



## Meeting Notice

Date: September 22, 2006  
Place: MDPA Clubhouse  
Dinner: 6:30PM  
Program: 7:00PM  
Board Meeting: Sept 20th

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MDPA does. Many thanks to those members who worked the booth. Oh, Richard and Pat cooked breakfast for the workers at the open house. Thank you Richard and Pat. Two weeks later it was the MDPA dinner and Diane cooked up an Italian dinner for us. More on the dinner later. Then it was off to Soldiers Meadow for a relaxing stay at a dude ranch that is changing back to a working cattle ranch. This time almost everyone found the runway on the first try. We had eight planes and seventeen people on the trip. Bill Lanstra guided the trip and made all the arrangements. As usual he did a great job, thanks Bill. After all those activities we need a vacation to rest up.

The Italian dinner started with some Bolinis that I made, not to bad. The wine was Chianti in wicker bottles. Richard provided the anti pasta for the social hour and then the main course of lasagna, bread and salad was served. Seven trays of home made lasagna so we all got to eat as much as we wanted. Desert was spumoni ice cream and Diane's home made biscotti. We had about thirty-five members attend the dinner and everyone seemed to enjoyed the dinner. Thank you Diane for the **great** dinner.

Dinner also brought an announcement from Jerry Alves that he was planning on building the new clubhouse on the two acres between the hotel and the golf course. He has talked with the airport management and they liked the idea of the clubhouse over there close to the entrance to the field. So now we have to work on a foundation to accept funds (if it were only that easy) and run the clubhouse. Jerry also submitted his plans for the 11 acre parcel of land south of Reach to airport management. It looks like a good development for Buchanan because we certainly need the hangars and I hope his bid is accepted. He is the local developer and we all know where to find him is something goes wrong. In addition, because he is local he will work harder to make sure the project is a success. The out of town people are just here to make a buck and leave!

So what do we have planned for September? The trip to Ashland for the plays is still go, more on the trip from Pat when he gets back from his vacation. Maureen, Pardeep and Jennifer are going to host the dinner this month and I think Brian will host October's dinner. If you want to help, send them an e-mail stating what you want to bring. Remember this is **your club** and to make it work you have to help out.

One item to all members and friends. On all of our trips we have empty seats, half of the planes at Soldiers Meadows were half full. So of

# MDPA news

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## 'President's message September 2006

August and MDPA was on the go. We had twelve people and five airplanes go to Campbell River, British Columbia for a fishing trip. The trip was great unfortunately the fishing was not real good even though the sign welcoming you to Campbell River claims it to be the Salmon capitol of the world. Next year we will go somewhere else for salmon. Next we had the open house for KCCR's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. We had a booth to meet and greet the public and explain what



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you don't have a plane and want to go on these trips just ask someone if they have an empty seat. We will be more than glad to take you along. So now lets see some more of you go on these trips!

Keep the blue side up!

Vince

**NOW WHAT?**

Last month we outlined what's wrong with aviation in the Dirty Little Secret article, and at the summer BBQ, Dave Evans asked me the harder question, "Now what?" I thought I suggested some areas to start, AOPA's mentoring program, the new clubhouse for events, planning some educational aviation related experiences, sharing your passion for flight, etcetera, but he suggested more specifics would be good, so here is the first in a series of articles. This is a really complex problem, with many facets, so this month we are going to focus on only one part of the problem. These are my thoughts - you might not agree, but we have to start somewhere. To just sit around and watch aviation waste away is not an option!

To recap the problem: We need more pilots, flying more hours to insure the long term viability of airports, aircraft, and supporting industries that make up General Aviation. There are 3 million potential pilots in the United States and 650,000 (and falling) certificated pilots.

Aviation needs to attract at least 10% of those 3 million people to turn the tide, and then continue to attract numbers sufficient to maintain the pilot population in numbers approaching one million. That will put 300,000 to 400,000



active pilots in the air. Additionally, we need to continue to educate the nonflying public as to the importance of aviation in their lives.

How do non pilots benefit? General aviation provides the conduit for airline and commercial pilots, and through taxes, pays for the maintenance of all the thousands of smaller airports that make up the aviation infrastructure. These airports provide economic vitality to the areas they service by attracting businesses and increasing tourism. Without all of these smaller airports (only 500 airports have commercial service), the utility of business aircraft is reduced to almost nothing and recreational flying would be nonexistent.

