

Concho Valley Aviator

Monthly Newsletter, Chapter 493, Experimental Aircraft Association

Refreshments

January
February
March Don & Jade Smucker
April Lawrence & Nancy Wright
May Norm & Marty Beauchamp
June George & Martha Spinks
July Don Treadwell
August Al & Anne Elliot
September Pat Nuytten
October Bob Reese
November David Weathersbee
December Christmas Party

March 2010 Newsletter, San Angelo, Texas

March Meeting

The March 2010 meeting will be on March 16th at 7:00 pm in the Mathis Airport Terminal Conference room. The program will be given by Pat Nuytten on the FAA Wings Program.

Refreshments will provided by Don and Jade Smucker

Bill Yeates, Editor

Minutes

Minutes of EAA Chapter 493 - Feb. 16,2010

Richard Martin, Secretary

1. President Pat Nuytten called meeting to order
2. Visitors: Clinton Bailey and Jack Tyler
3. Minutes read by Richard Martin of Jan Meeting and motion to accept by Bud Green and seconded by Joe Christian.

New Business:

4. Gerry Hatch on way to AZ to get new airplane.
5. OSH / Yahoo group page discussion and those interested need to respond by Feb 28.

Old Business

6. Bob Reece has filed our State Incorporation papers.

Presentation by Clinton Bailey and Pat Nuytten on trip to NJ to pick up Clinton's Tomahawk.

Meeting adjourned for refreshments.

Flying Tall Tales

The Ercoupe and The Bean Field Mule

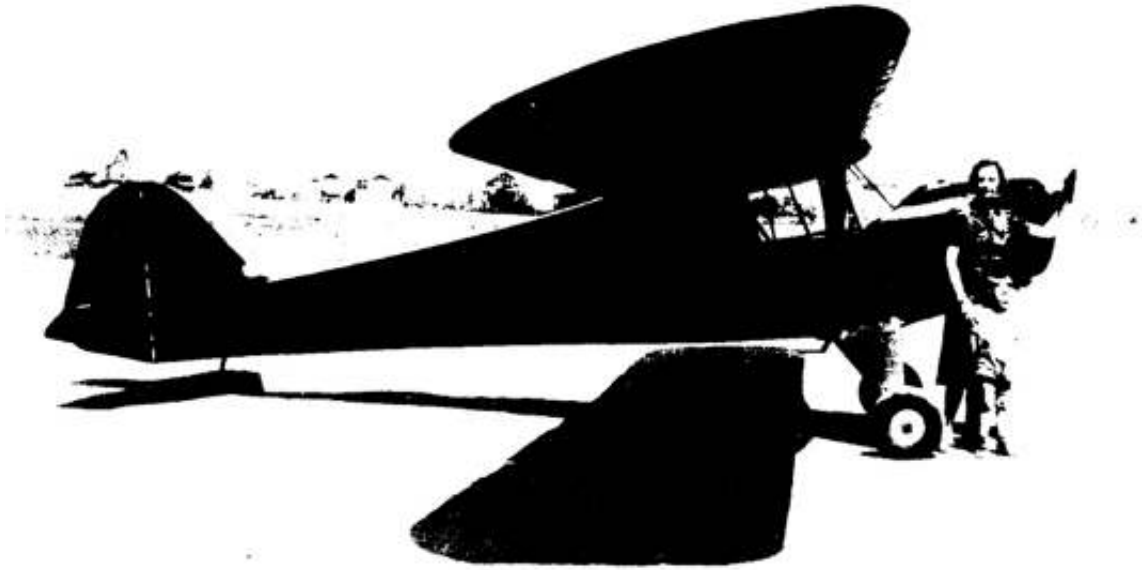
By Bud Greene

In 1937, my father had a Taylor Craft and had his own air field to fly from. At this time, many still thought that if God had intended man to fly, he would have given him feathers in appropriate places. My Dad was a visionary and in a town of 7,500 he was seen by some as eccentric.



My Dad in Raleigh NC when he took part in National Air Mail Week, May 15-21 1938

Before his premature death in 1943 he took me flying at every opportunity and I never completely got over the thrill of flight. He would say “come on Bud, let’s go put on the dog”! Putting on the dog was the then current expression for showing your stuff or just plain flying. He would climb over the field, pull the mixture, stall to stop the prop, then spin down to pattern altitude, enter and land on one wheel, usually on my side, cutting with the wing tip the tall “sweet weed” that grew on the strip. My Dad taught my mother to fly and in those times it was an unusual woman indeed who flew. She would be known then as an “aviatrix”. I still have both of their log books.



