



EAA CHAPTER 302



NEWSLETTER

Volume 5 Number 9

September 1983

Editor: Marcia Sullivan

The next meeting will be Saturday, September 10th at 10 AM at Wally's Hanger. Plans for the 302 Garage Sale in October must be finalized at this time, so come on out and offer your expertise and/or opinion. The format of the sale needs to be discussed and voted on. Do we want the sale items to be donated outright or do we want members to sell their items and donate a total or percentage to the Chapter?

Refreshments at the September meeting to be provided by Hurley and Jo ann Broach and Leroy Fick.

See 'ya then!

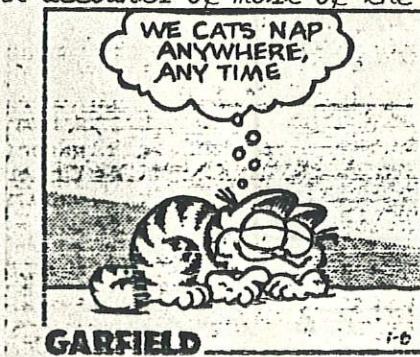
#####

Chapter Notams

....Many thanks to Bill and Gretchen Gould for their hospitality at the August meeting. Good food and camaraderie enjoyed by all those who attended.

....The mystery of the yaw string was revealed to Wally and Marcia on a recent sunny (and hot!) Sunday at Harbican Airpark in Katy. This was the scene of their first sailplane ride with the Houston Soaring Association. El Presidente demonstrated stalls, wing-overs, spins, etc., and Marcia rode through a similar series ending in a breath-taking dive-bomb approach-to-landing over the heads of the assembled glider-pilots. Anyone interested in a similar experience can call the association at 460-9291 and get an introductory ride for \$25 green ones. You can also take a mini-course through the Leisure Learning University with instructor, Phil Petmecky. The FAA regs for adding a glider rating to a "power" license are 10 hours solo time and a flight test. Happy Soaring!

....The Number One Myth attached to General Aviation is that anyone with a pilots license that rents, flies, and/or owns an airplane is wealthy. This myth is supported and perpetuated by the majority of politicians and most Airport Committees. Chapter Secretary, Jim Goebel, holds up Laconia, New Hampshire as an example of what happens when exorbitant fees and taxes are aimed at local airports resulting in a 40% decrease in GA activities. He admonishes us to become politically aware in Conroe and Texas in order to protect our interests. Anybody want to check the non-existent bank accounts of most of the private pilots we know?



More Notams

....Speaking of being politically aware, there will be a Special Session of the Legislature held in Austin in September that many people may not be aware of until after the fact. Members of this session have a list of possible tax revenue sources that they feel they can submit and slide through with little or no opposition. Included in this "hit" list are "taxes on certain aircraft" and taxes on all motor fuels and oil. Need I say more? Contact Roy Jackson of the General Aviation Pilot's Association at H & R Aviation 431-1442 for details.

....Entertaining presentation by Patty Mitchell on mountain flying at the last GAPA meeting. Patty is an "ex-flat-lander" (she used to teach and fly here in Houston), who now works for the Montana Aeronautics Commission and a member of Montana's Search and Rescue Team. She says that the MAC, in contrast to our JAC, is a staunch supporter of the General Aviation pilot. She showed outstanding slides of mountain airstrips that would definitely tax our local "sea-level" habits. Two handy tips for would-be mountain pilots: Most strips have two windsocks, one at each end - it's a good idea to pass it up if they are standing straight out in opposite directions, also, watch out for game on the runway, you don't want to meet a moose on your rollout and mess up your airplane - besides, other than a good supply of meat you're gonna get awfully lonely!

