

# AND STILL SQUAWKING

**Selected Thoughts and Stories  
from MDPA Newsletters  
1976 to 2001**

*MDPA Reflections-after 25 years!*

*Lynne McWilliams, President 2001*

*In 1903 the Wright brothers went up in the air and stayed there for a little bit, proving that people could actually fly. Seventy three years later in Concord, California, a club was formed for the purpose of promoting general aviation. Today we celebrate a Twenty five year anniversary. A lot has happened in that time. This compilation of stories and events gives us a sense of our history.*

*Throughout the years, Mount Diablo Pilot's Association has been many things to different folks. For me, it has been a doorway to general aviation.*

*The club continues to help members be better pilots by providing safety tips and information on continually changing regulations. It has been a forum for debating the issues. We have had speakers relate wonderful and fascinating experiences. But some of the best times are the fly-ins that members have arranged. It is a chance to get to know someone better, and the talk is inevitably about flying.*

*In the years ahead, we will have challenges to face. The recent events have shaken all of us deeply. We don't know what the future holds. I pray that we will be able to continue to enjoy the freedom and responsibilities of flying. Together we are better able to work towards our goals. We share a common bond. Our newsletter provides us with a way to communicate. It gives us a voice. As you read the articles from the past, I hope you enjoy the stroll down memory lane. If you enjoy these stories, please share them with someone you know, especially someone unfamiliar to the wonderful world of flying.*

*Warm regards to all,*

*Lynne*

Newsletter 5/8/76

**Goals**

1. To be a central voice on aviation matters.
2. To promote good public relations in the local community.
3. To encourage Fly-In and Aviation activities.
4. To promote Safety and Educational Activities for pilots.
5. To provide mutual resources of information on flying for members.
6. To act as a source of information and support for the Airport Liaison Committee (ALC).

Newsletter 05/8/01

**Purpose**

1. To promote good public relations between general aviation enthusiasts and the local community.
2. To encourage participation in Fly-Ins and other Aviation activities.
3. To promote Safety and Educational Activities for pilots.
4. To provide mutual resources of information on flying for members.
5. To furnish information and support for the County Airport Advisory Committee (ACC) and other governmental agencies concerned with aviation.
6. To be proxy on aviation matters of community concern for its membership.

**PAST PRESIDENTS AND VICE-PRESIDENTS**

1976	President	Larry Hancock	1989	President	Mickey Garms/Brian Enbom
	VP Activities	Jerry Burg		VP Activities	Bill Stewart
	VP Programs	Ed Leech		VP Programs	Dan Canady
1977	President	Ken Edwards	1990	President	Brian Enbom#2
	VP Activities	Jerry Burg		VP Activities	Jack Harris
	VP Programs	Ed Leech		VP Programs	Bob Sisneros
1978	President	Bill Hadley	1991	President	Bob Sisneros
	VP Activities	Dave Christensen		VP Activities	Malcolm Kew
	VP Programs	Dick Daidone		VP Programs	Jim Swisher
1979	President	Rod Powers	1992	President	Jack Harris/Jim Swisher
	VP Activities	Norm Wood		VP Activities	Bruce Arrigoni
	VP Programs	Dick Daidone		VP Programs	Jeff Lee
1980	President	Dick Daidone	1993	President	Bruce Arrigoni#1
	VP Activities	Bill Hadley		VP Activities	Bill Belk
	VP Programs	Ken Cole		VP Programs	Jeff Lee
1981	President	Bruce McGregor#1	1994	President	Bill Belk
	VP Activities	Carolyn Edwards		VP Activities	TBA
	VP Programs	John McCloud		VP Programs	George Ann Garms
				VP Comm	David Evans
1982	President	Bruce McGregor#2	1995	President	George Ann Garms
	VP Activities	Paul Chelew		VP Activities	Lynne McWilliams
	VP Programs	Carolyn Edwards		VP Programs	Gerry Greth
				VP Comm	David Evans
1983	President	Dottie Hancock	1996	President	Bruce Arrigoni#2
	VP Activities	Larry Bartlett		VP Activities	Bill Belk
	VP Programs	Larry Bartlett		VP Programs	Dave Evans
				VP Comm	Rod Pierson
1984	President	Larry Bartlett	1997	President	Dave Evans#1
	VP Activities	Peter Ganos		VP Activities	Chick Russell
	VP Programs	Ernie Gilmore		VP Programs	Paul Persons
				VP Comm	Bill Belk
1985	President	Ernie Gilmore	1998	President	Dave Evans#2
	VP Activities	Loren Gibbons		VP Activities	Bob Lively
	VP Programs	Peter Ganos		VP Programs	Paul Chelew
				VP Comm	Leo Saunders
1986	President	Loren Gibbons	1999	President	Bob Lively#1
	VP Activities	John Potter		VP Activities	Ray Warthen
	VP Programs	Brian Enbom		VP Programs	Teeb Thomas
				VP Comm	Rory Robinson
1987	President	Brian Enbom#1	2000	President	Bob Lively#2
	VP Activities	Bob Lively		VP Activities	Bill Lanstra
	VP Programs	Jacque Pillon		VP Programs	Leo Saunders
				VP Comm	Mayha Oakes
1988	President	John Potter	2001	President	Lynn McWilliams
	VP Activities	Gerry Greth		VP Activities	Steve Wise
	VP Programs	Mickey Garms		VP Programs	Dennis Byron
				VP Comm	Nancy Miller

MEMORIES

## 25 YEARS AND STILL SQUAWKING

NEWSLETTERS 1976 TO 2001  
MT. DIABLO PILOT'S ASSOCIATION

Larry Hancock, President    May 8, 1976

### Our Association Goals

We will work for the advancement of Aviation.

To do this, we want:

1. To be a central voice on aviation matters
2. To promote good public relations in the local community
3. To encourage Fly-Ins and Aviation Activities
4. To promote Safety and Educational Activities
5. To provide mutual resources of information on flying for members
6. To act as a source of information and support for the Airport Liaison Committee



Larry Holst    July 11, 1976

### Dialog With Buchanan FBO's

In early May, your representative Larry Holst invited the eleven Fixed Base Operators on Buchanan Field to a luncheon meeting at the Sheraton Hotel. Every FBO was represented by a qualified person. Now, the fact that ALL FBO'S on our field were in attendance can only mean that they have got to be a most sincere group of businessmen! Subjects discussed varied. They included the goals of our Association, and a full range of items of concern to both themselves and to us as representing their General Aviation Customers.

We covered services available, forthcoming fuel shortages, fuel costs, new services that are to be available, noise abatement, and the need for more public exposure in the media. I hope this meeting will be just the start of our continuing goal for communication with the FBO's and the public sector.

Larry

P.S. The manager of the Sheraton picked up the tab for the fine lunch!

Kristin Kone     May 8, 1976

### Last Months Outing - A Report on the April Fly-In

This article was written by 12 year old Kristin Kone, as an entry for school on her participation in the event. We welcome her to these columns. (Ed.)

"It was a clear, but chilly morning as my dad and I piled in his Toyota. We were heading for Buchanan Airport in Concord. We were going to Columbia. (My mom and sister went with Jerry & Elaine Burg.) Finally we got clearance for takeoff. When we were in the air we found out that we had to dodge clouds. The clouds looked billowy soft and cuddly. When we got over the mountains we found out that the clouds were settling in at 1,000 feet. So a couple other people in planes and ourselves turned around and went to Oakdale airport. I found out that Oakdale was a small airport but durable. There was really nothing to do but look at planes. We called the Columbia airport and asked about the weather. They said it was clearing up. So we piled in the planes again. After we landed at Columbia it began to rain so we left to go to an airport that I didn't know its name (Rancho Murietta - Ed.) We ate lunch and pitched some horseshoes and then we... went soaring in the big blue yonder.

Kirstin Kone

I was supposed to enter a journalistic gem for this Association's first newsletter. But I read this essay written by my 12- year old and though it might be a **different view** on our common avocation/vocation.

Deon Kone

(Amen, and our applause to Kristin and Deon - ED.)

