



THE GRAPEVINE



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

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Meeting And Program

NOTICE: Our January meeting will take place at 7:30 P.M. on the 2nd of January. The meeting will be at the FBO/Main Terminal Building on the grounds at KLVK.

Calendar:

Month	Date	Speaker	Topic
November	7th	Dick Jones	Aerial photography—40 years worth
December	5th	Dave Dent	Video on the creation of the VF-23
January	2nd	Rich Perkins	Attitude Aviation

For Our January program: After a couple years of arranging for an amazing string of interesting speakers Dave Dent is retiring as our programmer. Chuck Ray is taking over and is receptive to any and all suggestions. Rich Perkins of Attitude Aviation will talk about his experiences.

Mailbag:

This is a story shared by Ralph Cloud:

A plea for help from a grounded Australian to his friend, BJ:

Hi Mate, I am writing to you, because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's license back. You keep telling me you got all the right contacts. Well now's your chance to make something happen for me because, mate, I'm bloody desperate.

But first, I'd better tell you what happened during my last flight review with the CAA Examiner. On the phone, Ron (that's the CAA dickhead) seemed a reasonable sort of bloke. He politely reminded me of the need to do a flight review every two years. He even offered to drive out, have a look over my property and let me operate from my own strip. Naturally I agreed to that.

Anyway, Ron turned up last Wednesday. First up, he said he was a bit surprised to see the plane on a small strip outside my homestead, because the ALA (Authorized Landing Area) is about a mile away. I explained that because this strip was so close to the homestead, it was more convenient than the ALA, and despite the power lines crossing about midway down the strip, it's really not a problem to land and take-off, because at the half-way point down the strip you're usually still on the ground.

For some reason Ron seemed nervous. So, although I had done the pre-flight inspection only four days earlier, I decided to do it all over again. Because the prick was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times instead of my usual two. My effort was rewarded because the color finally returned to Ron's cheeks. In fact, they went a bright red.

In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him I was going to combine the test flight with some farm work, as I had to deliver three poddy calves from the home paddock to the main herd. After a bit of a chase I finally caught the calves and threw them into the back of the ol' Cessna 172. We climbed aboard, but Ron started getting' onto me about weight and balance calculations and all that crap. Of course I knew that sort of thing was a waste of time because, calves like to move around a bit particularly when they see themselves 500 feet off the ground! So, it's bloody pointless trying to secure them as you know. However, I did tell Ron that he shouldn't worry as I always keep the trim wheel set on neutral to ensure we remain pretty stable at all stages throughout the flight.

Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimized the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500 rpm. I then discovered that Ron has very acute hearing, even though he was wearing a bloody headset. Through all that noise he detected a metallic rattle and demanded I account for it. Actually it began about a month ago and was caused by a screwdriver that fell down a hole in the floor and lodged in the fuel selector mechanism. The selector can't be moved now, but it doesn't matter because it's jammed on 'All tanks', so I suppose that's Okay. However, as Ron was obviously a real nit-picker, I blamed the noise on vibration from a stainless steel thermos flask, which I keep in a beaut little possie between the windshield and the magnetic compass.

My explanation seemed to relax Ron, because he slumped back in the seat and kept looking up at the cockpit roof. I released the brakes to taxi out, but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell" I thought, "not the starboard wheel chock again". The bump jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked wildly around just in time to see a rock thrown by the propwash disappear completely through the windscreen of his brand new Commodore. "Now I'm really in trouble", I thought. While Ron was busy ranting about his car, I ignored his requirement that we taxi to the ALA, and instead took off under the power lines.

Ron didn't say a word, at least not until the engine started coughing right at the lift-off point, then he bloody screamed his head off. "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"Now take it easy, Ron" I told him firmly. "That often happens on take-off and there is a good reason for it." I explained patiently that I usually run the plane on standard MOGAS, but one day I accidentally put in a gallon or two of kerosene. To compensate for the low octane of the kerosene, I siphoned in a few gallons off super MOGAS and shook the wings up and down a few times to mix it up. Since then, the engine has been coughing a bit but in general it works just fine, if you know how to coax it properly. Anyway, at this stage Ron seemed to lose all interest in my flight test. He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and became lost in prayer. (I didn't think anyone was a Catholic these days). I selected some nice music on the HF radio to help him relax. Meanwhile, I climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 10,500 feet. I don't normally put in a flight plan or get the weather because, as you know getting Fax access out here is a friggin' joke and the bloody weather is always 8/8 blue anyway. But since I had that near miss with a Saab 340, I might have to change me thinking on that.

Anyhow, on leveling out I noticed some wild camels heading into my improved pasture. I hate bloody camels and always carry a loaded .303 clipped inside the door of the Cessna just in case I see any of the bastards. We were too high to hit them, but as a matter of principle, I decided to have a go through the open window. Mate, when I pulled the bloody rifle out, the effect on Ron was friggin' electric. As I fired the first shot, his neck lengthened by about six inches and his eyes bulged like a rabbit with myxo. He really looked as if he had been jabbed with an electric cattle prod on full power. In fact, Ron's reaction was so distracting that I lost concentration for a second and the next shot went straight through the port tyre. Ron was a bit up set about the shooting (probably one of those pinko animal lovers I guess) so I decided not to tell him about our little problem with the tyre.