## PASSION FOR FLIGHT

Have you looked at the advertisements for flying in print or on the screen in non-aviation venues? Don't look too long, there aren't any. AOPA had a few awhile back, but I think they ran out over a year ago. Now look for boat advertisements. All over the place! Good looking babes, tanned hunks, racing around in their boats; that looks like fun! Look at the ads for Hummers. More babes/hunks; get an attitude, get a Hummer! It costs about as much to own and fly a 1970's vintage 172 as to own and drive a new H2 or operate a new moderately sized cruiser. RV's? (NOT THE AIRPLANES!) The big ones can cost \$650,000 or more! The same- ads, TV shows, romance and adventure await those who buy.

Now, look at airplane ads in airplane magazines and aviation venues. Safety, utility, advanced avionics, a little adventure with the bush planes, but on the whole BORING to non pilots! One of the pilot travel magazines recently had a letter to the editor from a wife of a pilot, extolling the virtues of the mag, as it gave her some idea of exciting places to fly, but that was about it. What about learning to fly? Same thing, no adds except in the flying magazines. No adventure; come to our academy for professional training and a job... remember the demographic. That 39 to 49 year old is not interested in a job! He or she wants an exciting way to see the world from the air, and needs an easier way to enter the world of flight and an interesting way to share their new found passion with their nonflying significant other. The result? We are selling flying to ourselves, and we are losing!



I had the opportunity to look at some ads in the papers for the 60 year anniversary for Buchanan Airport. There are many ads for flight instruction, and everywhere everyone was going on about how fun it was to fly, what a great way it was to see the country, etc, etc. Sure the ads are dated, but they worked!

The answer? Share your passion for flight. Flying is going places – just like a sailboat, except you are going 120 to 200 miles an hour instead of 10. Find a fun trip that your flying club is going on and bring along a friend or two. We have many fun trips that would appeal to “normal” nonflying folks. Fishing trips, hot tub

trips, trips to the desert, you name it, they are there to be enjoyed. Have an idea for a trip? Let the trip chairman know and help plan it. Flying is food, friends and get-togethers. Bring nonflying friends to the club dinners or go to a fly-in pancake breakfast. Everyone likes a good meal, and what a way to introduce flying to folks in a friendly low risk setting.

Flying is community. Bring a potential pilot to an EAA fly-in. It's a great place to feel the enthusiasm for flying that we all share, as well as an introduction to the “Family of EAA”. We are a group of intelligent, fun loving people with the passion for flight. Who wouldn't enjoy our company?! Teach, by example, to ask questions of the more



experienced members of our pilot community. I have never met a more interesting, giving group, excited to

share and in possession of so much history, knowledge and abilities. Fly Young Eagles and plant the seed of aviation in youngsters; you never know where it will lead.



These are extremely positive experiences, and don't underestimate the power of positive experiences in a time when we are continually bombarded by incredibly negative ones.

If you're reading this and aren't a member of MDPA, join! Support AOPA, EAA and your local flying club. Get involved in trips for your local club. No club? Join national or area clubs or type specific clubs like the American Bonanza Society, or the Cessna or Piper derivative of same, or interest clubs, like one of the state Back Country Airport groups for Idaho, Utah, Montana, etc. If you're having trouble locating a particular club, let us know- we can help! Once you've joined, hound them to start sharing the

adventure that awaits a new pilot in their ads. Make it exciting! If nothing else, try to include your flying in your lifestyle and share the experiences with nonflyers. The common denominator is GET INVOLVED. Remember, if you don't, you only have yourself to blame. The future of aviation is counting on you! Thanks for listening, now let's get going, time's a wasting!!

Richard.

Next month: FOCUSED ENERGY

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## BRITISH COLUMBIA 2006

We took what we learned from last year's trip, and decided to try it once again; aiming for the perfect trip this time! Big Fish, camaraderie, King Salmon, fun times, fishing, more fish than we could fit in our airplanes, you get the picture. The plan was to meet right at Campbell River, no messing around, just get there and go fishing! The group consisted of:

1. Brian Enbam, his son-in-law Andre, and friend Lee in his 310.
2. Vince Siebern and son Wes in his 182RG.
3. John and Bev Levy in their Aztec.
4. Bill Ellis and friend Gwen in his 414.
5. Me, Pat Miller and Dennis Wygal in my Bonanza.



Pat has his camera bag down to about 10 pounds and we all packed light, so we had weight to spare for lots of fish this year!