Jerry and Shirley McGlathery     September 7, 1976

### Survival Outing

A large letter "F" laid out on the ground close to the Cloverdale airstrip on Saturday, August 21<sup>st</sup>, signaled that a small band of would-be survivors, led by Norm Woods, was on the ground and in need of food and water. Under Norm's able guidance, the survivors learned to cook a meal of rice, bouillon and beef jerky without fire, how to collect safe water and to find food among plants (which we tried), and insects and other small animals (which we didn't). Grace Ellis showed us how to find North in the daytime without a compass, and we all learned that when you want to start a fire you'd better have the right grade of steel wool for tinder in your survival kit.

You can live a long time without food, but probably not more than three days without water. No search party spotted our letter "F" on the ground and sent food, but Somebody Up There made sure we got water. Boy did we get the water. After a spectacular sunset, and an electrical storm to rival the Bicentennial Fireworks, the rains came. Before they ended, our survival, if it depended on only water, was assured.

Norm promised us we would survive the experience, (we did). and that we'd probably have a good time, too, (we most definitely did that also). Our tents may have been dampened but our enthusiasm certainly wasn't. As the survival experience ended, those in need of rescuing could have signaled "LL" and a ground search party arriving on the scene could have spelled out the symbol "LLL".

Our thanks to Norm "Lil Old Rainmaker" Woods for a great outing. Next time we hope to see more of you, even for a few hours if not overnight, in what could be "the time of your life."

Deon Kone

January 5, 1977

### To Become a Pilot

Something like 4 years ago my good friend? Jerry Burg asked if I would like to go for an airplane ride. Therein lies the tale. My first plane ride was 24 years ago in an Aercoupe, off a dirt strip that was home to five airplanes. That's my aviation background. I enjoyed by 2<sup>nd</sup> ride so much that immediately five months later, I persuaded my wife to go for a ride with Jerry and Elaine. That was the clincher. In this frame of mind we come to know Larry and Dot Hancock. I often wonder what led me down this road of mental punishment.

We flew up and down California with Burg, and he being a nice guy, began with "you can sit in the front" then, "go ahead, fly it" then, "see it's really easy," as all the while I'm worried if the knot of my scarf is straight, is my leather jacket scuffed just right, and my goggle lenses clean. Then the rude awakening, I signed up for lessons. First to go were the scarf, jacket and goggles. Then my self-confidence. Then everything I knew about flying. What a shock! I had three months of slack-no sweat. Well, right after the first three months, mundane matters, work, mortgage payments, food, etc., came the pressing matters. Okay, no sweat, the 2<sup>nd</sup> quarter will wrap it up. Boy, it is easy to forget. Perhaps I'll give myself another month just so I don't have to rush.

Glad to have that written done. Now I can shelve the books. I thought that anyway as I moved into the 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter. Again those "matters" reared their heads. No sweat - in the 4<sup>th</sup> quarter I've got it now, haven't I? I change FBO, this is my 3<sup>rd</sup> instructor. Now I'm going to get it, as I move into the 5<sup>th</sup> quarter.

Then about the time I begin to lose the large red welt in the middle of my forehead, my instructor announces, "I think you've got it." Well, let's not be hasty, you know, I've only been flying a short time. Maybe I need some more practice, no huh? OK.

So I work my \_\_\_ off for 14 months, I get where I wanted to be and now all I can think of is "The Checkride". How can a grown man, so long past school, get so nervous? Appointment made, two weeks wait, and there begins an orgy of reading and flying. What does a flashing red light mean? Cloud clearance? That stall was bad, keep it on altitude. VA, VMC, VNE.

The day - what a day, out of bed, look out the window. I know there was a window there yesterday. Yes, it's there but so is the fog. Terrific, here I stand with what seems like all the knowledge of the FAA and my instructor committed to memory and I can't see across the street. No matter, off I go at the appointed hour just to verify what I can see. Let's see, next week is the best that can be done. So, one more week of trying to figure out what the questions will be so I can have the answers.

The day is here again, and now no more excuses, it finally gets done in spite of sweaty psalms and my head going blank. Everything I did was a mistake. It was the worst ride the examiner ever went on. Finally back to Buchanan, and it feels so good to be back on the ground even if Andy Traverso flew me home. Out of the plane into the office pacing around. Then here comes Andy and he has the paper in his hand. It's done, now we get to fly.

It was a dirty trick, but after the family staying home for a year, we're glad you did it Burg. It beats the hell out of driving cars!



Donna Woods      May 1, 1977

Notes From A Pinch-Hitter

In the past 2 1/2 years I have done quite a bit of flying with my husband, Norm, and I have a lot of confidence in his ability as a pilot of the Cessna 172 we go flying in. Although I enjoyed the flying as a passenger, the idea that I might take the controls was terrifying and the instrument panel was a complete mystery, which I considered to be beyond the realm of my comprehension. Then, on April 1-3, I took the AOPA Pinch-Hitter course at Sacramento Executive Airport and had one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life.

When I arrived on Friday evening to pick up my registration and join my class in the first 2-hr session of ground school, I was filled with a great deal of apprehension, but soon found that most of the women in the class felt exactly the way I did. Visually, by slides, we were taken through the principles of flight, the basics of how the controls work the ailerons and elevators, how to use the trim tabs and flaps, and the use of the altimeter, air speed and attitude indicators. In the 2<sup>nd</sup> session on Saturday evening we learned the use of charts, radio communication, VOR and navigational instruments, and the landing pattern.

Carolyn Edwards, Mary Cole, and I were assigned to the same flight instructor, a young man who teaches flying at Sacramento Executive and we were fortunate to have him. This was his 3<sup>rd</sup> year of instructing in the AOPA courses. He really gets a kick out of watching the amazing progress of each of the pinch-hitters from apprehension to comprehension.

In four 1-hour sessions of flying on Saturday and Sunday, flying in the right hand seat of our plane with the instructor to the left, I learned that I could handle the controls, climb to a certain altitude, level off, make turns and follow a prescribed pattern. I learned to taxi, if somewhat wobbly, which I hadn't realized is done by the rudder pedals only. I learned to use the radio, and to locate and fly to a VOR station. And finally I learned to land the plane, which really turned out to be almost as simple as the instructor said. When you are lined up with the runway, get the numbers in the right position and keep them there, and reduce the power, the airplane just floats to the ground, but don't forget to pull back on the control and keep the nose wheel up on touchdown!

Four days after the course we flew to San Diego on a holiday trip. Although I still felt timid about taking the controls with Norm flying (somehow you have more confidence with an instructor than with a husband), I found that I was able to follow through his take-offs and approaches and could anticipate some of his flight corrections. I also found chart reading and identification of ground check points easier than before. I still need a lot more practice, especially with speaking on the radio, use of the compass and gyro, and power control, but now I know I could make an emergency landing.

The Pinch-Hitter course has given me more enthusiasm to participate in our flying hobby. Who knows, I may even decide to take up flying seriously and work toward my own license. I now have my own logbook with 4.25 hours of dual control flight time logged.

Carolyn Edwards

June 10, 1977

Confessions of a Pinch-Hitter

or

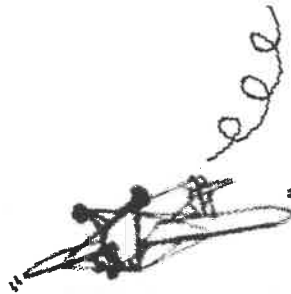
Getting it up is easy, but how do I get it down!!!!

It was a regular gathering of Eagles as all of us Bird-People met at the appointed hour for our first classes. It was an easy matter to distinguish the Pinch-Hitters (wide-eyed, white knuckled) from the instrument pilots (furrowed brow, large black flight case).

As we became better acquainted over the weekend it became apparent that we Pinch-Hitters were all in the same boat -- or, airplane. We were the wives and/or friends of real pilots, trying to absorb some of the mystique of aviation. As the course progressed we were to learn that the airplane really is built to fly and reassured that it is a normal function to change the altimeter reading while you're sitting on the ground.

Transportation between the airport and the motel was provided by the 99's. These intrepid ladies not only drive the freeways, but they fly the airways.

