



# EAA602 Log Book

Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

May 2011

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## From The Presidents Desk

*by Tim Devine*

It's hard to believe, but the first four month's of 2011 are already gone. That means its early May and the flying season has begun. Don't know if you have been out yet, but there have been a few nice days already. By the time you read this I am sure that we will all have at least been out once to enjoy the spring weather. As much fun as ski flying is, its nice to get back on wheels.

While it is my sincere hope that everyone has a safe and enjoyable 2011 flying season, I also want you to be aware of and participate in some upcoming political issues that will affect us all. As you all know general aviation is under assault from all sides. High fuel prices, disappearing ethanol free gas, airport closings, etc. Sometimes I fear that what we all enjoy today may eventually disappear and be lost forever for future generations.

It seems like greedy politicians constantly keep changing the rules and continue to pass more onerous laws to punish the public, reduce our freedoms and take care of their high paying donors. Fortunately there are actually still a few people in public office who remember who they work for.

Senator Tom Coburn of Oklahoma is leading the fight to repeal the Volumetric Ethanol Tax Credit. He has obtained some valuable allies on both sides of the isle who also believe that this 6 billion dollar a year tax credit to refiners is a waste of tax payer money and bad policy. Senator Coburn has promised to bring this legislation to a floor vote during this years congressional session. With the current Republican house leadership looking to make deep spending cuts in the 2012 budget, I can't think of a better place



to start than with eliminating a subsidy that creates a inefficient fuel and also drives up our food cost.

On a subject closer to home State Senator James L Seward filed bill # S.4513 with the state judiciary committee last week. S.4513 request that small privately owned airstrips be included under New York Recreational Use Statute. In a nut shell it would give owners of private airstrips better protection from lawsuits. It would not make their strips public use airports, permission to use would still have to be obtained.

Now its up to us to contact our own representatives and voice our support of this legislation. Contact your representative by letter, email or especially telephone to voice your opinion and affirmation of this proposed legislation.

I know that we are all focused on getting out and getting flying, but to protect our rights and freedoms into the future we can't just be one dimensional pilots.

*Tim D.*

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## EAA Leadership Academy

I don't know where to begin to describe what a fantastic experience Pat and I had on our trip to The EAA leadership Academy at EAA headquarters in Oshkosh the weekend of April 1-3.

First and foremost I want to voice a sincere "thank you" to Chapter 602 for providing us with the means to make this excursion. I only wish that more of the members could attend, because it is a quality program.

Before we left Darryl told me that everything about the EAA experience would be top shelf. That was a mild understatement. The treatment we received, the quality of the food, the accommodations, and the breath of the program presentation was truly impressive.

Friday morning April 1 dawned with a mix of rain and snow and predicted high winds. The weather had looked so bad on Thursday that I had email our contact at the museum to let them know that there was a chance that we might not make it. When we arrived at the Albany airport the departure board showed our flight was delayed and I had a sinking feeling that I was going to be driving back home to Ballston Spa.

Delta Airlines did a great job of dealing with the weather, and after a ½ hour delay and some

deicing we departed Albany approximately 45 minutes late. According to the original schedule, if our flight was on time it was going to be close in making our connection in Detroit. I was sure that our late departure was going to mean that we were going to be sitting in the motor city for who knew how long.

The Delta captain however put hammer down and thanks to the fact that the two connecting gates were close together we just made our connector flight. We landed at Appleton Wis. at



12:30 PM and as promised were greeted by an EAA representative. Also waiting for a ride were two chapter leaders of the Greelee Colo. Chapter and the president of the San Francisco chapter.

During the van ride to Oshkosh we exchanged introductions and in the process found out that the San Francisco rep was a 15,000 hr. retired airline captain who is a Sonex owner who has flown his Sonex to all of the lower 48



states. He has already placed his order for the new single seat Sonex and plans on repeating his original trip. He is personal friends with the owners of Sonex, so he called the factory and arranged a tour for us while we waited for the other participants to arrive. The Sonex trip is another article in itself, but I just have to tell you that seeing the first jet powered Sonex and electric powered Sonex sitting in the R&D department was impressive.

Back at the lodge other chapter leaders had arrived and we gathered in the lobby great room to meet Tom Poberezny and hear him speak to the vision and future of the EAA.

Chapters represented were from Colorado, Northern & Southern California, Texas, Missouri, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Alaska, Canada, New York and Indiana. Experience ran from retire military and high time airline captains to student pilots.

