The Geco

Official Publication of the Experimental Aircraft Association EAA Chapter #393 POBox 272725 Concord, CA 94527-2725

FEBRUARY 1999

CHAPTER MEETING

The <u>next</u> meeting is on Wednesday, February 24, 1999 at 7:30 P.M. The speaker will be Guy Minor of FAA.

As always, the meeting is at the old PSA terminal just south of the Tower at Buchanan. Meetings are always on the 4th Wednesday of the month, except for the December Christmas meeting.

A SAD NOTE

Vern Dallman of Esparto, and a member of Chapter 52 in Sacramento died January 16 of burns suffered in the fire of December 31 in his Harmon Rocket. We extend our condolences to his wife Ruth and to his family.

IMPORTANT..RETURN BRAD POLING'S QUESTIONNAIRE ABOUT FUTURE MEETINGS. See Below

JANUARY 27 MEETING MINUTES

(Thanks to Louis Goodell)

Chapter meeting was opened a little late due to problems with the audio-visual equipment and Graham Hawks wanted to show the VideoTape before he gave his talk.

Ron took time while we were waiting, to welcome the new members and quests.

We had a new member sign up at the meeting, welcome Douglas Dorfumeir. His project is a B KR2S

Awards that were late coming from the national were given out to the Officers that were present. 98 Christmas dinner was discussed. Only two questionnaires were sent back, one was Scott's and one was Lyle Powell's. Lyle suggested we only charge members \$25.00 due to the hard ship on some members. We informed Lyle we had to charge \$30.00 and the chapter paid the rest which was about \$10.00 per member. We still need a place for our 99 Christmas party. Duane Allen talked about the Young Eagles. He has about 50 Young Eagles who want to fly. So a list was passed around for the pilots who would be available to fly them. About 10 signed up. Duane has the list. They will fly them in about two or three weeks, weather permitting. DuaneAllen brought up the subjects of E- Mailing members their Cleco's and starting a chapter Web Site. This will be brought up again at the next Chapter Meeting.

Tracy Peters went home and brought in a TV set and VCR to show Graham Hawks' Video It was real interesting. It was like flying under water. Our next meeting will be Feb.24, 1999 Speaker will be Guy Minor from the .FAA.

February 6 Board Meeting Minutes (Thanks to Louis Goodell)

Board Meeting was held Feb 6 at Ron's Hanger. It was decided to put Brad Poling's Questionnaire in the February Cleco so that members can mail it in. We discussed a Chapter Web Site, with more information from Duane Allen. We will bring it up next meeting in February. We talked about going to some meetings at other chapters to get new ideas.

Tucson Homebuilders Have Never Heard of a Vapor Lock Problem

I visited several builders and members of Tucson Chapter 81. I tried to complement them about their leadership in dealing with the vapor lock problem. I told them that I had installed their solution in my RV-6A. Each person looked at me as if I was crazy! None of them had ever had a vapor lock problem. None of them in either Tucson or Phoenix had installed any vapor lock solutions in their planes.

It may be that Chapter 393 is ahead of them on this one. It may be that engines in Arizona have quit and the cause was not recognized. Several members of 393 have experienced and identified vapor lock.

Tucson's Livewire EAA Chapter 81 and Some of the Guys Who Help to Make It So

Chapter 81 has 135 members a large proportion of whom are retired military pilots who have chosen to retire in Tucson. The attendance at meetings averages about 40 except in "Snowbird" season when the number attending swells to 60 or so. There are about 25 to 30 planes under construction at any given time. They have two types of alternating meetings: A meeting where somebody presents some construction topic, and the next month they visit a member's project.

A Member Who Does Whatever is Necessary

The first Sunday I was in Tucson, I revisited the Pima Air and Space Museum the first person I talked to there was a Docent, Bruce Schoenberger who, it turned out, was the Secretary of Chapter 81, and also Young Eagles Chairman. Bruce contributes 5 to 6 hours three times per week as a

Docent at the Museum. Bruce learned to fly in 1951 following WW II service as a paratrooper. Bruce founded the EAA Chapter in Fairbanks, Alaska in 1964 and served as President for 15 years. He flew as a bush pilot in Alaska and has built a Thorp T-18, a Teal amphibian, Bede 4 and a Long EZ. He has 5000 hours. Bruce conducts a forum at Oshkosh (and also locally) on building wood frame airplanes, particularly the wing ribs. Bruce's business card states his logo: "Whatever is Necessary." A good and busy man.