By the end of the course we were euphoric, having experienced a real 'high' and finding it exciting and, very possibly, habit forming.



Editor August 2, 1977

Survival is Not a Dirty Word!

Someone once said that disaster preparedness was like planning a fire escape - when you needed it, it was too late to start construction! Let us hope that all our preparations are in vain - that we'll never need it! But if we ever do...

Perhaps the greatest good that can come from a successful survival training experience is the satisfaction of being able to actually survive when lost or stranded. There is ONE DANGER inherent with a successful bout with nature, however, and that is the likelihood that you may find it very difficult to resist purposely BECOMING 'STRANDED' AGAIN, and again, and again, and again...

Connie Edwards    September 12, 1977

Survival - A Passenger's Viewpoint!

After landing at Mariposa we barely had time to stretch our legs when everyone was shouting at us to get back in the plane - we'd crashed. The pilot, my Dad, had massive injuries, a broken leg and shoulder and a cut forehead.

Mom and I had 15 minutes to get him out of the plane with a fire coming up behind us. We also had to get our supplies and rescue the unconscious sleeping bag. Most of the time we spent laughing and trying to remember who had what injuries. After getting settled Mom broke out the 'survival' booze, Norm told us all about his teepee and we talked 'till dinner.

Some of us had cold sandwiches while the pros ate their hot stew and vegetables. Sleeping under the wing had its disadvantages - the beacon flashing in our eyes, but otherwise we all slept great. The next morning after breakfast and waiting for the bathrooms to open we took off and toured Yosemite from the air. Mom and I had Dad in fits jumping around to all the windows trying to see everything. Then we wearily headed for home and the showers.

"The Star" (article)    January 31, 1978

May Day in the Bay Area



A pilot with 27 years of experience was forced to radio a 'MAYDAY' call - but NOT from the air! somewhere here in the Bay Area this unlucky pilot was working on his airplane, slipped, and became wedged upside down under the instrument panel!

"I called for help but nobody could hear me, so I groped around and somehow managed to turn the radio on and locate the microphone!" It took airport emergency crews 15 minutes to pry him loose!

Scott Lowe      April 10, 1978

I Flew With Charles A. LeMaster and the Last Barnstorming Ford Tri-Motor

Nothing in man's aviation history depicts the flight of an eagle better than the fabulous Ford Tri-Motor. Each has a majestic grace, ease, and omnipotence. They are identical except for one important fact. Compared in number, the fabulous Ford is extinct. However, I had the extreme good fortune to have flown one of these almost ghost airliners, on the last barnstorming flight ever flown in a Ford Tri-Motor.

A Man once said, "The pen is mightier than the sword." I found just how sound his advice was. I got to know Chuck by a rash of correspondence that led him to invite me up as part of his crew. So on that fateful day, July 16, I flew to Kansas City International (KCI) on the first day of a young pilot's and enthusiast's paradise. Chuck picked me up in a 1977 Beech Bonanza and we flew to his 11 acre home and landed on his 3000' sod strip which lay beside his five stocked fishing holes. After taking advantage of these fishing facilities for three days, the crew and I flew to Richmond, IN where the Ford rested. Chuck built me up for my first meeting with the Ford. He said, "She'll look down at you, and kind of give you a mean look." I found his description to be very accurate. A combination of the dim airport lights and the fact that the Ford dwarfed everything within miles, gave it a very overpowering look.

Due to a wet mag, it took some 2 1/2 hours to get the port engine started. What started as an ETD of 0830 turned out to be as ETD of 1100. And at a staggering rate of 90 mph (IAS), we arrived at Dayton International at 1150 the next day. It was the most impressive demonstration of STOL performance I've ever seen. With five people on board, not to mention baggage, tarps, tie downs, etc., we took off in an unbelievable 350 feet. It would have been possible to do it in less room but no sense in showing off!

We leveled off at 500' AGL when Chuck handed the monster over to me. My first impression was that of flying a truck with three engines. I learned many things about the handling of the Ford on that day, and I kept learning throughout my trip. Things like having to fly with two hands in order to avoid fatigue. Of course, it was easy enough to fly with one, but two were more comfortable. The biggest thrill, for me, would have to be take-offs and landings. She took off like a PA 18; but the landing, though very short, felt like a 727. When the 'screak' of the tires was heard on touch down, you knew you were flying something.

The Dayton Air Fair was the first airshow I had ever seen. Though big, it didn't even stand next to Oshkosh. We spent three days flying rides in our yellow jumpsuits, which stood out in the crowd. I was quite fortunate to see Robert Conrad face to face several times. The only time we talked was when he signed my program. And in case you girls are wondering on his size, I'm 6'0" and he came to the middle of my nose. He may be short, but he's built like a truck. He supposedly soloed for the first time for the crowd, but due to my position, I missed it. Now any normal human would have a camera. Not me. I very conveniently left my plastic camera in the Ohio heat where it melted with a once-in-a-lifetime film in it.

With a GS of about 70 we took off for Oshkosh, Wis. and arrived some five hours later, four of which are in my logbook. The six days there were routine with the Ford. Get up at 0600 and get back around 2230 or 2300. However, away from the Ford I saw the beautiful, the magnificent, and the impossible. I speak of the aircraft, air performances, and the air traffic. Picture all your favorite airplanes, outstanding airshows, day after day, and a handful of mortal men landing an ocean of aircraft, three at a time, and you still can't imagine Oshkosh. Being there is the only way!

My days of barnstorming were near an end after Oshkosh. Letrobe, Penn. was scheduled next but we were rained out between airports. We had to leave Oshkosh since we no longer had our rooms. So we moped along back to Kansas between 150-200' AGL where the visibility was 3 miles, 100 yards. 90% of this flying was done by myself with Chuck keeping a constant check on the SAC.

Scenic Airlines pilot Mike Garner and I took off from LeMaster Airport in Kansas and flew the Ford to Long Beach, CA where I picked up a grand total of 18.6 hours of Ford time.

I met some fine people and made many valuable friends, particularly Chuck and Dianne. My only regret is that it had to end. It was much like parting with a piece of myself.

Marion Prout    March 1, 1979

### Women in Aviation

(Second in a series, highlighting the flying experiences of the ladies in our Association.)

Ed has been bugging me to write about my flying experiences, so here goes:

My first flight was in a seaplane back in New England on the Connecticut River. It was a few years ago, but I won't say how long ago. At the time Ben was flying seaplanes and he encouraged me to take a ride and so I did and loved it.

On moving to California we discovered very few seaplane bases and fewer seaplanes in use. This being the case, we made the transition to a land plane.

I have been very happy being Ben's copilot. He has taught me all the procedures for emergency landings in our Cessna 182 such as using the radio for MAY DAY, setting the proper code in the transponder, and obtaining bearings on the Omni. On long flights I take the controls to relieve Ben and often maneuver the Skylane into the landing pattern -- but Ben always makes the landings!

We fly to Portland, OR often to visit our daughter. I check the weather, prepare the flight plan and the enroute navigation, and handle many of the other hundred and one details that go into making a safe flight. Although I have been very satisfied in doing all these things, I have not gone for my private pilot's license.

Since joining the MDPA we have found flying much more fun due largely to the excellent activities that the 'club' sponsors.



### Why I Want to Be a Pilot

Tommy Tyler  
a fifth grader in Beaufort, SC

"When I grow up I want to be a pilot because it's a fun job and easy to do. That's why there are so many pilots flying around these days. Pilots don't need much school, they just have to learn to read numbers so they can read their instruments. I guess they should be able to read a road map too, so they can find their way if they get lost. Pilots should be brave so they won't get scared if it's foggy and they can't see, or if a wing or a motor falls off -- they should stay calm so they'll know what to do. Pilots have to have good eyes to see through the clouds, and they can't be afraid of thunder or lightning because they are so much closer to them than we are. The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they know what to do with. This is because most people think that flying is dangerous, except pilots don't because they know how easy it is. I hope I don't get air-sick because I get car-sick and if I get air-sick, I couldn't be a pilot and then I would have to go to work."

Ed Leech

April 4, 1979

My Most Unforgettable Flight (First in a series.)