After Tom's presentation, staff member and session leader Steve Buss took over and we participated in an introduction (who are you?) exercise to give the participants a chance to get a feel for our group dynamic. Steve is the director of member services and as session moderator it was his job to keep us on task and make sure that all of the weekend material was covered. Considering the amount of material that is presented he did a fantastic job.

Some casual time to meet and greet was allowed after the formal session but we all soon headed to bed as per the event itinerary sheet we had received on our arrival, a busy day was ahead of us on Saturday.

I'm not going to go into the details as they are extensive, just suffice it to say we started Saturday at 07:15 with breakfast. We then proceeded to the museum conference room by 08:00 and the session started promptly. The day consisted of numerous presentations from knowledgeable EAA staff members who all very professionally and expertly covered a wide range of topics. There were break out work sessions on various topics all followed by question and answer periods and discussion.

All this hard work was rewarded by an afterhours "behind the ropes" tour of the museum

Saturday night. This tour was conducted by Adam Smith who is the museums Vice President of membership. Adam readily admits that he is a devoted student of history and that was impressively evident as he guided us through the exhibits. Adam's grasp of the historical significance of the plethora of aircraft on display which range from the Wright Flyer replica to Starship Voyager scaled composite moving model is impressive. His presentation of facts is adroitly interjected with personal stories and antic dotes of events and little known facts that can only be told by someone who has been associated with the museum over many years.

By the time we arrived back at the lodge at 09:30 we were all pretty beat. Some people stayed up by the fire to have a beer or glass of wine, but I headed for the feathers.

Sunday morning after squaring away our bags and eating breakfast we were back at museum by 08:00 for another round of speakers, presentations and final discussions.

The session wrapped up at 12:00 noon and participants were given the opportunity to visit either the Sonex factory which is located at the adjacent airport Wittman field or the Pioneer Airport displays constructed next to the museums grass strip across from the museum main venue. Pat and I were fortunate in having a later flight departure time, so we were able to participate in the Pioneer tour before we needed to leave for home.

The Chapter leaders Academy is impressive in all respects. The program is top shelf; the presentations are to the point and professional. The material and support offered to the chapters will be timely and invaluable.

What impressed me the most however, was the quality of the people that run the program, from the kitchen staff at the lodge to the senior staff members of the academy they all went above and beyond to make us feel welcome, comfortable and most of all part of the EAA family.

*Fly safe, fly smart*     *Tim Devine*



## N1671H U.S. Cross Country

My friend Chris Johnson knew I was looking for a Piper Arrow. He saw an ad for a 1977 non-turbo Arrow III on Airplane Shopper On-line and forwarded it to me. The ad claimed the plane was immaculate and that everything worked. I called the owner. He is an engineer at HP and manages a club called "Plus Four Flyers" in his spare time. He knows a lot about airplanes. He was very smart and convincing. Because of that I offered \$7,000 over the vRef price which was still \$5,000 less than the \$89,000 he was asking. Seller agreed



to pay for repairs found necessary on the pre-buy. Inspection at an FBO in Carlsbad, CA found the brakes and gear struts were shot and one cylinder had compression of only 52/80. There were lots of minor problems. After I paid for the pre-buy I felt so invested in it that I went ahead and bought it. The FBO made the repairs including changing out the cylinder. Kevin White, the seller continued to fly the plane with mineral oil to break it in.

My old radio control friend Jim Daris CFII from Keene, NH said he was interested in a long cross country. I only had logged 30 hours since I got my PPL in 2009 and hadn't flown in six months so I gave him a call. He flew his old Warrior over to Fulton County. We drove to KALB

and took an RJ to Dulles. From there we got free first class upgrades to LAX. It was a sweet ride. A small turboprop took us to Carlsbad by 5pm where we were met by Kevin.

The first thing I noticed about 1671H was that the door's rubber gasket was hanging down loose. Pretty sad. Jim and I did a walk around. The oil looked very dark. Kevin said the break in was done and the mineral oil had been replaced with some new synthetic that was dark right out of the can. The interior was clean and Kevin said the JEP card data in the Garmin 430 was current and good for the entire US. It was late and Jim and I were still on EST so we spent the night at a Marriot

Courtyard nearby. We had OK burgers in the hotel restaurant. I had brought a quart of Jim Beam Black so we went back to the room for some shots and trip planning. We were pretty excited so we stayed up late drinking and talking about airplanes.