Shortly afterwards I located the main herd and decided to do my fighter pilot trick. Ron had gone back to praying when, in one smooth sequence, I pulled on full flaps, cut the power and started a sideslip from 10,500 feet down to 500 feet at 130 knots indicated (the last time I looked anyway) and the little needle rushing up to the red area on me ASI. What a buzz, mate! About half way through the descent I looked back in the cabin to see the calves gracefully suspended in mid air and mooing like crazy. I was going to comment on this unusual sight, but Ron looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the fetal position and was screamin' his freakin' head off. Mate, talk about being in a bloody zoo. You should've been there, it was so bloody funny! At about 500 feet I leveled out, but for some reason we continued sinking. When we reached 50 feet, I applied full power but nothin' happened; no noise no nothin'. Then, luckily, I heard me instructor's voice in me head saying "carby heat, carby heat". So I pulled carby heat on and that helped quite a lot, with the engine finally regaining full power. Whew, that was really close, let me tell you!

Then mate, you'll never guess what happened next! As luck would have it, at that height we flew into a massive dust cloud caused by the cattle and suddenly went I.F. bloody R, mate. BJ, you would've been bloody proud of me as I didn't panic once, not once, but I did make a mental note to consider an instrument rating as soon as me gyro is repaired (Something I've been meaning to do for a while now). Suddenly Ron's elongated neck and bulging eyes reappeared. His mouth opened wide, very wide, but no sound emerged. "Take it easy," I told him. "we'll be out of this in a minute." Sure enough, about a minute later we emerge; still straight and level and still at 50 feet. Admittedly I was surprised to notice that we were upside down, and I kept thinking to myself, "I hope Ron didn't notice that I had forgotten to set the QNH when we were taxying". This minor tribulation forced me to fly to a nearby valley in which I had to do a half roll to get upright again.

By now the main herd had divided into two groups leaving a narrow strip between them. "Ah!," I thought, "there's an omen. We'll land right there." Knowing that the tyre problem demanded a slow approach,

I flew a couple of steep turns with full flap. Soon the stall warning horn was blaring so loud in me ear that I cut its circuit breaker to shut it up, but by then I knew we were slow enough anyway. I turned steeply onto a 75 foot final and put her down with a real thud. Strangely enough, I had always thought you could only ground loop in a tail dragger but, as usual, I was proved wrong again!

Halfway through our third loop, Ron at last recovered his sense of humour. Talk about laugh. I've never seen the likes of it. He couldn't stop. We finally rolled to a halt and I released the calves, who bolted out of the aircraft like there was no tomorrow. I then began picking clumps of dry grass. Between gut wrenching fits of laughter, Ron asked what I was doing. I explained that we had to stuff the port tyre with grass so we could fly back to the homestead. It was then that Ron really lost the plot and started running away from the aircraft. Can you believe it? The last time I saw him he was off into the distance, arms flailing in the air and still shrieking with laughter. I later heard that he had been confined to a psychiatric institution - poor bugger!

Anyhow, mate, that's enough about Ron. The problem is I just got a letter from CASA withdrawing, as they put it, my privileges to fly; until I have undergone a complete pilot training course again and undertaken another flight proficiency test. Now I admit that I made a mistake in taxiing over the wheel chock and not setting the QNH using strip elevation, but I can't see what else I did that was so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flamin' license. Can you?

December 2013 Minutes

MINUTES: GENERAL MEETING: EAA CHAPTER 663, 12/5/2013, 7:35 PM, TERMINAL BUILDING KLVK.

Chapter president Ralph Cloud called the meeting to order.

Guests Mike Magella (sp?) and David Mosher introduced themselves.

The minutes of the November meeting were approved as printed in "The Grapevine".

Treasurer Mark Palajac reported \$3,553.43 and 6 members paid up for next year so far. He is collecting dues and annual dinner fees this evening. Dues are \$30 per year and \$25 is being collected for each dinner.

Business: The annual dinner will be on January 18th with cocktails at 6 pm, bring your own beverage and dinner at 7 pm with food catered by Bonehead's Texas BBQ. They supplied the food last year. Expect chicken and pulled pork, baked beans, tater salad, coleslaw, cornbread, and brownies with and without pecans. We will be welcoming our new chapter president John Goldsmith, and listen to Paul Dye, current editor of "Kitplanes" magazine, tell about flying the Space Shuttle. Paul served as lead flight director for NASA's Human Space Flight Program. A fellow homebuilder flying a RV-8 and a RV-3 that he and his wife built. His wife also flies a RV-6.

Tools: The tool hangar has a new lock box, but the combination is the same as the old one for those authorized access to the tools.