It was on a beautiful clear April morning when Ches Agee, my instructor, spun the prop on NC84168, a vintage 1946 Aeronca Champion and directed me to climb to a safe altitude and practice my power on and off stall series. Ches had always told his students to remain within a 5 - 10 mile radius of the Susanville airport for their practice flights in order that the tight flight schedule for NC84168 could be maintained.

I taxied out and took off into the cool, still air, climbing to 7500 feet above the north end of town. Off to the west was grand old Mt. Lassen with its ever present mantle of snow; to the north were the sage brush hills of the Antelope Range; to the east Honey Lake shimmered in the bright morning sunlight; and to the south Diamond Mountain rose majestically above the valley -- the Land of the Never Sweats - The Champ climbed to the 7500 foot level willingly and I made preparations for the power off stall series -- ease back on the power, set up a normal glide, keep the stick coming back, rudder pedals slamming left and right to keep the nose from falling of -- then the buffeting. The Champ really let you know when it was ready to stall! I drop the nose quickly and poured the coal on, but wait! Nothing happened! The engine went dead and the prop took about three revs and stopped at a 45-degree angle.

Then it got quiet -- real quiet, followed by the singing of the wing struts and the wire braces on the tail. My whole life passed before my eyes in a flash. This was it! I had bought the farm! Then I remembered Ches' time worn admonition -- "Forced landing! Set up a normal glide! Look for a place to land! DON'T PANIC!

Those were excellent words of advice and they had been effectively imprinted in my mind. The Champ seemed to enjoy the 65 mph glide and as I looked to my right there was Susanville Muni about four miles off my wingtip. I wondered how an airplane would handle as a glider but didn't dare to experiment on that particular occasion and as we approached the airport everything went according to Hoyle with the airspeed pegged at 65.

Once over the airport a new problem occurred o me -- with only one shot at a landing how will I make the approach? Well, the approach was anticlimactic and NC84168 behaved beautifully. We were a bit high on final but a little slip (no flaps on a Champ) and we were on the ground in a perfect three- point landing. One of the best in my seven- hour solo career.

My approach has been so silent that neither Ches nor Jim, the FBO, had any knowledge of how close they came to losing one student and their lone Aeronca Champ. And, as I trudged up the dirt runway toward the office they both spotted me at once and hopped into the jeep and headed toward me. By now they were fully aware that the student was obviously OK, but how about the Champ? Needless to say, both were pleased with the result of the morning's excitement so far. Their next concern was what causes the Champ's engine to fail as it did. I later found out that a malfunctioning carburetor was the culprit and once it was replaced NC84168 was once again her old reliable self. That early April morning episode was my MOST UNFORGETTABLE FLIGHT.

Editor February 1, 1979

Livermore Airmen Co-Sponsor a Biggie

Out flying friends in Livermore, in association with the FAA, sponsored a real topnotch event on Wednesday, January 17. On tap was Calvin Pitts, Project Officer, Ames Research Center, NASA, who presented "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Moon." Pitts discussed and illustrated NASA's role in general aviation research including some of the 'spin off' that have resulted from space-age developments culminating with the lunar landings in the early 70's.

The Lawrence Livermore Lab Auditorium was the scene and Pitts performed before a packed house of pilots and their friends who drove from as far as Stockton and San Jose for the event. Seen in the audience were a number of MDPAers, including our President, Rod Powers, who presented Pitts with a sticky problem involving cushioning hen's eggs - that his uncle is currently faced with.

Congratulations to Jerry Burg, President of the LVAA for his role in sponsoring such a spectacular visit.



Norm Woods June 6, 1979

Watsonville Revisited!

MDPA was well represented at the 15<sup>th</sup> Annual Watsonville Antique Fly-In and Air Show! The Woods' arrived with their 'tin teepee' at about 8:00 p.m. Friday evening to find Ken Edwards, Gary and Mike Thomas already 'on the ground and tied down' for the night! We enjoyed a delightful hour or so of 'hanger flying' before we all called it a day and turned in. Ken, Gary and Mike elected to 'sleep under the wing' of Gary's C152! It was foggy and drippy, but they survived well.

Saturday dawned with IFR weather - low marine layer extending to the eastern hills and a chill wind - to prevent the usual 'Dawn Patrol'. A few aircraft made it in early IFR, including Bruce and Anne McGregor. We all gathered near Ken and Gary's aircraft on the taxiway to watch the airplanes land - and to listen to 'Watsonville Tower' on the radio.

The FAA Controllers assigned to this event have got to be something else. The tragedy of the day being that not one of us managed to remember to bring a tape recorder to make a record of it all! With the lifting of the fog and VFR conditions, aircraft of all makes and descriptions began to arrive and all trying to land at the same time. It would be pointless to attempt to describe the drama, the sight and the sound of 12 aircraft, from a Piper J3 to Twin Barons to a Gyrocopter, and finally a P51 and a Navy training Jet - all on final together at one time or another. YOU will have to be there and witness it all NEXT YEAR!

Ken Cole arrived 'in the midst,' and his comment was that he had 'recited 148 Hail Mary's while on final!' The displays were great as usual, and the air show super. Everyone departed in the afternoon, leaving Donna, Craig and me to rest up and get a good night's sleep before Sunday's repeat show! Dave Snowden and son Jack arrived Sunday and stayed with us for the air show, viewed from the platform on the back of our Pick-up in the RV lot. It proved to be a very handy location, with lunch and refrigerator near at hand!

So where's the next air show ???

Ken Cole

June 6, 1979

My Most Unforgettable Flight (Second in a series)

Things Can Happen Fast!!

Late last fall we decided to fly up toward Columbia. It was one of those hazy days we often experience in our part of the state if the fall of the year, with the smog and smoke hanging over the valley. Just call it a gray haze.

On our way to the airport we came to a place where I know it is 15 miles to the top of Mt. Diablo or, as we call it, the Big Vor in the Sky. Well, there it was, nice and clear – sort of.

The preflight was perfect -- wing in the right place (top of the plane), three wheels, no parts laying on the ground, and that crazy fan on the front. Maybe I should not say the preflight was perfect. It wasn't bad, but it does seem possible that with 20/20 hindsight the big rich airplane owner could have coughed up 'one thin dime' for a call to the Flight Service Station for a few words about the weather.

A little while later a deep-throated tapockata, tapockata, tapockata and we were airborne, racing through the sky. Finally, at 3500 feet the landmarks were not racing by but going by: Concord Pavilion, Antioch Airport, Discovery Bay.

'Gee, it sure is hazy up ahead.' A quick check reveals 10 to 12 miles good visibility and a lot of haze to the east. But, 'no sweat, there's Byron, Tracy, and Stockton. Things are fine. Sure it is hazy up ahead.' Stockton Airport is under the right wing.

'Escalon, where are you?' At this point the entire sky to the east of us was a big gray mass. And, what was really strange, you could not say for sure how far away it was.

Right now! The big U-turn in the sky.

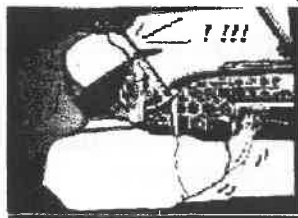
Right now! No visibility.

Right now! Panic.

Right now! On the needles.

Right now! Sweat on the forehead.

After a short time, one or two minutes, the copilot says she can see clearly. You look up and find you're doing a fair job and the plane is doing what you want it to do. There is the good old VOR in the West, Mr. Diablo, and on the left wing strut ICE!! Hard to believe but it's at least one half inch thick. Like I said, it sure can happen FAST.





Rod Powers

July 5, 1979

### A Successful Ruth Fly-In

The June flying activity to Ruth was great (with the exception of weather). The accommodations, activities, food and management were super. Between MDPA, LVAA and Great American Flying Club a total of 27 planes flew in. There were 7 from MDPA, which included 3 overnigheters: the Burgs, McGregors and Powers. Up on Sunday for food and fun were Dick Daidone, the Bonaccis, Hancocks, and Snowden families.