My Mother in 1938 with 3 year old Bud

Springtime in Eastern North Carolina is a sight to behold. Dogwood trees and azaleas in all colors are everywhere. The air is scented and balmy. It is also planting time for many crops. In the "50's this area was largely agricultural and a major producer of cigarette tobacco, the world famous "Bright Leaf" variety. I was out of the Air Force and home working in the family business and had not given up my dream of flying.

I began flying instruction at the local airport in the late fifties. The FBO was free and easy with the rules. He liked to make his own, whether it was formation flying, snap rolling his 230 hp Bellanca demonstrator, or straightening a Tripacer propeller tip with a hammer after a prop strike. He eventually lost his license because of his flagrant disregard for safety and common sense. When I started flying at the local airport, one of the many built on the coast by the Army to accommodate the B-17, there was considerable local activity with many different kinds of light aircraft, as the FBO was a fast and smooth talking wheeler dealer airplane trader. I got my first hours in a J-3 Cub also some time in Tripacers and Stinson 108's. I went out after lunch one day and saw a nifty little airplane, all shiny silver, sitting on the ramp. It had a double rudder, a bubble canopy, and tricycle gear. Behold, the Ercoupe! I asked the FOB about the plane and he said, "the keys are in it, go fly". I could have titled this story "a litany of errors". It is a fact that amateurs teach amateurs to be

amateurs. I jumped in the cockpit with all the expertise and enthusiasm of a 20 hour aviator. I found the pull type starter, cranked and taxied out to the end of the active and clobbered the throttle. As I passed through about 200 feet, the engine died. I immediately lowered the nose and it recovered. I stayed in the pattern, landed and told the FOB what happened. He suggested that it was probably nothing more than a piece of trash in the carburetor. I got back in the airplane and took off again. Yes, fools do rush in! This time when it quit in the climb I lowered the nose some and continued the climb. I was headed for the next town east about 20 miles away. I was cruising along about 1500 AGL over a pine forest and farm land when the engine quit, this time for good. There were tall North Carolina pines everywhere and I turned 180 degrees for a patch of open plowed field I had just left behind. I picked up the field, made another 180 bringing me back into the wind, and with no flaps or rudder, I just flew it into the ground as in any normal landing, neatly aligned with the bean rows. I had left my XK 140 Jag at the airport and had a date that night with a very pretty girl, and I worried about my car with the top down and wondered who would tell my girl about my accident. Without having much time to think about it, I was soon rumbling in soft soil to a fast stop in what was a bean field occupied by two women in bonnets, a man and a large mule, who with his ears laid back, turned his head and glared at me. I slid the canopy down, climbed out on the wing, and discovered my knees to be somewhat unreliable at that point. The farmer slowly made his way over to me with no sign of surprise on his face at all. For me, it was a major event. I had just managed to avoid a major catastrophe and here was this nonplussed Carolina farmer ambling across the rows like it was an every day occurrence. By this time my knees had stopped shaking enough to risk jumping down to the ground as he walked up. I said, "Howdy." He replied, "Howdy." I said, "sorry I messed up your bean field". "That's all right, he said, beans weren't doing no good no how. I heard your motor quit". I walked away from the plane to see how deep it was in the dirt, taking care to avoid the rear end of the mule, and realized I had been fortunate to be near this field as there was nothing else in the vicinity but tall pine trees. After getting directions to the nearest house with a phone, I hiked out of the field to call the FBO. He asked if I had damaged the airplane. I told him no, but if he would bring an axe along I would see to it. He asked if there was anything I needed. I said a change of shorts would be nice. He never once inquired about my well being. He showed up with a lady in tow who suggested I had carb icing. This I did not believe. She was introduced to me as Kay Brick. She was the president of the Ninety Nines, the organization of women fliers started by Amelia Earhart. We were interviewed on the radio the next day. She was there to check out a Bellanca for the world famous "Powder Puff Derby" women's air race.

