

The WingNut

EAA Chapter 1 Flabob Airport (RIR) Riverside, CA



Volume 65, Issue 2

We Make Flying Fun!

March 2018

The Prez Sez...

Well... it's March... Already.... and Chapter 1 is off to a great start!

To recap the first 60 days, we had an awesome day at Imperial flying Young Eagles there in January. 6 pilots flew 165 kids in one day! Brandon Knight and I presented all of the benefits to each youth, and this allowed the pilots to fly sortie after sortie. It worked out well... and everyone considered it a success!

The Young Eagles Rally in February was about 20 short of our goal of 60... but we did fly 37... giving us a grand total of 202 so far this year. The pilots of Chapter 1 are the real heroes, and we owe them our deepest appreciation for their dedication to support the chapter that way. There are many others who volunteer every YE day, and their service is equally noted and appreciated as well.

The patio cover at the 'old clubhouse' couldn't withstand the high winds of last month, and we suffered a total loss on it. It was twisted into a spiral, so unfortunately we don't have that any longer. I felt bad for all those men of the chapter years ago who put it up there... and from the chapter's point of view... we're grateful that it served us well for all those years. Luckily, we have 2 EZ-Up's we purchased for kitchens at the large events we cook pancakes for, so when we have Young Eagles and pancake breakfasts... we're still covered... pardon the pun!

Speaking of pancake breakfasts.... we're starting those back up this month. March 17th... Yes, St Patty's Day... we're having GREEN pancakes! We PROMISE they will have the exact same great taste as always... so mark it on your calendar to come... and it's going to be on the 3rd Saturday of each month from now until November.

Moving the chapter meetings to the 3rd Tuesday of the month has proven to be the right thing to do so far. The meeting in January was well attended... and the February meeting was a great one. The "Big and Little" John's gave an excellent presentation on Dead Stick landings and help in avoiding mid-air collisions. These guys were fun, funny and VERY informative... and the next several months of speakers are going to be equally interesting.

Look farther into the newsletter for the upcoming speaker list and dates of the Chapter 1 General Membership Meeting. JOIN US and BRING A FRIEND!

We're having a 'booth' at the Riverside Air Show on March 24th, so if you're attending, stop by and say HELLO!

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EAA Chapter 1 President





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Calendar of Events

2018

March

- 1st Chapter One Board Meeting
- 10th Young Eagles Rally
- 17th Pancake Breakfast 7am - 10am
Aircraft Display Days
- 20th Chapter 1 General Membership Meeting 6:30pm
- 24th Riverside Air Show

April

- 5th Chapter One Board Meeting
- 14th Young Eagles Rally
- 17th Chapter 1 General Membership Meeting 6:30pm
- 21st Pancake breakfast 7am - 10am
Aircraft Display Days

May

- 3rd Chapter One Board Meeting
- 12th Young Eagles Rally
- 15th Chapter 1 General Membership Meeting 6:30pm
- 19th Pancke Breakfast 7am - 10am
Aircraft Display Day



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Upcoming Chapter Meetings and Speakers

As noted earlier, the chapter meetings so far this year have been well attended and equally informative. I encourage you to attend, not just for the speakers, but to get your monthly updates on what Chapter 1 is doing, what we have planned, and to voice your opinions on it all. We need and want your participation!!!

Each month, for the next couple of months, Beth LaRock, Flabob's Airport Manager, is going to continue her presentations on the many improvements and great additions that are coming to Flabob. Many of them are quite obvious: the C-47 in the park across from the cafe, the renovations made to the old Repeat Aircraft hangar, etc. There's lots more... so come and get informed!!

THIS MONTH..... MARCH 20TH:

Bill is a helicopter pilot with a GREAT story! He flies Med-Evac helicopters for a company named Med-Trans, headquartered in Denton TX. He is assigned to fly from a regional medical center located in Lovington NM. Currently he flies a Bell 407, and makes medical evacuations to the region, including Albuquerque, Lubbock and El Paso, for the most part. Brian Duffield, Chapter 1 board member and YE pilot, met Bill on a flight home from PHX, right after the hurricane hit Houston. Bill was immediately assigned there, and personally rescued over 400 people! It's quite the story, and promises to be very informative. Although it's a bit out of our immediate area, it's always interesting to hear from an aviator who has a great story and is of service to country.

Bill is 52, married with 3 children, and lives in and commutes from San Dimas, CA.

April 17th - BRANDON ANDERSON - Advantage Aviation in Chino, CA

Brandon is a Private Pilot, flies a Cessna 172, and will more than likely fly it to our meeting on the 17th. He is an accomplished avionics technician, has been in the industry for a while, is an ADS-B expert, and is coming to share that information with us. He is going to discuss regulations, products available, costs, etc., and this promises to be another NO MISS presentation. He presented for the Redlands EAA chapter last month, and I heard personally that it was a great and informative session... ESPECIALLY for those of us who are going to have to install it to meet the FAA's 2020 deadline.



