



EAA602 Log Book

Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

April 2007

Page 1



From The Presidents Desk

by Tim Couper

Think Spring! In fact, it's already here! Flying Season 2007 is a few weeks away! Thanks to Larry for his excellent presentation on aviation weather at the February meeting. Larry continues his valuable and generous commitment to EAA602, and if you haven't done so already, make sure you congratulate him for becoming our first official Sport Pilot. This month's meeting we will discuss the 2007 agenda for our club. Please attend and be ready to put in your 2¢. EAA602 can only accomplish what the members are willing to do. The more you get involved the more fun you will have. Here's an example: Last Saturday, Fred, Art, Tony, and I went down to pick up Fred's new J-3. Now, I know what you're thinking ... Fred bought another plane? Not again! Yes! He really bought a new J-3...well, not exactly new, actually it's a 1946 model, but it's really nice. And this plane actually flies! Anyway, we had a blast taking it apart, loading



it on the trailer, and bringing it back to Art's garage. But, the best part was just having fun together, with a new airplane, and especially, busting on Fred. Even Gary Collins came up and joined in the fun. We had such a great time, and then went out to our usual lunch spot in Hagaman. If you want to have some fun on a Saturday morning come to Art's garage and join us for some aviation fun. The week prior to

the arrival of Fred's new J-3, the Zodiac was moved over to Wayne Sheets hangar at Jack Schleich's airport. Thanks to Wayne's generosity, the final preparation for airworthiness is being completed in an awesome hangar. The biggest pain-in-the-neck of the project has been calibrating the fuel gauge, which, as of this writing is still not figured out. But, it will get done, and the Zodiac will hopefully make her maiden flight very soon. Saturday March 24 is our Winsor Locks, CT trip to the aviation museum – come and have a good time with the great members of our club. The regular meeting is on the 26th – please try to be there. Let's plan to make having fun in 2007 a priority.

Tim

From Our VP's Desk

by Tony Rizzio

Yes it was time to face the dragon - the FAA. I sent for the packet from the EAA that was a big help. They were out of stock but my packet came within 3 weeks. Now it was time to start the paper work. One of the forms needed to be downloaded from the internet. (The affidavit of ownership) the one in the packet was not correct for light sport. I requested a special N number from the FAA (for \$10 you can pick one you like). The number can be reserved over the internet. Now I sent in the forms as the packet say's it could take months. Wow 15 days later my Kitfox is now N602TR. In an effort to get Art to get his student license and to have some questions answered, we took a trip to Albany the flight standard district office FISDO. When we walked in we were treated by friendly people

with an attitude that showed they were there to help.

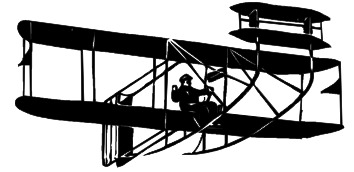
Fred was given the forms he needed to purchase his new Cub & they looked up some info on the plane for him.

Art was brought in to fill out the paper work, next thing you know he is now a student pilot (after all these years he's legal).

I was turned over to Tim Shaver to answer my question about getting my airworthiness certificate. He was very helpful, and eager to do my inspection.

We were all surprised to find how helpful they were, from what I've gathered not all offices are that willing to help.

Im looking forward to warmer weather so I can bring the Kitfox home to get ready for this spring and my airworthiness certificate. If your planning on doing yours don't wait it will get very busy later this summer. The letter that came with my N number said if you got the paperwork done by August the FAA would have you completed by the end of the year.



Learning To Fly The Final Chapter

by Rick France

Last month we left off with the T-Bird going up for sale and me with Absolutely no desire to fly. I finished out the good weather hanging around the airport and holding my breath every time a plane landed. I continued to work on the T-bird to get it ready for a buyer.

I sold the T-bird to a gentleman from N.H. and took a Fisher Koala on trade. Now remember my first flight was in a J-3 piper, My first introduction to ultra lights was a mini cub flown by Tony. I was in love with this little plane. I went through this little plane over the winter, a visit by Tony confirmed it was built well and in great shape. All winter I would come home from work, kiss the wife as I came through the door. Then I would go out to the barn and share a beer with my little cub. Ok I admit, I hugged it a few times and caressed its prop, but that's as far as it went.

Soon the weather started to get better. I opened the barn doors so when I woke up in the morning the first thing I saw after crawling out of bed was my little cub. When I came home at night I could see it when I pulled into the yard. I liked this little plane so much, I just liked to look at it. I decided that if I never learned to fly, this plane would make one hell of nice lawn ornament. One day in April I pulled the little plane out of the barn and out on to the front lawn. I crawled into the plane and fired up the engine. I taxied to one end of the yard and back. Soon I had neighbors stopping and walking into the yard. It was a great day to show off my plane.