Next day was overcast and stormy over the west coast so we filed IFR and took off. I had never flown in the clouds before. I was astonished by how difficult it was to keep the plane upright as we climbed out. As soon as we pitched up the oil started to leak out of the magnetic compass. It continued to leak for the remainder of the

trip until it was empty. I noticed that the NAV warning flag on the HSI stayed out. It never went back in. We worried about what we'd do if we had to make an ILS approach but we knew it was supposed to clear up after we got out of California. It was so difficult to maintain course, attitude and altitude in the clouds that I thought I'd turn on the autopilot. Set to "HDG" the plane started to fishtail violently as soon as I turned it on. Put to "NAV" and it veered off to the right. We tried it a few more times but it always did the same thing. Over New Mexico the weather cleared and we canceled IFR. The air became so clear over the desert that from 9,500 it seemed like we could see for hundreds of miles. The mountains, mesas, buttes and canyons were so reminiscent of an old



John Wayne movie that I thought I could see cowboys and indians down there.

We planned our first fuel stop at Marana Regional near Davis-Montham AFB in Arizona. I had hoped to do a fly-over and see some of the rows of old planes but the airspace was restricted so we set down and tried to find the FBO. The place seemed deserted except for haphazardly parked derelict planes and stacks of parts. There was a Constellation, several DC 3s and 4s and dozens of beat up A4s. Eventually someone answered on the UNICOM and said he was behind the A4s. The old gent behind the FBO desk had a face so creased and tanned he looked like a Navajo. He wore a western style shirt and a belt with a big silver buckle. It was late enough when we got to El Paso, TX that I tried the interior lights and discovered that none of them worked. We checked into a Radisson and had crappy Mexican food in the restaurant. Exhausted, we went to bed early.

We knew we'd have to go IFR most of the way to Austin so we wanted to see if the HIS worked despite the flag. We had enough "get-there-itis" that we didn't want to placard it and fly the rest of the trip VFR. ATC let us fly some ILS approaches at El Paso. The HIS seemed to work fine despite the flag so we filed IFR and headed for Austin. We were in or above the clouds most of the way but got a few looks at west Texas near Odessa which seemed like a limitless wasteland occasionally marked by fields of oil rigs. We made a fuel stop in Fort Stockton, TX. The FBO was deserted except for a kid named Jim. He said his brother operated the FBO but was out of town and he was covering. He seemed lonely and wanted to hang out with us. He showed us his Harley which he raced and a picture of his Corvette modified for drag racing. Fort Stockton is an abandoned B-52 base. We wandered around the crumbling buildings and broken glass and looked at cold war detritus. There were piles of 1950's electronics, patriotic posters and demonstrations of things like the "B-52D Heating and Pressurization System."

We made an ILS approach into Austin just in time for dinner. The cute blonde at the FBO suggested a BarBQ joint called the "Ironworks." We took a cab into town and found a line way out the door even though it was a Monday night. The place really was an old "ironwork" made out of

industrial steel. Jim and I loaded up with pork ribs, beef ribs (an Austin specialty), brisket, "chopped beef" and beans. I'd lived in Kansas City for a couple of years and had become something of a barbecue nut but I'd never heard of "chopped beef" before. Turns out to be the burnt ends of the brisket chopped up. Dave Murphy called while we were there. He was at Robinson helicopter school near LA. I told him about our avionics woes and he recommended Murrays or North American. I called Kevin and told him we were disappointed that the HSI and autopilot appeared to be broken. He said, "Hey Man, last time I flew that plane they worked perfectly." I could tell I would get no where with Kevin without legal assistance. With the opener I broke the neck off my second bottle of the the fine local brew called Shuttig's. I didn't want to stick the broken glass in my mouth and I didn't want to throw it out so I decanted it into the first bottle and left the broken glass in the bottom. Stuffed, we hailed a cab back to the Hampton Inn and settled into our now familiar pattern of Jim Beam and airplane talk.

Next day was clear in Austin but we could see that the entire southeast was covered with thunderstorms and tornadoes. It seemed unlikely we'd make it to our destination at Sun-'n-Fun in Lakeland, FL so we figured we'd use the XM weather on the 696 I'd purchased for the trip to monitor the storms and take us as far as possible. A solid line of yellow and red on the Nexrad screen made us put down in Mobile, AL. The Jep card data in the 430 didn't have Mobile. It was only good for the western US. Anticipating this, Jim had brought the card from his Warrior. We checked into the Wyngate by Wyndham where the clerk proudly told us we had selected the only black owned hotel in Alabama. Almost everyone who worked there was black including the shuttle bus driver, Delores. Mobile is on the Gulf so we asked her where we could get some local seafood. She dropped us off at "The Boiling Pot." It was a seafood cafeteria but just had soft drinks so we figured BYOB. We ordered some fried oysters and boiled shrimp and ducked into the package store next door. The owner was a Muslim Syrian who sold us two six-packs of Miller Real Draft. Back at the Boiling Pot we had no sooner opened our first cold ones when the waitress came over and told us there were children inside and we had to take our



