



February 1, 2006  
Volume 45  
**Number 02**

*Board Meeting:*  
*January 30, 2006 6:30pm*

*General Meeting:*  
*February 1, 2006 7:30pm*

[WWW.EAA124.ORG](http://WWW.EAA124.ORG)

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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS:

**FEBRUARY 1, 2006 PROGRAM:** Paul Reinders will discuss the required Ground School items for the BFR, Emergency & Safety Items, and planning for x-c flights, as well as hold a "Q & A" session.

**THE BOARD MEETING WILL BE HELD ON  
JANUARY 30<sup>TH</sup> at 6:30pm...**

### **OIL BUY...OIL BUY...OIL BUY**

**Bill Massey** plans to have an oil buy this month. Please contact him at the February 1<sup>st</sup> meeting if you'd like to be part of this buy. All prices are per case, and are inclusive of all taxes and fees.

Aeroshell 15W-50	\$53.62 per case
Aeroshell 100W	\$35.88 per case
Aeroshell 80W	\$35.88 per case

### **2006 DUES ARE NOW DUE...**

Chapter 124 membership dues are now due. These dues must be paid either before or at the March meeting if you want your name to be included in the roster. (Remember, your name must be in the roster to be considered a member for that year when figuring "Length of Membership" in the Bump System.)

Any member who has changed his/her address, phone number, email address, aircraft info, etc., please notify John Whitehouse or Joe Lacchia to have these changes in the roster.

Please note that persons keeping an aircraft on site must be a current member of EAA National as well as of local Chapter 124. Also, John Whitehouse, the Chapter's Treasurer, must have a current copy of the aircraft insurance policy for his records.



MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT DESK...

FEBRUARY, 2006

Bob Gutteridge, President

**Doug Dugger's** 601-XL, N111TZ, is flying! Doug reports that his 5 hours has been flown off (only 5 hours because it is an experimental sport light). The new bird was on display at Cloverdale Saturday & Sunday, Jan. 21 & 22. Doug reports that it is flying very well with two slight problems. Apparently the original elevator trim tab is too small causing a cruise nose heavy condition when flown solo; a replacement trim kit is on order. Doug also reports that this engine likes to make ice, welcome to Continentals. *Congratulations Doug on a job well done!!!*

A bus trip to the Golden West Fly-in (June 9-11) is being investigated by **Bill Massey**. Preliminary plans have the bus leaving Santa Rosa early Saturday morning and returning late Sunday. Other activities are also being investigated as stops during the return trip. Cost is as follows for the bus and one night's motel: Day Inn at \$99.00; Holiday Express at \$119.00. Add for all other expenses. Special rates for admission are being negotiated. We will be discussing the details at the February meeting and will need your commitment soon as the prices always go up as the event gets closer. If you are interested, and cannot make the Feb. 1 meeting, please send me an email so your name will be on the list.

All you airplane owners...don't forget **Bill Massey** will make an oil-buy this month. See him at the meeting.

Have you visited the Pacific Coast Air Museum lately? If not, you might want to take an afternoon and look at all the new equipment they have been acquiring. The latest addition is a Harrier Jump Jet. The fuselage is here and the wings will be soon.

The FAA's Flight Plan 2006-2010 is again looking at user fees. AOPA and the White House Office of Management and Budget have both issued statements disagreeing with the FAA's cost studies indicating the need for additional revenue streams.

The Board meeting will be held on Monday, Jan. 30th this month. See you on the 1st for the general meeting.

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This is all about fun. You can grab ahold of an airplane here, and literally take your life in both hands. One for the throttle and one for the stick, and you can control your own destiny, free of most rules and regulations. It may not be better than sex, but it's definitely better than the second time. Adrenaline is a narcotic; it may be a naturally induced narcotic, but it is a narcotic. And once you get it movin' around in there, it's a rush like none other, and when this puppy gets movin'...