Late April I went to the airport to see who would be there. Doug was flying with a student, Tom Kravis was there working on his plane, Brian was there and so was Tim with the skyboy. I helped Tim with a couple of small engine problems he was having. After he was finished he took the sky boy for a ride. Soon After one of the pilots asked if I would like a ride, I took a deep breath and said YES! It was over a year since I was airborne and my heart was pounding. Soon we were leaving the ground and headed to the sky. The pilot asked me where I wanted to go, I said the runway, just fly around the pattern and land. Soon we touched down and I climbed out healthy! Thank you! Now that doesn't mean that I wasn't offered rides before this, the thing about hanging out at Edinburg if you want a ride, the opportunity is always there! The truth of the matter was I was scared to fly!

Early May, my Dad and I brought the koala to the airport and assembled it. The koala looked right at home. I just had to take it for a ride down the runway and back. (this would be the first of many) On my first run down it was great to be able to sit in the plane and have the engine make its own noises. On the second time down I got brave

enough to get the tail up, boy was that a mistake! The plane swerved left and I gave it right rudder then it swerved to the right, each time the swerve was more severe and I soon lost control. Wait I got BRAKES!!!!!! The plane came to a stop about 2 feet from one of the cones along the runway, That was close I could have lost a prop! After arriving back to the hanger Doug pointed out that in order to fly the koala I would have to resume flying lessons, he was right. I hate it when Doug is always right!

The flying lessons resumed. After a couple of trips up I was right back to where I left off and it was time to work on landings. Mean while Tony and Doug were having fun flying my Koala, and I was doing taxi's up and down the runway, I actually got an award for the most taxi's without a takeoff! Our club members are always thinking! After a flying lesson one day, I just happened to have a video camera with me, I asked Doug if he would mind getting a video of me taxiing down the runway with my tail up. Sure no problem Rick, said Doug. I climbed into the Koala, fired it up, warmed it up, waved to the camera and taxied out to the runway, I did a run up for the camera, then I gave her throttle, pushed the stick forward to bring the tail up, All of a sudden the nose looked like it was going too far down, then came the sickening sound of my prop cutting grass, then becoming a backhoe and digging dirt. BANG! Prop # 3. I came home and watched the video, my wife was also watching, she saw the prop become a backhoe and then watched it turn into firewood. My wife was not impressed!

I purchased a new prop, (I should by stock in a propeller business) Doug and I checked out the engine and gear box, all looked good so the new prop went on. It took a while before I could taxi with the tail up again. Mean while I was doing patterns and landings, touch and go touch and go, We did sets of six. First landing was always perfect then each one got progressively worse. Quite frankly I didn't think I would ever get it right, I did however become very efficient at left turns.

Doug and I took off one morning, I made my first turn @ 500' agl, Made my next turn over the pond, I was looking over my left shoulder at the runway to make sure I was in the right spot, all of sudden the engine rpms went idle, I grabbed the throttle and tried to push it forward, But it would not move. I looked at Doug as I kept trying to move the throttle. It didn't take but a few seconds to realize that Doug was holding the throttle and keeping the engine at idle. Ok I said with a nervous grin, I get it. I started looking around for a place to land and figured that runway 1 was my best chance.

I turned the plane and lined up with the runway, made my approach, everything came together just perfect. At about 5' above the turf Doug gave the plane full throttle and I pulled back on the stick and back up we went. Now I

Continued Next Page



was really proud of myself and kind of disappointed as I wanted to finish out the landing. Doug informed me I did ok except I should have aimed for the midway point on the runway instead of the beginning. He told me once I dump altitude you can't get it back, so basically don't dump too much until your over the runway. Hey makes sense to me!

Around December 1st I was doing ok in my mind, everybody else thought I was ready for my solo including the Koala. It was a beautiful windless day and the airport was buzzing with activity. Doug and I did 12 landings, all but one were really good. Tony said do your solo, I looked at Doug and said what do think? Doug nodded, its up to you. I think your ready. I did a preflight on the koala and warmed her up, Taxied to runway 24 and made a taxi down the runway, a very fast taxi. I did this a couple of more times but did not have the nerve to go. At this point I needed an excuse NOT to go. About that time 2 yaks announced a flyby on runway 24, then announced a landing. There's my excuse! Just too much activity! I taxied back and shut down the plane. Later that night I called Tony, I told him I was still nervous about landing the Koala, he said why? You already landed twice today! Both fast runs down 24 you were 2-3 feet above the ground. You already did two landings and didn't even know it.

