



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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PROGRAM

Our October meeting will take place at 7:30 P.M. on the 5th of October in the Terminal Building at the Livermore Airport. Our program will be a presentation by Barry Weber of some of his great pictures from AirVenture, 2006, utilizing the NEW Chapter 663 projector (Ya gotta see this baby in action!). Oh, and he might have a few pictures from Reno, 2006, too.

MINUTES: GENERAL MEETING EAA CHAPTER 663, 08/07/06 6:45 PM LVK RAMP.

Our September meeting was "NOT AN RV" night held on the LVK ramp with Vice President Brad Olson going from plane to plane having members talk about their non-RV's. The following ten members displayed their aircraft: Ray McCrea/Long EZ, Bill Bunce/Long EZ, Mark Summers/ Q200, Brad Olson/ Q200, Bob Farnam/ Q200, Dave Deford/ Europa, Rob Goldman/

Glasair II RG, Bob Buckthal/ Glasair II, Scott Alair/ Lancair Legacy and Ken Coe, who brought his beautifully restored 1939 Taylor Young BL65.

BOARD MEETING: 09/21/06, 7:30 BOB FARNAM'S PLACE.

Present: Bob Farnam, John Meyer, Dick Jennings, Gordon Jones, Ralph Cloud, Brad Olson, Scott Alair and Bruce Cruikshank.

Treasurer's report: Bill Bunce reported the chapter has \$3,174.00 in funds.

Brad Olson gave the chapters final deposit check for the Robert Livermore hall for the January dinner meeting and Paul Wiess is making arrangements with the catering service.

Ralph Cloud spoke about a new proposal from the airport manager that would modify the existing regulations for FBOs and hanger tenants. The proposal will be heard at the October 9th airport commission meeting and then forwarded to city council to be voted on. It was decided Bob Farnam would write a letter on behalf of the chapter to the city council for recommended changes that would help EAA members that hanger aircraft at LVK.

The EAA chapter at the Oakdale Airport is having a fly inn/BBQ on October 7th 10 to 4 pm.

Next chapter meeting is October 5th at 7:30 and the next board meeting is on October 19th at 7:30.

Meeting adjourned for **pie** at 9:00.

Life's short, Fly fast
Scott Alair.

GETTING THE (PRETTY) PICTURE

Sometimes when I print a picture in the newsletter

there is considerable loss of detail, contrast and--TA DA--color! Last month there were two pictures which could have been photo quality and in color --if you had received them electronically. E-mail newsletter delivery is more rapid than Snail Mail, it costs the chapter less to send and it is much easier for me to fold, staple, address and stamp. To sign up for an e-mail N/L, send an e-mail to:

<JMeyerEZ@ewnet.net>

DUCK TAPE

Johnson & Johnson invented it for the military during World War II and it was nicknamed "duck tape" since it was used to seal ammunition cans and tents seams to keep water out - since water flowed off the tape like water does off a duck.

Post war it became known a "duct tape" since it was used to seal the seams of heating and air-conditioning ducts. Now everybody knows it as the handyman's best friend.

CANNON BALLS

In the heyday of sailing ships, all war ships and many freighters carried iron cannons. Those cannon fired spherical iron cannon balls. It was necessary to keep a good supply near the cannon, but prevent them from rolling about the deck. The best storage method devised was a square-based pyramid with one ball on top, resting on four resting on nine, which rested on sixteen. Thus, a supply of thirty cannon balls could be stacked in a small area right next to the cannon. There was only one problem - how to prevent the bottom layer from sliding/rolling from under the others.

The solution was a metal plate called a, "Monkey," with sixteen round indentations. If this plate was made of iron, the iron balls would quickly rust to it. The solution to the rusting problem was to make, "Brass Monkeys." Few landlubbers realize that brass contracts much more and much faster than iron when chilled. Consequently, when the temperature dropped too far, the brass indentations would shrink so much that the cannon balls would come right off the monkey.

Thus, it was quite literally, "Cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey!" {And all this time, you have had dirty thoughts, haven't you?

WHO'S PACKING YOUR PARACHUTE?

Charles Plumb was a U.S. Navy jet pilot in Vietnam. After 75 combat missions, his plane was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile. Plumb ejected and parachuted into enemy hands. He was captured and spent 6 years in a communist Vietnamese prison. He survived the ordeal and now lectures on lessons learned from that experience. Here's his report of something that happened after his return to the US.

"One day, when my wife and I were sitting in a restaurant, a man about two tables away kept looking at me. I didn't recognize him. A few minutes into my meal the man stood up and walked over to my table, looked down at me, pointed his finger in my face and said, "You're Plumb." I looked up and said, "Yes, sir, I'm Plumb." He said, "You flew jet fighters in Vietnam. You were on the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. You were shot down. You parachuted into enemy hands and spent six years as a prisoner of war."

I said, "How in the world did you know that?" He replied, "I packed your parachute."