beers and leave. We got our food wrapped to go and had just settled onto the parking lot curb for dinner when Jim spied some chairs and tables outside a deli down the street. We finished off the oysters when the owner came out and told us the chairs were for customers only and we had to go. After a minute, I went inside and bought a chocolate chip cookie wrapped in plastic. Undaunted, we knocked off the shrimp. They were fresh, never frozen, boiled in spices with the heads on. The flesh was firm and intensely flavored, entirely unlike anything available in the Northeast.

Next day the front lingered over the southeast. We'd heard that it's "better to be on the ground wishing you were in the air than in the air wishing you were on the ground" so we canceled plans for Mud-'n-Fun. Good thing given what happened at Lakeland. Since we had all day to kill we got a ride back to the airport with Delores to rent a car. We shared the ride with a tall, thin Delta-Northwest Captain from Texas. He has an L-19 at home that he loves to fly around the patch and had taught all his children to fly. One son had grown up to be a naval aviator. They reminded me of the Murphys, but with fewer planes. We went to the FOB to get an oil change on N1671H. The shop was run by a retired (34 years) Coast Guard CPO from Cape Cod named Don and two of his service buddies. They didn't seem to have any work. The three of them hopped on N1671H and changed the oil and filter in no time. Don took apart the ceiling and found someone had cut the power cables to the interior lights so he fixed them and reglued the rubber door gasket.

Don's wife Cheryl didn't seem to have much to do either. She just hung out in the shop all day. Don invited us to join them at a Panera Bread nearby for lunch. He could sure flap his gums. Over sandwiches he told us stories about his glory days in the Coast Guard. He'd been a flight engineer rescuing people from foundering ships in storms in the middle of the night. After he got vertigo he learned aircraft maintenance. Because I'm a doctor people always tell me about their ailments. Cheryl had just been to the orthopedist for cortisone shots in her arthritic knees. She also had irritable bowel syndrome and always felt like she had to go. I told her she might have Crohn's Disease instead of IBS and advised her to see a

rheumatologist. Don logged the oil change after lunch. He said that the logs showed that we'd flown out there with the mineral oil still in the motor and that Kevin was a liar. \$294 for an oil change and to fix a wire. We shoved off after a couple more hours of Coast Guard war stories.

We went to the "Battle Ship Museum," Mobile's big attraction. We arrived at 5pm, just as they closed, so we wandered around outside. The battleship "Alabama" was tied up and an "S" class sub from WWII was mounted on a platform. They also have tanks and airplanes scattered about, including a B-52 whose bombay is big enough to



accomodate a small home. The "R&R" restaurant is on the beach about a mile away. It's built on stilts to protect it from high tides with a wraparound veranda affording views out over the water. It was breezy and about 75° in Mobile. The R&R was the first place with crawfish tails this season so we ordered 5# and some more of those fresh Gulf shrimp. Nearby were a couple in their



thirties obviously on a date. Jim thought he recognized the guy as a friend from the Hoosick Model Airplane Club so he went over to say hello. Turned out to be a local.

We made it to Columbus, Georgia the next day before being turned back by the weather. We had time to kill so we did pattern work and Jim signed off on my biennial flight review as well as my complex. We rode in the hotel shuttle with a pilot from Denver on his way down to Sun-'n-Fun. He had neglected to get his six month IFR check so he flew his Bonanza below the deck at 700' AGL from Colorado to Georgia. He also told us he'd put in his RV-6 while doing a high speed low pass and smashed his ankle so badly he had to give up skiing. Columbus, GA was otherwise completely forgettable.

Friday we landed at Charlottesville, VA for fuel. There was a direct crosswind 15-20. The PA-28 is only rated for a 17 crosswind. I crabbed it in but as I straightend out to land the plane drifted off the downwind side of the runway. Jim grabbed the controls gave it throttle and dropped it on the center line. I called my wife's sister Caroline. She's a novelist who lives in Charlottesville with her husband who's an English professor at UVA. They were just leaving to spend the weekend at their dairy farm in eastern Maryland. I'd flown to KCHO commercial many times so I enjoyed seeing how the airport really works from the private side. Because of icing we figured it would be safer to fly under the clouds on the way back to New York. We launched VFR and turned NW to get around the DC restricted zone. As the terrain climbed we ran out of airspace beneath the clouds and turned back to KCHO. We couldn't find a hotel room anywhere in Charlottesville. Turns out this was their "sell" weekend when accepted students and their parents are invited back to convince them to attend UVA instead of elsewhere U. I called Caroline. Their house was locked and they hadn't hidden a key anywhere outside. She did, however recommend a restaurant called "Peter Chang's" that had opened about six weeks ago.