Arizona's Mr. EAA

I interviewed Bob Hasson for the Cleco. Bob, age 56, son of a B-29 crewmember who perished over Osaka in 1945, just submitted his retirement papers as a civilian employee of the Air Force. He is Field Service Engineer at Davis-Monthan with the responsibility of keeping the A-10 Warthogs based there flying. One of his jobs is to teach classes to maintenance and repair personnel there. He spent 5 years in the Air Force from 1961 to 1966. He has 2500 flying hours and has all of the ratings except ATP. He is a high-energy guy who has done some auto racing. He has restored a J-3, built flown and sold a BD-5, and is half finished with a Teeny Two which he will complete when his perfect RV6-A is finished this year. For the past 15 to 17 years (he cannot remember which) he has been President of EAA Chapter 81 in Tucson, President of the Arizona Regional Council of EAA Chapters, President of the Copper State Fly In, and EAA Technical Counselor for Chapter 81.

VAPOR LOCK:

Bob had knowledge of nearly every home built plane in Arizona. He had never heard of any one having a vapor lock problem. Neither he, nor anyone else, had put in parallel fuel lines, extra booster pumps, check valves or recirculating lines. He was incredulous that I had put in all of that stuff, and he suggested that I had violated the KISS principle.

CHAPTER 81 PROGRAMS

The programs alternate with a meeting on Tuesday night devoted to some one teaching some aspect of building. All of the teachers come from within the Chapter. Bob himself sometimes teaches. They almost never have an outside speaker. The alternate meeting consists of visiting a member's project at 10 AM Saturday. There are 25-30 projects underway at any given time, so there are plenty of projects to visit. They sometimes meet at 8 AM and have breakfast together before visiting a project.

GOLDEN WEST & COPPER STATE Bob believes the EAA should not sanction or allow 2 major fly in the same region and same season under the banner of the EAA. He thinks that the major exhibitors cannot and will not participate in more than 3 major EAA Fly Ins per year. In his view, a major EAA fly in must have integrity, must not be over-hyped, have financial responsibility and stability, many major exhibitors, and an air show involving many of the top performers. The show must be near a major population center, with adequate motel and hotel rooms, rental cars and other transportation. Ideally it should have 3 run ways to accommodate arrivals and departures, the air show and the ultra lites as Copper State has at the old Williams AF Base. Every fly in is a large financial risk (only sometimes because of the weather which can wipe out a show) sometimes making money and sometimes losing money. It is fair to say that Bob Hasson would probably not mind if the Golden West Fly In sank quietly into the Western sunset. THE SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

Bob cannot get adequate repair and maintenance parts for his A-10's. He can keep some A-10's flying only by cannibalizing hundreds of parts from other A-10's. The government budgets for new planes, but it has no budget for parts. They are forced to make some parts from scratch. There is no Aircraft Spruce for A-10's.

Bob Hasson is a very interesting and talented guy.

The Editor of the Skywriter

Jerry Van Heeswyk has been editor of the Chapter's monthly newsletter, the Skywriter, for 9 years. He works for IBM. He has been flying for 15 years, has about 600 hours, flies his Bakeng Duce, and is building an Emeraud. He too, had never had any problems with vapor lock, and had never heard of anyone who did. He did vaguely recall an article or two on the subject, which came out 6 or 8 years ago in some magazine such as Kit Plane.

In each issue of the Skywriter, he aims to cover something about Young Eagles, what is going on in the Chapter, some technical topic, a safety item, and social goings-on. He too has trouble getting pictures with enough contrast so that they copy well for the newsletter. They have no raffle, and the dues for the Chapter are \$15 per year. Their most successful money-raising event for the Chapter was to sponsor a visit by EAA's B-17. Aluminum Overhead. EAA charged \$5 to go through the plane, and \$350 for a flight. The Chapter did spend some money for flyers and for local advertising. EAA gave newspaper reporters a free flight. The response by the public was immense, and emotional. Many people showed up with pictures of a father, friend or relative who had been in B-17's during WW II. A man of German ancestry, who had lived under the thousand plane raids that darkened the sky, spent an emotional day looking at the plane and taking pictures. Local Chapter members spent three days working during the visit. The national EAA gave Chapter 81 a percentage of the gross, and the local treasury was enriched by over \$5000. Jerry hopes the Chapter will use some of this to foster Young Eagles flights. Jerry is a firm believer in the Young Eagles program, and frequently gives flights, sometimes on organized events and sometimes when Bruce Schoenberger, the Pima Docent runs across an eager young person at the museum. Their most recent January meeting involved an 8AM breakfast at Ryan Field followed by a visit to the Quick Build RV-6A project of Al Maleca, to see what progress he had made since a visit a year ago when the kit first arrived. (Al Maleca, by the way, is retired Air Force, one of the pilots of EAA's B-17, and the owner of a

Cessna 180 and a Stearman PT-13D) One of Chapter 81's dedicated officers!

