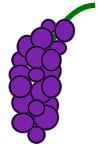


THE GRAPEVINE



EAA CHAPTER 663 Livermore, California

Vol. XXIII, No. 5, May, 2003

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

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MEETING AND PROGRAM

Our May meeting will take place at 7:30 P.M. on the 1st of May in the Terminal Building at the Livermore Airport. Our program for the evening will be a presentation by Tom Sorensen from Approach Systems, on the products put out by Approach Systems, Inc., with emphasis on the Approach Hub, a junction box and cable system custom-made for your home-built or factory built plane. Hate troubleshooting your own wiring? This could be for you!

MINUTES: GENERAL MEETING EAA CHAPTER 663, 4/03/03, 7:30 PM, LVK TERMINAL BUILDING

Due to the absence of the secretary, the following was gleaned from attendees and some guessing.

Chapter president Ralph Cloud called the meeting

to order.

The minutes of the March meetings were approved as printed in The Grapevine.

Business: The first barbecue of the year will be June 14th; the second barbecue will be combined with the July meeting on the 4th.

Bob Cowan made a request for pilots for a Young Eagles rally on 4/12.

Ralph made a call for chapter membership renewals. \$30 per year collected tonight or through the web site with Pay Pal.

Due to the fat treasury, there was a discussion of tool acquisitions. Barry Weber purposed the purchase of a dynamic prop balancer. To the consent of most present it was decided to investigate the matter more thoroughly. The purchase of a bore scope is to be investigated also.

Announcements: Next board meeting will be 4/17 at Ralph's place.

There will be an Airport Open House, 5/8 from 11:30 to 1:30.

Break and then Program: Bob Farnam, the chapter tool man, showed off the chapter's Drill Doctor and showed a video on its proper use. This tool is available for use at Bob's hangar.

Meeting adjourned for pie.

MINUTES: BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING EAA CHAPTER 663, 4/24/03, RALPH'S PLACE.

Ralph called the meeting to order. There were eight members present.

Treasurer Sharon Constant reported a total of \$5,010.60 in chapter funds. She also reported that the transfer of internet service to Roger Hansen is complete.

The chapter show case is closer to reality. Ralph said space is available for a free standing display case next to the case at the rear of the meeting room. The case selected measures 20' X 20" X 80" tall. The case is available through Bob Steffen, who is in the business, for \$474.00.

There was an extended discussion about the purchase of a dynamic propeller balancer. The result was to wait for the results of Barry Weber's investigation. The next subject was the availability and prices for a good bore scope. Bob Farnam said that if we willing to pay around \$1000 we can get a high quality unit with good optics. It was considered that this would be a good tool for the chapter. Your truly mentioned the availability of a 13 part 1955 television series on aerodynamics by the late Dr. Alexander Lippisch on DVD. This is offered by the University of Iowa. I can remember bits of these programs. These featured the use of a class room sized wind tunnel that used lines of smoke for flow visualization. These demonstrations were orders of magnitude better than the diagrams and pictures seen in text books. The cost is \$150.00, and would be good fill in programs for our chapter meetings.

It was decided that a list of what is in the chapter library would be a good addition to the web site.

Bill Jepson has lined up Tom Sorensen from Approach Systems (www.approach.aero) (it works) for the May program. Bill assured us it will happen this time. The June meeting will feature Jim Styles the Rans Aircraft dealer from Lodi. Roger Hansen said he would be willing to do a composite mold making program, and Bill thought a sheet metal program worth while.

Bob Farnam reported that chapter member Cash Copeland's RV-6 is signed off and ready for its first flight out off HWD.

Meeting adjourned for pie.

Respectfully submitted, Bruce Cruikshank Secretary.

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Wow,

Can you believe we are already looking at summer? Time flies when you're having fun. I'm going to hit randomly on several topics this month. First off... at this month's board meeting several things came up for discussion;

EAA's B-17 visit - This year's the tour is on the east coast, hopefully we can host in 2004 if they come out west (I'll submit the application).