---Alan Preston, Air Race Pilot



## Learning to Fly

By Jim DuVander

As a child, I looked up at the airplanes winging over, with my head tilted back and a hand shading my eyes, trying to imagine what it was like up there. It wasn't until I was a teenager that I got a ride for three dollars at an air show and saw it for myself. It was like a toy fairyland; everything looked perfectly miniaturized. This was a total surprise. I had not imagined that.

Over the years I have never lost the wonder of it all. I have also learned to like seeing the big picture. Up there I can see how everything fits together in the world of our own Sonoma County topography. I hadn't realized how close our ocean is and how wooded and mountainous most of our environment is. The mountains, such a barrier to cars, make a trip to the inner valleys so quick and close, in an airplane.

It was sometime soon after that first \$3 ride, that in May of 1963 at the age of 20, I learned that a new FBO at the Coddington Airport was selling memberships to their Piper J3 Cub for \$50. This had the effect of offering the Cub at \$3 per hour, gas included, to Junior College students. I could not postpone learning to fly any longer, so I bought a membership and decided to spend a portion of the money I had saved for upper division college, on flying lessons. Flying was a far greater dream to me than having a degree.

My money was not without limit, however. I'll never forget the shock of finding out that my instructor, Les LeBar, wanted \$6 per hour, JUST FOR HIMSELF. Twice as much as the airplane! This was at a time when I worked for \$1.25 per hour. Most of what I had saved had been earned at less than \$1 per hour. I thought this price was pretty steep, costing a total of \$9 per hour for instruction and airplane. But, flying has never been cheap. So I bit the bullet and consented to this steep rate and we commenced the lesson.

The first step was the walk around. Here, we checked to see if there were any problems with the airplane. I felt the fabric with my hand. I liked the taut feel of it stretched over the underlying skeleton frame, smooth from numerous coats of dope.

Les opened the engine compartment, to check the oil level, and I could smell the hot oil and feel the heat rising from the opening. Someone had just recently returned from flying the little Cub. Les opened the sump drains and let an ounce or so of fuel spill onto the ground to drain any water accumulation from the system. The raw fuel smell evaporated to fill my nose with the harsh avgas smell. To this day, the smell of avgas reminds me of those early anxious days.

After completing the walk around, it was time to start the little Continental 65 HP engine. It did not have an electrical system, so without an electric starter, it had to be hand propped. I got in the back seat and put my feet firmly against the heel brakes, as Les had instructed, while he was out in front to spin the prop. Les taught me a new vocabulary. "Cracked" meant that the throttle was just above idle, about ¼" from closed. "Contact" meant that the magnetos were hot and ready to fire. After priming the engine by turning it over with the prop by hand, with the magnetos in a 'Cold' or off position, we were ready to start. Les called out, "Cracked, contact and brakes." I repeated his words exactly, to assure him that these things were done. He then pulled the prop through and the little engine came to life on the first or second pull. Les then squirmed his way into the tight little front seat cockpit.

The back seat was a real hole. The seat sat low and back where the visibility was not so good. The view forward was obscured by the front seat occupant, and the side windows were not all that large and did not come all the way back.

Most airplanes are steered with one's feet. Steering with my feet while in the back seat was one of the more awkward things I was to learn this day. It took several lessons to feel comfortable steering the airplane in this way. It is quite different, after being used to a steering wheel. The experience was much like learning to ride a bike or skates; it was awkward and difficult, requiring a lot of concentration.

Seeing was also a problem, requiring "S" turns all along the narrow taxiway. I had trouble keeping out of the grass and rough ground that lined it. There were a few chuck holes and mud puddles to avoid as well. In Cub steering there is a time lag between when a decision is made to go a particular direction and when the airplane actually begins to go that way. So thinking ahead was a bit of a challenge for me to catch on to.