....If you're looking for something to do in September before the winter cobwebs set in, don't forget the Kerrville Fly-In on September 16, 17, and 18th. Local chapters need to participate in and support each others' activities as much as possible. Heck, if we don't, who will?

possible, neck, if we don't, who will. Labor Day Weekend, Sept. 3rd and 4th, there will be an IAC sanctioned aerobatic competition at Wolfe Airpark from 8 to 6 each day, with Sportman, Intermediate, Advanced and Unlimited categories. For the talented, registration and practice is on Friday, for rubber-neckers, Wolfe is off about the 187° radial of Hobby, a 3,000 foot grass strip, landing pattern to the east. If you really have to, you can take new 288 South to Texas 6, hang a left and with a left at the light and lot of detective work, you might find it. Goodie Concessions will be available, but if I were you, I'd bring a cooler (past experience!).

.... Looks like Chapter 595 members were also well represented at Oshkosh this year, according to Harold Frake's letter. For those of you who think that 150's or Tripacers are the really "basic" way to get to Oshkosh, think about the two ultralights that flew there from Long Beach, Ca. taking 30 days and 171 flying hours! Oshkosh is always full of surprises, and if you ever have a surplus of grocery bags, you can use them to make an Ultra-Imp. Featured at Oshkosh by Jerry Holcomb, the Imp is craft paper laminated between fiberglass and resin. **AOPA 80-Q**

....The two major suppliers of 80 octane fuel will very shortly be bringing these supplies to a halt. If you would like to help save some of this red stuff (not that I can recall seeing any around here), you can send this survey in to AOPA.

Please answer the following questions whether or not you use 80-octane fuel.

Return your completed questionnaire to: AOPA, Stop 20A, 421 Aviation Drive, Frederick, Maryland 21701.

Officers

Pres....	Wally Tuttle.....	363-4059
V.P....	Mike Conlin.....	273-3486
Sec....	Jim Goebal.....	273-2828
Tres...	Bonnie Conlin.....	273-3486
Editor.	Marcia Sullivan...	443-0012
Designee.	Hurley Broach..	231-2477

"Just so you don't strain your eyes, it says:
"Yes, I had a marvelous flight, dear. I do love
those big jumbo jets. Bit of turbulence come-
ing down, but I gave it maximum RPM, deployed
full wing flaps and..."



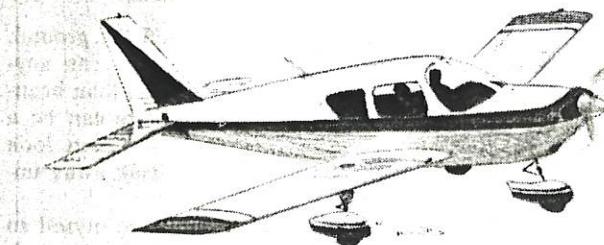
"Yes, I had a marvelous flight, dear. I do love these big jumbo jets. Bit of turbulence coming down, but I gave it maximum RPM, deployed full wing flaps and . . ."

on Way, Frederick, MD 21701.

1. Is your aircraft engine designed to burn 80/87 avgas (red color)?
yes no
2. Have you been using 80 octane or 100LL?
80 100LL
3. Have you encountered problems with spark plug fouling or sticking valves while using 100LL?
yes no
4. What make and model aircraft do you fly and how many hours per year?
aircraft type _____
annual hours _____
5. Do you consider lack of 80 octane a significant problem?
yes no
6. Has the lack of 80 octane curtailed your flying?
yes no

That's just a start, that's not even getting off the ground. That one word "airplane" means so much! How can anyone not like an airplane, or fear it, or find it less than beautiful to behold? I'm unable to accept that there can be a person alive, any human being anywhere, who can look upon this creature of curves and wings and walk away untouched.

