



# EAA602 Log Book

Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

June 2008

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HOMEBUILDERS



## From The Presidents Desk

*by Tim Cowper*

A great time was had by all who were able to attend the visit to Ray Wielt's shop in Clifton Park. Not only did we get to meet the former B-25 pilot, but we also got a demonstration of his incredible hand made P&W engine. Amazing craftsmanship! An unexpected treat was meeting Ray's friend P-51 pilot Clarence Dart, one of the original members of the Tuskegee Airmen! It was such an honor to meet and talk to these two incredible aviators. Thanks Ray for opening up your shop to 602, and thanks Roger for making it happen!

If you couldn't make it to the May meeting you missed a great presentation on ethanol by Tim Devine. This is a significant problem and one we all need to be knowledgeable on. Tim did a great job and covered the topic thoroughly. Tim is not only a fantastic newsletter article writer but also a great presenter! I am amazed at the talent we have in our club!

This month's meeting will be at the Fulton County Airport, on Tuesday, May 27 @ 7:00PM. Bill Milton and Ken Sherwood, the new FBO, have generously offered us the use of their facility. Thanks guys! We have a full agenda so get there early. After we conduct some business, Roger is going to give his slide show on the Geneseo Air Show that we weren't able to get last month. After Roger, we start our first official Technical Counselor presentations! Larry has organized our crew of very talented TC's and this month we start with "Using core materials to make Light and strong composite panels" by Artie



Goodemote. I guarantee this will be interesting... and fun!

This Sat., May 24, is our first event of 2008 - our annual poker run BBQ. If you can, come to Edinburg on Fri. evening, after work, and help set up. Hopefully we'll have good weather. The fun starts at 7:00am for the PPC guys, and any time after 8am in the morning for the rest of us! It will finish up at noon with lunch and poker playing at the Edinburg hanger. See you there!

*Tim*

### The Meeting This Month Will Be At:

**Fulton County  
Airport Main  
Hanger @  
7:00pm on  
Tues. May 27<sup>th</sup>**



## First Cooperstown Fly-In 2008

*by Tim Devine*

We can only hope that the weather for this past weekends Cooperstown Fly-In breakfast is a harbinger for the remainder of the 2008 season to come.

Despite the long range forecast from early in the week that predicted rain and low ceilings, Saturday morning dawned just perfect flying weather. With unlimited ceilings, great visibility, cool temps and light winds it was ideal weather to go flying.

I had invited Darryl White to fly down with me and he was waiting at 1F2 at 07:00 when I pulled in and parked. Doug Sterling was also there prepping his Glastar for the trip to Cooperstown and then up to Argyle. Tim Cowper was going to be the lucky guy to fly down with Doug to get a feel for how his new rocket ship handled.

We both launched before 07:30 with the intention of heading down to Sharon Springs to hook up with Gary Collins from 1070 so we could all fly down together. Doug headed down to pick up Tim at Mothon's field and Darryl and I headed for Sharon. About five miles out of Sharon I made the call and Gary waiting and ready to go. Doug and Tim had easily caught up with us and we were cruising at 2800 to get above the bumps down around 2500.

By the time Gary in his new Cessna 150 had taken off and climbed to altitude Doug and I had proceeded west to Cherry Valley to make the turn head down the valley to Cooperstown. I think that Doug and Tim were holding both doors open and waving there arms out the window in an attempt to slow the Glastar down enough to not completely loose the Champ that was cruising at its normal 85 mph. Despite a great deal of radio communication, needless to say our attempt at formation flying can best be described as the famous scattered flock formation. Eventually we all finally arrived at Cooperstown and were surprised by the lack of radio chatter considering how busy Cooperstown usually can be. There were only six other AC on the ground when we arrived and despite the perfect weather it was

not the usual crowded breakfast that is typically Cooperstown.

Breakfast was the standard fare with plenty to eat and good conversation. As we were leaving the hanger to check out the flight line we met up with Roger Johnson and his daughter Amy who I have heard is a student pilot. It's great to see another young person taking up aviation and we can only wish Amy the best of luck and hope she becomes another member of 602.

The flight line was much shorter than usual so by 09:30 we were ready to get headed back to 1F2. Darryl and I decided to head over to Cooperstown and then up Otsego Lake for the scenic ride home. We had a nice tail wind and Darryl did a great job of flying the Champ for the first time. I didn't realize that this was his first time away from the patch until he told me that he had never been to Cooperstown. So on way home we worked on identifying visual landmarks and points of reference for navigation. We made a pass over Hisert's field skirted some building cumulus clouds over the northwest side of Sacandaga lake and were back home by 11:30.

