



EAA602 Log Book

Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

July 2008

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HOMEBUILDERS



From The Presidents Desk

by *Tim Cowper*



Upcoming Events

It was a brutally windy day for our annual poker run, but we still had a great time, and a nice BBQ. I managed to fly the Challenger over to Jacks, and then went straight back to The Pines, and was very happy to be back on the ground. I should have taken a closer look at the Skew-T! I wasn't the only drive-in up at Edinburg and we all had a good time talking about airplanes & flying.

Our fly-in at Jack Schleich's is upon us so hopefully we'll have some better weather. This year saw quite an expansion in this event as the Galway Fire Department and Galway Lions Club got involved. It's amazing to see all the cooperation between the different organizations, to put on such a massive event, and I'm glad 602 is able to be a part of it. Remember, it is all thanks to the generosity of Jack, Dave & Mark, Roger & Chris, Bruce Brownell, and people like them, who maintain these beautiful grass strips, that we are able to have fly-ins like this. Make sure you let them all know that we appreciate it! See you at Jacks!

Tim

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June 28

EAA 602 - Kenny Schleich Memorial Fly in BBQ, N237 Galway

July 11-13 - Geneseo Airshow "Greatest Show On Turf" D52 Geneseo

July 10-13

Green Mountain Aerobatic Contest Springfield, VT For info go to www.iac35.org/contests.html

July 19 - EAA1070

Pancake Breakfast 7-11 K23 Cooperstown

July 28-Aug 3

AirVenture - Oshkosh

August 9

EAA 602 & UL 90 Young Eagles Day, NY0Fulton County Airport

August 16 - EAA1070

Pancake Breakfast 7-11 K23 Cooperstown

September 6 - Old Time

Taildragger Fly-in, ON27 Murphys



From Our VP's Desk

by Tony Rizzio

It was Wednesday June 11th about 7pm when Doug fired up the engine and taxied to runway 28 at ny0 for the maiden flight of the Red Rocket. I guess that is what I'll call her or maybe the Red Scooter.

It didn't take long from where we stood; soon he was climbing out trying to get use to the Ercoupe since he hasn't flown one in many years.

Since mine has rudder pedals it is slightly different but he seemed to be comfortable with it, and after some feeling it out he tried the landing gear - it worked great. After a short break he took me for a ride. Wow I'm

one happy camper. Yes I found a few things I needed to do but was very happy. Great visibility very quiet (no 65 hp 7000 rpm rotax but a 75 hp 2400 rpm

Continental) the plane was all I hoped it would be. I only flew it in Virginia for a few minutes due to my having to catch my return flight. After a nice flight it was time to land. That suspension sure works nice we heard the tires chirp but didn't feel a thing. (Doug says it's because he is so good).

Sunday we flew again after I made a few adjustments we, and had a great time (I can't wait to fly again).

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Bill Wade for bringing my new bird home, and then transport it back to fulco for me, Doug for test flying her, and Art for his help in painting.

Keep an eye out for my new toy flying around the patch. Now what do we call her Red Rocket or the Red Scooter.



Hey Tony, do you see the airport?

No Doug, I don't. Let me turn on the GPS

Notes From Your Editor

by Doug Sterling



Well - another month has gone by. We have another first fly (our v-pres's plane) and the start of work towards his pilot license. **This club is great!!** We have more and more members getting planes and working on getting their pilots licenses. If we keep up at this rate, we will all have our licenses and more planes than members. In this quest I've had the privilege of doing first flights on many of our members projects, and helping them to work for their licenses. It has been an enlightening experience and a privilege to help a great bunch of motivated and dedicated people on their quest for their goals. Thanks to all of you for giving me an experience I could not have purchased for any amount of money.