## Learning to Fly (continued)

After reaching the beginning of the airstrip, we performed the run up, checked both right and left magnetos and carburetor heat. The surprise here was the carburetor heat and magneto check. This was a foreign idea to a farm boy. We didn't do this on any tractors. The other surprise was that on all our farm equipment, we pulled the throttle for more RPMs. The Cub was backward. The throttle was pushed forward for more RPMs, quite foreign to my experience.

At last, ready to go, Les lined us up on the runway after checking for traffic and pushed the throttle forward all the way. The little engine roared to life, making a surprising amount of noise. We began to slowly move down the runway. He then pushed the stick all the way forward lifting the tail up as we accelerated down the strip. Another surprise: I didn't know about raising the tail on takeoff. (This did not happen in the Piper Comanche that I had had my first ride in.) About one third of the way down the runway, we gently lifted off, with the noisy little engine straining at its most powerful approximation of full throttle. We were pretty heavy for the little cub, Les being about 230 pounds and me at 175; we were quite a load for this lightweight craft. Les turned around and quarter-faced me in a very awkward position and yelled at the top of his voice some nearly incomprehensible command. This would be our system of communication for the next few months as we would meet once per week, and take another lesson. He hated instructing in this tandem seat antique and much preferred the new Cessna 150s that rented for \$11 per hour, with their side by side seating. But he was stuck with me in the Cub, because I was not about to nearly double my expenses for his convenience. He was not a particularly cheerful type, but over the years I have been grateful for all that he taught me. He was from the old school and taught airmanship, the precision maneuvering of airplanes. To this day I still feel sloppy if I don't have the wings level or I let the ball slip or skid to the side.

As we slowly soared off the runway that day, my euphoria gave way to nervousness of being challenged with so many new things at once. Les pointed the plane toward what is now Rohnert Park, but what were then vast open fields bordered by the old highway 101 and Petaluma Hill Road; There, I took the controls and Les yelled me through my first tentative turns, power changes and the holding of altitude. This was all so foreign to me, even though I had dreamed about it for years. A car is only controlled in two dimensions, left and right, and forward and backward. An airplane is three, left, right; forward and up and down. This extra dimension seemed to add far more than 33% to the complexity. It was also necessary to maintain a minimum forward speed to avoid stalling. One cannot just pull up and stop like we do in a car at a stop sign. What an unnerving thought this was.

## Landing

The concept of altitude and airspeed being interchangeable was a new idea to me. I had not, in all my imaginings, considered these new things to have to watch out for.

After what seemed like a long time, we headed back and Les landed the Cub. As we shut down, I became aware of my soaked arm pits. This new activity was quite intense and I had been in quite a sweat for a while. I was glad to drive my car away. It was so effortless and easy to drive, because of the years of practice I had behind the wheel. I thought, "Would flying ever be so effortless?"

After this one hour workout, I was both disappointed and exhilarated. I was disappointed because it was more challenging than I had imagined. I had imagined it to be easier. Also there was such a focus on safety. This safety, though I recognized its importance, was to me a distraction. It cost the loss of some freedom, the freedom to be carefree and relaxed. My exhilaration came from at long last learning a skill that I had longed for.

After all these years I still have the same struggle. I love the air, but the constant focus on safety and avoiding fatal mistakes takes a toll on the ease of it all. I don't fly to relax as some pilots say they do. There are better, safer ways to relax as far as I'm concerned.



## Learning to Fly (continued)

### *First Landing*

Somewhere about the third or fourth lesson, Les coached me through the first landing. My lessons were always in the afternoon, so wind was always present. This light aircraft weaved about, a leaf in the wind. I aimed in general for the narrow strip. There was a constant need for correction. The chance of landing smoothly seemed to me about as probable as threading a needle while the sewing machine was running. It looked so unlikely. But I just persisted in aiming for the end of the runway and eventually we arrived unscathed. The noise of the tail wheel on the rough pavement made these arrivals seem so bombastic and loud. The open tail cone was like a megaphone aimed at my ear. But the plane and Les and I seemed to survive without apparent damage. After awhile, I got used to the noise and didn't think too much about it.