Vince set up the boats, got us hooked up with the Anchor Inn and basically organized the entire affair. He'd scoped it out last year, and we seemed most likely to get salmon in the straights beyond Campbell River, "The Salmon Capital of the World". Vince and I decided to meet at Eugene for breakfast, refuel and head directly for Campbell River Airport, as it is an Airport of Entry. Plan in place, we blasted off on time and into Eugene without incident. Vince got there a few minutes before us and got his fuel first. BLT's all-around and we were fueled as well. Then off for Big Fish!

I was expecting to be handed off from Wigby Approach to their Canadian counterpart. No such luck! As we scrambled to

get the proper frequency, the Canadians were very helpful and got us going. On up the eastern shore of Vancouver Island, we crossed over a number of airports, which, if towered, have a MF (mandatory frequency) below 2300' AGL. Most of the time we checked in anyway, except at the last one, Comox. Of course that one was different, and we had to make 3 phone calls once we'd landed and explain what happened. Once it was sorted out, they let us off with just a warning and wished us a nice vacation. Whew! Vince also got messed up with the airspace at Comox, but got it sorted out in the air. They knew we'd arrived! We only had to call Customs; no one met us or checked anything since we had basically the same airplanes and crew as last year, I guess. The gal at customs had us all in her computer and seemed happy to welcome us back.

Pat and Dennis schlepped all our stuff over to the terminal where the rental car was waiting. We got a van and shared it with Vince. This worked out great and we saved a few bucks. Good thing, too, because the beer was about \$2.00 a can at the liquor store! This was the first shock. Second shock, the Canadian dollar is now about equal in exchange to the US dollar! Yikes! After we got set up at the Anchor Inn, we went out to get fishing licenses and scope out a restaurant. Brian and group wanted sushi; the rest of us went to a place where they didn't serve bait and found one that



put us alone in a loft. Did they know we might be a problem and so put us off by ourselves? Well, I've been thrown out of nicer places than that!



That night, Pat and Dennis got the two beds; I chose the deck with my sleeping bag, and Buzz Off long sleeved tee shirt, of course! I slept great the whole time, not even the big carpenter ants bothered me. They hate that stuff! Early the next morning, off to the docks. Big Fish, Big Fish, Big Fish! Dennis, John, Bev and I made up one boat. Brian, Lee, Andre and Pat were boat number 2 and Vince, Wes, Bill and Gwen made up boat 3. And we were off!

And that was about as exciting as it got for the next 2 days. Eight hours the first day, four the second, 12 fishing rods, 4 poky fish, our boat didn't even get a bite the entire time. We got two of the fish, Lee got one and Andre got one. Lots of killer whales, no fish! Pat, Dennis and I planned to go to Tsuniah Lake after the salmon fiasco. But, of course, the weather had to cooperate! Sunday morning, clouds, thunder storms, cut off from Tsuniah, now what?

Everyone else was just going home. Graciously, Vince and Brian both offered us some fish so we wouldn't go home empty handed. We gratefully accepted the offer but still decided to press on. We were not going to fly a couple a thousand miles only to get skunked. One more try! We went on down to Bellingham with everyone else because of the weather and

figured to go to Idaho or somewhere (maybe a fish farm or Safeway!). Pat got a phone book and let his fingers do the walking. Oregon has a 10 day season this year which would start on the first. Too little too late! Then bingo bango, we got a skipper who would take us out of Bellingham harbor Monday at 14:00 until 20:00 local. He had a new boat and seemed confident he could get us fish.

We checked into a local hotel, went out and got a great Italian dinner, and all seemed at least hopeful. I had anchovies on my pizza, sort of communing with the fish! The next day it was fishing licenses, nice lunch and to the boat. Big Fish, Big Fish, Big Fish! This guy had no extraneous stuff lying about. This boat was about catching fish, no food, no coffee, no dancing girls, just rods (12 all made up), reels, down riggers and an incredible sonar whose output actually painted the individual fish on the screen! He had a huge 8.9 liter V8 that powered us to the fish at about 40 mph and twin 9.9 HP Yamaha outboards that he used for trolling. Four hours later we each had 20 or so pounders and the skipper got a nice 15 pounder. Hallelujah! We caught King Salmon, not the 60 pounders we had envisioned, but they were fish and we were bringing them home! And we planned a trip back up in September, when the Kings hopefully would have put on 20 pounds or so (they supposedly put on almost a pound a day getting ready to



spawn!). As a side note, Dennis found a place in Bellingham that sold vacuum packed frozen wild salmon for \$1.00 more than what they charged Wes to vacuum pack and freeze his catch up in Campbell River! It's an outrage! No doubt about it, Canada is no longer a bargain for U.S. dollars.

