



IAC Chapter 15

Monthly Newsletter

AUGUST 15, 2011

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 7 & 8

Calendar of Events

Chapter Meeting
August 15, 2011
Signature
Charles B. Wheeler



IAC 15 Meeting Minutes: 07/18/2011
Submitted by Dave Maine

We met at Signature Flight Support at the Downtown airport at 7pm. Attendees included Grant Wittenborn, Lee Crites, Rod Flinn, Brian von Bevern, Greg Shetterly, Brenda Lea, and Dave Maine.

Lee reported our bank balance, which is relatively unchanged. Our current membership is 25 paid members (and family members), and two honorary members.

We discussed the idea of presenting Garmin with a framed picture from a play day or a contest, as a "thank you" for their sponsorship of the Barnstormer contest. We also discussed inviting some Garmin folks to our contest BBQ dinner.

The IXD box waiver renewal is still awaiting FAA approval. It is needed by Sept 1. Our 2011 contest will fall within the current waiver's time frame.

The CAF Open House was a big success, the largest ever. Greg Shetterly and John Ostmeyer performed demonstrations of aerobatic contest flying, and then flew a formation flyby (Pitts and One Design).

KC Aviation Expo, Aug 20-21: We plan to bring cases of water bottles to the Aug meeting for use at the Expo. It's not clear if we will have an aircraft to display next to our tent. Ideas were Paul's Decathlon, Tim House's Pitts, or Brian's Citabria. Nan is coordinating our efforts for the Expo. Nan plans to attend both days, as does John Wittenborn. Other volunteers are needed to set up, help man the booth, and tear down after Sunday's show. Contact Nan at 816-589-5334 if you would like to come down and help.

Barnstormer 2011, Aug 26-28:

- Contest staffing:
 - CD: Greg, assisted by Brenda
 - Chief: Greg. Still looking for a Chief for upper categories
 - Volunteers: Nan
 - Tech Inspection: John Ostmeyer
 - Starters: Rod, Mark, Dave, Brian
 - Registration: Kim
 - Scoring: Michelle
 - Safety: Micki
- Preparations:
 - Brenda is working on the forms, programs, and T-shirts
 - Signature is providing hanger space and a fuel discount.

- Dave will arrange for Johnny on the Spot
- Paul is working on trophies
- Super-8 has rooms available for contestants
- Air band radios have been arranged for
- Other items:
 - We may open the box for local people's practice Fri morning, and leave the afternoon slots open for out-of-towners.
 - It would be nice to have radios for the corner judges with remote antennas that could be put up on a mast.
 - A PA system or bull horn would be nice to have for briefings, or to locate contestants who need to saddle up for their flight. Gardner airport has a PA system.

Our next meeting will be at 7pm Monday August 15 at Signature Flight Support at the Downtown airport.

From Nan: The Kansas City Air Expo is THIS WEEKEND!!! Please come by our Chapter 15 IAC Booth and volunteer to talk with the crowd for a few hours Saturday, Sunday, or both! We have Greg Shetterly AND his son Joe Shetterly flying in the show, so we have a lot to be proud of! Come down and support their efforts, and if you can't work the booth, try to stop by and say "Hi"- I'll be there all day both days. For more information just call me at 816-589—5334.

AND

Our contest is the weekend after next on August 27 and 28. I am the volunteer coordinator again, so please contact me if you would like to come volunteer! 816-589-5334. Any help is greatly appreciated. Our contests only grow bigger every year and are a lot of fun, so come out and play!

Enjoy the following articles and I'll see you at the meeting tonight!

Respectfully submitted,
Nan Funkhouser

LOW AND LOADED

With Scott McGinnis

Recently a massive dust-storm enveloped the Phoenix, Arizona city in broad day-light. This enormous brown blob of dirt blew across the Valley-of-the-Sun from out of no-where, and was shown world-wide via national news-coverage. Of my thirty-some years living in the Arizona desert I've experienced several of these storms, and had forgotten about them, until just recently, when my friend, Ed, asked me if I had ever been involved with one. I said that I had, but immediately thought it might just make an interesting story for you fellow aviators, and didn't relate any details to him.

To begin with, I should mention that a dust-storm can strike any time of day or night, and have been known to cause death and destruction. Mostly, its biggest destruction comes from drivers encountering them while driving at high speeds, like freeways, etc. They appear quickly and render drivers without forward visibility. What usually happens is the first driver slams on the brakes and is rear-ended by a dozen or so drivers following behind. They occur all through-out the West, and not just Arizona. The darkness of night compounds the problem, and what really strikes me as unusual is the fact that they don't necessarily occur just because the wind starts blowing hard. Sometimes I've seen the wind howl harder than

the last observed dust-storm, and still not pick-up one grit of dirt. When they do occur, they can come-up all around you, finding yourself right smack in the middle of one. It happened to a whole flock of aviators, including me.