Les taught me full stall landings. He directed me to glide the plane to just above the runway and hold there as long as possible, by gradually pulling the stick back until the airplane loses momentum, simply stops flying and drops onto the runway. There are several tricks to learn about this whole process before this method can be perfected. First, one has to be able to judge the height above the runway by visual cues. This isn't always as easy as one might think. I remember (after soloing) going over to the old Navy Base in Santa Rosa, and leveling off above the runway and dropping like a rock when it quit flying. I must have been about 15 feet above the runway. No damage was done. The bungee absorbed the shock. What I didn't realize was that my depth perception was cued by the width of the runway. The navy base runway was at least five times as wide as the Coddingtontown runway and gave the impression that I was almost down when I in fact was above it.

In my training, Les would yell, "Get that stick right back in your gut, all the way!" It was a hard thing to do, because it required a lot of force where my arm was running out of mechanical advantage. When the plane quit flying, it would drop onto the runway with a hellacious sound of the tail wheel making contact. The transition from flying to being earth bound seemed to me a barely controlled crash, rather than a landing. To arrive uneventful in this little tail dragger seemed a near impossible task. But, no matter how much noise and bumping around, we always seemed to arrive unscathed. Each time, landing seemed like such a precarious event. I wasn't sure if I'd ever get it. But even among all the commotion, I'd hear Les say, "Good job." I could scarcely believe my ears. Was this really normal!? When Les landed, it seemed to be about the same, so I settled into accepting these controlled crashes as the way it was done.

The other trick in a full stall landing is to pull the nose up just enough, yet not pull back too much because the plane will balloon above the runway. Ballooning is a problem because stall speed is often hit when the airplane is at its highest point. This lets the plane down in an abrupt free fall from whatever height attained in the balloon, creating, if not corrected, a very hard landing, with potential damage to plane and passengers. It's a real trick to learn to recover from a balloon without mishap. The best advice for a novice is to add power and go around for another landing. It's much easier to learn to handle ballooning after a few hours of landings are under your belt. But Les did not allow me this luxury. I had to learn to handle these terrifying balloonings right from the start, adding power to forestall a stall, but not so much that too much speed was built up, further increasing the landing difficulty. Eventually I got it, but at great emotional expense. I remember feeling drained after some of these lessons.

The other difficulty in full stall landings in a tail dragger, is contacting the runway before a full stall has come. This produces what is called a crow hop. The downward momentum causes the airplane to rotate back, increasing the angle of attack, giving a temporary lift much like the balloon. When the plane returns to the ground, it again rotates causing another temporary lift and a return, giving the plane a hopping effect, much like a crow hops on the ground. It is a rather embarrassing arrival. I made a few, which fortunately were not observed by anyone I knew.

Another problem with tail draggers is their propensity to want to swap ends after touching down, producing what is called a ground loop, i.e. the tail wants to swing around and beat the nose to the end of the runway. I wouldn't mind this, only it's everything that happens in between the transition from 'nose in front' to 'tail in front' that causes the headaches. The plane can go careening off the edge of the runway, wheels skidding, or landing gear collapsing, wings tipping and getting bent, hitting ditches or runway lights, digging the prop in the ground and flipping the plane over on its back. If it wasn't for these things, it wouldn't be a big deal. But those details cannot



## Learning to Fly (continued)

only be terrifying, but VERY expensive. The best defense against this occurrence, is fast feet; “dancing feet”, as Les used to say. One must feel and instantly correct the first signs of this natural tendency. In engineering terms, my professors would have described a tail dragger as an “unstable system”, such as trying to balance a marble on a bowling ball. The farther the marble is allowed to be off center, the more impossible it becomes to keep it from rolling off. Same is true of the tail dragger. It’s that the center of gravity of the plane is behind the wheels that causes this instability.