Hopefully Darryl will have the Hawk back flying soon and the next Cooperstown breakfast he can take his own airplane along for the ride.

## From Our VP's Desk

*by Tony Rizzio*



Summer is flying by - and I'm not, but hopefully by the time you read this the ercoupe will be ready to go.

Now that is out of the way, let's look forward to the fly-in at Jacks, on June 28th. The club will be responsible to oversee runway safety. We will need volunteers. Any one willing to help please contact Rick Riccardi or myself.

At the last meeting we talked about new shirts for 2008 and we need a logo, think of something you like and sketch it out we will need to order them quickly.



## Notes From Your Editor

*by Doug  
Sterling*



Well here we are almost to Memorial Day (the official start of summer). Hope everybody is getting some flying in on these beautiful days. The sky is sharp and clear, the air is crisp and clean and I'm having a ball in the air. We went down to cooperstown last Saturday and to Mohawk Valley on Sunday for breakfast. Any excuse to get into the air.

I went to Waxwing Airport (just south west of Albany) with Patrick to pick up his new-to-him FlightStar on May 10th. Some place! It's a rough grass strip about 1800' long and what seems like a 30 degree uphill takeoff. Good thing the Flightstar is a great short field plane. With full fuel and 2 heavyweights, we blew right off in about 600' (up hill). I helped Patrick fly it back to Saratoga Airport where he got the use of a hanger for a few months. He did well considering the strong thermals. After landing and getting set up with the hanger we decided to do a few circuits of the pattern for practice. What a blast! The winds were active and I think Patrick was having second thoughts about this flying thing. After a few circuits and a greening complexion Patrick thought that we might have done enough practice for the day. To bad - it was just getting to be fun. Oh-well back to the hanger and enough for the day. Later Patrick removed the panel for the electrical system/starter upgrade. He didn't like the idea of pull start for a plane. Can't say I blame him.

Seems that everyone wants to rebuild a plane as soon as they get them. I had to rebuild the fuel system on the GlaStar after the fuel refused to feed on the way to Mohawk Valley Airport. Good thing Judy is a good sport (she is always along when something goes wrong). Thank goodness for Bill Wades airport. I learned that when you land at Bills, stay on the dirt. Of course this was after the wheels & prop were buried in the mud.

Enough of this dribble, I have to go - the sky is clearing and the planes are calling.

*Fly Safe, Doug*

## Upcoming Events

**May 24 - EAA 602 Annual  
Poker Run, 1F2 Edinburg**

**June 14 - UL 90 & EAA 353  
Young Eagles Day @  
GFL Glens Falls**

**June 21 - EAA1070  
Pancake Breakfast 7-11  
K23 Cooperstown**

**June 28  
EAA 602 - Kenny Schleich  
Memorial Fly in BBQ,  
NY37 Galway**

**July 11-13 - Genesee Airshow  
"Greatest Show On Turf"  
D52 Genesee**

**July 10-13  
Green Mountain Aerobatic  
Contest Springfield, VT  
For info go to  
[www.idc35.org/  
contests.html](http://www.idc35.org/contests.html)**

**July 19 - EAA1070  
Pancake Breakfast 7-11  
K23 Cooperstown**

**July 28-Aug 3  
AirVenture - Oshkosh**



## Cross Country In A T-6

*by Mark Murphy*

Just in case you missed last month's article, I will give you a quick review of our T-6 adventure. Dad and I bought a restored T-6 in Mohave, California and flew there to pick up the plane. Dad and I each had an opportunity to fly the plane as we made our way to Deming, New Mexico. The weather was perfect and the first day of our three day trip home went better than expected. We had hoped that the next two days would be just as good but, unfortunately, that is where the story continues.

Dad and I woke up around 5:00 am in Deming, New Mexico as we were still "flying high" from our warbird adventure. We had fueled the night before so we were ready to leave at sun up. At the airport, there were about 20 Robinson helicopters on the ramp. We talked to one of the pilots and they were on their way home from the Las Vegas helicopter expo. With the plane loaded, I climbed into the front seat and cranked the Pratt and Whitney 1340 to life. There was coughing and popping and lots of wobble pumps as the engine started purring. After a few minutes of warm up, I taxied to the runway and advanced the throttle. Gear up and sun up, what could be better?