The lessons to be learned from this episode are many and quite obvious. The possibility of carb ice was and is ever present in that part of the county due to the high humidity. I had checked carb heat several times prior to the engine failure. This airplane has tanks in both wings with one fuel gauge for both, plus a fuel gauge for the nose, or header tank, which is fed by fuel pump from the wing tank. My contention is that the pump had quit at some point before my flight and it shortly drained itself with resulting fuel starvation. The locals referred to this airplane as "The Scarecrow" because of the lack of rudder control.

These were wild and crazy times at the local field. I consider myself lucky to have survived.

----- Bud Greene-----

GERRY HATCH FLEW HIS NEW RV-7 HOME

Chris took these upon my arrival home for my first Texas Landing at Keystone Ranch. I got the airworthiness inspection on Jan 29th and had the Phase I test hours flown off by Feb 23rd... flight home was on the 24th with landing at 5:05 pm local..... 4 hr and 24 min of flight time from Phoenix. Don Smucker drove out with me in my truck and was invaluable in the final phase of testing and prep for flight home. Don's drive home in the truck was not nearly as quick and for sure not as much fun as the flight. Many many thanks to Don for his effort and expertise.

----- Gerry



FAA AIRMEN PAPER CERTIFICATES NOT VALID AFTER MARCH 31, 2010

Landings: News: Aviation News by Pacific Flyer

No paper, just plastic, says the FAA.

The federal agency is implementing changes to its airmen certification requirements effective March 31, 2010. On that date, paper pilot certificates may no longer be used to exercise pilot privileges.

Three years later, certain other paper airmen certificates, such as flight engineers and mechanics, may no longer be used to exercise the privileges of those certificates. The deadlines for compliance are March 31, 2010, for pilots and March 31, 2013, for other airmen.

To exercise the privileges after those respective dates, pilots must hold upgraded plastic certificates. How do you get one?

We went to the FAA internet site (www.faa.gov), scrolled down to pilots and clicked on replace license certificate. To get to the form we had to create an account with the Airman Services Website and a password was needed.

To get that, it wanted our name, address and certificate number. We filled that in and sent it. In a few minutes, an e-mail came back with a password (write it down, it's all numbers and letters) that allowed us to log on to the site to change the certificate.

Somewhere in all this it wanted a photo ID (twice) and we offered our California driver's license number and, amazingly, it recognized it immediately.

You are also offered the option of having your social security number (usually also your pilot's certificate number) removed for free, but we didn't want to take the chance of screwing this up, so we declined.

Once logged on, and after confirming our information again, it wanted a \$2 payment and we used a Mastercard.

Within minutes the government computer said we'd have our new license within two weeks. We also got an e-mail confirmation that our \$2 payment had been received, with a tracking number.

Since our license is more than 28 years old and had been plastic bound (by us) it's still somewhat frayed, so it was time to replace it anyway. For those of you without a computer, you can do all this by mail.

The information on how to do that ... is on their website.

I submitted it via e-mail on Aug. 12 and received the new one at home on Aug. 21. The downside is, it has the date of the new issue, not when you got your original license (the new one says date of issue: Aug. 12) so I'm a novice again.

It looks a lot like a credit card with a black strip and some weird symbols that some computer somewhere knows how to read, apparently. I'm holding on to the old one, just in case.

Besides, it was issued March 16, 1980 and I'm kind of proud of that.

Wayman Dunlap, Editor

Upcoming Events

Bi-plane Fly-in, San Marcus, Texas March 27, 2010

<http://www.biplaneflyin.org/>

EAA Airventure, Oshkosh, WI July 26-Aug 1, 2010

Interesting Internet Links

Embry Riddle tests biofuel – submitted by Norm Beauchamp

http://www.generalaviationnews.com/?p=19349&utm_source=The+Pulse+subscribers

Pacific Clipper – The Long Way Home – submitted by Bill Yeates

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ms84WfJwalI>

Classified

FOR SALE: MEYERS 200A Continental IO 470D, King IFR, up-dated panel, 4-place, leather interior, good paint.
Jim O'Hara, 325/949-3891.

FOR SALE: 1995 Challenger II Clipped Wing Special, Rotax 503, 300 hrs, Good condition but hasn't flown in a couple of years, so to be sold AS IS.
Bill Yeates, 325/223/5072



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