Sometime during the month of August in 1976 there were eight of us Ag-Cat pilots flying pesticide on the largest cotton ranch in Gila Bend, Arizona. The name of the ranch was La Palomas Ranch, and more than half the 55 thousand acres was planted in cotton. To a ground observer it must have looked like World War Two, with aircraft roaring all over the place all night long. The ranch was on a 7-day spray schedule, and we would fly day and night for three days to complete the job, and since we also had thousands and thousands of other customer's acres to treat, we couldn't stop to rest. The temperature in the cockpit was around 145 degrees all through the night and would slack off after three in the AM. Sometimes during the late hours of the night we would drop into a race-track flight pattern and travel four miles before pulling up out of the field, and whenever they would be irrigating a particular field, the water could be seen between the cotton rows reflecting off our work lights, and the temperature would drop to about eighty degrees which would cause us to feel like we were freezing to death, only to sail right back to the eye burning 145 degrees while up in the half turn.

We were hauling nearly 300 gallons each load, and the wind would not blow the spray-drift away, consequently, we were getting an enormous build-up of drift-pesticide on the leading edges, causing the most miserable take-offs known to duster pilots. We referred to them as full-stalled departures.

It was shortly after dark one night when I noticed the flashlight marker I was flying toward began to grow dim, then real dim, then it disappeared altogether, and so did I. Then I realized what was happening after noticing the grit of sand looking like a wall in front of me, and traveling sideways. I pulled into a climb, leaned forward in the seat, looked skyward, since that was the only place I could go, and turned-off the forward work lights. From experience I knew dust storms were not very high, and sure enough, popped-out on top and was most definitely VFR above a dust storm. I looked all around for my fellow aviators and soon began to see one after the other pop up and out of the soot. The stars were shining brightly, the temperature was cool way up there, and most welcome were the village lights of Gila Bend some 10 miles or so to the northeast. We all congregated at the Gila Bend airport, and the tall-boss being happy to see all eight of his Ag-Cats arrive safely, said, "Beer is on the house!" SM

MORE FROM ROY THORNTON:

'82

It is a bright, cold February Saturday in the Kansas City suburbs. Harold Neumann sits in his study, surrounded by pictures of friends, trophies, old and recent flying awards and warm mementos from his many years of flying. He's bringing these stories to life from his 1933 logbook and reflects on how he's looked forward to going home all his married life.

'27

When Harold was a young, unmarried man the social event was usually a dance and he'd attended many in the Geneseo, Illinois area. He didn't consider himself a real good dancer, but he enjoyed the company and the prospect of company as he ventured to dances farther from home. At a dance one night in Moline, a lively group came in whose standout leader, in Harold's eyes, was an energetic girl named Inez Johnson. He was happy she responded to his signal requesting a dance, but she was a popular girl and he couldn't get a date with her. He made eager inquiries, found she lived on a farm just outside of town and flew his Jenny over one day and circled her house until the airport manager, thinking he was a lost aviator, flew over to bring him to the airport and was a little upset when he found who it was and what he was up to. He was lost, alright! His intention from the beginning was marriage, and Inez soon understood this. It seemed to Harold like it was a long time coming, but from the day she finally decided to make him her man it was to be that way ever after, as they say in stories. Her understanding and encouragement has always sustained his flying, as it still does. Sometimes she tells him he is still the best in the world. She sometimes tells him to go out and practice.

'33

So it was with keen excitement after nearly a month away that Harold lifted off from Oklahoma City bound for home. It was to be an even more eventful day than he imagined. The "Ike's" Menasco engine was a very early manufacture of the design and had the bad fault of breaking valve rocker pins, which was corrected in engines built later. When this happened you lost valve action and were forced to land. Somewhere over Kansas that morning a pin broke and Harold landed in a pasture. He located a

blacksmith who formed a replacement and repaired the tail skid which had been damaged in landing. Getting out was going to be a bigger problem than getting in had been. The pasture was small, and the takeoff run would be uphill unless he waited for a wind direction change, and there were wires at that end. Determined to get home, Harold paced off the distance and calculated that he could get the "Ike" into the air, hold it just off the ground in level flight and gain enough airspeed to zoom over the wires. Beyond, having spent his speed in the zoom, he would drop below the wire height, but was sure he could recover to level flight and regain airspeed to climb out.

'82

Harold is dry from talking, so goes to the kitchen and pours a Pepsi. He tells how, before flying out of that Kansas pasture 49 years ago, he first dreamed it. He visualized the doing vividly, and then worked himself up so that the actual flying was more like redoing the vision. Harold's flying credo could be stated, "If I could dream it I could do it." He has achieved such extraordinary flying success for so many years that people still expect something special from Harold and he never disappoints. Back in the study Harold sips his pop and continues with the story of that flight home.

'33

He was in Kansas City before 1:00 p.m., doesn't remember eating lunch, and wasted no time getting off again for home in his Monocoupe. It was not later than 5:00 p.m. when he landed in Moline where Inez was waiting with the car to drive them home.

On May 26th Harold flew the "Ike" to Springfield, Missouri, for an airshow the next day. His log shows he flew in formation with Art Davis and John Livingston. He met Doc Mesker who later would become Chief Pilot for TWA. The next airshow was in Enid, Oklahoma, on May 30-31. He logged more formation flying there, and also in Wichita on June 3-4. Harold was not paid for this extra flying. It was a contribution to the show that came straight from his love of flying. Harold flew lead in the formation and one maneuver had Art and John back off to give him room to roll inverted, after which they reformed on Harold to fly past the crowd with two up and one upside down. While doing this inverted pass the cap came off Harold's oil