December 17, I called Doug, I decided I was going to solo. I got to the airport early, Doug said he already warmed up the flight star and lets do a couple of landings before I do my solo. Ok I said, so we loaded up and as we taxied out, Brian came, John was there, Tony drove up and Tim was due to arrive soon. We took off runway 24 and climbed for the sky. We made our first turn and second turn. I really wanted to do a good landing. I

took a look around, looked down and saw the sawmill. I pulled back on the throttle to 5800 rpm then BANG!!!!!! The whole plane shook like it was going to rip apart, Doug started pulling switches and everything went quite. The only noise at this point was the air swooshing by the plane and the carburetors banging against the airframe. Doug said I got it, I thought DAM RIGHT YOU DO! I started to look around to find a place to land. Doug said we can make the runway easy so just enjoy the ride. As we looked out the windshield I told Doug one of your blades is broken (prop # 4). We talked and questioned how could the carbs get into the prop? About this time we lined up with 24, I remember I looked down at the horses and thought well at least we are high enough, (these horses seem to play a roll in my flying life). Soon the plane touched down and we

rumbled to a stop. With help from the other guys we pushed the plane back to the hanger. Someone suggested we get some breakfast, so we went to get something to eat.

Judy joined us for breakfast. Brian held up two stir sticks in a propeller configuration, bent one down into a crumpled position and asked Judy, "What's this?". Judy looked and said got me? Brian looked at her without blinking and said this is a model of Doug's prop! Doug was scratching for words and I could tell Judy was like my wife & was not impressed! I think it was the longest breakfast that I ever had in a restaurant. We all headed back to the airport.

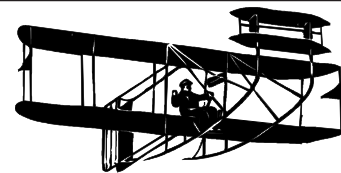
Brian wanted to fly but you could tell he was hesitant, John fired up his plane and took a flight around the patch. Tony and Tim looked at me and said well? Are you kidding me? I just made an emergency landing and you want me to solo? Well Brian took off and flew around the patch. Tony told me you might as well do some taxi's, so I agreed. Mean while Brian got on the radio and said your gonna like it up here Rick there is no wind!

Brian came in for a landing and back taxied to the hanger. I took the koala to runway 24 and did a run up.

Then I gave the plane throttle and got the tail up, then gave it full throttle and eased back on the stick. The plane broke loose from the earth, and I decided at that moment, ok go with it. Soon I was 400' above the ground and looking for my land marks for a turn, OH MY GOD I MUST BE NUTS! I flew the pattern just like I was in Doug's plane. My only thought was to get back to the runway NOW! As I turned on final I cut the turn short, did my approach and I was way too high. Doug kept giving me directions on the radio and my answers were YEP! I gave the little plane full throttle and climbed back to pattern altitude. Soon I came around again this time doing my turns as I

am supposed to, lined up with the runway and started my decent. I still felt I was too high but as I approached the horses it all looked good except I was going too fast. I made my flair and leveled out with the runway, all of a sudden the plane touched down and bounced, quick what do I do? I remember reading in the Koala flight manuel that once you touch push the stick forward to keep the plane down. The next time the wheels touched I pushed the stick forward, and son-of-a-gun it worked! I was down in one piece and happy, everyone at the field was happy and so ended the long journey to fly. Many thanks to the members of eaa 602 for making a dream come true. Thanks to Tony and George for bringing me to the club. For all the encouragement and patience of all, Tony, Tim, Brian, John, Tommy, Judy and especially Doug.





This story got circulated on my Pulsar web page. Thought you might enjoy it.

Speed

Author Unknown

There were a lot of things we couldn't do in an SR-71, but we were the fastest guys on the block and loved reminding our fellow aviators of this fact. People often asked us if, because of this fact, it was fun to fly the jet. Fun would not be the first word I would use to describe flying this plane. Intense, maybe. Even cerebral. But there was one day in our Sled experience when we would have to say that it was pure fun to be the fastest guys out there, at least for a moment.

It occurred when Walt and I were flying our final training sortie. We needed 100 hours in the jet to complete our training and attain Mission Ready status. Somewhere over Colorado we had passed the century mark. We had made the turn in Arizona and the jet was performing flawlessly. My gauges were wired in the front seat and we were starting to feel pretty good about ourselves, not only because we would soon be flying real missions but because we had gained a great deal of confidence in the plane in the past ten months. Ripping across the barren deserts 80,000 feet below us, I could already see the coast of California from the Arizona border. I was, finally, after many humbling months of simulators and study, ahead of the jet.