I staggered to my feet and held out a very grateful hand of thanks. I was speechless. This guy came up with just the proper words. He grabbed my hand, pumped my arm and said, "I guess it worked."

"Yes, sir, indeed it did," I said, " and I must tell you I've said a lot of prayers of thanks for your nimble fingers, but I never thought I'd have the opportunity to express my gratitude in person."

He asked, "Were all the panels there?"

"Well, sir I must shoot straight with you," I said, "of the 18 panels, that were supposed to be in that parachute, I had 15 good ones. Three were torn, but it wasn't your fault, it was mine. I jumped out of that jet fighter at high rate of speed, close to the ground. That's what tore the panels in the parachute, it wasn't the way you packed it."

I didn't get much sleep that night. I kept thinking about that man. I kept wondering what he might have looked like in a navy uniform-- a dixie cup hat, a bib in the back and bell bottom trousers. I

wondered how many times I might have passed him on board the Kitty Hawk. I wondered how many times I might have seen him and not even said good morning, how are you or anything because, you see, I was a fighter pilot and he was just a sailor. How many hours did he spend on that long wooden table in the bowels of that ship weaving the shrouds and folding the silks of those chutes, doing a standard (or even mediocre) job? I could have cared less... until one day my parachute came along and he packed mine for me. So the philosophical question is "Who's packing your parachute?" Everybody needs someone to pack their parachute. We all need that kind of support in time of need. We all need those who step out in front and say, "Yes, I'll help."

My parachute was well packed when I was shot down over enemy territory. My physical parachute, my mental parachute, my emotional parachute and my spiritual parachute were pretty well in place.

All that parachute packing began in a very small town in Kansas. I loved that town. My parachute was packed by my Dad, my Mom, my big sister, my two little brothers and a coach named Smith.

Clancy Smith was a 65-year-old World War I veteran. He was a tough hombre who still had some shrapnel in one leg. He walked with a limp. We were the last team he ever coached and unfortunately, we didn't have a very good season. Our record was one and seven. We wanted to win that last game for him, but we lost. I'll never forget walking back to the locker room and Coach Smith came up and put his arm over my sweaty shoulder. I looked up at him and said, "I'm sorry coach, I guess we're just a bunch of losers." He squeezed my shoulder, sunk his fingers into my flesh and said, "Son, whether you think you're a loser or whether you think you're a winner... you're right."

The next day at school I said, "Coach, I don't understand what you meant. Would you explain it to me?"

He said, "Son, I don't want you to come back here in four or five years and tell me the reason you failed in high school and college was because you didn't learn anything in this little county school. I don't want you coming back here in six or eight

years and telling me that the reason you couldn't get a job was because you weren't educated. I don't want you telling me in 12 or 14 years you failed was because you married the wrong girl." He said, "What makes the difference between your success or failure is you. It's a choice. You can choose success, you can choose failure, or you can choose to give away the choice."

I graduated from that little grade school and I went away to Annapolis, the Naval Academy, where I was held "prisoner"! They let me go after four years, but I got my parachute packed there too. Admiral Charles Kirkpatrick was the Commandant of Midshipmen. He would stand up in front of the big pep rallies and clench his fists so tight you could see the veins run in his brow, and he'd say, "You guys can do anything you set your minds to do." That became our motto. For four years we didn't know how to lose. And we didn't very often. We were the number two and number one team in the nation. Best of all, Navy beat Army four times straight!

Uncle Charlie Kirkpatrick was right. We could do anything we set our minds to do!

(You can check out Charlie Plumb's full story in greater detail on Google.)

"GUS" KINNEAR

Vice Admiral "Gus" Kinnear, if not the last, was one of the last truly bigger-than-life military pilots who lived in the style of the old barnstorming aviators of yesteryear.

The admiral was a hero from the Korean War. While flying from the USS Lake Champlain CV-39 as a lieutenant j.g., he flew the A-1 Skyraider, a front-line propeller-driven dive bomber that, when used in the Vietnam conflict, was referred to as the "Spad." Kinnear actually wore a scarf around his neck and had a set of boxing gloves with the centers cut out so they could be pulled up on his arms so he could control the aircraft with his bare hands. He would slip them on his hands after landing to make those on deck think he had worn them throughout the flight. He would land and park, then slide the gloves on his hands, stick a cigar in his mouth, with a green derby attached to his flight helmet. If this sounds familiar, you may have seen Mickey Rooney in the movie "The

Bridges of To-Ko-Ri." Writer James Michener patterned his helicopter pilot character after Kinnear.

And what is more fascinating is how he received his second Air Medal. In a flight where his ailerons jammed, he could only regain partial control by tying the control stick tightly over to one side using his SCARF and, rather than parachuting from the aircraft, he managed to land at a divert field, thereby saving the aircraft undamaged.

MIDAIR IN NEVADA

From Air Force Forums

I am a Sheriff's Deputy in Carson City Nevada and on August 28 I responded to the following accident.