On Saturday and Sunday a variety of activities were pursued which included fishing, tennis, horseshoes, horseback riding, swimming, volleyball, bicycling, watching airplanes arrive and depart, and eating. A Saturday night hayride was dampened by rain and cold but it did proceed in a late 1920 vintage open side White Bus, compete with music. There were those who went for a midnight swim with an OAT of 42 F.

In all, I think everyone had a fun time and most would like to return for a longer stay.

Squadron Leader Powers

November 1, 1979

### STRAFE

(Scare The Reserves, A Flying Exercise!)



PILOTS, man your planes to scare the \_\_\_\_\_ out of the Army!

Rendezvous at the Rio Vista Airport Sunday, 15 Oct 1979 at 0845 PDT for a mandatory briefing. The mission consists of planes in trail, making a high speed simulated strafing run at troops walking along a riverbank road.

The attached chart shows the mission profile. Planes will depart Runway 25 in sequence assigned according to cruise speed. Turn on beacons, landing lights, and strobes. Report over the east end of the bridge (the Initial Point) on 122.9 giving your call sign, i.e. "STRAFE TWO, Initial Point." Descend to 500' on a 210 heading. The troops will be northbound on a road near the west bank of the river. Wing wagging and 75% power will add to the effect! Depart the target area in a climbing left turn to 1800'.

**OBSERVE DESIGNATED ALTITUDES FOR SEPARATION PURPOSES!**

Bring along family and friends. Post mission debriefing will take place at a fly-in brunch at a restaurant to be selected at the briefing.

Mission is scrubbed if Concord is below VFR minimums or if target area is below 1500' and five (5) miles!!!

Note: Any overflights of the target area before the mission for reconnaissance purposes should be above 1500' to retain the element of surprise.

Questions?? Call Squadron Leader Powers, LWP, TPO, FOS

Ed Leech

November 1, 1979

### What MDPA Means To Me

Membership in an organization can be a meaningful asset to one's life, be it professional or avocational. Meeting others involved in similar interests, learning from them, sharing experiences, and gaining insight from more experienced and learned practitioners are just a few bonuses one may expect from membership. Certainly, publications, meetings, demonstrations, and exhibitions are most helpful in this fast-paced, technological society that we are a part of. These are things we expect of any membership. Membership in MDPA can mean much more!

MDPA has helped me become a better pilot. It has helped me appreciate the value of the investment we made in our airplane. It has offered opportunities to use our plane in more rewarding experiences. More importantly, it has provided us with the opportunity to meet and associate with some of the nicest people we've ever known and to widen our circle of friends. MDPA is you, me, in fact everyone who is involved in flying in Contra Costa County. If you believe in MDPA enough to be a member -- super! Now, go to work for MDPA and recruit another member (it's a great feeling)! You will find that you are helping two friends -- the new member, and MDPA.

Ed Leech

September 1, 1980



### A Black Day for Aviation in Concord

Sixteen MDPAers, the County Airport Manager, the AOPA Western Area Representative and many more proponents of general aviation attended the Concord City Council meeting on Monday evening, August 25 to witness a damaging blow to air safety dealt by the City Council.

After listening to the advice of leaders in the aviation community the City Council voted 3 to 2 to scrap the 20 year old ordinance placing limitations on structures and giving the power to restrict developments that interfered with flight safety to the Airport Land Use Commission. In its infinite wisdom the majority decided to delete the ordinance and return the "destiny of the City of Concord" to the politicians. Mayor Bulman and Councilman LaPoint are to be commended on their votes to retain the ordinance legislated by their farsighted predecessors of 20 years ago. Mayor Bulman in her explanation of her "No" vote stated that more study was needed relative to the Buchanan Master Plan and its implications for the City of Concord. We applaud her position. Mr. LaPoint's compromise motion which was acceptable to the aviation community requiring a 4 to 1 majority vote of the Council to override the Airport Land Use Commission was, in our opinion, an intelligent option that the Council could have taken.

Pandora's box may have been opened for sure because it will become politically impossible for the Council to control the urge of developers to build upward in view of today's high cost of the square footage of land. Pressures will become enormous and protection of the airport's traffic patterns will be jeopardized.

August 25 was a black day for aviation in Concord -- and for Buchanan Field.

Bruce McGregor

March 1, 1981



Bellanca South of the Border

During Washington's Birthday weekend, four airplanes and fourteen people, including Bellanca 36V and me, flew from the Bay Area to Guaymas, Mexico. It is a city of 280,000 located approximately 400 miles below the border on the mainland coast of the Gulf of California. Our itinerary was Thursday evening to Imperial, CA, Friday morning to Mexicali for border crossing paperwork, and on to Guaymas that afternoon. The return trip took place on Monday with stops at Hermosillo and Yuma, AZ for Mexican and U.S. Customs checks.

Entering Mexico posed no problem as the officials at Mexicali were friendly and helpful, but the lines of Californians heading south kept us there for over two hours. Returning by Hermosillo to avoid Mexicali and Yuma to avoid Calexico definitely saved time. Tower controllers in Mexico provided clearances in accented, but readily understandable English which was our usual experience with taxi drivers, waiters, etc. Almost without exception, the Mexicans we met were very friendly and courteous.

My airplane's starter failed at Imperial "Friday morning and only after a good 45 minutes tinkering could I get the prop turning. I hoped that I could nurse it through the remainder of the trip, but it completely died at Mexicali. My spirits sank as I contemplated the situation of a broken airplane in a foreign country. When the airport operation manager could not locate a mechanic, things looked bad. No one seemed interested (least of all me) in hand propping a 300hp engine with a three blade! But the hospitality of Mexico came through as the manager admitted he had been an air force and general aviation mechanic for fifteen years. With his help, we found a U.S. yellow-tagged starter at FBO and installed it in 36V. Total cost fell well below the U.S. equivalent and they accepted MasterCard. With this happy development, I knew that we would have a great time.

And we did. The Hotel Playa de Cortes in Guaymas is a magnificent Hacienda style resort directly on the coast. Built by the Southern Pacific railroad in 1936, it has elegance and charm that is hard to find here. High ceilings, ornate woodwork, palm trees and strolling guitarists created a very romantic effect. The weather cooperated with highs in the 80s, lows about 55, and no clouds within three hundred miles. Shopping trips in the city market place, picture taking flights, fishing a few miles offshore, and drinking the excellent Negra Modelo dark beer were a few of the many activities that we enjoyed.

In summary, it was a fun experience with a dash of adventure for me as it was my first flying trip to a foreign country. However, I have had second thoughts, especially as prices in Mexico, at least where we traveled, did not save much over costs here. Rooms at the Hotel cost \$45 per day with meals ranging from \$5 for breakfast to \$10 and up for dinner. Drinks were \$2.50 and the other important liquid, 100-octane gasoline cost \$1.51 per gallon.

Thus for a resort type of trip, I would favor Palm Springs or Tucson with the savings of six hours flying time and expense. Still, for the Latin atmosphere, sport-fishing, and historical ruins other parts of South of the Border are beckoning me and 36V for future trips.

BJM

October 1, 1981

### Escape to Trinity Center

Frankly, there isn't much to do in Trinity Center (pop 250). Still fourteen MDPAers had a fine time there recently. Our seven airplanes left Buchanan Saturday morning, September 12<sup>th</sup> and enjoyed a bumpless flight through the warm dry Central Valley haze. After a short walk from the airport, which is on the shore of Clair Engel Lake, we arrived at the Airport Inn. It is a small, pleasant motel with views of the airport, lake, and surrounding mountains.

Following lunch on the patio, several members toured part of the lake on a 25mph-patio boat (which was about as fast as those high-wing airplanes). They were in good hands under the command of the Honorary Commodore of the MDPA Navy, Captain Curt Anderson, USN. Less hearty travelers like yours truly spent the afternoon lolling on the lush green lawn under the pine trees. We had liquid pleasures too, but the kind more in keeping with the condition of the lawn.

The boaters later joined the lollers and the lawn party went well into the evening. A good meal in the Inn's dining room and a sound night's sleep in the comfortable rooms followed. A few adventurers camped on the lawn, but fortunately the grizzlies and wolves were elsewhere that night. The morning, well the late brunch served buffet style. Then back to -- where else -- the lawn for more doing nothing much.