Upcoming Chapter Meetings and Speakers

MAY 22ND - Susan Bell -

This is another speaker that Brian Duffield recommended. He heard her presentation at OSH Airventure last year, and invited her to present. I asked her for her bio and synopsis of her presentation, and luckily for us, she was very thorough... so if this is any indication of the quality of her presentation, we're in for a good one! Here it is...

Susan Bell grew up in rural Texas wanting to be an astronaut, but a love of storytelling led her into the entertainment industry, where she worked her way up to producer on several animated TV shows including the Emmy-winning stopmotion animation series "Robot Chicken." Following her childhood dreams, she left Hollywood for a position in public communications at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in 2013. In her spare time, she is a competition aerobatic pilot, looping and spinning her pink, blue and white Extra 300 midwing aircraft around the skies in International Aerobatic Club contests with the goal of making the U.S. Advanced Aerobatic Team in a few years. Her volunteer work includes STEM activities with the Southern California Soaring Academy at Crystalair introducing 8th graders to aeronautics through glider training. She holds a Master of Fine Arts from Florida State University Film School and a Bachelor of Arts from Baylor University and is a FAA certificated commercial, instrumentrated single engine airplane and glider pilot, and advanced and instrument ground instructor. She is a member of numerous aviation organizations, including EAA (#1191070) and serves as IAC Chapter 26 secretary. Susan currently lives in Pasadena and flies out of William J. Fox Field in Lancaster, California.



Pictured at right, Chapter 1 members listen to "Big John" and "Little John" speak about Mid-Air Collision Avoidance and Dead Stick Landings at the March General Membership Meeting



A Taylorcraft Story - Part 1

Introduction by Jim O'Brien - Chapter 1 President

Last year in January, I think.... I received a call from Jim Zanger from Iowa. He and 3 other Taylorcraft owners/pilots were planning a trip to Southern CA, making museum stops and seeing the South West from 500 ft.

Jim contacted me through our Chapter 1 website, asking me if someone had space in their hangar for 4 guys to sack out with inflatable mattresses and sleeping bags at Flabob. Not having those facilities readily available there, I offered Jimmy's and my hangar at Riverside (RAL) for them to base. They were delighted to have space to change their oil, space to relax and sleep, and in close proximity to the Enterprise Rent-A -Car. On their second night, Roberta and I hosted them at our home for a shower and a home-cooked dinner. These guys turned out to be awesome friends, and here's just another example of the fun and interesting people an association with EAA can bring.

Here's Jim's story as he writes it.....

It Just Evolved

After restoring my 1946 BC12-D Taylorcraft in 1997, I began attending local flight breakfasts. Seeing other Taylorcrafts is rare but I was pleased to get to meet a number of different enthusiastic owners. One was Lee Bowden who had owned his since 1960 and had just finished a beautiful restoration as well. We discussed the possibility of flying to Sun-N-Fun with other Taylorcraft owners and organized a group of four. After returning, we talked about how many states we had landed in and decided that any future flights would not fly over any state not previously landed in. Lee and I toured the New England states one fall and shortly thereafter flew to LaGrange, Texas for a "new" Taylorcraft factory fly-in.

While at the factory fly-in we met many more owners, one of whom was Mike Jones from Illinois. Mike had flown down in a 1939 Taylorcraft and we decided to return home, through Blakesburg, IA (Antique Airplane Association) together.

Mike had been going to Oshkosh on a regular basis and the first ten years after my restoration I showed my plane, being pleased to have been awarded a Bronze Lindy for my efforts! Mike had become acquainted with a Taylorcraft owner from Leicester, England that comes each year. Rob Lees owns a recently restored Taylorcraft in the UK and Mike had been loaning the use of his while Rob was in the states. Rob and I flew in to OSH together one of the years.

Lee and I were in a contest to see who would land in all of the lower 48 first, and Lee was ahead with 43 while I only had 39! Unfortunately, as fate would have it, Lee passed away in early 2015. I was honored when Lee's wife Linda had asked that I be the missing man in a Taylorcraft formation flight over the cemetery. At the reception, a group of us talked about finishing the quest to land in the lower 48 and decided to tour the

Pacific North West that fall in honor of Lee. Rob Lees got word of the trip and expressed reluctant interest. It wasn't reasonable for him to ship his Taylorcraft to the states and reasoned the only solution would be to purchase another one in the states. After further consideration with assistance from Mike, they found a reasonably priced and worthy steed (Buttercup) with a fresh annual and less than 100 hours on an overhaul.