CALENDER

February 24 Regular 393 Meeting February 27 Chapter Fly Out March 6 Chapter 393 Board Meeting April 11-17 Sun and Fun July 28-August 3 Oshkosh September 9, 10, 11 Golden West

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Hanger for Rent/Share
Buchanan Field, East Side. EAA member
preferred. Workbench, refrigerator, extra lights,
extra electrical outlets plus 220. Good builder's
hangar. Brad Poling 925-827-3528

For Sale Lycoming IO360A1B6D (200hp) 1500TTSN 150SMOH. \$15,000 or best offer. Hartzell Aerobatic prop HCC2YR-4C/FC7666A-2; zero since overhaul. \$3000 obo. Russ Ward 408-864-7824 (w) 650-344-2318 (h)

Wanted to buy Jacobs 755 engines or parts, Ham Standard 2B20 prop. Russ Ward (408) 864-7824

For Sale: 2 new 3-way fuel selector valves ("Imperial"). Valves have 1/4" female pipe thread on both sides. 1/2 price. Approximately \$35 each. Bruce Milan 925-254-4780

For Sale or Rent or Use:
Precision jig table 13 feet long, 2 feet wide.
Totally flat surface of 1" thick aluminum supported by 8" channel steel beams. Has screw bolts for exact water leveling. Also has rollers and jacking system to raise to an additional height of 2 feet. Bruce Milan 925-254-4780

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

Submissions may be **e-mailed**, hand written, typed, or on any IBM diskette (in ASCII or MS Word). The deadline for submissions to the editor is the 14th of every month (newsletter is produced and mailed by the 17th). The editor's address is: 400 Arbol Via Walnut Creek CA 94598

Telephone: 925- 943-1581

E-Mail: dougpage@earthlink.net

Fax # 925-943-2338

From: Paul Millner [OAK] (Via Duane Allen) Subject: Wild Cardinal ride

I've been trying to ferry my new airplane home from Reno to Oakland, a mere 157 nm, but across the Sierra Nevada (so as to avoid saying "Sierras" and sending Tony into one of his tirades!)

However, the weather has not been conducive this past week, and as I've been watching it avidly, looking for an opportunity, I've discovered the forecasts, even 12 hours out, were little better than random guesses. We've had blue skies when heavy rain was forecast, and vice versa.

Anyway, the forecast looked at least doable last Friday, with a couple outs, so I took Southwest to Reno. Much to my surprise, on climb out, the forecast 4,500 overcast, and multiple layers to 20,000, turned out to be tops at 6,000, bright blue on top. And the same forecast at Reno turned out to be severe VFR~!

I got an update on my briefing once I got to Reno...folks were reporting light to moderate turbulence through 8,000 to 9,000, but smooth above. Hmmm...I called clearance, and told them I wanted to climb in the pattern to 12,500 before proceeding westbound over the mountains. This seemed to cause some confusion, but they recovered (or seemed to). After taxiing out, I called the Tower and explained my intentions, and was cleared for takeoff. On downwind, they cleared me for a touch and go. "Negative, I'll be continuing to climb in the pattern." A pause. "Are

you just going to keep climbing?" "Affirmative." "Oh, in that case, we have a different squawk for you." How curious?!

There were some bumps in the climb, light to Instantaneously moderate as reported, but it was nice and smooth above 8,500. They handed me off to approach, which started, truly, whining right away. "We'd REALLY like you to do that climbing on the west side of the airport." OK, all you gotta do is ask!

As I crossed over toward the ridge of hills west of the airport, I encountered a nice 2,000 fpm updraft. Hmmm...if there's an updraft, there's likely a downdraft. I hung around briefly in that until level at 12,500.

I then advised approach I was turning toward Oakland, 158 nm to the SW. They handed me off to Center just about as I was discovering some downdraft. A lot of downdraft. Like, 2000 fpm of downdraft. I went to full takeoff power, 30", 2700 RPM, 125 rich of peak... and managed to reduce the downdraft to 1,000 fpm. Not good, but I was still 6,000 feet above terrain, and could spit back to the airport if I needed to. I advised Center I was going to fly back east and climb before heading west again.

