



THE GRAPEVINE



EAA CHAPTER 663 Livermore, California

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There is a very fine line between "hobby" and "mental illness."

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MEETING AND PROGRAM

Our June meeting will start at 7:00 P.M. on the 5th of June in the Terminal Building at the Livermore Airport. Our program for the evening will be a presentation Tim Styles, west coast sales representative for Rans Aircraft, Inc. who will bring one of his aircraft from Lodi Airport for show and tell. The program will precede the business portion of the meeting so Tim can fly his unlighted aircraft back to Lodi.

MINUTES: GENERAL MEETING, EAA CHAPTER 663, MAY 1, '03 7:30 PM TERMINAL BUILDING KLVK.

Chapter vice president Bill Jepson called the meeting to order.

One guest introduced himself, Robert Olds.

The minutes were approved as printed in *The Grapevine*.

Treasurer Sharon Constant reported \$5100.00 in chapter funds.

Business: Barry Weber is continuing to investigate low cost dynamic propeller balancers. A chapter display case, to be located in the rear of the meeting room, has been selected by the board of directors. A picture of the case was circulated among those present. Bob Cowan moved and it was seconded that the chapter spend \$550 for purchase the case. The motion passed with near unanimous vote. After a short discussion Bob Cowan moved that the chapter spend \$150 for the purchase of a DVD of the thirteen part television series on aerodynamics featuring Dr. Alexander Lippisch done in 1955. The motion was seconded and passed.

Bob Cowan made an appeal for volunteer pilots for a Young Eagles Rally on Saturday the 5th of May.

Announcements: Livermore Tenant Appreciation Day will be May 8th featuring a barbecue from 11:30 to 1:30 near the terminal. The Golden West Fly-in is in need of volunteers. It will be June 20-22 this year at the Marysville Airport.

Break and then Program: Bill Jepson introduced Tom Sorenson, VP Product Development for Approach Systems, Inc. Their product consists of a variety of connector cables and two different levels of junction boxes that greatly simplify getting communication, navigation, transponding and autopilot electronics working harmoniously. This is a boon to those wiring complicated instrument panels.

Meeting adjourned for pie.

MINUTES: BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING, EAA CHAPTER 663, MAY 15, '03, 7:30 PM, RALPH'S PLACE.

Due to the absence of yours truly, the following was written from Ralph's notes:

Ralph called the meeting to order.

The treasurer was not present.

Business: The first chapter barbecue is coming up June 6th at hangars #113 & #114 at 4 PM. A volunteer is needed to purchase drinks and picnic supplies. Attendees are expected to bring their own entree and a shared side dish.

Bob Cowan NEEDS volunteer pilots! Young Eagles Rallies are scheduled for 6/14, 7/12, 8/9, 9/6 and 10/11.

EAA has started a program of interviewing unique people in aviation. A lot of history is disappearing as old timers pass on.

The EAA B-17 is on the east coast this year. We'll try for 2004.

June's meeting: Tim Styles, west coast sales representative for Rans Aircraft, Inc. will bring one of his aircraft from Lodi Airport for show and tell. The program will precede the business portion of the meeting so Tim can get his unlighted aircraft back to Lodi.

The program will start at 7:00 PM.

Meeting adjourned for pie.

Respectfully submitted, Bruce Cruikshank,
Secretary

VP'S VIEWPOINT: DO IT NOW!

I haven't contributed to the newsletter much lately. There have been some serious issues to contend with on the personal health front. I was hospitalized in December for nine days, and two minor surgeries.

This brings me to topic for this piece. Start your project now. Don't wait, don't pass go. You know the rest. My brief stay in the hospital has shown

me that the one thing you cannot get enough of is time. While I haven't been building my plane yet, I have finished several other projects. Things I wanted to do but have been putting off. No matter how well you plan ahead most projects just take longer than you planed. If you make a start you will then expect yourself to finish (sometime).