Project Police - For those not familiar with this... it is keeping everyone updated on projects, well more like providing motivation to work on your project by making everyone aware of your progress. We need patrol officers! With the proliferation of digital cameras, there is no excuse not to get reports (you can self report). How? Good Question! Take some pictures of your project, or someone else's, add some explanatory text and e-mail it to Web Master Roger to claim your fame and notoriety.

Display Case - Over the last 6 or so years, we have discussed the placement of a "chapter" display case in the airport terminal building. Progress is upon us! With the help of Bob Stephan, we have identified a tower type display case (20" square, 80" tall). We will need to vote on this at the May meeting, the cost is approx. \$500. We plan to use this to display information about the chapter, pictures of events and projects. In addition, because of the size and shape, we will be able to display trophies the chapter member's have won for their projects at fly-ins and Oshkosh. This is a great way to establish a visible presence for our chapter in the terminal.

The last item, I will not be at the May meeting, however, VP Bill has a great program and is ready to take the stick for the meeting. I have another obligation, as the Chair of the Airport Advisory Commission, I will be attending a city function to represent the commission.

See you around the airport, and keep working on that project.

Ralph

WHERE TO GO IN MAY, 2003

5/7-11 CA All Red Star Air show Castle AFB

5/17-18 CA Planes of Fame Air show Chino

5/17 AZ Kingman (IGM) Spring Fly-in 7:30-2 PM Pancake breakfast

5/17-18 NV Lyon County Fly In & Air Fest Lyon County Airport (Former Fernley, Tiger Field Fly-In) Silver Springs Airport, East of Carson City Hwy. 50

5/23-25 CA Watsonville Fly-In and Air Show Watsonville Municipal Airport

5/31-6/1 R.A.C.E. Group (Canardians) Wendover, NV (ENV) Race day Sun 6/1 (Memorial Day is 5/26) <http://www.geocities.com/canardcovers/>

YOU KNOW THE WORLD IS GOING CRAZY WHEN...

The best rapper is a white guy,
the best golfer is a black guy,
and Germany doesn't want to go to war.

SEEING EYE DOG

A buddy of mine was flying from Seattle to San Francisco. Unexpectedly, the plane stopped in Sacramento along the way. The flight attendant explained that there would be a delay, and if the passengers wanted to get off the aircraft, the plane would re-board in 50 minutes.

Everybody got off the plane except one gentleman who was blind. My buddy had noticed him as he walked by and could tell the man was blind because his seeing eye dog lay quietly underneath the seats in front of him throughout the entire flight. He could also tell he had flown this very flight before because the pilot approached him, and calling him by name, said, "Keith, we're in Sacramento for almost an hour. Would you like to get off and stretch your legs?"

The blind guy replied, "No thanks, but maybe my dog would like to stretch his legs."

Picture this: All the people in the gate area came to a complete quiet standstill when they looked up and saw the pilot walk off the plane with the Seeing Eye dog!

The pilot was even wearing sunglasses. People scattered. They not only tried to change planes, but they were trying to change air-lines! True story...

The Schellville Antique Escadrille announces...

*****THE SCHELLVILLE AERONAUTICAL SWAP MEET*****

Saturday, May 10th, at the Schellville-Sonoma Valley Airport (0Q3)
All Welcome! Fly-In or drive-in!

Aircraft parts and aviation related items and collectables only.

A catered BBQ lunch will be available. Antique/classic aircraft on display throughout the airport.

Sellers: A \$10 donation to Schellville Antique Escadrille will get you a spot to set up a seller's table/area (bring your own table). Please join us if you have aviation related stuff to sell or want to buy aviation stuff!

HELP US SPREAD THE WORD!

For more information contact: Bill Ewertz ewertz@pacbell.net 707-938-1465 Or go to the Schellville Antique Aerodrome Homepage at: www.napanet.net/~arbeau/usaah/

THE LAST (IRAQ) WAR STORY??