Announcements: It's time to renew dues for the coming year, \$30. The annual dinner is \$25 per person. The next board meeting is Thursday the 19th at Ralph's place.

Member's Forum: Dave Dent asked if anyone could spare any hot wire foam cutting templates for a composite construction class he is holding at the Patriot's Jet Center at the Byron Airport.

Break and the Program: Dave Dent presented a video on the development and flight testing of the VF-23. It was apparently a superior aircraft to the F-22, the aircraft selected for production. Go figure. A second video from one of EAA's programs showing the development and construction of a replica of the Gee Bee QED was also shown.

Meeting adjourned for pie.

November 2013

MINUTES: BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING, 12/19/2013, 7:28 PM, RALPH'S PLACE.

Ralph Cloud, Dave and Trina Anderson, John Goldsmith, Mark Palajac, Dave Dent, Bruce Cruikshank, Chuck Ray and Bob Cowan were present.

There may have been use of the chapter trailer by a nonmember. This must STOP! For \$30 they can join the chapter, provided they are a member of the EAA. There are issues of liability and insurance.

Various aspects of the annual dinner were discussed.

Mark Palajac reported that 20 members have renewed their dues for next year. So far we have 15 dinners for the annual dinner. The chapter fund stands at \$3895.51 + or - 10 cents.

Trina reported that we flew 125 Young Eagles this year, which is a new record for this chapter!! Dave Anderson flew 22!!!

Back to the dinner: We need to get a deposit to Texas Bonehead BBQ for the food. Ralph is going to get appetizers, IKEA meatballs, three layer dip/chips, and vegetable plate. He will also get a couple Costco pies for dessert. It was decided that in addition to renting a screen to rent a public address system in an attempt to improve audio at the event. Harry Crosby will be contacted to provide each person with his or her own bottle of wine. The Livermore Veterans Hall will be available t 5 pm for decorating; the wine may be drunk starting at 6, with the dinning starting at 7. The speaker will be Paul Dye.

Meeting programs: After a couple years of arranging for an amazing string of interesting speakers Dave Dent is retiring as our programmer. Chuck Ray is taking over and is receptive to any and all suggestions. Possibilities include Rich Perkins, Walter Treadwell, and aerobatic pilot Pete Eltgroth. Others anyone?

There was a discussion about obtaining shirts/jackets with our chapter logo from the Café Press.

A motion was made and passed: A required signature for the bank account of EAA Chapter 663 as of January 1, 2014 is either the chapter president John Goldsmith, or the chapter treasurer Mark Palajac.

Other issues: There was a discussion of the number a certificates/awards to be passed out at the annual dinner.

Meeting adjourned at 8:47 pm.

Respectfully submitted, Bruce Cruikshank Secretary

Feedback/Questions/Suggestions

Any and all feedback is welcome. Please take a few minutes to send suggestions, tips, corrections or any other feedback to: jeffrylite@comcast.net.

Cool videos found on the internet.

[This guy is damn good at his job](#) – Thanks to Doug Smith

[Border Collies, if you haven't owned one, you just don't know.](#) – Thanks to Bruce Cruikshank.

[How about a little low altitude flying at high altitude?](#) – Thanks to Chris Uhlik

[The old Rhinebeck Aerodrome.](#) Thanks to Bruce Cruikshank.

[A Pilot's View: Queenstown, New Zealand](#) - Thanks to Bruce Cruikshank

What is it? From last month Sponsored by:



4 correct entries were submitted, correctly identifying the Skybolt N56JD once owned by John Denver. David Flourney was first and present garnering the last available prize from Aircraft Spruce. Year end prize winner will be announced at the Chapter Dinner in January.

Congrats to all that participated and added points towards the year end prize of the custom made 17" model from Factory Direct Models. Sponsor prizes thanks to Aircraft Spruce. Don't forget to thank them when you call and make that next order. Might be worth jotting down a note in the comments section if you order online. Missed guess's still count one point each, tallied to the end of the year with a 2 guess limit per month.

Thanks to those that called Aircraft Spruce and mentioned this contest in the newsletter as they have agreed to continue their sponsorship. Prizes are available thanks to them. Please give them a call with your next order and tell them how much you appreciate their generous donation to our monthly newsletter. Submit your answer to the newsletter editor to be eligible for a prize to be awarded at the regular chapter meeting. **You must be present to win but points are cumulative and incorrect guesses count.**

Winning entries will be decided by the email that is received with the earliest time stamp and the correct naming of the make/model of the pictured airplane as discovered. Winners that correctly identified the winning make/model that do NOT attend the meeting will forfeit the prize to the next available submission. Winning entries will be decided by the email that is received with the earliest time stamp and the correct naming of the make/model of the pictured airplane as discovered. Winners that correctly identified the winning make/model that do NOT attend the meeting will forfeit the prize to the next available submission. Chapter Judge's decision on correct identification is final.



In formation, the room for error decreases with the decrease in distance from the other airplane.

What is it?
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