Back to the hotel, nice dinner, got the hotel to keep our fish in their walk-in refrigerator, and sleep; the sleep of fishermen with fish! Next morning, we packed it up, and flew nonstop to CCR. Vince and Jerry came by as we unpacked the plane to see how we'd done, and Vince winced as he picked up 40 or so pounds of cleaned salmon. "I knew I should' a stayed!"

Well, going up to BC or Alaska is always an adventure, and each time I learn more about the place. Thorough planning and perseverance is always the key to getting the most out of one of these trips. We had a minor brain spasm as we entered Canada, but kept our cool and were fine. The rest of the trip was really great. It was not the trip we thought we were in for, but it was as memorable as any. Thanks to Vince for all the planning, the entire group for safe flying and great company, and my two copilots for their continued good cheer and help with all the details that crop up at the various locations.

Think about one of these longer trips. They stretch you, make you a better pilot and really drive home the reason we go through all the pain and suffering of flying and owning an airplane. The friendship, adventure and beauty of the places we go are fabulous. It's about as good as it gets! So see you at the airport, or maybe in Baja or Alaska!

Richard

## SOLDIER MEADOWS 2006

We all sounded so eager! Ready to relive the past, shoot guns, drink whiskey, do Wild West sorts of things! Russ was going to get out right at 8:00, Jerry at 8:30, Byron was sure 8:00 was going to get him there on time and the two Bills sometime around 8:00. I was going to leave at 10:00, a much more sensible approach; since I knew there was no way I could get Kathy, my granddaughter and sister up and out that early (not to mention me)! Vince also picked 10:00. John was probably the wisest of them all, no start time. But, of course, that was at the clubhouse dinner and the reality the next day proved somewhat less punctual!

I was rudely awakened at 8:30 the next morning by the neighbors. Jerry called at about 9:00, running a little late. I finally got to the airport about 10:15, just missed Jerry. The two Bills were gone; Byron was playing around with his airplane, no signs of anyone else. Vince showed up about 10:30 and got off pretty much as planned, albeit an hour late. We finally got in the air at 12:30, and we were off! Nice smooth flight, right over Truckee, northwest of Pyramid Lake, over the beginnings of Burning Man (35,000 people running around the middle of the desert in various stages of undress, of which 30,000 probably should never take off their clothes in public, or maybe at all!) and up the valley to the airport. How could Vince and I get lost last year?



This year Vince and I both flew right to the airport, no questions asked! I heard John over the radio about 45 minutes behind me so things were shaping up. We got to the runway to see the two Bills' planes, Jerry's Barron and Vince's 182 all in a nice row. We pushed in at the end of the line. The only two unaccounted for were Byron and Russ.

Jim and Kathy, our hosts

and new owners, have really been working on the place and gave Jerry their new H3 to pick us up and take us back up to the ranch. Got unpacked, cracked open a beer, intros all around, and then I jumped in the Hummer to pick up John and Bev. Soon after, Byron and Sarah showed up. (Don't worry Stew, I saw the landing and it was a good one!) All here except for Russ. No one knew what his story was, so we figured he must have had mechanical problems. Kathy, the owner, gave my granddaughter a toy horse to play with and she was in 7<sup>th</sup> heaven to have her toy horse and Grammy all to herself! We just sat around for a couple of hours laughing, talking and getting up enough energy to go shoot some cans, while Jim took Jerry to see his gravel pit and conveyor. It was great to see Ryan, Jerry's son, along; he's a spitting image of his old man! As we were

lounging around, who should we see walking up the road? Russ.

He had gotten a GPS from a friend, who even programmed in the Lat/Long for Soldier Meadows. But as fate would have it, he got over the desert where the GPS told him to go and there was no airport in sight! I wouldn't know about that sort of thing, myself, you know! So he did what any self respecting pilot would do in a similar situation, he threw the GPS in the back, went back to Marysville for more gas, got out the map and flew to the ranch. He got the award for being only about 6 hours late!

Well, we packed it up and went shooting. We had an armory of various 45 semi-automatics, Bill L's 44 magnum and Bill E's 32. Then Vince got out a



shotgun and some clay pigeons. The result? The cans and pigeons were pretty safe. The dirt got riddled with a hail of bullets, and the sky was dark with buckshot! High points? No one got hurt and we ran a safe gun range. Sarah shot her first pistol and shotgun and hit a clay pigeon on her first try! John also hit a pigeon on his first try (we'll never be able to live with him now!). We all blasted away, occasionally hitting something and had a really great time.

