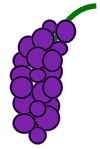


THE GRAPEVINE



EAA CHAPTER 663 Livermore, California

Vol. XXVI, No. 7, July, 2006

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

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	BOB FARNAM	449-1513
VICE PRES.	BRAD OLSEN	866-9289
TREASURER	BILL BUNCE	510-591-0214
SECRETARY	SCOTT ALAIR	416-0889
PROGRAM COORD	BRAD OLSEN	866-9289
TECH COUNSELOR	GORDON JONES	447-1549
TECH COUNSELOR	BOB SINCLAIR	935-7465
NEWS LETTER	JOHN MEYER	455-1631
FLIGHT ADVISOR	BARRY WEBER	454-0627
FLIGHT ADVISOR	BOB FARNAM	449-1513
YOUNG EAGLES	ERIC HELMS	373-0137
LIBRARIAN	ALAN THAYER	582-7274
WEBMEISTER	GREG LUM	510-482-4681

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

BRUCE CRUIKSHANK	510-886-6897
RALPH CLOUD	449-1048
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ERIC HELMS	373-0137
BILL JEPSON	408-929-1123
GEOFF RUTLEDGE	650-462-1126

PROGRAM

663 RV Night, July 6, 7 pm I'd like members to taxi their RV to the terminal where you can show your plane to other members, especially those just considering a project. This will be a nice way to get all of the RVs together at one time. We will arrange for a "group photo" of owners and their aircraft.

We will start July's meeting on Thurs., July 6 at 7 pm, 30 minutes early, so that we all can look over the planes.

Those bringing their planes over should get the following information to Brad Olsen at <bolsen55@pacbell.net> so that he can prepare a handout for the meeting:

N number; Model; Owner; Engine; Prop; Hours; Build time; Features; Awards; Longest trip; Etc. and, of course, why did you build an RV?

MINUTES: GENERAL MEETING EAA CHAPTER 663, 06/01/06, 7:30 PM TERMINAL BUILDING LVK.

Chapter president **Bob Farnam** called the meeting to order.

Guest present was: Mark Staymen

Treasurer's report: Bill Bunce reported the chapter has \$4,694.34 in funds.

New business: Eric Helms reported we only have 5 Young Eagles signed up so far this year.

Ralph Cloud said he is still looking for chapter members to update their personal information on the chapter web site. (**Scott Alair, Robert Flagg and Jerre Gerholdt have old e-mail addresses on the chapter web page!**)

A list of possible chapter tools to purchase was passed out for members to mark their preference on which tools the chapter should purchase.

Dick Jennings is looking for more photos from members for the chapter scrap book.

The next board meeting will be on June 15th, 7:30 at Bob FARNAM'S place, the next chapter meeting will be on July 6th.

The next chapter BBQ will be June 17th, at 4:00 pm at hangers 112 & 113 bring your own meat and a side dish to share.

John Meyer told us about working with 8th thru 12th graders at the Athenian school in Danville building a Wag Aero Cubby. After 1 1/2 years of building the aircraft made a successful first flight at Buchanan Field to the excitement of all involved.

Our program speaker Ron Jones was not able to make it for our June meeting, he will reschedule for a future meeting.

In lieu of a program we went around the room and each gave an update on what we are currently doing on our aircraft projects.

Meeting adjourned for pie at 9:30.

Board Meeting: June 15, 2006, 7:30 pm, Bob Farnam's house

Attendance: Bob Farnam, Brad Olson, Bruce Cruikshank, Bill Jepson, Dick Jennings, John Meyer, and Ralph Cloud.

Discussed: The results from the vote on tools indicated that a beading tool gathered the most votes, followed by a prop balancer, and a painting mask. No action was taken to purchase any of the desired items. (John please check with Bob F as this is what I remember as the top vote getters, and I was not at the meeting where the vote was taken).

The Board discussed the future of the Chapter's bead blaster and where it may be located once Roger Hansen leaves us for Nevada. Of concerns, are space, a compressor, and power. No decisions were made except that Roger should not leave!

Bob Farnam indicated the desire to form a Saturday work crew and refurbish the Chapter's trailer - any volunteers out there?

Brad Olson needs to complete the paperwork for the Holiday dinner. Ralph Cloud will inquire with a Livermore caterer. We have a good prospect for a speaker.

Bill Jepson indicated Golden West organizers considered the event a success with approximately 1,000 planes attending. Cory Bird's "Symmetry" was the Grand Champion (was there any doubt).