We had our first event of the year (poker run) a few weeks ago. Some day!! I think the winds reached hurricane force at Edinburg by 10am. We, plane people, didn't have any real problems other than the washing machine effect, but Larry had a different view of things. It seems that at one point the wind factor was more than the propeller factor of his ppc. Coming back from Jack's field he headed for Bills fighting the winds all the way, and when he got over the Pines thought better of trying to go into the valley of turbulence. I talked to him on the radio and suggested that he would get a half stamp for the effort and good pilot decision making. After flying up the edge of the lake to the bridge with

out much problems he turned to the airport and radioed that his GPS just reported 30 minutes to touchdown. Not bad for a 1 mile run up the hill. Sure enough 20 minutes later he appeared over the trees, and 5 minutes later touched down in his own sweet way. See Larry - you can handle most any wind!! A great lunch was had by all and the card play was great fun. Maybe next year we'll get a break on the weather.

Enough for now - see you at Jack's Saturday.

Fly Safe, Doug



A Busy Month

by Tim Devine

Well for all of us who waited all winter to be able to fly, June has been the mother load of flying events.

On June 1st EAA Chapter 294 at Frankfort Highland held their Young Eagles pancake breakfast fly in at Frankfort Highland airport near Utica. Despite marginal ceilings (3500) I decided to give it a shot. For those of you who have never flown to 6B4 it's a nice little strip just west of Utica, which is a short flight up the scenic Mohawk Valley. While the weather probably kept a lot pilots away, it was a nice event. Coming home around 10:00 the ceilings were better & I had a heck of a tail wind as the GPS was reading 114 mph as my speed over the ground. 114 mph in a Champ and you start to worry about the fabric bursting into flames due to the friction of the air.

June 7 brought high temps, high-density altitude and lots of haze and poor visibility. Unfortunately that kept me from attending a Young Eagles airport day event at Ellenville N89. I had been in contact with Mr. Dwight Coombe who was running the event and he was very interested in having some older aircraft attend so that the Young Eagles could get an idea of how some of the early aircraft looked. The weather at N89 was more cooperative and the haze burned off early enough for them to fly 60 new Young Eagles. Pretty impressive results for their first try. I hope I can make it to their next event.

June 14, take your pick of places to go. Klinekill EAA 146 was sponsoring their always-enjoyable spring fly in breakfast. Glens Falls EAA was having their Young Eagles day at Bennett Field in Glens Falls. Norwich NY (OIC) Lt. Warren Eaton airport was sponsoring an airport day. Rutland Vt. Green Mountain Flyers EAA Chapter 968 was sponsoring a tail dragger rendezvous. What to do?

I arrived at Plateau Sky Ranch at 07:00 with every intention of flying down to Sharon Springs to hook up with Gary Collins and we were going to head out to Norwich to see what was going on at their airport day and then head up to Glens Falls to help out with the Young Eagles event. I took off about 07:30 with clear sky's overhead but was immediately greeted by heavy haze. The farther I headed towards Sharon the worse it became. By the time that I crossed the Mohawk River visibility was less than three miles. Despite needing a flying fix, I executed a 180-degree turn and returned to the barn, disappointed but safely back on the ground. My patience was rewarded the following day with cooler weather and clear skies. I decided to head west to Ithaca (ITH) where the East Hill Flying Club was putting on their annual Father's Day pancake breakfast. The weather continued to improve the closer I got to Ithaca which provided for some truly enjoyable flying over some scenic parts of central New York. It had been a while since I had flown to a towered, paved airport so I was really focused on getting into the pattern and on the ground without embarrassing myself or ticking off ATC. Fortunately ITH's 6600 x 150 main runway was visible from a long way out and they have a nice little 2200ft. turf strip, which parallels the main runway so it was just like landing at home.

The great weather made for a busy event with lots of fly and drive in traffic. Despite the crowds, lines moved steadily and there

were no long waits. I had breakfast with two members of Elmira EAA Chapter 533 who would love to have 602 attend one of their breakfast events. I had to cut my flight line walk short, as I needed to be back home by early afternoon. A steady tail wind hastened the trip back home from an event that I plan on attending again.