I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Walter in the back seat. There he was, with no really good view of the incredible sights before us, tasked with monitoring four different radios. This was good practice for him for when we began flying real missions, when a priority transmission from headquarters could be vital. It had been difficult, too, for me to relinquish control of the radios, as during my entire flying career I had controlled my own transmissions. But it was part of the division of duties in this plane and I had adjusted to it. I still insisted on talking on the radio while we were on the ground, however. Walt was so good at many things, but he couldn't match my expertise at sounding smooth on the radios, a skill that had been honed sharply with years in fighter squadrons where the slightest radio miscue was grounds for beheading. He understood that and allowed me that luxury. Just to get a sense of what Walt had to contend with, I

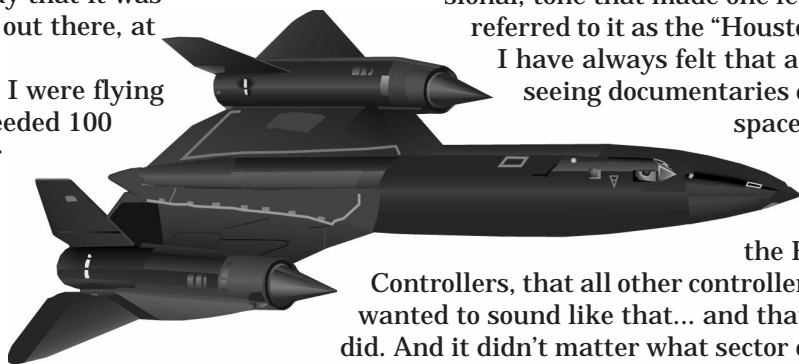
pulled the radio toggle switches and monitored the frequencies along with him. The predominant radio chatter was from Los Angeles Center, far below us, controlling daily traffic in their sector. While they had us on their scope (albeit briefly), we were in uncontrolled airspace and normally would not talk to them unless we needed to descend into their airspace.

We listened as the shaky voice of a lone Cessna pilot asked Center for a readout of his ground speed.

Center replied: "November Charlie 175, I'm showing you at ninety knots on the ground."

Now the thing to understand about Center controllers, was that whether they were talking to a rookie pilot in a Cessna, or to Air Force One, they always spoke in the exact same, calm, deep, professional, tone that made one feel important. I referred to it as the "HoustonCenterVoice."

I have always felt that after years of seeing documentaries on this country's space program and listening to the calm and distinct voice of the HoustonCenter-



Controllers, that all other controllers since then wanted to sound like that... and that they basically did. And it didn't matter what sector of the country we would be flying in, it always seemed like the same guy was talking. Over the years that tone of voice had become somewhat of a comforting sound to pilots everywhere. Conversely, over the years, pilots always wanted to ensure that, when transmitting, they sounded like Chuck Yeager, or at least like John Wayne. Better to die than sound bad on the radios.

Just moments after the Cessna's inquiry, a Twin Beech piped up on frequency, in a rather superior tone, asking for his ground speed.

"Ah, Twin Beach: I have you at one hundred and twenty-five knots of ground speed."

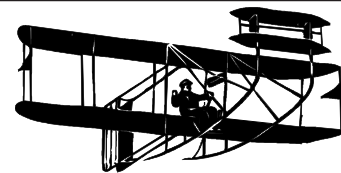
Boy, I thought, the Beechcraft really must think he is dazzling his Cessna brethren.

Then out of the blue, a Navy F-18 pilot out of NAS Lemoore came up on frequency. You knew right away it was a Navy jock because he sounded very cool on the radios.

"Center, Dusty 52 ground speed check."

Before Center could reply, I'm thinking to myself, hey, Dusty 52 has a ground speed indicator in that million dollar cockpit, so why is he asking Center for a readout? Then I got it — ol' Dusty here is making sure that every bug smasher from Mount Whitney to the

Continued Next Page



Speed Cont.

Mojave knows what true speed is. He's the fastest dude in the valley today, and he just wants everyone to know how much fun he is having in his new Hornet.

And the reply, always with that same, calm, voice, with more distinct alliteration than emotion:

"Dusty 52, Center, we have you at 620 on the ground."

And I thought to myself, is this a ripe situation, or what? As my hand instinctively reached for the mic button, I had to remind myself that Walt was in control of the radios. Still, I thought, it must be done — in mere seconds we'll be out of the sector and the opportunity will be lost. That Hornet must die, and die now.