Eventually we snagged the last room, a suite really, at the Best Western in Ruckersville about 30 miles away. I was familiar with Peter Chang. The "New Yorker" magazine had published a long biography about two years ago. Many regard him

as the best Chinese chef in the US. He has an unusual MO. He'd typically open in some remote place like Arkansas. After a while the food press would rediscover him and then fans from all over the country would mob the place. Within a year or two he'd shut down and quietly disappear only to reappear somewhere else. I called tentatively for a reservation. A Chinese woman answered and said they were full, no more reservations, but if we showed up before 6pm they would fit us in somewhere. We arrived at 5:56. There was a line out the door. A pretty young Caucasian brunette was at the podium. She turned away everyone without a reservation. Finally we approached. I told her that we didn't have a reservation but that a Chinese woman promised to seat us if we got there before 6. The brunette looked flustered. She asked if the Chinese had taken my name. I said, "Look, there's a couple just leaving. You'd be very kind to give us their table." she smiled and led us over to it. Pushy New Yorkers. Best Chinese food. .ever.

We both had obligations and by Saturday we were anxious to get home, besides I pointed out, our last bottle of Jim Beam was almost empty and we didn't have enough for another night in a hotel. Because of predicted icing we couldn't go IFR through any clouds. We'd just have to scud run around the mountains to the northwest. We felt pretty hopeless. We got a standard briefing. After describing the weather on our route the briefer suggested we head east. It was the long way around the DC restricted zone but it looked like we could outrun the weather moving in from the west. We hung up the phone and were airborne in thirty minutes. Smooth sailing over the Chesapeake. With a push from the wind we shot up between the Philadelphia and New York Class Bravo with a groundspeed about 160knts. We landed at Saratoga County Rwy 31 with wind 32015G25. My wife Marion met us. I talked to the avionics guy, Marco, at North American. He said, "No problem. I can install a new HSI for about \$8,000 and an Aztec 2 axis autopilot for about \$20,000." I thanked him and told him I'd think about it. I'm really thinking about what I can say to Kevin next time I talk with him. As we drove away from Saratoga the skies opened up with freezing rain and sleet till we got to the Village Pizzeria on 29.

## Time to step up!

Dear Chapter 602 members,

Doug and I cannot continue to carry the news letter article writing duties. I know that everyone looks forward to getting their newsletter prior to each month's meeting, but recently contributions have dried up.

I can think of three or four projects that have recently been completed, or are nearing completion, there have been member trips to sun and fun and even stick time in the shuttle trainer that all have the potential of being great articles. **THEY ARE NOT BEING GRADED FOR CONTENT OR GRAMMER!**

Please don't send me articles that you have clipped out of some magazine as that doesn't add to the flavor of the club, and anyone can do that.

If support for the newsletter doesn't improve over the next few month's I will move in July that the news letter be published quarterly. Issues would then be distributed in January, April, July and October. It's your choice, it's your news letter.

*Tim D.*

## EAA602 FLY MARKET

### FOR SALE

For sale a rans 4/5 ultra light 477 rotax very low hrs. call Fred at 518-661-5623

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. 3 Wheel pants for smaller wheels (4"-5") All half price Doug 863-2409

## Notes From Your Editor

*by Doug Sterling*



Well finally here is the May issue. Sorry about being late, but last month was a flash. I went out west for 2 weeks vacation and than had 4 days to get the Edinburg News out when I got back. What a week. I'll write about it next month, but for now all I can say is that it was great.

I'm getting ready for our poker run on May 21st. The airport looks good, and we are going to have a cleanup day on Sunday the 15th 9 -12. Anyone with a mower is welcome to come and help, and we have some extras and brooms for anyone else who wants to help. See you there.

*Fly Safe, Doug*

Come see the our club pictures on our web page in living color at:

[www.eaa602.org](http://www.eaa602.org)



**GOD BLESS AMERICA**  
September 11, 2001  
We will never forget.

### 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 \$20.00 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 \$2.00 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.

*May 2011*