June 21st, I can't believe that it's the second Cooperstown event already. I'm trying to keep the Broadalbin contingent of 602 psyched for flying so this weekend I have invited Kevin Bartholoma to visit Cooperstown as my back seater. Kevin was already at the airport and had the Hawk and Doug's Glastar moved out of the hanger by the time I arrived. We talked about weather and flight planning as we dragged the Champ out and then started the preflight. As we were preflighting Doug arrived and prepared to leave to go pick up Aaron White at the Pines and then head down to Cooperstown. Kevin and I launched about 07:45 into some of the best weather we have had to date. It was hands off flying all the way to Cooperstown. Although there was a steady headwind it was smooth and Kevin did a great job of getting us to K23. I was a little nervous about what the weather was going to be like at Cooperstown as we had over flown a thick fog layer laying in the Mohawk Valley and the temp/dew point were close enough together that K23 might be under fog. As we were flying down the valley after crossing the gap at Cherry Valley Graham and Nancy passed us in his slick red and white Maule. He was higher and faster than we were and could see the airport and things looked clear. Runway 20 was the active for the day and things were starting to pickup as we entered the pattern and landed.

Once on the ground earlier arrivals confirmed my suspicions as they had arrived to fog and had to divert for a while until things cleared. Breakfast was the usual of plenty to eat of good hot breakfast fix-ins. As usual 602 was well-represented Doug Sterling, Aaron White, Bill Wade, Ken Sherwood and his wife. Scott Olendorf hooked up with Gary Collins and they came in from Duaneburg. The Reverend and his Funk arrived early and landed under the fog layer. I guess when you have an in with the Lord you can do that! Aeronca Pete was there with his usual cup of coffee in his hand. I'm still trying to find out if he fly's with the coffee in his hand to?

Because of the great weather the turn out was fantastic and it was capped off by the arrival of a beautifully restored 1929 Curtis Robin from Syracuse. The aircraft was in immaculate shape, and I was amazed at how big it was for just a two-seat airplane. Time to head home at 10:00 AM and the weather is still clear but the winds have picked up from the west. Kevin has his work cut out for him steering and trying to maintain altitude in a quartering tail wind. We work on visual references on the way home finding Hisert's and then diverting over the lake to find Murphy's. Kevin was up to the challenge and got us back to 1F2 with time to spare. We put the Champ back in the hanger head our separate ways. Me to fly my lawnmower and Kevin to put brakes in his daughters car and both relish a great day of flying.

By the time you read this we will be getting ready for club event at Jacks place which will be a fitting end to a great month of Flying. And we still have the rest of the year to go!!!



Defying Gravity Downunder

by Emma Obern

Some of you know I went to New Zealand for four months last winter. (Did I miss any snow?) Most of my time was spent in Auckland, helping out in my brother's scuba diving shop. But I did have a few adventures. When I was a child I used to dream about flying - not in a plane, just me in the air, defying gravity. I came to realise scuba diving is about as close as you can get to that feeling. Diving on a wreck at 100ft with powerful swells was the equivalent of flying in bad turbulence with poor visibility (I did swim through the helicopter hanger). But as this is an EAA newsletter, I'd better tell you about taking to the air.

For my first solo trip out of the city, I headed to the Coromandel. I was approaching Thames, the first town on the peninsula, when I saw an airport sign. So I turned off. There were several planes tied down and a 172 flying the circuit (the pattern). I stood next to the flying club watching then decided to go in and see if anyone was around. A young student was debriefing. When he headed off, happy and booked in for his next lesson, I found myself talking to the instructor. Les is a proper Kiwi - apparently you can tell because they're blessed with good looks, charm and personality (surely he's talking about pilots in general?). He's also a long time commercial pilot who's flown all over the world and is currently building up a flight school. We got talking about flying and New Zealand and watched as the 172 came in to land. (It turned out to be piloted by another Bloody Pom.)

Les had a busy schedule with students all day, but at two different airports. He was now due at Matamata, a town to the south. He invited me to go along, saying they'd be lots more planes to look at and people to talk to. I figured why not, so got a ride with him. Matamata has a larger airport with a nice grass strip. As well as GA, there's skydiving and a big gliding club, which accounted for the majority of the hangers. They were also holding the annual Walsh Memorial Scout Flying School, which explained the tent city sprung up around the buildings.