Fall weather always seems to be more stable than spring or summer and the temps would be cooler in the mountains. I was confident of the performance with only 65hp and no mixture control as I had previously flown to Leadville, Colorado (9,975MSL). We began planning with the intention of landing at a couple of forest service strips in Montana and Idaho. However, the fire season had the crew at one of our planned stops evacuate, so we rerouted taking the southern legs first.

We met at Blakesburg and flew to our airport in Larchwood, Iowa (2VA) to prepare for our trip. Rob had noticed his oil temperature had been running very high on this leg where previously it had been normal. We checked his baffling and verified the temp probe calibration as accurate, checked the oil etc. and determined it would justify close monitoring on the trip. We RON'd in the lobby of the FBO at Spearfish, SD a couple of nights, again at Brigham City, UT and then on to Dry Creek Airpark in Oregon.

Lee and Linda had participated frequently with the "Trail Flyers" group that would fly the old Oregon Trail routes. Through their acquaintance with fellow fliers, we were offered an opportunity to stay with one of the couples at Dry Creek Airpark near Prineville, OR. The next morning, we departed for our fuel stop at Prineville, enroute to the Hood River Fly-In. On short final, Rob called and stated he needed to be #1 as he was losing his oil pressure! Long story short, the oil screen had collapsed and was full of metal, both aluminum and steel. Thus, ended the trip for Buttercup!



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We were fortunate that EAA Chapter 617 was sponsoring a pancake breakfast and a number of their members were in attendance. Rob was stranded but we soon learned that the very nice Aeronca Chief (Wilbur,) in the corner of their hangar, had been sold to a fellow in the Ft. Worth area and needed a ferry pilot for delivery! Rob quickly volunteered and after we performed an annual we had a substitute Taylorcraft to finish our trip. Mind you, it's no Taylorcraft. It had an A-75 but had to run 2,400 rpm and burn 5 gph to keep up with us at 2,100 rpm and 4 gph! Plus, it only held 13 g while we had 18 and 24 respectively. A few more fuel stops, but it ran well.



Upon our return to 2VA, Mark Bowden had flown up from Kansas City and accompanied us to Fagen's Fighter museum in Granite Falls, MN. Mark is Lee's son and Lee had promised him his Taylorcraft when the time came. Mark enjoyed our short formation flight to the museum and Rob continued south to Ft. Worth to deliver Wilbur.

The IA at Prineville was able to overhaul Buttercup's engine over the winter and Rob returned the following spring to pick it up. Mike met Rob so they could tour southern Utah but the weather was very rainy and windy with Rob delayed in Nevada for a week! Rob wanted to reschedule the Utah trip for the following spring but in the fall Rob and I flew to Kitty Hawk to complete my 48-state goal with NC. Mike had intended to go as well, but he had a new exhaust system installed and it wasn't ready in time. After Kitty Hawk we flew north, up the Hudson River through the VFR corridor passing the Statue of Liberty and downtown New York City. We were able to camp out at Old Rhinebeck and stayed for their Saturday show before beginning our return-flight.



*To Be Continued
in the next
WingNut*



Be The Old Man

by Jamie Beckett - February 20, 2018

General Aviation News - generalaviationnews.com

The kid's pace slowed as the tree line fell behind, the green grass of the airport coming into view. Pedaling slower while steering the bike off the main thoroughfare and onto the little used service road, the kid's eyes scanned the grounds.

Beyond the chain link fence, the Do Not Enter signs, and the undeveloped buffer that lay between the rest of the world and the runway, there were rows of hangars.

Some of the hangars were small. Just big enough to fit a single airplane inside. A few of the doors of these smaller hangars stood open, their tenants milling about nearby as they rolled aircraft in, or out, or washed a layer of earthbound grime or formerly airborne insects off the painted surfaces.

Another kid, not much older than the one on the bike, wiped a chromed propeller blade with a bright yellow cloth. An adult, maybe the lucky kid's father or grandfather, wiped the opposing blade with a similar looking piece of fabric.

The kid envied that youthful counterpart, even if he was doing a required chore. He was touching an airplane. A real airplane. One that flies and everything.

Just 100 yards or so down the road the hangars grew. They got taller, wider, and deeper. Whopper big airplanes sat inside waiting for action. Some were near the front of the hangar, the sun glinting off their brightly colored skins. Others were farther into the cavern, partially disassembled. Engines poked out from their mounts, their covers removed, their dull metal naked to the world, clearly visible even to the curious eye of a bicycle riding 12 year old.

The kid could barely see what sort of treasures were hidden in the shadows at the back of those big hangars. But he dare not stop. The fence was high. The Do Not Enter signs were plentiful. There were people in those hangars. Men and women, young and old. They'd turn an intruder into the authorities for sure.

The kid kept pedaling. Slowly, but never wavering. Forward progress was imperative. This was no place to give the appearance of being a thief, or a terrorist, or the kind of kid who might climb a fence when nobody was looking. Nothing good could come from that. Curiosity killed the cat, after all.