Dick Jennings is requesting that members submit pictures for the scrapbook.

July meeting - RV Night!

The meeting was adjourned about 9:00 pm for pie.

FROM THE TOOL CRIB

The results of the tool questionnaires that were circulated at the last meeting have been tabulated and are as follows:

Already approved. LCD projector.

1. Wheel balancer

2. Tubing beader

3.&4. (tie) Non-contact thermometer and Prop balancer.

5. Painting respirator

6. New trailer

Also, remember that there is a \$200 deposit on the scales and the trailer, returned when the tool comes back.

All tools have a three day limit. Can be extended 3 days at a time by calling Bob Farnam to confirm that no one is waiting for the tool.

PILOT WITH A PROBLEM!

Bill (my son) is a 32 year old 1000 hour pilot, recently ex-Harrier combat pilot, currently stationed in Fresno. His young wife is stuck in Yuma, an eight hour drive away. He needs an airplane!

As a Glasair Dad I hate to say it, but he's got his eye on RV's! I've told him they're slow, they don't climb well, and they're made out of aluminum, but what can you do...the kid never listens.

So....he's looking for a ride. Preferably an RV-4, cause there are some nice ones out there at reasonable prices. But hey, even a ride in a '6' would work, I think.

Anybody out there willing to take an American Hero for a ride? If you want, he'll show you what you thought you knew about formation flying, but didn't, among other things.

How about on "RV Night" next week? Let me know, and thanks,

Dick Gossen

The Yellow Glasair III guy with the winglets.

NIGHT LAUNCH EXCITEMENT!

(Courtesy of Leland Collins)

I know a guy who actually witnessed this so it is not an urban legend. I tried to get him to write his version but he never did. He did say that when the fuel was burning off it looked like a Roman Candle with the flames about 200 yards behind the aircraft

Harry Paine, from a buddy at General Electric

Oyster, here. This note is to share with you the exciting night I had the other month. It has nothing to do with me wanting to talk about me. But it has everything to do with sharing what will no doubt become a better story as the years go by. So....

There I was, 'manned up', a hot seat for the 2030 night launch about 500 miles north of Hawaii. I was taxied off toward the carrier's island where I did a 180 degree turn to get spotted to be the first one off Catapult #1. They lowered my launch bar and started the launch cycle.

All systems were 'go' on the run-up. And after waiting the requisite 5 seconds to make sure my flight controls are good to go, I turned on my lights. As is my habit I shifted my eyes to the catwalk and watched the deck edge dude and as he started his routine of looking left, then right. I put my head back against the head rest. The Hornet cat shot is pretty impressive. As the cat fires, I stage the afterburners and am along for the ride. Just prior to the end of the stroke... there's a huge flash... and a simultaneous . B-O-O-M ! And my night world is in turmoil. My little pink body is doing 145 knots or so and is 100 feet above the black Pacific. And there it stays -- except for the airspeed, which decreases to 140 knots. Some where in here I raised my gear. And the throttles aren't going any farther forward despite my Schwarzenegerian efforts to make them do so.

From out of the ether I hear a voice say one word: "JETTISON!" Rogered that! And a nanosecond later my two drops and single MER, about 4,500 pounds in all, are Black Pacific bound. The airplane leapt up a bit but not enough. I'm now about a mile in front of the boat at 160 feet and fluctuating from 135 to 140 knots. The next comment that comes out of the ether is another one-worder: "EJECT!"

I'm still flying... so I respond "Not yet... I've still got it." Finally, at 4 miles ahead of the boat, I take a peek at my engine instruments and notice my left engine . . . doesn't match the right. (Funny, how quick glimpses at instruments get burned into your brain.) The left rpm is at 48% even though I'm still doing the Ah-Nold thing. I bring it back out of afterburner to military power.

About now I get another "EJECT!" call. "Nope... it's still flying." At 5 1/2 miles I asked tower to please get the helo headed my way as I truly thought I was going to be 'shelling out '. At some point, I thought it would probably be a good idea to start dumping some gas. But as my hand reached down for the dump switch, I actually remembered that we had a NATOPS operation prohibition against dumping fuel while in afterburner. But after a second or two [contemplating the threat of the unnecessary burden. I turned the fuel dump switches on. Immediately [I was told later] . . . A SIXTY FOOT ROMAN CANDLE . . . BEGAN TRAILING BEHIND. At 7 miles I started a (very slight) climb to get a little breathing room. CATCC control chimes in giving me a downwind [landing pattern] heading . . .and I'm like: "Ooh, what a good idea" . . . and I throw down my tail hook.