As I completed my turn, Center asked if I was going to be landing at Reno for oxygen. Hmmm... very solicitous!~ No, I explained, I was already wearing oxygen. Got time for a question, was their rejoinder. Sure. Is that Cardinal pressurized? No. Well, then how come your oxygen sounds so good? Most of 'em sound like talking in a barrel. I missed my opportunity for controller education about nasal cannulae... "That's 'cause we spent the BIG bucks" I replied, which elicited a laugh. By this time, I'd crossed the updraft ridgeline twice, and was comfortably at 17,000', climbing. I turned back to the southwest again. Sure enough, a downdraft, much less so. OK! We're making progress. Or, are we? In a 90 kt cruise climb, I

could stay level, but my ground speed was only 10 kts...and Reno was getting CLOSER, not further away... I was flying backwards. Hmmm... well. I had plenty of altitude to play with, let's try some stuff. By going to takeoff power again, and accepting a 100 fpm descent, I could eke out 70 kts over the ground... heck, this would work! By this time, I could see Lake Tahoe, which had a large lake size hole over it, and could see Tahoe Valley Airport, which had traffic in the pattern. OK, that looked like another out if I needed it... I sustained my slow descent, slow groundspeed westbound. The groundspeed slowly increased to 90 kts, and then eventually 120 kts, although my TAS was 185 kts. I was now over the undercast that extended from the mountains to the sea... but I had the GPS displaying Lat/Long, and could now see that the terrain was down to 6,000' in the foothills, and would be down to 100' valley floor in only a couple miles. And, I was on the windward side of the mountains. So, I began a descent to a more normal altitude, picking up an IFR clearance on the way down.

My cruise home at 4,000 feet only suffered a 30 kt headwind. I landed at OAK, having crossed 158 nm in only 2.5 hours. Ah, the freedom of air travel!

Note that I was very conscious all the way along here of what my outs might be. During the original planning, I thought I might end up flying most of the way to Los Angeles to cross the mountains south where winds aloft were forecast light, and ceilings were unlimited. During the crossing, I was constantly calculating where I could go if conditions didn't improve, the 180 degree turn to someplace better I'd just come from constantly on my mind. I wouldn't choose this trip as an outing, but I'm happy to have my new airplane home after its 3 months exile from the taxman.

A True Story

(By Walt Stewart - Carmel, California)

(Reprinted with permission of the Monterey County Post.)

In the late afternoon of December 24, 1994, a private pilot named James Buckner, a contractor by profession, lifted off the runway at Van Nuys airport in Southern California in his Cessna N922B. With him in the single engine plane was his wife Jane, and son, Ronnie. The three were looking forward to a long-planned family Christmas reunion with Buckner's brother in Tucson. Their takeoff had been delayed by a weather front, but with its passage, Buckner (not qualified for instrument flight) reckoned that he would be able to fly below the clouds under visual flight rules.

At the time the Cessna was climbing out above San Fernando Valley, I was departing from Monterey, some three hundred miles to the north, in my twin engine Beech Baron N3WK with my wife, Kit. We were also holiday bound for Punta Pescadero, Mexico, planning to break the flight with an overnight stop at Tucson.

Our instrument flight plan was from Monterey via Palmdale on the Mojave Desert, then on to Tucson. The weather briefing had alerted me to some poor weather conditions en route, but as an ex-airline pilot in a well-equipped plane, I was not overly concerned. Throughout the flight I knew I could rely on constant radar surveillance and would be in radio contact with LA Air Traffic Control to assure our safe journey.

Buckner's planned route took them ove the Los Angeles basin through Banning Pastoward Palm Springs, then across the Mojav Desert toward Blythe. In an attempt to remain below the clouds, he flew at 3500 feet. But, approaching Blythe, the cloud base and decreasing visibility forced him to fly lower in order to retain visual contact with the ground. He encountered severe turbulence about ten miles east of Blythe. Unknowingly, he had caught up with the same weather front. The rough air, along with increasing darkness. created same tension for the pilot and anxiety for his family. As they crossed the Colorado River, heavy rain further diminished his visibility adding to the apprehension in the Cessna's cabin. At the lower altitude and deteriorating visibility. Buckner was unable to identify visual landmarks and his navigation equipment had become intermittent.

While attempting to hold his heading toward Tucson, he was forced to divert around heavy rainsqualls - correcting his flight course only by guesswork. Disoriented, he now admitted to himself he was lost.

Buckner's confused state of mind worsened when, without warning, the Cessna's engine quit. The silence was terrifying and increased his passenger's fear. Quickly Buckner turned on his landing light but immediately switched them off again as they only reflected heavy rain clouds. Instead he forced himself to concentrate on maintaining enough flying speed to prevent stalling.