Courtesy of Bruce Cruikshank
Good story from "Mousse", flying off the Theodore Roosevelt CVN 71 in the Med.

Have a pretty good war story from last night.

Was fragged as the strike lead for last night's insertion of some 1000 paratroopers into Northern Iraq. Our mission was to provide close air support for the guys as they were hitting the ground. Per any military operation, it didn't exactly go as planned.

My strike package consisted of a dozen strike fighters loaded to the gills. In fact, the cat shot was the heaviest I had ever been shot off the boat. I had rallied the forces in eastern Turkey, waited for the C-17s (who were also loaded to the gills--with troops) and then took the package in country. The overall resistance was actually pretty spectacular to see under the night vision goggles and I can honestly say that I gained a hell of a lot of respect for the Army guys who were jumping at low altitude out of those perfectly good airplanes. And doing it into harm's way. There was about as much triple "A" as I've seen since being out here directly going in their direction.

That's where the Hunters come in. We were operating in the vicinity of the drop when we got the call from "higher authority" that our mission had changed and to contact the AWACS who was controlling the entire north of the country. I contacted him and he passed that we were retasked to take our package "a bit further south and prosecute two targets of interest". He passed the coordinates and target descriptions and asked us to meet a certain "time on target" (TOT). Things happened extremely fast from that point and I gathered up a Prowler (electronic jammer) and three other Hunters to go "down South". I then quickly passed targets to each member and then pushed out to meet our TOT.

The trek south took some 15 minutes and it was clear that where we were going was more heavily defended than anywhere else (outside of Baghdad) that we had been before. The

heavy flak and triple A was coming up from all directions and we were continually jinking to offset the threat. Fortunately, no one was tagged prior to the release of their ordnance and the section of aircraft to my east reported that they were flowing back north.

That's when the "fun" started.

My section had just released our ordnance on an SA-3 site in western Tikrit and was starting our turn back to the north when a "voice of God" as I like to call it, came up and said, "SAM Launch, vicinity of XXXX". I looked down at my moving map and guess who was EXACTLY where that voice called the launch at? It only took about 3 nanoseconds for me to start defending and roll inverted to pick up the incoming threat. Sure as shit! there it was right below and left of my wingline. I made calls to my wingee who still hadn't gained sight of the incoming missile and talked his eyes onto the threat. As a side note, I have to admit that my voice sounds like a girl (did I mention that Frenchy's a pussy?) on the tape and it's obvious I'm sucking the seat cushion into my ass. Just when I made a counter defensive maneuver I picked up another launch about 1000 meters from the first site that had shot. Great, two missiles coming my way, two aircraft maneuvering like crazy within a mile of each other, and every Republican Guard in Tikrit getting a show above them of two guys shucking and jiving their way outta there.

The missiles fired went stupid at about the same time that I was really getting into it. I called out that they weren't guiding (obvious when they went pure vertical) and gave my wingee a heading to turn to so that we could leave this "hornet's nest". I was actually considering not looking out the window anymore and just pressing straight ahead. Upon looking around (I couldn't help it), it was clear that we created quite a stir down there as every gun in the city was pointed up and firing. We

managed to climb back up into the moronosphere and left the show behind!

In hindsight, it's amazing to me how quickly things went from the proverbial "milk run" to "hell in a hand basket"! I suppose I won't ever let my guard down again when flying above people who want to kill you. A lesson for all of us.

After tanking for the third time of the night (one of 6 tanking evolutions over the 7 hour flight), I re-rallied the forces and looked for more tasking. Each of us still had enough firepower on board to take out most small towns in America. We then were tasked to help out the guys we had really gone out there in the first place for: those 1000 "Armies of One".

All of us were assigned to take out artillery pieces the rest of the night in direct support of the troops on the ground. Was a sight to behold seeing so much metal flying around the Iraqi countryside and knowing that it wasn't going to be used again about our troops.