I have been following a project of interest for a while now. That project is Peter Garrison's second complete aircraft of his own design. Peter is a contributing editor for Flying magazine. I would bet most of us have heard of his first project, Melmoth. That was a 2 place one-design aircraft. The plane had retractable gear, very long range, was mostly metal and was built as a response to a challenge by aircraft manufacturers who were tired of being knocked in Peter's technical column. "If you think it's so easy, why don't you design your own airplane," they said. So Mr. Garrison went out and built the thing. His exploits were archived in the magazine, warts and all. I believe the end result was a mutual respect earned on both sides. Peter flew the very long range Melmoth to Europe and Japan! In a tragic turn of events the aircraft was destroyed when Peter was preparing to take off in the run-up area and a Cessna with problems crashed on top of him! Talk about bad luck, no fault of the owner/builder/designer the plane was totaled.

Peter was planning a 4 place due to an expanding family and was forced into starting over by the accident. OK now fast-forward 21 years! Peter's second plane, also called Melmoth finally flew. What persistence. Peter said most of his saved radio gear didn't work; it was now antique, literally! I'm going to try to get Peter to come to one of our meetings to talk airplane. I really NEED to know how you can continue to make progress and build a functional plane over such a long time. We have two examples of long-term building in the Chapter; Wally's bipe and Bruce Crookshank's RV-4 (with kudos to co-builder Barry Weber).

Here is the point. No matter how long it takes you won't complete if you don't start. Rather obvious isnt it? My own personal health problem brought the point home to me. I was waiting for the time, space and money to all to be there at one time. Don't wait on your dream or it may never happen. Fortunately my problems were repaired and I have a second chance. I am going to start by buying tools or clearing space this week. I only

need to spend a little of my precious time to start my commitment. Later, when I'm finished it will be the journey of a thousand miles started by that single step. Only a little time or money can get you started, plus it will be fun. DO IT NOW! Best wishes, fly safely. Bill Jepson

Peter Garrison's web site shows the Melmoth 2, appropriately at the following HYPERLINK "<http://www.melmoth2.com>"
www.melmoth2.com

WHERE TO GO IN JUNE 2003

6/6-8 CA Ramona Air Fair

6/9 CA Quiet Birdmen Airshow Broome Ranch, Camarillo

6/15 WA Bellingham AirFest Bellingham

6/20-22 CA Golden West F.A.A Regional Fly-In Yuba County Airport Marysville, CA

6/21 Oregon Rose Festival Airshow Portland/Hillsboro Airport Hillsboro, OR

6/21 CA Vertical Challenge San Carlos

6/21-22 CA Aviation Expo 2003 , Van Nuys Airport Van Nuys, CA

VELOCITY ON JET A

No more "next year", no more "soon", and certainly no flying down the runway at 8 inches and calling it a day. The DeltaHawk engine has finally flown. Here is the official blurb:

DeltaHawk, Inc. announces the long-awaited first flight of its DH160V4 Turbodiesel aircraft engine. A Velocity RG powered by the 160 horsepower upright V-4 engine, weighing just over 300 pounds and burning jet A fuel, took off from John H. Batten Airport in Racine, Wisconsin at 12:01 PM on May 3, 2003. In a flight lasting 38 minutes, test pilot and DeltaHawk Chief Engineer, Doug Doers reached an altitude of 5500 feet MSL and achieved a maximum airspeed of 140 knots before returning for an uneventful landing. Doug reported the flight and engine performance were nearly perfect. Following almost 7 years of development, the

flight is a milestone in DeltaHawks history. The company will begin delivering engines to its loyal and patient customers in the first quarter of 2004. Those holding DeltaHawk Delivery Position Agreements (DPA) may contact DeltaHawk at sales@deltahawkengines.com to confirm their intentions. New customers wishing to establish a Delivery Position can download the DPA form from the DeltaHawk website, which contains up to date information and new, high-resolution first flight photos, at: www.deltahawkengines.com

Exciting news as this is, the proverbial "rest of the story" is what will really turn your cranks. Stay tuned and come see us at Oshkosh.....

ACE BRUCE CARR'S AMAZING ESCAPE IN A GERMAN FW 190! (Part II)

Continued from May, 2003

"Then a bunch of Germans roared down through us, and my leader immediately dropped tanks and turned hard for home. But I wasn't that smart. I was 19 years old and this SOB shoots at me. And I'm not going to let him get away with it. We went round and round. And now I'm really mad because he shot at me; childish emotions, in retrospect."