My first experience with this instability came one day soon after my first solo. My landing seemed normal at first, but the plane got a little too far to the left and full right rudder would no longer stop the shallow turn to the left, which resulted in a fast ride through the wild flowers that grew in the adjacent field. A nice new Piper Tripacer was getting larger by the moment in my windshield, so since right rudder was not working, I switched to full left, which had the effect of giving me a carnival ride out through the field, missing the Piper by about 20 feet. I came to a stop after making a 270 degree horizontal left turn loop scraping a few weeds off with the right wing as I rode around. At last motionless, I sat stunned at what had happened and was sure my flying days were over. The engine still ticked over in idle. I had enough presence of mind to shut it down and got out after the Piper dealer came to check on me. I was expecting a royal berating for stupidity and incompetence, but none came from the man. The man was calm and inspected the tail wheel, seeing a spring had come loose. Meanwhile, Les was bee-lining down the dirt road to the scene of the accident, dust boiling skyward as his El Camino raced to get there. Les was surely going to give me hell. When he got there, the Piper man had fixed the spring and Les went over and brushed the dirt and grass from the wing and pronounced it airworthy. I was still waiting for his wrath. But he simply said, “Let’s get in and go around the patch.” so we did, and he told me what I was doing wrong and what to do to correct it. Everything went fine. I had no trouble. Had Les not got in and taken me up immediately, my flying career might have ended right there. I am ever so grateful to him for not being hard on me and for acting quickly to put this incident behind me. He never mentioned it again. It was only later that I heard the saying about tail wheel pilots: “There are those who have had a ground loop, and there are those who will have a ground loop.” Somehow I felt better knowing that I was not the only one to have had this humiliating experience.

## Soloing

One day, about my 8<sup>th</sup> lesson, after two or three landings, Les had me taxi back to the north end of the runway and stop. To my surprise, without any warning or prior knowledge, he got out and said, “Take it around the pattern. Just do what we’ve been doing. The only difference you’ll notice is that you will get off the ground quicker and climb faster.” All I really remember about those next 5 minutes is that he was correct about the difference and that I was back on the ground and stopped before I really thought much about what I had really done. It was routine. We had practiced so much, that there was really not much unusual about it, other than the lightness of the feel in the plane from the absence of Les’s weight.

Having landed successfully by myself, it finally dawned on me that I had soloed. Les gave me a few short critiques on my trip. But that was it. No celebrations, no congratulations, no shirt cutting. It was just another day of lessons in that antique contraption, as far as Les let on. He must have had some feelings about me going around that patch on my own that day. Did he have a sense of accomplishment? Was he proud that I had successfully taken that plane around and landed it myself? He let on about nothing. He was not what I’d call a very emotional person, or one who showed much feeling. I, on the other hand, was ecstatic. When it finally sunk in, that I had actually soloed, I really became very high on my newfound freedom. I let all my close friends know what I had done. And the very next morning, I was out there, first going up with Les, then once again taking that Cub up all by myself and going around the patch shooting landings until I would get tired and couldn’t pull back all the way on the stick anymore and the plane would begin to crow hop. This was my sign to stop for the day.

Having gotten my solo license, I’d spend a little time with Les, first thing in the day, then go off by myself and play with my new toy. What a thrill to have this freedom! I soon began to feel very solid about my ability to



## Learning to Fly (continued)

land the Cub and to maneuver into tighter or different fields. I was off every day on an adventure. But, my adventures were limited in distance. I don't remember just how far, but not too far.

So one day, Les and I planned a cross country trip, all the way to Hoberg's in Lake County, then came back home via Ukiah. He signed me off and then I could go for my first solo cross country. I began planning immediately for a trip to Dinsmore in Trinity County. This is across one of the most desolate mountainous areas of Northern California. I think that they let me go for two reasons. One, was that they thought I was capable, the other was that I don't think they really cared that much where I went and didn't really consider it their business to tell me where I could and couldn't go.