It's been running for over 40 years and gives boys and girls between 16-20, two weeks to learn to fly. This year there were 65 enthusiastic students getting intensive training in all aspects of aviation, from time in the seat, to theory lectures and operational functions.

The flying school has some wonderful sponsors, providing aircraft, fuel and a mobile control tower. All the instructors volunteer, often using annual leave to be at the camp. Many of the 1250 past students have pursued aviation careers and are now airline pilots for major airlines around the world; air force jet or helicopter pilots; or members of one of the many aviation trades. I spent a very pleasant afternoon talking to students & watching the operations.

On my way back to Les's hanger, (which contained two Aerotravellers, a ¾ Mustang & a factory built Zenair 701), I met his neighbour Murray. He'd just finished spraying for the day & was putting away his Agcat. Another well-

traveled pilot, Murray entertained me with stories as he tidied up and I sat in the cockpit. It doesn't seem to matter where in the world you go, pilots are a friendly bunch. Getting the return ride to Thames with Les, he didn't have to twist my arm much to sign me up for a lesson. So two weeks later I was back at the airport taking off in a 172, my first lesson in a nose wheel plane - but it was still fun!

I decided I should also see some of the South Island. It's a lot less populated and more

rugged than North Island, with snow-capped mountains, glaciers and fiords. I flew Air New Zealand to Christchurch and hired a car with no particular plan, just a road map and my credit card. Heading north I found myself in Kaikoura, a coastal town, popular for whale watching. To see the whales, my choice was either a long boat ride, with lots of other tourists, (possibly being seasick), or jump in a R44 helicopter.

As we flew over the surf a pod of dolphins leaped out of the water. Then it was a short ride to the bay where the whales hang out and with the help of our pilot, we soon saw one. The whales stay on the surface to oxygenate their blood before diving. So you have maybe 5 - 15 minutes before they flip their tale and disappear. As we circled we had fantastic views of the area as well as the whale. The pilot did a great job.

On a whim I went to Karamea - a town at the end of the road, (or the start if you've hiked over from the Able Tasman). I was headed for the beach when I saw another airport sign and took the turn. The paved strip parallels





the beach and has a 'No parking on the runway' sign. A solitary Piper Arrow was securely tied down and wrapped up against the sea air. Later as I walked along the beach it took off and headed towards the mountains.

Next stop on the west coast was Okarito, a very small town, with not much of anything going on. I stayed in a bach (NZ camp) near the beach. But between the beach and bach was a short grass strip, only noticeable because of a wind-sock and a "no camping on the runway" sign. On further inspection, there was a Super Cub on tundra tyres, painted a very bright shade of NZ safety yellow (it was hiding behind a bush). There was a new house being built next to the strip & the owner turned up most days to watch the progress. As a farmer living over 200 miles of windy road away, it was only practical because he arrived in his R22 helicopter, coming over the mountains. This seems to be quite typical of NZ & there are many strips in small towns all over the place.

Wanaka is an alpine resort town, with a much larger, busier airport. I had an appointment, but arrived early giving me time to look round the Warbirds Museum. New Zealand took an active role in both World Wars and has a rich aviation history. Wanaka is also home of the Warbirds over Wanaka air show – a biannual event that's become the largest Warbirds airshow in the southern Hemisphere. They were in the midst of preparations for this year's show taking place over the Easter Weekend. Too bad I wouldn't be around to attend.

My original reason for stopping was to jump out of a perfectly good aeroplane, so I made my way to the Lake Wanaka skydive hanger. It was a clear sunny day and the 15 minute ride in the strange looking, purpose-built plane provided fantastic views of the mountains and lakes. When we got to 15,000 ft, Uros the Serbian skydiver, strapped himself to my back and we jumped out of the plane. At that height you get about a minute of free-fall, which is quite a ride once you're the right way up. After the 'chute was open I had more time to enjoy the scenery and chat to Uros, before making a gentle landing and walking back to the hanger.