Eventually I get headed downwind to the carrier at 900 feet and ask for a Tech Rep [Manufacturer's Technical Representative]. While waiting, I shut down the left engine. But, in short order, I hear Scott "Fuzz" McClure's voice. I tell him the following : " OK Fuzz, my gear's up . . . my left motor's off . and I'm only able to stay level by using minimum afterburner. And every time I pull it back to military power, I start down at about a hundred feet per minute." I just continue trucking downwind . . .trying to stay level and keep dumping fuel. I think I must have been in afterburner for about fifteen minutes. At ten miles or so I'm down to 5000 pounds of gas and start a turn back toward the ship. I don't intend to land but I don't want to get too far away. Of course, as soon as I stuck in that angle of bank, I start dropping like a stone. So I end up doing a [shallow bank] 5 mile [radius] circle around the ship. Fuzz is reading me the single engine rate of climb numbers from the book based on temperature, etc. And it doesn't take us long to figure out that things aren't adding up. One of the things I'd learned about the Hornet is

that it is a perfectly good single engine aircraft . . . flies great on one motor. So why do I now need blower [afterburner] to stay level ? By this time, I'm talking to the Deputy CAG (turning duty on the flight deck) and CAG who's on the bridge with the Captain. And we decide that the thing to do is climb to three thousand feet and ' dirty up' [gear and flaps down] to see if I'm going to have the excess power needed to be able to shoot a night approach for a landing. I get headed downwind . . . go full burner on my remaining motor . . . and eventually make it to 2000 feet before leveling out below a scattered layer of puffy clouds. And the 'puffies' are silhouetted against a half a moon which was really, really cool. I start a turn back toward the ship . . . and when I get pointed in the right direction . . . I throw the gear down and pull the throttle out of afterburner.

Remember that flash/boom! that started this little tale ? [Repeat it here]... Boom ! I jam it back into afterburner, and after three or four huge compressor stalls [and accompanying acceleration] the right motor 'comes back'. I'm thinking my blood pressure was probably up there' about now . and for the first time, I notice that my mouth has dried up.

This next part is great. You know those stories about guys who dead stick crippled airplanes away from the orphanages and puppy stores and stuff and get all this great media attention? Well, at this point I'm looking at the picket ship in front of me, at about two miles, and I transmit to no one in particular, "You need to have the picket ship hang a left right now. I think I'm gonna be outta here in a second." I said it very calmly but with meaning. The picket immediately pitched out of the fight. Ha! I scored major points with the heavies afterwards for this. Anyway, it's funny how your mind works in these situations.

OK, so I'm dirty and I get it back level and pass a couple miles up the starboard side of the ship. I'm still in minimum blower and my fuel state is now about 2500 pounds. Hmmm. I hadn't really thought about running out of gas. I muster up the gonads to pull it out of blower again and sure enough...flash, BOOM! I'm thinking that I'm gonna end up punching out and tell Fuzz at this point "Dude, I really don't want to try that again." Don't think everyone else got it . . . but he chuckled.

Eventually I discover that even the tiniest throttle movements cause the 'flash/boom thing ' to happen so I'm trying to be as smooth as I can. I'm downwind a couple miles when CAG comes up and says, "Oyster, we're going to rig the barricade." Remember, CAG is up on the bridge watching me fly around doing blower donuts in the sky and he's also thinking I'm gonna run outta JP-5 fuel. By now I've told everyone who's listening that there a better than average chance that I'm going to be ejecting. (The helicopter bubbas . . . God bless 'em, have been following me around this entire time.) I continue downwind and again, sounding more calm than I probably was, call the LSO. "Paddles, you up [listening] ?"

"Go ahead" replies "Max" Stout, one of our LSOs. "Max, I probably know most of it , but do you want to shoot me the barricade briefing?" So, in about a minute .. he went from expecting me to 'punch out' .. to have me asking for the barricade brief [so he was hyperventilating.] But he was awesome to hear on the radio though . . . just the kind of voice you'd want to hear in this

He gives me the barricade brief. And at nine miles I say, "If I turn will 'it' be up when I get there? Because I don't want to have to go around again." "It's going up right now, Oyster. Go ahead and turn." "Turning in, say the final bearing." "Zero six three," replies the voice in CATCC. Intercept glide slope at about a mile and three quarters then reduce power. "