After planning and filing a flight plan, I left for my big adventure. The first lesson I learned is to trust that compass. One mountain peak can look just like another and without checking the compass, it was easy to aim for the wrong peak and be heading 30 or 45 degrees off course. The J3 had no electrical system, so a map, a watch and the compass were my only navigational tools. These items are enough, but can keep a new pilot pretty busy in the cockpit checking the map, the time, the compass and looking at the ground to see if what appears below matches what's on the map. There is a learning curve to interpreting how things look on the map, vs. the real thing on the ground. Fortunately, the geologic map makers do a pretty good job of printing the map so that features on the map are the features that show up from the air.

For the next ten years, I flew regularly. Then, what happens to many of us pilots happened to me. I got married. The stress of mortgage, children, house upkeep, a job and running a ranch took most of my time and money. Flying, though never too far away from my mind, became a more rare event. In the past 30 years, I've made several attempts at resurrecting regularity in my flying, but not too successfully. I think and talk about it far more than I do it. But I still dream of it.

*My present dream is the half finished '59 Champion that sits in my shop.*

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## 2006 OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS:

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**Bob Gutteridge (05/06) (707) 539-5188**

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### *Flight Advisor:*

**CJ Stephens (707) 523-4352**



## **DO YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THESE TOOLS? (Thanks, David Heal)**

**(Safety Tip: Make sure you aren't attempting to use any of these tools while reading this...may result in injury or damage when you are rolling on the floor laughing!)**

1. DRILL PRESS: A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, splattering it against that freshly painted part you were drying.
2. WIRE WHEEL: Cleans rust off old bolts and then throws them somewhere under the work bench at the speed of light. Also removes fingerprint whorls and hard-earned guitar calluses in about the time it takes you to say, "Ouch..."
3. ELECTRIC HAND DRILL: Normally used for spinning steel pop rivets in their holes until you die of old age.
4. PLIERS: Used to round off bolt heads.
5. HACKSAW: One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.
6. VICE-GRIPS: Used to round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.
7. OXYACETYLENE TORCH: Used almost entirely for setting various flammable objects in your garage on fire. Also handy for igniting the grease inside a brake drum you're trying to get the bearing race out of.
8. HYDRAULIC FLOOR JACK: Used for lowering a Morgan to the ground after you have installed your new front brake setup, trapping the jack handle firmly under the front bumper.
9. EIGHT-FOOT LONG DOUGLAS FIR 2X4: Used for levering a Morgan upward off a hydraulic jack.
10. PHONE: Tool for calling your neighbor to see if he has another hydraulic floor jack.
11. GASKET SCRAPER: Theoretically useful as a sandwich tool for spreading mayonnaise; used mainly for getting dog-do off your boot.
12. STUD EXTRACTOR: A tool that snaps off in bolt holes and is ten times harder than any known drill bit.
13. TWO-TON HYDRAULIC ENGINE HOIST: A handy tool for testing the tensile strength of ground straps and brake lines you may have forgotten to disconnect.
14. ½ " x 16" SCREWDRIVER: A large motor mount prying tool that inexplicably has an accurately machined screwdriver tip on the end without the handle.
15. ELECTROLYTE TESTER: A handy tool for transferring sulfuric acid from a car battery to the inside of your toolbox after determining that your battery is dead as a doornail, just as you thought.
16. PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER: Normally used to stab the lids of old-style paper-and-tin oil cans and splash oil on your shirt; can also be used, as the name implies, to round off Phillips screw heads.
17. AIR COMPRESSOR: A machine that takes energy produced in a coal-burning power plant 200 miles away and transforms it into compressed air that travels by hose to an impact wrench that grips rusty bolts last tightened 40 years ago by someone in Gary Indiana, and snaps them off.