He couldn't shake me, but I couldn't get on his tail to get any hits either. Before long, we're right down in the trees. I'm shooting, but I'm not hitting. I am, however, scaring the hell out of him. I'm at least as excited as he is. Then I tell myself to calm down. We're roaring around within a few feet of the ground, and he pulls up to go over some trees, so I just pull the trigger and keep it down. As I burned all the gun barrels out .. one bullet .. a tracer, came tumbling out and made a great huge arc. It came down and hit the German on the left wing next to the aileron.

"He pulled up, off came the canopy, and he jumped out, but too low for the chute to open and the airplane crashed. I didn't shoot him down, I scared him to death with one bullet hole in his left wing. My first victory wasn't a kill; it was more of a suicide.

Back on the ground: The rest of Carr's 14 victories were much more conclusive. Being red-hot fighter pilot, however, was absolutely no use to him as he

lay shivering in the Czechoslovakian forest. He knew he would die if he didn't get some food and shelter soon.

"I knew where the German airfield was because I'd flown over it ... so I headed in that direction to surrender. I intended to walk in the main gate. But, it was late afternoon, and I had second thoughts. So, I decided to wait there and hide in the woods until morning. "While I was lying there, I saw a crew working on an Fw 190 right at the edge of the woods. When they were done, I assumed, just like you assume in America, that the thing was all finished. The cowling's on. The engine has been run. The fuel truck has been there. It's ready to go.

Maybe a dumb assumption for a young fellow, but I assumed so. So, I carefully walked over, got in the airplane and spent the night all hunkered down inside the Focke-Wulf's cockpit.

"Before dawn, in the twilight, I started studying the cockpit. I can't read German, so I couldn't decipher dials and I could not find the normal switches like there were in American airplanes. I kept looking , and on the right side was a smooth panel. Under this was a compartment with something I would classify as circuit breakers. They didn't look like ours, but they weren't regular looking switches either.

"I began to think that the Germans were probably no different from the Americans in that they would turn off all the switches when finished with the airplane. I had no earthly idea what those circuit breakers or switches did, but I reversed every one of them. If they were off, that would turn them on. When I did that, the gauges showed there was electricity on the airplane.

"I'd seen this metal T-handle on the right side of the cockpit. It had a word on it that looked enough like the word 'starter' for me to it was. But, when I pulled it, nothing happened. Nothing.

"But then, I thought: if pulling doesn't work .. you PUSH. And when I did, an inertia starter started winding up. I let it go for a while, then pulled on the same handle .. and the engine started."

The sun had yet to make it over the far trees and the air base was just waking up, getting ready to

go to war. The Fw 190 was one of many dispersed throughout the woods. And at that time of the morning, the sound of the engine must have been heard by many Germans not far away on the main base. But even if they heard it, there was no reason for alarm. The last thing they expected was one of the their fighters taxiing out with a weary Mustang pilot at the controls. Carr, however, wanted to take no chances.

"The taxiway came out of the woods and turned right towards the airfield. On the left side of the taxiway, there was a shallow ditch and a space where there had been two hangars. The foundation slabs were there, but the hangars were gone, and the immediate area had been cleaned of all debris."

"I didn't want to taxi on to the airfield, so I plowed down through the ditch, and when the airplane started up the other side, I shoved the throttle forward and took off right between where the two hangars had been.

At that point, Bruce Carr had no time to look around to see what effect the sight of a Focke-Wulf erupting from the trees had on the Germans. Undoubtedly, they were confused, but not unduly concerned. After all, it was probably just one of their maverick pilots doing something against the rules. They didn't know it was one of OUR maverick pilots doing something against the rules.

Carr had problems more immediate than a bunch of confused Germans. He had just pulled off the perfect plane-jacking. But he knew nothing about the airplane .. couldn't read the placards .. and had 200 miles of enemy territory to cross.

At home, there would be hundreds of his friends and fellow warriors, all of whom were, at that moment, preparing their guns to shoot at airplanes marked with swastikas and crosses. But Carr wasn't thinking that far ahead. First, he had to get there, and that meant learning how to fly the airplane.