The engine was running smoothly and there was not a bump in the air. It was so peaceful as we flew along looking at the beautiful southwest country side. Off to the far right I saw another plane. It looked like we were on converging paths. Our transponder was not working so we were VFR on our own to "see and avoid". As the plane got closer we saw that it was a Blackhawk helicopter. We were cruising about 160 knots, but the Blackhawk helicopter was slightly faster. It was a good 15 minutes of flying a "loose" formation before the Blackhawk helicopter crossed underneath us. It is not often that a civilian has the opportunity to fly with a military pilot. That was a neat time to reflect on where our military has come in aviation, since World War II.

Our first stop was Roswell, New Mexico. Dad picked this stop because it sounded like a good place. We called Roswell tower and received our clearance to land. As we taxied, I saw an old business jet parked out in the middle of nowhere. Apparently the jet was Elvis Presley's personal plane. We were expecting an alien sighting, but instead we saw the ghost of Elvis! It had been sold to a new owner but it had sat there for a long time. Roswell was an interesting place. Did we see aliens? Yes! I bought three stuffed alien dolls for my kids.

Dad flew the next leg. It was off to Elk City, Oklahoma. I tried to sleep a little because we had a long day ahead of us. Little did I know how long the day would really be! It is hard to rest while sitting upright on a hard parachute. I think I did get a little rest because soon we were on final in Oklahoma. Dad did a fine job of landing the old girl. We grabbed some airport food out of the vending machines; topped off the fuel; and checked weather. It looked like clear skies for most of the day. We may catch up to some weather by evening. It was Mother's Day, so our goal was to make it to Warsaw, Indiana by dark. That way I could be with my wife and kids that night.

It was my turn to fly again, so we strapped in and were soon at 9,500 feet cruising in the wild blue. Next stop: Nevada, Missouri. I had never flown coast to coast and I was amazed at how much "nothing" there is in some parts of the country. When I say "nothing," I mean no houses... no trees... no roads... no people... nothing! I thought to myself, I hope the 600 horses keep galloping along this neck of the woods... because I would hate to spend the night down there. As we approached the airport 20 miles out, I thought my worst fear had come true. The engine sputtered and quit. Instant heart attack! The cool headed guy in the back seat switched fuel tanks and pumped the wobble pump and she came right back to life! That will get your attention!

The landing was fine and we taxied to the ramp. As we filled the tanks, we checked the gallons. It was confirmed that we did not run the tank dry. We actually had 15 gallons left in the tank when it quit. We made some phone calls and found out that the left tank has two positions, "left" and "reserve." We were running the plane on left to right tanks. The left tank has a tube inside which allows you to run out of gas. This was the military's way of making sure a student had a 15 gallon reserve to get back to base. With that problem solved, it was Dad's turn to fly.

It was late afternoon, so we could probably get one, maybe two legs in before dark. The weather looked like it might be an issue too. We were catching up to some rain. About an hour into the flight it started to rain; but the visibility was still good. We descended to 3,500 and decided to stop somewhere to check the weather. The seal on the front of the cockpit was leaking so Dad was getting wet in the front seat.

I looked on the GPS and found Mexico, Missouri. As we headed there, Dad called on the radio but got no response. Dad landed and we taxied up to the pump. We got out and went to the office. The sign on the door read, "Be Back in 1 hour". Oh great, now what! There was nothing within sight and there didn't seem to be anything around here. We walked back to the plane. I decided to try the pump. It was on! We decided to fill up and fly to a bigger city to spend the night. We went back to the door to leave a note. The door was open and the only thing inside was the "Guard Cat". The fuel price was posted on the board. Dad and I had enough cash, so we left the money and a little extra on the desk. Back at the plane it was my turn to fly. We strapped in and taxied to the runway. We got a call on the radio the guy had come back and read our note. He was very nice and asked us if we wanted our change. We told him to keep it because we were just happy to be on our way.

I did a normal take off and raised the gear. This was our first indication that we had a problem. The gear handle was stuck and did not come up all the way. I put the gear down and back up, this time it worked. Ok, we will have to look at that when we get home. We decided on Quincy, Illinois for our stop for the night. It was a little north of our course but the GPS showed the rain to the south. We entered the pattern in nice smooth air and calm wind. I put the gear down on downwind flying 125 mph, turned left base at 110 mph, final at 100 mph. This landing was the best landing either of us had made on the



entire trip. Just two squeaks, as we rolled out the tail came down. During the rain our intercom had shorted out, so Dad and I could not communicate. We slowed to about 25 mph when something was wrong, very wrong. The plane was heading left. I pushed right rudder and the plane continued left. Now it was full right rudder and brake, we were still going left. Since Dad and I could not communicate he did not know what I was doing. He later told me he also had full right rudder and brake.