### ***THE FLYING MARKET***

For Sale: Cessna 180 B, one owner since 1971. 3500 TT-250 SFNE, beautiful paint, new interior, mechanically excellent condition, full IFR, auto pilot and everything else. Hangared SNS. For the right pilot, but no dealers please. Neil Reid 415-664-2296 [firestarD@aol.com](mailto:firestarD@aol.com)

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For Sale: Zugvogel GLIDER...complete package with trailer, parachute, radios, etc., is \$10K.

Peter Lert [pslert@sonic.net](mailto:pslert@sonic.net)

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Wanted for trade: Hours in my full IFR Cessna 182 to trade for smaller and more efficient plane for trips to BOI. I need to save gas. Do you need a heavy hauler? Call Brian Cluer at: 479-9161 or 824-0701.

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FOR SALE: ½ ownership share of a Van's RV-6, flying since 1998, 160 HP, CS Hartzell prop. Aircraft is hangared at the Gun Club, STS. The other owner is builder Kevin Quirk. Some tail dragger experience required. Contact: Alan Noll 707.824.0581  
124 High School Rd, Sebastopol...95472

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1998 RV6A . 0-360 - 180 HP - Hartzell CS -- 368 Hrs  
Tack Time - AF - Eng.-Prop. Everything new from Van's- Slider Canopy - - Electronic ignition - Electric flaps - Electric Aileron & Rudder Trim- Manual Elevator Trim -Nav lights - Digital Tachometer - Electric turn coordinator - MX II 720 Comm with flip flop-Collins Xponder - Garmin 295 GPS- Nav Aid AP-1 Single Axis AP -Price \$ 74,500- Ralph 707 525 0337  
[rcurran@sonic.net](mailto:rcurran@sonic.net).

### ***FEBRUARY, 2006 CALENDAR OF EVENTS***

**February Board Meeting: January 30, 2006  
at 6:30pm**

### **Schellville Antique Escadrille**

The Schellville Antique Escadrille meets at noon every 2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday of each month (except June) at the Sonoma Vintage Aero (George Dray) hangar at the Sonoma Valley Airport. No-host BBQ follows. Aircraft display – noon to 4pm.

**If you are a woman**, and are coming to the flying field seeking stimulation, excitement and flattery, you had better stay away until flying is a little bit safer. If you are thinking that flying will develop character; will teach you to be orderly, well-balanced; will give you an increasingly wider outlook; discipline you, and destroy vanity and pride; enable you to control yourself more and more under all conditions; to think less of yourself and your personal problems, and more of sublimity and everlasting peace that dwell serene in the heavens – if you seek these latter qualities, and think on them exclusively, why – FLY!  
---Margery Brown, "Flying" Magazine, 1929.



## January 4<sup>th</sup>, 2006 Board Meeting:

**President Bob Gutteridge called the Board Meeting to order at 6:35 PM.**

<b>Bob Gutteridge, Pres.</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>Rolf Unternaehrer, Board</b>	<b>P</b>
<b>Mike Tovani, VP</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>Steve Fredricks, Board</b>	<b>P</b>
<b>Joe Lacchia, Sec.</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>Paul Reinders, Board</b>	<b>P</b>
<b>John Whitehouse, Treas.</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>Pat Fanning, Board</b>	<b>P</b>
<b>Larry Rengstorf, Facilities</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>Dave McIntyre, Board</b>	<b>P</b>
<b>Brian Cluer, Board</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>Donna Turrentine, Editor</b>	<b>P</b>

**Minutes:** Minutes from the prior Board Meeting were approved.

**Treasurer's Report:** John Whitehouse reported on activity this year to date, and on finances and parking fee collections. The report was approved. Additionally John reported that he is working on the 2006 budget.

### **Committee Reports:**

**Lease:** Jim Elliott suggested that we look into engaging Peter Axelrod to assist us with our lease negotiations. This will be discussed at our next Board Meeting. Jim also stated that he is moving out of the area and suggested we look for another Lease Committee chairperson.