"There were two buttons behind the throttle and three buttons behind those two. I wasn't sure what to push, so I pushed one button and nothing happened. I pushed the other and the gear started up. As soon as I felt it coming up and I cleared the fence at the edge of the German field, I took the

airplane down little lower .. and headed for home.

"As I headed for home, I pushed one of three more buttons, and the flaps came part way down. I pushed the button next to it, and they came up again. So I knew how to get the flaps down. But that was all I knew. "I couldn't make heads or tails out of any of the German instruments. I couldn't even figure out how to change the prop pitch, but I didn't sweat that, because props are full forward when you shut down anyway, and it was running fine.

As Carr streaked cross fields and among the trees only a few feet off the ground. At something over 350 miles an hour and below tree-top level, he was trying to be a difficult target.

But as he crossed the lines, he wasn't being difficult enough. "There was no doubt when I crossed the lines because every SOB and his brother who had a .50-caliber machine gun shot at me. Bullets were coming from all over the place, and I had no idea which way to go. So, I didn't do much dodging because I was just as likely to fly into other bullets."

When he hopped over a last familiar row of trees and he found himself crossing his own airfield. Carr pulled up hard to set up for landing, his mind was focused on flying the airplane.

"I pitched up .. pulled the throttle back and punched the buttons I knew would put the gear and flaps down. I felt the flaps come down .. but the #\$(% gear wasn't doing anything. I came around and pitched up again, still punching the gear button. Nothing was happening, and I was really frustrated."

Carr had been so intent on figuring out his airplane problems, he forgot he was putting on a very tempting show for the ground crew.

"As I started up the last time, I saw the air defense guys ripping the tarps off the quad .50 caliber guns that ringed the field. I hadn't noticed the machine guns before, but I was sure noticing them right then. So, I roared around in as tight a pattern as I could fly and chopped the throttle. I slid to a halt on the runway, and it was a nice belly job, if I say so myself".

His antics over the runway had drawn quite a crowd, and the airplane had barely stopped sliding before there were MPs up on the wings trying to drag him out of the airplane by his arms. They didn't realize he was still strapped in.

"I started throwing some good Anglo-Saxon swear words at them, and they let loose while I tried to get the seat belt undone, but my hands wouldn't work and I couldn't do it. So then they started pulling on me again because they still were not convinced that I was an American.

"I was yelling and hollering, then, suddenly, they let go, and another face dropped down into the cockpit in front of mine. It was my Group Commander, George R. Bickel. He said, " Carr, where in the hell have you been. And what have you been doing now?"

For several days after the ordeal, he had difficulty eating and sleeping, but when things again fell into place, he took some of the other pilots out to show them the airplane and how it worked. One of them pointed out a small handle under the glare shield that he hadn't noticed before. When he pulled it, it unlocked the landing gear. The handle was a separate, mechanical uplock. Well, at least, he had figured out the important things.

Carr finished the war with 14 aerial victories after flying 172 missions, which included three bailouts because of ground fire.

He stayed in the service, eventually flying 51 missions in Korea, and another 286 missions in Vietnam.

Flight Magazine [abridged] Summer, 1996

MOSES AT THE AIRPORT

Recently while going through an airport during one of his many trips, President Bush encountered a man with long hair, wearing a white robe and sandals, holding a staff. President Bush went up to the man and said, "Aren't you Moses? "

The man never answered but just kept staring ahead.

Again the President said, "Moses! " in a loud voice.

The man just kept staring ahead, never answer-

ing the president.

Soon a secret service agent came along and President Bush grabbed him and said, "Doesn't this man look like Moses to you?"

The secret service agent agreed with the President.

"Well," said the President, "Every time I say his name, he just keeps staring ahead and refuses to

speak. Watch!" Again, the President yelled, "Moses!" and again the man stared ahead.

The secret service man went up to the man in the white robe and whispered, "You look just like Moses. Are you Moses?"

The man leaned over and whispered, "Yes, I am Moses. But the last time I talked to a bush, I spent 40 years wandering in the desert!"