In preparation for our midday departure from a 2200' strip at a 5,000-density altitude, Lee Hunter demonstrated a takeoff with descent from ground effect 2201' down the runway. Fortunately, the level of the lake is down quite a bit this time of year. Thus encouraged, we enjoyed a bumpless flight home. Other fellow travelers included Dick Stouffer, Paul Chelew, Bob and Gerry Scott, Larry and Lola Bartlett, Dot and Annmarie Hancock, and Kathleen Ellis.

Editor

November 1, 1981

### MDPA Pilot Palaver

AIRMAN: Filler of tires  
AIRSPEED, CRUISE: claimed by pilot  
AIRSPEED, TRUE: Cruise airspeed less 20mph  
BEECH: Costs like a BOH  
BELLANCA: Built like a BOH  
BOH: Brick outhouse  
BROKEN LAYERS: Dropped cake  
CESSNA: Looks like a BOH  
FAA: Fed against aviators  
LOG: Bellanca raw material  
MIRACLE, SMALL: Landing at ETA  
MIRACLE, LARGE: A tailwind  
MOONEY: Religious fanatic  
PATCO: Past and through controllers  
PIPER: Flies like a BOH  
ROGER: Common first name in aviation  
RUNWAY: Joggers path  
SEVERE ICING: Many cubes, little scotch  
WINGTIP: Corporate pilot's shoe



BJM      March 1, 1982

MDPA Travels to Tucson

Success!! MDPA'ers will turn out for longer trips to interesting places. Thanks to Paul Chelew's capable organization and selling skills, seven planes and nineteen MDPAers and guests flew to Tucson for the four days of Washington's birthday weekend. Several planeloads of people from the state Cessna 170 Association also came along. By one count, thirty-four persons attended the trip's biggest event.

For those who failed to read last month's newsletter, this was a four hour tour of the Air Force's mothball fleet of 4,500 airplanes at Davis-Moahan AFB. The weather cooperated with clear 74 degree days and cool nights. Thus, we had perfect conditions to stroll among acres and acres of B-52s, F-100s, F-8's, KC-97's, F105's and literally dozens of other types of military aircraft. Our guide was a typical laconic Air Force Captain whose low key with added to the fun.

Later the group passed through the Pima Air Museum which has the best collection of WWII through 1960's aircraft in the west. Several are quite rare such as a B-47 and a B-58 Hustler. A DC-6 used, as President Truman's plane was open for walkthrough. The evening concluded with a lighthearted 1890s melodrama at a local theatre.

Sunday morning brought a trip to the Desert Museum, a natural history display of Sonora Desert plants and animals. Almost all the exhibits are outdoors with views across a wide desert valley adding to the effect. The afternoon found us driving to Tombstone, site of the famous OK Corral gunfight. Sure enough, we arrived just in time to see several staged gunfights in the main street.

Of course, MDPAers have a certain reputation for enjoying eating almost as much as flying. Thus we took advantage of Tucson's ethnic mix with group dinners on the three nights at Mexican and Szechuan restaurants and the Cattleman's Inn. One lunch took place at the Davis-Moahan Officers' Club courtesy of Admiral Ed and Captain Curt. In keeping with custom, the evening attitude adjustment sessions occurred in the Mahnken's room.

Our flight to Tucson encountered nothing more than high overcast. However, Scott Mahnken managed to find the only clouds below 15,000' in southern CA and picked up 3/4" of ice! Now that is the hard way. The return trip stalled at Lancaster where the perfect weather gave way to the storm that drenched you stay-at-homes. A few planes went through the clouds and the rest came VFR the next day.

Fellow travelers included Paul Chelew and Judy, Curt Anderson and Linda, Ed Leech, and Dick Diadone, all in Paul's 'turbo six pack'. Also along were the Bartletts, the Gilmores, the Mahnkens, Dot Hancock, Tom Weber, John McCloud, Virginia Schaefer (solo in her Snitshear, hear, hear!), Bill Ludwig, and yours truly and Sally. All of us immensely enjoyed the flights to and from and the ground activities there. It really is more fun in a group. I hope to see even more MDPAers on future trips.

BJM July 1, 1982

### Victoria Voyage Via Viking

The Memorial Day weekend, several MDPAers flew to the charming British Columbia capital of Victoria. The Bartletts and Paul Chelew chugged by Cessna, the Mahnkens migrated by Mooney, the Powers plodded by Piper, and yours truly and Virginia ventured via Viking. The weather forecast at the start sounded simply dreadful: cold rain and fog in Victoria persisting through the weekend, and thunderstorms and ice blocking Oregon.

Despite this gloomy outlook, the Mooney and Bellanca Viking drivers flew to California's northern border for a look and found nothing worse than a broken to scattered layer topping the Cascades. After overnighting at Redmond, we did some sightseeing at Mt. St. Helen's (must be seen to be believed) and the San Juan Islands with no worse than scattered clouds. The Piper and Cessna caught up with us that afternoon.

The weather in Victoria was sensational for all four days with temperatures in the low 20's and not a cloud or trace of fog to be found. The weathermen certainly have been consistent since last fall! The local people considered 75F degrees to be a heat wave with shorts and bathing suits everywhere. Of course all that heat required proper cooling treatments, namely cold beer. Scott and I became rather fond of O'Keefe Extra which is 6% alcohol compared with 4% in the U.S. After a few, it is quite evident why the locals call it 'Hi Test'.

The city of Victoria and surrounding area have much to see and do. Your first impression will be a 'British' atmosphere mixed with 19<sup>th</sup> Century English architecture, beautiful parks and yards, and cleanliness unimaginable in this country. The downtown part of the city surrounds the inner harbor, adding waterfront scenes. Many, many small specialty shops occupied the spenders (usually of the female persuasion) while all found the Provincial Museum one of the finest anywhere. "High Tea" Sunday afternoon at the Tudor style Old England Inn added special flavor to the trip.

We stayed at an older, but clean motel two blocks from the Parliament building for \$30 per night. Incidentally, that's Canadian dollars, which cost only about 82 cents. Meals tended to be somewhat more expensive than equivalent restaurants here, but the selection is good. A mandatory side trip is Buchart Gardens, 35 acres of absolutely gorgeous formal gardens. Several members of the group took a local train ride 60 miles up the coast to Nanaimo for lunch and sightseeing.

The return trip in the clear weather gave us an opportunity to aerial sightsee the Olympic Peninsula and the Washington coast. Larry and Valerie Hancock happened to be in Victoria at the same time and, in their Cessna 310, joined the gaggle of planes for the flight home. In Oregon we found seemingly the same weather experienced three days earlier. The Siskiyous were obscured, presenting the only challenge to remaining VFR. The sensible Viking followed Interstate 5 to Red Bluff underneath the stuff with no worse than 1500' AGL and seven miles visibility. The others staggered and gasped their way on top through the buildups, reaching 16,000' MSL at times. Now, that has got to be the hard way!

Entering Canada and returning to the U.S. through Customs was fast and without hassle. Neither time did officials check the airplanes nor ask for more than simple identification. In sum, Victoria is a wonderful place to visit. Overall the prices are comparable to the Bay Area and the scenery along the way is spectacular.

Norm Woods, Editor    November 8, 1978

MDPA Newsletter

MDPA is not a club! - it is a happy, instructive, informative, and 'aviation active' group of concerned aviation nuts!

Don't be apathetic - be ACTIVE! Add your support - and your VOICE to help make our flying better.

Wear our patch with pride!



Dick Daidone                      July 1, 1982  
REMEMBER

When everything seems to be going against you, remember that your airplane takes off against the wind, not with it.