So what was going on? Did something break? To make matters worse the left wing had dropped and was now scraping down the runway. At this point we could no longer keep the plane on the runway. We slid off into the grass and spun around 180 degrees. Wow! What happened? No time, just turn off the mixture and magnetos and get out. Once we were out and evaluated that there was no danger I went back to the plane to call the FBO. I let them know everything was ok and we did not need the Calvary. The left wheel gear lock had broken and the left gear leg had folded back into the airplane. The propeller was high enough that it did not hit the ground. The plane showed little damage. These things were built tough.

A mechanic came out and suggested a lot of bad ideas on how to recover the plane. The last thing we wanted to do was break anything else. Another mechanic came out and he agreed with us that the way to recover the plane was to use a forklift at the jack point, get the wing up and brace the gear down. The only forklift on site was a small one with solid rubber tires. The plane was located about 75' off the pavement. The forklift would not drive on the soft grass. The mechanic was able to locate six sheets of ½" plywood in his shop. We had to double the sheets to hold the forklift up. I volunteered to drive the forklift as we figured if anyone was going to poke a hole in the wing it was going to be me. Dad was afraid that without a hole in the tip of the fork, the jack point could slip off as we were raising the wing. The owners of the forklift agreed to let us drill a hole in the fork. The mechanic had to drive his truck back to the hanger to get a drill. We each took a turn with the drill. It took quite awhile to drill a ¾" hole through the steel fork. Finally we were ready to lift the wing. Dad and I worked together to line up the hole perfectly to the jack point. Clear! AS I slowly lifted the wing we realized that it was moving sideways. We would have to do the lift in stages and block the wing up each time I repositioned the forklift. Finally the wing was high enough to fold the leg down. We braced the leg with a pipe between the tires. With everything secure we were able to tow the airplane to a hanger for the night. There was



surprisingly little damage to the airplane. We thanked everyone for their help. Dad and I got to the hotel room about midnight. The day was a lot longer than anything we had expected.

The next day we were up early making phone calls. We had to get back to Warsaw Indiana where my bonanza was. We also had to make arrangements to get the T-6 repaired. As far as the transportation back to Indiana, I called a friend of mine that had a piper Cherokee. He agreed to pick us up and take us to Warsaw. It would take him about 3.5 hours to get to Quincy Ill. Now we had to decide what to do with the plane. The shop at the airport agreed to get the plane "ferriable". We made some more phone calls and found a place called Midwest Texans. They were in Huntington IN. They were able to whatever was needed to get the plane fixed. Our ride came and we were off to Warsaw. I was happy to see

Diane and the kids. I was very disappointed that I did not have the T-6 "Sweet Diane" with me. The next day it was a very quiet ride home to NY. Everyone slept on the way home; including the pilot. (Joke.)

About a week later we had our batteries recharged and we were on our way back to Quincy IL. To move the T-6. Rodney, Dad, and I took his bonanza. We left early in the morning and got to Illinois about noon. We checked the plane out and paid our bill. Rodney and I flew it gear down to Midwest Texans. We arrived about two hours later with an

uneventful flight. Dad and I made arrangements to have the plane completely gone through as well as have the gear overhauled. We were soon back in the bonanza on our way home. That was another long day. Well, about three weeks later it was finally time to bring this plane home to the stable. Rodney, Dad, and I headed back out to the Midwest for the third time. We hoped this would be the last. We got to the airport at about 11:00. The plane was all ready to go. Again we checked it over and paid the bill. We thanked the fine crew that worked on it and headed home. The trip took about 3.5 hours with one fuel stop. I was a little nervous bringing the plane into our strip for the first time but the plane did well. It was hard to believe that this adventure was finally over with.

#### The trip stats:

- Total miles flown- (including commercial flight to CA 8946 miles
- 19 fuel stops
- 48 hours flying (NOT including the commercial flight
- Approximately 1,250 gallons of fuel burned (ouch)
- Spending time with my dad for the adventure of a lifetime (priceless)

Remember; **DUES ARE 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 \_\_\_\_\_

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

**June 2008**

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