In panic, he yelled to his family to brace themselves for the inevitable crash. With zero visibility, the Cessna plowed into scrub trees and sagebrush, twisting to an abrupt stop.

Meanwhile, after passing over Parker, Arizona, we were cleared down to 9,000 feet. We were now flying slightly under heavy clouds in pelting, post-frontal rain. I was relieved to see the previously accumulated ice sliding off the windshield and wings in the warmer air.

It was a very bad night for small aircraft.

I received a radio call from LA Center notifying me that another pilot in our area had intercepted a signal from an Emergency Local Transmitter - the small battery-powered

3 Salinas Valley AIREPORTER, January 1999:

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EAA 393 P.O. BOX 272725 CONCORD, CA 94527-2725

PLACE STAMP HERE

Experimental Aircraft Association Chapter 393 P.O. Box 272725 Concord, CA 94527-2725 device designed to operate on impact which are installed in most small aircraft. The ELT has a range of about 50 miles and transmits a beep on the emergency SOS frequency.

The reporting pilot was obviously within that radius of the downed aircraft but was forced by the bad weather to leave the area. As I was also nearing that vicinity, LA Center requested that I monitor that frequency.

Switching to it, I heard a faint beeping and reported this to LA Center who asked to be kept advised. As the signal continued to build, I repeatedly transmitted on the emergency frequency, but with no response.

Finally, a gravely male voice came into the headphones. "This is Niner-Two-Two-Bravo. Who's this?"

Delighted, I responded, "This is Beech Baron Three-Whiskey-Kilo. Can you advise your location and your condition?"

"I don't know where we are. We got off course because of the lousy weather, and then had an engine failure. We crashed dawn out here somewhere. Our plane is busted up, but we're mostly all right. We're staying in it out of the rain until daylight when we hope to hell someone will find us." His voice indicated some degree of shock, which was to be expected under the circumstances.

I inquired about food, water, warm clothes, and bandages. His reply was disheartening. Trying to encourage the downed flyers, I told him that his ELT signal was building. We were getting closer to him. I asked if he had a flashlight.

"Naw, durn it. I forgot one, but maybe my anding lights will work."

"Spare your plane's batteries", I advised. Let's communicate every two minutes to onserve your battery power as it draws eavily when you transmit. I have a Satellite ositioning System aboard, and feel certain I an determine your exact position quit soon."

As the speed of the Baron was 185 nots, about six miles every two minutes, I sked the downed pilot to look skyward for ur flashing strobe. On the next three calls, e dejectedly reported that he saw nothing.

Happily, on the fourth, he said he saw a trobe that seemed to be approaching him. ncouraged, I transmitted the good news to

LA Center who replied, "Good, hang in there, Three-Whiskey-Kilo, and keep us advised."

Identifying the strobe as being our aircraft, the downed pilot began vectoring me toward him. Finally, with vast relief in his voice, he called, "Baron, you're directly over us right now!"

Once I located him, I manipulated the knobs on my Satellite Positioning System to read out the geographic coordinates. I then radioed the precise latitude and longitude to LA Center.

"Good work, Three-Whiskey-Kilo. We have a search and rescue helicopter standing by forty miles south of Gila Bend. Please call them on frequency 135.65 and give them the coordinates."

An immediate response followed my call to the chopper. "Roger on the coordinates. We've been standing by for instructions. We're on our way and we should be there in about 30 minutes. Hope there's a level place near 'em for us to set down. But, we'll get them. Thanks for the good work, Three-Whiskey-Kilo. Merry Christmas to you."

I confirmed my communication relay to L. A. Center. It felt so good to have found these people. The joint efforts of the entire rescue mission had been successful. At the fulfilling conclusion, Kit patted me and said, "Walt, you did a great job, honey. You found them! "she said with exuberance.

After we landed at Tucson's rain splattered runway and parked the Baron, we grabbed our big umbrella and ran into the Executive Terminal. As we entered, we saw a distraught man rushing toward us. "Look," he cried. "I've been waiting here two hours for some word about my brother and his family. They're overdue in their Cessna. I'm afraid they've crashed and are out there in this storm somewhere. Have you heard any reports?"

Kit placed her hand gently on his arm.
"Yes, they are down, but Walt found them. He talked to them a short time ago and they are okay. An Air Rescue helicopter will be air-lifting them here within the hour."

Weeping, the stranger reached out to embrace Kit. "Oh, thank God! What a relief!

Thank you for that good news, dear lady. And thank you, friend for the Christmas rescue."

THE EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION CHAPTER #393 NEWSLETTER, FEBRUARY, 1999

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