Over the summer the kid's route stayed the same. Two miles from the house to the airport. Two miles home again. Every day. Sometimes twice.

The sights and sounds of the airport and the flying machines in those hangars stuck with the kid. Flying became a constant preoccupation. Overnight the kid's dreams were populated with those exact same airplanes, coming from the very same hangars on the daily route.

Throwing caution to the wind on the very next visit, the bike slowed, stopped, and fell over into the soft grass beside the service road. Seeing no police cars or military vehicles nearby, one foot inched toward the fence, then another, then a full step. Suddenly the kid's face was pressed to the fence's galvanized steel links. They were sharp and poked young cheeks.

Pulling back a fraction of an inch, the hangars seemed to call out, inviting a curious kid sporting a head full of dreams inside.

The big hangar where the mechanics were busy mending and maintaining machinery caught the eye. At least five airplanes were visible. Some were big. The kid surmised there must be lots of seats inside. Others were small. Very small. But they must be easier to fly, the kid thought. Maybe that's where you start. Maybe I could fly one of those...someday...maybe...



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From out of the shadows in the back of the hangar came an old man. A really old man. The kid guessed he was 50 if he was a day. In one hand he held a cup. Probably coffee. Old people drink coffee. In the other a grease-soaked rag. He spotted the kid. The kid froze. The old man raised the rag and gestured with it. The kid ran. Back to the bike. Back to the service road. Two miles home. No looking back.



The kid didn't go back the next day, or the next. But the lure of the airport, the hangars, the flying machines, and the sounds they all made was too much to ignore, even if it did mean he might get arrested for trespassing. Even if they did haul kids off to the pokey and call their parents at work to let them know what hoodlums they were raising. The airport called out and the kid answered.

The bike stopped again, fell in the grass where it had before, and the kid carefully walked up to the fence.

The sky was a perfect blue without even a hint of a cloud. July was in full swing. It was hot, even at mid-morning. The kid squinted. The sun was directly behind the big hangar, just clearing the roofline. The kid could barely see, but the sounds of the mechanics were familiar, both soothing and exciting at the same time.

"Hey, kid!" a voice boomed out. It was close. Startled, the kid squinted harder, peeking in between tightly closed fingers. "What's your name?" the old man came into view, no more than three steps away. He was on the opposite side of the fence, but close. The kid shuddered but remained silent.

"Kid," the old man repeated. "What's your name?"

"Morgan," the kid replied with knees and voice exhibiting equal unsteadiness.

"You come by here almost every day. Sometimes twice. Maybe more, I don't know."

"Uh huh," said the kid, still shaken.

"You got family here?"

"No, sir."

"Friends?"

"No, sir."

The old man took a sip of coffee from his mug. They were so close the kid could smell it. He looked back over his shoulder at the hangar and the activity inside. The kid thought about taking the opportunity to run, but if caught that would only make things worse.

"You know how to use a broom?" the old man asked.

The kid looked back, confused.

"A broom," the old man repeated himself. "Do you know how to use a broom?"

"Uh, yeah," the kid said. "I guess so."

"Wanna make \$5?"

The kid's mind locked up. This must be a trick question.

"My helper couldn't come in today. Sick. I could use someone who can help wash planes and sweep up. Pays \$5."

"Yes, sir," the kid beamed.

"C'mon, there's a gate just over here. I'll let you in."

And so it begins...as it has for over 100 years, as it still can.

Be the old man, even if you're not one. You'll feel good about it.





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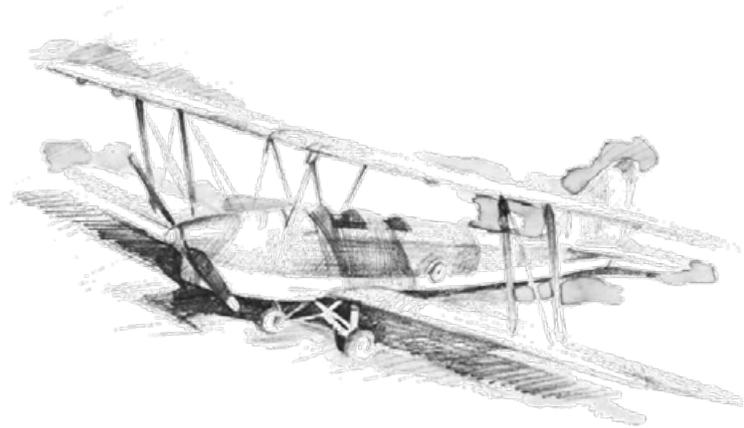


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Join us for our Chapter Meetings!

***New Meeting Day and Time in 2018!
Chapter Meetings will be held on the 3rd
Tuesday of the month.
Snacks and Drinks starting at 6:30pm.
Meeting begins at 7:00pm.
Come join us for fellowship and fun!***



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