**Young Eagles:** Dave Lynch stated that our Chapter has flown over 1400 Young Eagles since the beginning of the program. He asked for suggestions for improvement of the program and received the following: 1) Conduct the event on the other side of the airport by the tower; 2) Look into a fuel subsidy; 3) Increase handouts such as magazines; 4) Use the meeting room in the tower for ground school.

**Web Editor:** John Palmerlee has volunteered to replace Christine Kerner as our web editor.

**Facilities:** Dwayne Green is looking into painting a Compass Rose on our taxiway. Larry Rengstorf suggested that we check with airport management before putting paint on the taxiway.

### **Old Business:**

Dwayne Green and Donna Turrentine are working on a written description of the rules covering our Bump System. Anyone wanting to know their status in the Bump System should provide their aircraft type and date of purchase to Donna or Dwayne.

Mike Fenn acquired a DVD/VCR player for our projection system.

Bob Gutteridge sent a letter to aircraft owners with aircraft in the bone yard requesting a clean up of their projects.

The Reno trip cost is now up to \$225.00 for transportation and room only. We will be looking into alternatives to this trip such as Golden West.

### **New Business:**

Our next Board Meeting will be on Monday, January 30th at 6:30 pm.

Respectfully Submitted,  
Joe Lacchia, Secretary



### **January 4th, 2006 General Membership Meeting**

President Bob Gutteridge called the Meeting to order at 7:50 PM. 64 members were present.

**Minutes:** Minutes from the prior General Membership Meeting were approved.

**Treasurer's Report:** John Whitehouse reported on activity this year to date, and on finances and parking fee collections. John also stated that dues are due by the close of the March meeting, and that your Bump System status is based on your longevity as a paid up member and is determined by dues being paid on time.

#### **Committee Reports:**

**Young Eagles:** Dave Lynch stated that our chapter has flown over 1400 Young Eagles since the beginning of the program. Dave has scheduled the next event for June 17th.

**Web Editor:** John Palmerlee has volunteered to replace Christine Kerner as our web editor.

**Facilities:** Larry Rengstorf warned members not to park in muddy areas now that the rainy season has started.

Mike Fenn acquired a DVD/VCR player for our projection system.

**CAFÉ:** Brian Seeley reported on the PAV activity with NASA to date and that donations are being received. Interested members should check the CAFÉ web site at [www.cafefoundation.org](http://www.cafefoundation.org).

**Announcements:** Thanks were given to Dale Wittman for cooking dinner tonight.

Because of poor weather on January 1st we will be having a Chapter 124-day on January 8th.

The Reno bus trip price continues to climb and is now around \$225.00 per person. This is considered a little steep so we will continue looking for alternatives. (Golden West being one.)

The December 12th the County Supervisors meeting was very successful with a presentation in our meeting room followed by a tour of our facility and CAFÉ. Thanks were given to Geri Gutteridge for doing a first class job at setting up the luncheon area for the meeting.

There will be an oil buy at the February meeting with a price to be announced.

Dwayne Green reported on the availability of Oshkosh rooms. Talk with him if you are interested.

#### **Builders Reports:**

Bob Archibald reported on his Zodiac and that he has a Taylorcraft for sale.

Mike Heintz reported on his Zodiac progress.

Joe Lacchia reported on finding a small fuel leak during weight and balance measurements at CAFÉ and its repair.

Paul Reinders reported on flying a Zodiac across the country to Georgia in three days. He stated that it could have been done in twenty hours.

Brian Seeley stated that he knows of a good J3 for sale and that if anyone is interested they should contact him.

Rolf Unternaehrer reported that his RV-6 is 90% complete with 90% to go.

Dave Lynch has ordered his RV-8 Fuselage.

Doug Dugger has received his signoff on his Zodiac.

#### **Tech Councilors:**

Kevin Quirk is watching 3 RV projects in his area.

#### **Evening Program:**

A movie presentation: **16L**

Respectfully Submitted,

Joe Lacchia, Secretary