I thought about all of our Sim training and how important it was that we developed well as a crew and knew that to jump in on the radios now would destroy the integrity of all that we had worked toward becoming. I was torn. Somewhere, 13 miles above Arizona, there was a pilot screaming inside his space helmet.

Then, I heard it. The click of the mic button from the back seat. That was the very moment that I knew Walter and I had become a crew. Very professionally, and with no emotion, Walter spoke:

"Los Angeles Center, Aspen 20, can you give us a ground speed check?"

There was no hesitation, and the reply came as if was an everyday request:

"Aspen 20, I show you at one thousand eight hundred and forty-two knots, across the ground."

I think it was the forty-two knots that I liked the best, so accurate and proud was Center to deliver that information without hesitation, and you just knew he was smiling. But the precise point at which I knew that Walt and I were going to be really good friends for a long time was when he keyed the mic once again to say, in his most fighter-pilot-like voice:

"Ah, Center, much thanks. We're showing closer to nineteen hundred on the money."

For a moment Walter was a god. And we finally heard a little crack in the armor of the Houston Center voice, when L.A. came back with,

"Roger that Aspen, Your equipment is probably more accurate than ours. You boys have a good one."

It all had lasted for just moments, but in that short, memorable sprint across the southwest, the Navy had been flamed, all mortal airplanes on freq were forced to bow before the King of Speed, and more importantly, Walter and I had crossed the threshold of being a crew. A fine day's work.

We never heard another transmission on that frequency all the way to the coast. For just one day, it truly was fun being the fastest guys out there.

Windsor Locks

**Don't forget Sat. 24 morning
@ 8:00 Thruway parking area
Amsterdam (Next to toll
booths). Bring your handheld
aircraft radios.**

Tony

EAA602 FLY MARKET FOR SALE

Gauges & Other - All brand new left over Gauges for sale. Tach, Dual CHT, Dual EGT, Water Temperature (All Westach 2 1/4" with probes) Combo EGT-CHT, Turn Coordinator. Tapered air filters for 447-582. 5" Matco wheels & disc brakes. **All half price Call Doug 863-2409**

**The Meeting This Month
Will Be At Edinburg
Community Center
(Old Town Hall)
@ 7:00pm on
MON. MAR. 26th**

Up-Coming Events

**This is the final list of events we are
planning for the upcoming year.**

June 2

EAA 602 Annual Poker Run from Murphy's ONY7

June 30

Kenny Schleich Memorial Fly-in Breakfast @ NY37

August 10-12

602/UL90 Edinburg YE fly in barbeque/bonfire/
overnight camping and other things @ 1F2

Sept 8

Murphy Annual Taildragger fly-in @ ONY7

Remember; regular DUES ARE DUE IN JUNE.

Use this form to send any changes in your information. Thanks, Doug

Name _____ EAA Number _____ Exp Date _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-Mail _____ Ratings _____

Experience Years _____ Hours _____ Aircraft Owned _____

Mail To: Douglas Sterling ~ 819 North Shore Road ~ Hadley, NY 12835 ~ Phone 518-863-2409



**If your not in the
EAA, Join Today! www.eaa.org**

EAA602

***819 North Shore Rd
Hadley, NY 12835***

***President - Tim Cowper
VicePresident - Tony Rizzio
Treasurer - Rich Logerfo
Secretary - Walt Kostuk
Editor - Doug Sterling
Y.E. Coordinator -
Judy Sterling***

April 2007

EAA Chapter 602 Non-Profit Declaration and Legal Disclaimer

EAA Chapter 602 exists as a non-profit organization whose sole purpose is to promote the interests of its members. EAA 602 Chapter Officers, Directors & Leaders serve without compensation & have sworn to carry out the will of the membership by means of Democratic processes and rules of order set forth in the chapter's by-laws. No claim is made and no liability is assumed, expressed or implied as to the accuracy or safety of material presented in this publication. Viewpoints of those who contribute to this newsletter are not necessarily those of EAA Chapter 602, the EAA, or their board or members. You must be of good character, adhere to the chapter's by-laws, and respect the chapter's Mission & Value Statement to become a member of the chapter. Dues are \$12.00 per year payable to Chapter Treasurer. Chapter dues are payable in June. New members joining before or after the month of June are prorated at \$1.00 per month of the calendar year. Member correspondence & newsletter contributions are encouraged which can be submitted by mail to the address appearing on this page or e-mail to newsletter editor.