The time comes, eventually, when I can force myself to get the engine going, the propeller turning, but I tell you it takes superhuman concentration to do it. Because I reach down to that handle and it says on it STARTER. Starter. That which starts, that which begins the whole journey up into the sky, across any horizon in the world. Starter. Touch that and my whole life changes again, events are set in motion that otherwise would never happen. Sounds will sound on the planet when otherwise there would have been silence; winds will twist and blast when otherwise there would have been calms; motions and blurs when otherwise there would have been still sharpness. Starter. It is so momentous that I sit there, hand suspended in mid-reach toward it and I have to swallow and tremble and ask whether I am man enough, whether I have the divine Permission of God to set all these galaxy-changing events in motion. The handle waits there, and the word on it is STARTER, all



right, black letters on ivory plastic, letters faded from being touched so often over the years.

Touch that handle and a whole separate cosm lives: the engine. ENGINE. Dead cold steel for now, but a moment from now, if I will it, warm life and oiled bearings turning round and sparks flickering in darkness and pulses through eel-black wires and gages lifting awake and smokes and thunders and purrs and the standing whirlpool of sparkle and wind that is the propeller. PROPELLER. It propels. Forward. Into what? Into spaces that have never felt the touch of man, into events that test us all, against which we can measure our worth as human beings at work on destiny . . .

You can see the kind of trap I'm caught in. I can't do the simplest work at the airport (oh, port of the air, haven of the little arks that sail the skies), I can't just step into the airplane (wonder-filled machine built of magic prin . . .) and start (to set in mo . . .) the darn eng . . . (cosm . . .) without all the world roaring out in great golden glory-streaks and trumpets sounding in the heavens and angels flapping around the clouds and singing Alleluia in chorus twenty thousand strong, man-angels with low voices and woman-angels with high voices and all so grand and magnificent that there are tears in my eyes and I'm all melted in joy and praise and gratitude to the Mind of the Universe and I haven't even touched the starter yet!

It's that way with everything aeronautical, nothing's immune, nothing that has anything to do with flying. If I stop the slightest instant over takeoff, for instance, I'm lost again. TAKEOFF. The taking off of those shackles and

chains that have bound our fathers' fathers' fathers to the ground for centuries compounded, that held the woolly mammoth on the ground before them and the stegosaurs before them and the trees and rocks before them. It is our power, right now, to strike those shackles, to line up there on the end of a runway and press that throttle forward and move slow first, and faster and faster and lift the nose and clankrattleclinksnap the chains are gone. We can do this. We can take off. Any time we want, we can fly.

Or airspeed. A simple basic thought like AIRSPEED and I'm out there in the wind and my arms are wings and I can feel that air, that speed, that airspeed lifting me up, way up over the clouds away from everything false and into everything true, the clean pure straight honest sky. And there's those trumpets again, and those blasted angels, singing about airspeed. A hundred miles per hour on the dial, why can't it be a simple fact, and let it go at that? But no, never, not a chance. Got to be the glory.

You see how it is, then. Hangar. Fuel. Oil Pressure. Runway. Wing. Lift. Climb. Altitude. Wind. Sky. Clouds. Airway. Turn. Stall. Glide. Even Airline, and Flight Service, on and on and on. You see how it's got me like a rat in a trap.

It would be all right, and I've been quiet about this for a long time, because if my role is to be a martyr, I'll accept it humbly and upon my back bear the burden of this rare malady for the sake of all of those who fly.

But I speak out now because I've seen other pilots land, once in a while, and stop their engines and then stay in their airplanes longer than is necessary to fill out their logbooks, almost as if they were aware of glories. And yester-

day I met a man who confessed aloud that he goes to the airport a half hour early, sometimes, and he gets into his Cherokee 180 and he just sits there in the cockpit for the fun of it for a while before he even starts the engine and taxies out to fly.

I was delighted to meet the fellow. Because I'm going to let him be the martyr now, and not me. I won't have to bear that terrible burden anymore, or listen to those angels.

I'll just go out to my airplane and I'll climb into the thing and I'll reach out for that starter and I'll just reach right . . . out . . . for that . . . starter . . . Hm. The starter is really a beautiful creation, when you take a minute to think about it. What is it really starting, you know? It kind of makes you wonder . . .