When I reduced power: Flash/boom! [Add power out of fear.] Going high ! [Flashback to LSO school...." All right class, today's lecture will be on the single engine barricade approach. Remember, the one place you really, really don't want to be is high. O.K.? You can go play golf now."] I start to set up a higher than desired sink rate, the LSO hits the "Eat At Joe's" wave-off night lights." Very timely too. I stroke the AB and cross the flight deck with my right hand on the stick and my left thinking about the little yellow and black ejection handle between my legs. No worries. I cleared that sucker by at least ten feet. By the way my fuel state at the ball call was [now low] at 1.1. As I slowly climb out I punched the radio button saying, again to no one in particular : " I can do this." I'm in blower still and CAG says, "Turn downwind." After I get turned around, he says,

"Oyster, this is gonna be your last look [at the boat in the dark below] so you can turn in again as soon as you're comfortable." I flew the DAY pattern and I lost about 200 feet in the turn and like a total dumb s-- I look out of the cockpit as I get on centerline and that "night thing about feeling that I'm too high" grabbed me . . and [in error] I pushed down further to 400 feet. I got kinda irked at myself then as I realized I would now be intercepting the four degree glide slope in the middle .. with a flash/boom every several seconds all the way down. Last look at my gas was 600-and-some pounds [100 gallons] at a mile and a half. "Where am I on the glide slope, Max ?" I ask. And way up there, I can't remember what the response was but by now the ball's shooting up from the depths. I start flying it but before I get a chance to spot the deck I hear : " Cut, cut, CUT !" I'm really glad I was a paddles for so long because my mind said to me "Do what he says, Oyster!" and I pulled it back to idle. (My hook hit 11 paces from the ramp.)

The rest is pretty tame. I hit the deck . . skipped the one, the two and snagged the three wire and rolled into the barricade about a foot right of centerline. Once stopped, my vocal cords involuntarily shouted, " VICTORY ! " The deck lights came on bright . . and off to my right there must have been a ga-zillion cranials and eyes watching. You could hear a huge cheer across the flight deck. After I open the canopy and the first guy I see is our huge Flight Deck Chief named Richards. And he gives me the coolest personal look . . and then two thumbs up. I will remember all of that forever.

P.S. You're probably wondering what gave the motors problems. When they taxied that last Hornet over the catapult .. they forgot to remove a section or two of the rubber cat seal. When the catapult shuttle came back [to hook me up], it removed the cat rubber seal which was then inhaled by both motors during my catapult stroke. Left engine basically quit even though the motor is in pretty good shape. But it was producing no thrust and during the wave-off one of the LSOs saw "about thirty feet" of black rubber hanging off the left side of the airplane. The right motor .. the one that kept running .. had 340 major hits to all engine stages. The compressor section is trashed . . and best of all it had two pieces of the cat seal [one 2 feet and the other about 4 feet long] sticking out

of the first stage and into the air intake. God Bless General Electric! By the way, maintenance data showed that I was fat on fuel --I had 380 pounds (61 gallons) of gas when I shut down.

Again, remember this particular number as in ten years [of story telling] when it will surely be... "FUMES MAN... FUMES... I TELL YOU!"

Oyster, out

LEGAL BILLS MOUNT FOR CHICAGO ON ILLEGAL MEIGS CLOSURE

Crain's Chicago Business reports this week that the City of Chicago has spent over a half million dollars fighting the FAA over fines relating to the midnight demolition of Meigs Field on March 30, 2003. That total includes over \$200,000 in legal bills fighting a \$33,000 fine for closing without proper notice. The rest has been spent on fighting an investigation on the city's alleged improper diversion of airport revenues to demolish the airport, which could end up costing Chicago taxpayers fines of nearly \$9 million.

"Not only was the City of Chicago's midnight destruction of Meigs illegal, this shows how desperate they are to justify their actions in the public eye," said Friends of Meigs President Steve Whitney. "Mayor Daley has taken a huge public relations black eye from the Meigs issue, and now he is under constant pressure from a string of other scandals, too." (Too bad, I'm all weepy-eyed!)

CHAPTER BBQs. THE DATES

JULY 15 and SEPTEMBER 23

**Pass this on to your significant other--
NOW!**

TRULY A MAN BEFORE HIS TIME!

When once you have tasted flight, you will always walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward. For there you have been and there you will always be!

Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519



EAA CHAPTER 663
11700 Tesla Road
Livermore, CA 94550
JMeyerEZ@ewnet.net
eaa663.org