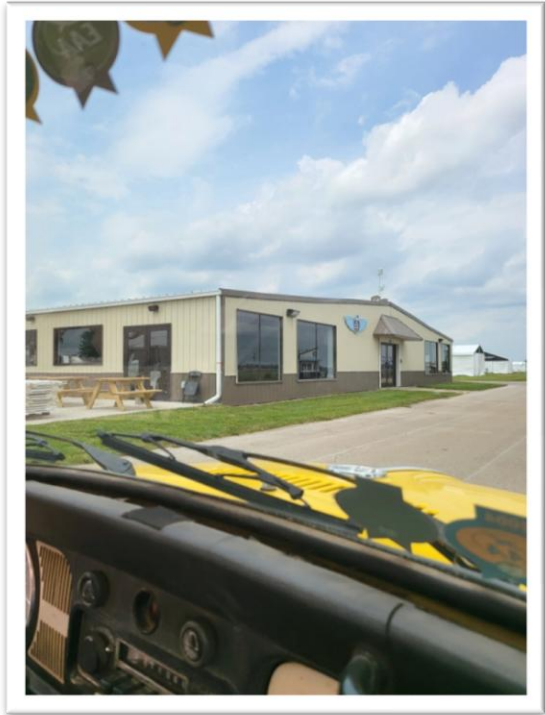
As you can see, we beat the rush by a significant margin!

We may not have been surrounded by other campers, but before we even had the camp set up, one of the volunteers came by to see how it was going and offered us a driving tour of the grounds. Of course, we said yes! Kenny was a wealth of information! He'd been volunteering here since he was a kid!

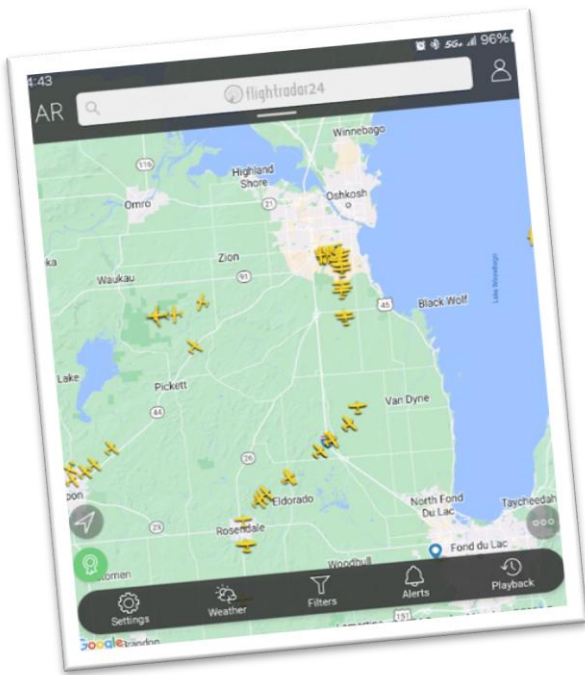


Thanks also to Mike L., another long-time AirVenture volunteer who's also a new member of Chapter 1160. Mike took us out to the warbirds and other interesting areas. No pictures of that tour, sadly. Mike and his wife also helped us out at our May Young Eagles event.

It was kind of surreal with basically nobody there except the people setting up and a few planes coming in one at a time.



The mass arrivals were cool. You could see the conga line of planes online as they appeared overhead. There were mass arrivals for Cessnas, Mooneys, and Pipers, and probably others that I missed ☹️



On the second-to-last day, we tried to cover the museum, but after three hours, we gave up. There's just too much to see! Plus, we were getting hungry!



On opening day, of course, things ramped up quickly. The crowd was over 680,000 people, a new record for AirVenture! There were daily air shows, all the EAA swag you could ever want, and two incredible nighttime air shows with fireworks! It was non-stop action and literally no way to see it all!

So I guess we'll be planning another trip! Also, Fun N Sun is in Lakeland Fl in April!

Here are a few pictures we took. Check out all our pictures [here](#). See the incredible nighttime air show and fireworks [here](#).





Hangar HaHa

Lady, you want me to answer you if this old airplane is safe to fly?
Just how in the world do you think it got to be this old? — *Anon*

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 August 10th!



EAA Chapter 1160

Pahrump NV

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