Well, I could ramble on for days, but will save more for later. Mousse....out.

ACE BRUCE CARR'S AMAZING ESCAPE IN A GERMAN FW 190!

The dead chicken was starting to smell.

After carrying it with him, for several days, 20-year-old Bruce Carr still hadn't found a way to cook it without fearing that the enemy would see or smell his fire. Now, as hungry as he was, he couldn't bring himself to eat the stinking chicken .. so he finally tossed it.

Resigning himself to what appeared to be an unavoidable fate, he turned in the direction of the nearest German airfield. Even POW's get to eat. At least sometimes. They constantly aren't dodging from tree to tree, ditch to culvert. He was exhausted and tired of! trying to find cover .. where

there was no cover.

Carr hadn't realized that Czechoslovakian forests had trees but no underbrush. He found that out, when he struggled out of his parachute, then dragged it into the woods to hide it. During the many times he had been screaming along at tree-top level in his Mustang *Angels Playmate*, the forests and fields were nothing more than a background blur behind the Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs, trains and trucks he quite often had in his gun sights.

The instant German antiaircraft shrapnel ripped into his Mustang's liquid-cooled engine, he knew he was in trouble. Serious trouble. Clouds of coolant steam hissed through jagged holes in the cowling signaling Carr that he was about to ride down a silk elevator .. and face a very long walk back to his squadron....

How it started: By the time he had joined the military, Carr had already soloed in a \$25 Piper Cub his father had bought from a disgusted pilot who'd left the airplane lodged securely in a tree top.

"After I enlisted in the Army 1942 and qualifying for pilot training, when we went to meet our flight instructors, I was last guy left in the room. Then, the door opened and out stepped the man who was to be my flight instructor."

"It was Johnny Bruns .. my civilian flight instructor from back home. We took a Stearman trainer to an outlying field, doing aerobatics all the way. When we landed, he got out of the airplane and soloed me right then and there.

Next, the instructor I had in advanced training in the AT-6 had recently graduated himself and didn't know a damned bit more than I did". After three or four hours in the AT-6, the head instructor took me and a few students aside, told us we were going to fly P-40 fighters in Georgia.

When we got there a lieutenant, just back from air combat in North Africa, kneeled on a P-40's wing .. while I was sitting there in the cockpit. He showed me where all the levers were, and made sure I knew how everything worked then said: 'Well, if you can get it started, then .. just go fly it'.

"I was 19 years old and thought I knew everything. I didn't know enough to be scared, so I buzzed every cow in that part of Georgia. Hey .. a nineteen year old kid responsible for an airplane with one thousand and one hundred horsepower .. what did they expect?"

By today's standards, Carr and that first contingent of pilots' shipped to England were painfully short of experience. They had so little flight time that today, they would barely have their private pilot's license.

Flight training eventually became more formal, but in those early days, their training had a hint of Fatalistic Darwinism to it. If they learned fast enough to survive they were ready to move on to the next step. Including his 40 hours in the P-40 terrorizing Georgia, Carr was about to enter combat with less than 160 hours total military flight time.

His group in England was the pioneering group that would take the Mustang into combat. He

clearly remembers his introduction to the airplane: "I thought I was an old P-40 pilot and the P-51B would be no big deal. But I was wrong ! I was truly impressed with the airplane .. REALLY impressed!"

It flew like an airplane. I FLEW a P-40. But the Mustang was different. I was PART OF this new airplane -- and it was part of me. What a world of difference."

When he first arrived in England, his instructions were, "This is a P-51. Go fly it. Soon, we'll have to form a unit, so go fly it a lot." A lot of English cows were buzzed.

"On my first long-range combat mission, we just kept on climbing, and I'd never had an airplane above about 10,000 feet before. Then we were at 30,000 feet and I couldn't believe it! I'd gone to church as a kid, and I knew that's where the angels were. I named my airplane: 'Angels Playmate.' to be continued in the June issue