A Hawker 800 XP landed gear up at our airport. On arriving at the scene I found that the pilot, copilot and the three passengers were all OK. I observed several odd things about the crashed jet. The nose was missing and the right wing leading edge inboard was demolished. There was sporadic damage on the fuselage, right nacelle and horizontal tail. All very odd damage for a gear up landing.

There was literally, a slice in the front left side of the fuse that went from the radar housing bulkhead up and rearward to just under the pilots window. Hanging out of this slice was a spar of some sort that did not belong to this jet.

It was quickly determined to be a midair collision with pieces that appeared to belong to a glider. On talking with the female pilot this was confirmed. her face looked as though she had been attacked by a slasher. The copilot confirmed the collision and was completely unharmed as were the three passengers.

I looked into the cockpit and I was completely amazed. The copilot side had only a small amount of debris strewn about while the pilot side looked as though it had been dynamited. The panel had literally exploded into the pilots face. The lower panel collapsed onto the yoke.

We implemented search and rescue with Aero Squadron and even our local med-evac joined in. As the jet was IFR we had a location from flight

following as to where they were when the mayday was given. Within two hours glider wreckage was located in the mountains east of Minden. A very popular soaring destination.

Our next notification was that a parachute canopy was located on the ground and that the harness was open as though the pilot landed safely and removed the harness. Before we knew it we had a call that one of the local Tribal Officers had picked up the glider pilot as he was walking out of the mountains. Minor cuts and bruises.

This event was so far, full of miracles. I just could not believe that everyone involved was alive and well, needing nothing more than stitches.

Now it was time to concentrate on getting the jet on its wheels or on a trailer and off of the runway. This proved to be a non-event as we had two of what I now assume to be the best crane operators in the west. They properly slinged, lifted and moved this jet up, out of the dirt and onto the runway as though they were playing with toys. The wheels dropped and that majestic, beat up machine stood there in all of her glory as though it knew that it held it together just long enough to get the folks home.

Lest anyone question the miracle status of this event I will continue with indicating factors. The total fuel that was left onboard was estimated by the crew to be about 500 gallons. Well when we lifted up the jet it drained about 40 to 50 gallons. When the right wing ruptured it obviously lost its fuel. When emptied it began to vacuum fuel out of the left tank via what was told to me to be a cross feed system.

Wait, there is more. I don't think that I mentioned who brought the jet home. Through all of her injuries and the damage in front of her the first officer brought that jet and its cargo home. The copilot did his job calling out emergency procedure and the other ten thousand things but the pilot waded through her blood and injuries, the aircraft damage and the fact that she may have just been half of what was suspected to be a collision that killed another person and yet brought that jet in like a miracle worker. She even kept it on the runway until the very end when it just barely slipped off of side and into the dirt. I am still whirling from the circumstances of this

incident and the amazing fact that everyone survived.



DUCK!!!

GOOD SHOP PRACTICES FIREBALL FROM ALUMINUM GRINDING DUST

Aluminum grinding dust can create a serious explosive fire hazard when it is mixed with steel or iron grinding dust. A case in point was reported by a *safety coordinator* for the Esso Oil Company plant in Longford, Australia, who was using a belt grinder in his home workshop to smooth the edge of a hacksaw cut on a 2" length of 1.5" angle iron. He had been grinding for about 1.5 to 2 minutes when there was a loud "THUMP" accompanied by an approximately 2-foot diameter brilliant yellow orange fireball. The fireball lasted no more than 1 second and then completely extinguished itself. It completely enveloped the machine, his hands to half way up his forearms, and the front of his torso.

Injuries included deep second-degree burns to about 60% of the victim's left hand and 50% of his right hand and first degree burns to his neck, chin, cheeks, lips, and the end of his nose. The right cuff of his shirt was smoldering, his face felt a burning sensation, and he could hear the front of his hair sizzling. Nothing on the bench was burning. A few streaks of white powder were deposited on the bench top and on a few items lying on the bench. The workshop was filled with dense white smoke with very little odor. His fingers and the ends of his thumbs escaped relatively unscathed as they were protected from the heat flash. He was wearing glasses, which protected his eyes. He also lost half his mustache, one of his eyebrows, and about 1 inch off the front of his hair. His eyelashes were curled by the heat but not singed. The burns to his face were caused solely by radiant heat, as the fireball did not come that high.

Wha hopped?

A few days before the event, the man's son had ground the heads off about twelve aluminum pop rivets. Finely divided aluminum mixed with finely divided ferrous oxide (the black powder residue from grinding steel) produced a compound called thermite. Thermite is used to fill incendiary bombs and is used commercially to weld large steel items. It burns at approximately 3500C (6300F), hence the extensive burns from such a short exposure time.

Recommended actions:

The victim recommended that the manufacturer of the grinding wheel should include a very strong warning about the dangers posed by grinding steel after having ground aluminum. That warning should include precautions to thoroughly clean the grinding machine of all aluminum dust before grinding iron or steel.



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