On to Queenstown, another ski resort and all round party town. Also home of the NZ invented activity of bungee jumping. OK it's not aviation. But trust me I was flying through the air, albeit for 8.5 seconds and straight down. The Nevis High Wire is a 440ft bungee jump over a canyon. They used helicopters to put the concrete and steel pilings either side, through which they've strung cables to hold the purpose built jump pod. It's definitely exhilarating to dive head first off a platform with just a large rubber rope secured round your ankles. You have enough time to question why you jumped, did they really attach the bungee and is this going to hurt, as you hurtle towards the rocky river bed, then you're bounced back up, temporarily weightless before heading back down again, then up...you get the idea. The adrenaline rush lasted at least another hour.

Some NY friends had told me about the Gavin Wells Gliding School at Omarama - the place to go gliding in NZ. So I called and booked a trial flight. I've never been gliding before so wasn't sure what to expect. What I got was a very friendly welcome from more Bloody Poms. The school is mainly for glider pilots wanting to brush up their skills and learn new tricks, particularly cross country flying. Although I was only doing one flight they were happy to let me sit in on the morning weather briefing and first lesson. Something I'd forgotten: In the southern hemisphere the Coriolis effect means low and high pressures turn the opposite ways. Also the sun's path tracks east, north, west, which could disorientate you if you're not paying attention.

The gliders are German built, high performance, two seat, Duo Discus sailplanes - a beautiful craft and surprisingly roomy. (I've sat in the cockpit of my friend's Lear jet and this was bigger.) It is obligatory to wear a parachute, but my instructor Luke assured me he'd never needed one. I was surprised to learn just how high and how far you can go in a glider. (The thought of flying 7 or 8 hours non-stop, without burning an ounce of gas definitely has appeal.) We got towed up by a Fat Boy Pawnee, which looked like a fun ride too. When we had enough altitude we dropped the rope and that was it, we were soaring like the birds. Looking for thermals and waves.

Luke let me take the controls, stick and rudder, just like the Champ and I had a great time circling round the hills, trying to gain altitude. Without the engine it's so peaceful up there. No need for head sets, just sunglasses and a hat. The hour went all too quickly and when it came time to land we needed to lose some altitude. Luke asked if I minded some aerobatics. Did I mind? We secured everything then went into two loops a chandelle and a stall, before he touched down perfectly on the spot we'd taken off from. Fantastic!

My final day in New Zealand and I wasn't expecting much excitement. After packing and finishing last minute jobs, we had just enough time for a farewell lunch before going to the airport. I wasn't suspicious until we got downtown and headed for the Sky Tower, the most prominent part of the skyline. I hadn't had time to come here although we'd talked about it. As well as the good views and a great restaurant, there's also the "Sky Jump". A 630ft cable-controlled base-jump. When several friends appeared out of nowhere, it became clear we were going to do it! After putting on multicoloured jumpsuits, fit for B movie superheroes, we took the elevator. Up. After getting a safety line attached to my harness, I walked towards the edge of the tower. The lines were switched over and I was ready to lean out, holding on to wires either side. After a count of three, you just let go and fall off, heading straight for the big red target on the ground. Easy! It seemed like a suitable end to my kiwi adventures.

Remember; **DUES WERE DUE IN JUNE \$20**
But you can pay any time now for this year. 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

**The Meeting This
Month Will Be At:**

**Fulton County
Airport Main
Hanger @
7:00pm on
Mon. June 30th**

**EAA602 FLY MARKET
FOR SALE**

For Sale Continental A-65 parts.
Contact Tim Devine 584-2045

2000 FlightStar - 55 hours on 582/E-
box drive Custom paint ~ All the
options ~ Asking \$13,900

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Gauges for sale. Tach, Dual CHT, Dual
EGT, Water Temperature (All Westach 2
1/4" with probes) Combo EGT-CHT, Turn
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582. 5" Matco wheels & disc brakes. 3
Wheel pants for smaller wheels (4"-5")
All half price Call Doug 863-2409

EAA602

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



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

July 2008

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