All good things must come to an end, and the plinking was no exception, so we picked up all our spent shells, cans and other signs of the massacre and headed back to the ranch. Just to show the breadth of potential experiences available, and the cultural diversity in this eclectic group of people, Bev and Diane knitted, Kathy and Mirella did a puzzle and Marcy read and slept while the rest of us were blasting away at the cans! I'm not sure what Suzie was doing, but she did bring the champagne and John and Sarah spoke some French at the table while we drank Costco's best. What culture! What a group!

While we were quaffing our champagne (in milk glasses), Jim BBQ'd tri-tips and Kathy made potato salad just like my mom used to make. I was in heaven! I tried, single-handedly, to eat all the potato salad, but there was too much! And then the 'piece de resistance', homemade apple and peach pie for desert. I love this place!

After a suitable amount of time passed (don't go in the water for an hour after you eat or you'll get cramps) the usual suspects went to the hot springs. But this year they remembered a lantern and went to the closer springs, so they weren't running around in the dark for 3 or 4 hours. Kathy got them some big bath towels and John signed away his first born's





first child promising to get all the towels back. All the towels did make it back as did all the bathers! I fell asleep on the porch, but thanks to my Buzz Off shirt and pants, no bites! They laughed at the pumpkin colored shirt at first, but they're not laughing now!

Next morning we were met with scrambled eggs, blueberry pancakes, bacon, sausage and lots of cowboy coffee! After breakfast folks started launching back to CCR. Everyone wanted to stay longer and promised to be back soon. My sister loved the peace and solitude, Mirella loved her time with Grammy, my Kathy was happy to have some time with Mirella and Kathy, the owner, (too many Kathys!) wanted all of us to stay and/or come back.

Another really great trip. Thanks to Bill for organizing the trip and thanks to our hosts Jim and Kathy! We'll be back soon!  
Richard





## SEPTEMBER INDIAN DINNER FRIDAY SEPT 22

Breaking with tradition, this month's MDPA dinner meeting will be held on the 4th (not the 3rd) Friday of the month, September 22, 6 pm at the MDPA Clubhouse. Pradeep Panakar of Pacific States Aviation will be the guest chef for the night and he will once again, with the help of Maureen Bell and the PSA staff, present a fine menu of Indian cuisine for the evening.

So why the delay? Well, Pradeep is going to India (to get the authentic ingredients perhaps??) and won't be back in time for the usual date so we're just going to have to wait in anticipation. But if you've ever been to one of PSA's Indian dinners you know this one will be well worth the waiting. As an additional added incentive for attending, the September dinner will be our official nominations night for 2007 officers. Your current board of directors will present their recommended slate for next year's officers and further nominations will be taken from the floor.

Elections will be held at the October meeting. So double check your calendars and put this meeting on the right night! And while you're at it, send us your RSVPs in the usual fashion to [diners@mdpa.org](mailto:diners@mdpa.org)

We will also be auctioning off this wonderful motor bike donated by George Ann Garms. See you there!!



### Notice

The Saturday Breakfast is cancelled for September due to a conflict with the Labor Day Week-end. See you next month!

### GET YOUR PROPELLOR BALANCED AT A GREAT PRICE

John Potter, past president and long time MDPA member, has once again arranged with Sullivan Propellor in Hayward to provide prop balancing to MDPA members at a bargain price. This year, the balancing event will take place, Friday, October 6th at Pacific States Aviation beginning at 8 am. Price for the balancing is \$175 payable to Sullivan Propellors -- Greg Holbrook is making PSA's facilities available for free!! Normal price for this service is \$290 so this is a great deal. But we need at least 4 airplanes to sign up to make this work so please send your reservation request to [props@mdpa.org](mailto:props@mdpa.org) ASAP and let us know that you will be there to get your prop balanced. Please include the following information in your reservation request:

**Name**

**Airplane Type**

**Engine Model**

**Tail Number**

**Phone Number**

Other comments (3 blade, 2 blade, anything special) If you've sent this information to John already, please send it again to the address above so we can get a good count. And thanks again to John Potter for putting this deal together and to Greg Holbrook of PSA for hosting the event on the field.

## Even Aces Need Training



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