Paul Chelew                      July 1, 1982

June Activity

The June Activity was a brunch flight to Cloverdale and hike from the airport (for the athletic types) to Papa John's Restaurant. A rousing turnout of 32 MDPAs attended and we no doubt made the day for the restaurant. Papa John's is an old, somewhat neglected resort in a lovely creekside setting. The food is eggs-cellent (your Activities Chairman had Eggs Benedict), and the service is extremely pleasant (somewhat slow due to the large group). Afterwards, some of us chose to walk up to Liberty Lake and admire the statuary, etc., followed by a return hike to the airport. There some of us walked over to the Russian River to enjoy watching the canoeists paddle down the river. The Greth family had the foresight to bring blankets, beach towels and bathing suits for a very pleasant afternoon of sunning on the bank of the river.

Gerry Greth

March 1, 1983

### In Search of Sunshine

After braving the weather in Northern California, three 'pilotos' and their passengers finally arrived in Imperial on Friday night - one almost ended up at the Navy Base (John Potter, with the Scotts), one landed at Calexico (Gerry Greth, with nervous wife and happy kids), and the third arrived via Ventura (Dave Schoonmaker, with guests, Jerry, Bill and Shirley.)

Meeting in the Airporter Motel restaurant, we were surprised to find beautiful seafood buffet, and even more surprised when the check came. Dave Schoonmaker had arranged a bargain room rate of \$19, but the motel made up for it with the \$15.95 per plate buffet!

Early a.m. brought the group together for a free continental breakfast and 'peso' negotiations with a group from Oakland, also on their way to Baja. With the rumor flying that fuel was cheaper if paid for in pesos, John Potter, Bob Scott and Gerry Greth decided to purchase pesos from one of the Oakland pilots - exchange rate 136 per \$1.00. It turned out to be a bad deal - exchange rate was 145 per \$1.00 in Loretto! Next time, we'll listen to our "tour director."

On to Mexicali and a fuel line about 15 planes long. Going through customs, immigration, flight operations and paying for fuel (\$1.04 gallon) was quite an experience for the first timer. Heading south on the 141 radial, the flight to Loretto was beautiful. Good tail winds of approximately 25 mph helped us with time, but we landed with winds of 20-28 mph and 10 to 15 degree cross wind, which made life interesting. After chalking up and closing our plans, Dave had a cab waiting to take us to the plush El Presidente, where we immediately began to relax with the help of Mexico's libations - Margarita, Corona Cerveza, etc.

Others joined us in the bar as the evening progressed - Paul Chelew and passengers Ed Wallace and daughter, Wendy; the Davises and guests, Joanne and Red; and the Livelys and guests, John and Arlene. They had all chosen to fly straight through on Saturday, with Bob Lively arriving last, landing after sunset with the worry of his plane being impounded (all turned out well). Rumor had it that Paul Chelew and Bob Scott were "approached" by two local ladies while Jude and John Potter and Jerre Scott shopped that first afternoon.

The word that evening in the bar was that there was a fiesta in town, so off we went. About half of the group ended up at the Mission Hotel and had a great time - Mariachi Band, eating and drinking all we could want - total bill \$65 for 12 people.

The wind still blowing on Sunday made fishing "impossible," and most relaxed by the pool. Our ambitious leader and his guests, however, jumped back into the Sierra and headed for Cabo San Lucas, reporting that evening in the bar that it was worth the 3 hour flight down and back. Sunday night the entire group invaded Ceasar's Restaurant in town, for a special seafood platter that was magnificent even after a long wait. By now we had learned that no one in Mexico is in a hurry.

On Monday some were finally able to fish (Dave, John, Jerry and Bill). The Greths took off with their kids for Ensenada; the Scotts and Potters headed for Guerrero Negro to watch the whales and then to Tijuana; the Livelys, their guests and Paul Chelew rented a car and took off to explore an old mission; the Davises prepared to go to Cabo for the rest of the week; and the Wallaces went horseback riding.

A fabulous trip - 6 planes and 23 people in all. The El Presidente was great, the rooms beautiful, the food fantastic, the booze even better. Many thanks to Dave making the plans and for being the perfect tour guide. I vote to make it an annual affair.



Virginia Schaefer

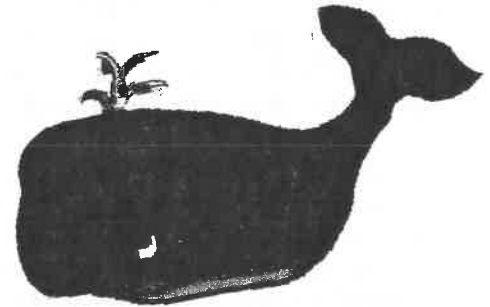
April 1, 1983

### The Crack

Saturday, March 19, a small red plane starts out toward Sebastopol, fearlessly looking for the great crack in the world. Armed with cameras and a road map, the intrepid explorers came upon their goal 4 miles south of Sebastopol along Blucher Valley Road. Here a great crack about a quarter of a mile long and varying in depth up to 70' has opened up during this long rainy season. You too can observe this area from the air at a low altitude; there are a few buildings near. Other planes may be sightseeing also. Most circled to the right. That way a cameraman in the right seat can get good pictures. Be sure to notice the scale of this "Grand Canyon of Sonoma County" by observing the size of onlookers on the ground.

Geologists are studying the area and testing samples to determine the strength of the soil and rocks. From the ground you can observe huge blocks of sandstone in the bottom - if you are brave enough to creep up to the edge!

After viewing the crack snaking its way over the hillside, and wondering if, indeed, California was going to drop off into the Pacific Ocean, the flyers decided to enjoy the rest of the flight by looking for whales. The sea was calm and they were rewarded with good views of 7 California Grays off Pt. Reyes. At one time 3 of them spouted in unison. "Thar they blow" was the cry in the cockpit. A ground visit late in the afternoon to the Blucher Valley Crack ended a super Saturday. If only the rain will stay away.



Jan Wright

July 15, 1983

### Willits/Fort Bragg

On June 25, 18 people and 6 planes made it into the Willits Airport. The landing challenged the pilots and the agreement to dis-agree on arrivals and departures challenged the ingenuity (and later the pocketbook) of the tour leader, Gerry Greth. James Vokoun, the airport manager for 16 years, ferried people to the Skunk Train Saturday and back on Sunday. The 3 - 5 hour trip on the Train was beautiful on both days, and enjoyed by MDPA's World Famous Pilot and his friend, Hester.

After the evening conviviality hour in the Bartlett's room at the Fort Bragg Motel, dinner commenced at the Mendacino Junction. This delightful little restaurant is the work of owner and host, John Tobias. Fresh seafood and wine were much enjoyed. The dinner culminated in a fresh berry deep-dish pie, which Paul Chelew shared with all, even Hester. The fact that he had sinfully refused to order ice cream a la mode deterred no one.

An early-rising rooster persuaded several to rise early the next morning, and begin the trek back on the 9:10 train. A traveling troop of actors provided much fun with 'shout-outs', 'shout-downs', snakebite medicine and shotgun weddings. Frank and Ann Nickell were re-married, for a price, even though the shotgun seemed unnecessary. He wore his garter with pride! Many laughs, beautiful weather, and good companions. Thank you, Gerry Greth.

Linda Collier

June 17, 1983

### Shelter Cove Fly-In

The early birds caught the fish and abalone, the game warden didn't catch anyone. Lola, Larry, and Sky were gracious hosts to 25 guests, 8 planes, and 6 tents. Ken and Carolyn Edwards arrived early, braving the salty sea breeze in their "new" Bonanza. Most planes arrived midday Saturday, nearly over gross, with a movable feast of delicious delectables, not to mention Paul Chelew's huge home-grown lemons.

Speaking of lemons, we were picked up by Lola and Larry's 'La Bomba Limo' which recently had undergone a mufflerectomy contrary to speculation, the afternoon was spent walking along the coast, observing a rescue training drill, visiting the Elks near the golf course (and we ain't talkin' B.P.O.E.) making beer runs to Mario's and napping. Camp was set up and blown down several times, but thanks to Ernie's 3-iron, Rainier Ale, and a lot of patience, the tents were finally up, remaining erect all night. One did wonder why the McGregor tent didn't have wooden poles.

Rough seas prevented the boats from going out, so dinner was caught at Mario's fish Market. Saturday night was Larry's delicious beer-battered fish fry and when the fish ran out the beer battered the rest of us. Saturday night was also the celebration of our senior and junior campers' birthdays. Carolyn's mother, Juanita Coates, and Dottie's daughter, Ann Marie, turned 75 and 6 1/2, respectively. The party lasted until the wee hours of the morning. Rumor has it that Larry and Kaycee (a K. & C. Edwards Production) needed some fresh air after the cigars and spirits and jogged the runway at 2:00 a.m. Was that the length or the width? In the dark without a sober witness, I guess we'll have to take their word for it.

Sunday morning the early risers were off to the tidepools for the negative tide. Returning with their treasures of fish, abalone, sea urchins, and shells, they were greeted with a delicious breakfast prepared by the 'Breakfast Brigade', led by Commander-in-Chef Anderson and 'Coffee Cake Specialist 1<sup>st</sup> Class' McGregor. We did notice that the Commander commandeered Linda into providing most of the labor. (I'm still trying to figure out how I ended up scrubbing the deep-fat fryer and writing this article.) The day was filled with backgammon, Barbara's dominoes, tidily winks, and a terrific barbecue with a variety of salads. Scott's first try at barbecuing definitely deserved a thumb's up! Those of us who were still under gross explored the coastline and discovered the magnificent scenery of craggy rocks and the crashing waves on black sand beaches. Kelda was unable to find any mushrooms in the hills but did enjoy a long visit with a sunning seal.

The joy of the weekend was the total escape from the rat race, the companionship of nice people, and the peaceful tranquility of Shelter Cove. Thank you, Lola and Larry, it was wonderful!

Sex & the Rusty Pilot

While flying to and from Shelter Cove for the MDPA overnight at the Bartlett's, I made two dumb mistakes. I properly entered and completed a full left traffic pattern at Shelter Cove while announcing three right traffic reports. At the same time I ignored Curt Anderson who, from the right seat, loudly told me I was really on left downwind.

The next day, on the way home, I managed to run a tank dry. Not only is this bad for the engine, the ladies in the rear seats were a bit disturbed at my wakeup method. Fortunately the Continental IO-520 in the Bellanca has no problems with hot starts.

Suffering personal chagrin, and much ribbing about my Shelter Cove pattern (of course, I would be the last to arrive so everybody else was listening on the Bartlett's receiver), I tried to understand where I went wrong. Hopefully, all of us can learn from such potentially serious, but this time nondamaging errors.

The common 'dumbness' stemmed from making a decision and, due to fixating on another aspect of the flight, not catching my own mistake. Not listening to Curt reflects my Scottish stubbornness as much as anything else. While approaching Shelter Cove, I planned a left pattern in my mind, heard someone else on 122.9 say right traffic, and proceeded to fix on the wrong language. Because I then concentrated on configuring the airplane and the possible problems of gusty winds and threshold downdrafts, I failed to check myself and to listen to Curt.

My Bellanca has a complicated four tank, two gauge, and two selector fuel system. I have evolved a method of careful timing (primary) and fuel gauge observation (secondary) to monitor fuel. At my usual 57% cruise power setting, which uses 12 gph, and allowing for takeoff and climb burn, a main tank of 19 gals lasts 1.2 hours with about a 2 gal cushion remaining. When nearing the end of the return flight, I thought that I would switch at 1.1 hours to adjust for the 75% power I was using to seat new rings in one cylinder. Then I proceeded to start planning my approach (under the hood) into Concord. At two minutes before switch time, the tank ran dry. A little more thought that the engine uses 15.5 gph at 75%, and remembering that the gauge for that tank sticks at 1/8, would have prevented some anxious moments.

Fixation happens when we become mentally overloaded and able to handle only one task at a time. Anyone who gets under the hood after a six-month layoff knows what I mean. The answer for me became quite apparent when I later looked through my logbook. Due to six-day weeks on my job, crummy weather, and lots of work on my house preparatory to sale, I had flown only 5 hours during the last 4 months. Although I have thirteen years of flying experience, this sort of layoff combined with a complicated airplane and trying to regain IFR proficiency caused advanced dumbness, and could have led to worse.

The point of my tale is a lesson which most of us probably know, but, like me, tend to forget: **TO FLY WELL, FLY OFTEN!** The FAA and various safety groups know this and require and advise specific experience before certain types of flying. My advice is watch your logbook and, when less than 4 hours appears in any one month, go flying, taking it easy at first, and rebuild your proficiency.

Oh yes, about the first word of the title, it's only a 'come on' to insure reading my item to the end. Sorry. But do stay proficient!

Larry Bartlett

October 1, 1983



### Some Surprises at Johnson Creek

Ernie Gilmore and I, in Cessna N7324Q, carried the club's flag for the Labor Day fly-in. Departing CCR @1430Z we had a smooth flight @9500' and 4 hours later landed at Johnson Creek. Johnson Creek is 100 miles north of Boise & 25 miles east of McCall, Idaho. The strip is a 4933' MSL, 3700' x-pasture of 6" turf 3 miles south of Yellow Pine alongside Johnson Creek. Camping facilities are top quality with running water, toilets, wood cook stoves and fire pits.

The recommended approach is to let down in the canyon to 6000' over Yellow Pine and do a 180 to final picking up the runway about 1/2 mile from the threshold. The charter services are more aggressive making their 180 to final 1/2 mile out, a classic short approach. After setting up camp we utilized one of Idaho's courtesy vans for the tour of Yellow Pine. Yellow Pine has about 7 buildings (4 are bars). After a chilidog it was back to camp & a nap under clear dry skies until time for our BBQ T-bone steak dinner.

Our first surprise came after dinner with the sky turning from deep blue to black when the roar of a low flying aircraft broke the silence. Moments later a Beech Baron appeared low in the canyon. Less than 1/2 mile north of the strip, a descending 180 brought it to an excellent landing on the, by then, dark runway. What was this we learned about the hazards of mountain flying, night flying, and especially night flying over the mountains??? If a Beech Baron can do it at night, I'd say a twin Turbo Commanche could do it during the day.

On Saturday, after fueling at McCall, we headed for the Snake River, flying up Hells Canyon and landing at the 6700' MSL, 3500' dirt Menaloose airstrip. After a forceful recommendation by the local Ranger, we took off uphill and downwind on 18; 2/3rds of the runway later we broke ground, made 75' at runway end & 6775' a second later (the end of the runway is the edge of the canyon).

We then proceeded down the Salmon River's "River of No Return", overflowed the Chamberlain basin (where the Club lunched, last year) and landed at Big Creek. The strip is turf 5653' MSL, 3600' with 1/4 downhill and 3/4 uphill when landing on 18. (Each year a forest service DC-3 lands to visit the owners; for him it's one-way with no go around.) Then it was back to Johnson Creek & naps until time for our BBQ chicken dinner. By the way, Big Creek has rooms in the lodge, cabin units and good hamburgers. (maybe an idea for next year).

After dinner, about 8:30 while sitting beneath the stars enjoying a glass of wine and some hangar talk - our second surprise - the sound of an aircraft engine breaking the silence. Just after spotting the aircraft's position lights, well below the ridge line, an Idaho courtesy van headed for the threshold, turned and shone its lights up the runway. The aircraft, in total darkness, did a 180 in the canyon, a steady descent to a perfect landing within the first 1/5 of the runway; it was a 1960 Cessna 170. If that wasn't enough, the silence was again broken by a 2<sup>nd</sup> aircraft engine which did the same thing, a Citabria. Their being crazy was confirmed later that night when after imbibing a bit in Yellow Pine they rolled the van into the river with out anyone badly hurt.

On Sunday we did a tour of the Sawtooth Mountains. We started by overflying Indian Creek and stopped for lunch at Stanley. We then overflowed Smiley at the south end of the valley around the south end of the Sawtooths landing at Warm Springs. The Hot Springs provided a much-needed bath. We got back to Johnson Creek in time for a nap and dinner of BBQ ham & creamed corn before dark. This is beautiful country. Mark the weekend (Labor Day) NOW on your calendar. Get your skills up over the next year and come along. WE HAD A GREAT TIME - we would like more of you to join us next year.

Rae Gilmore

December 1, 1983

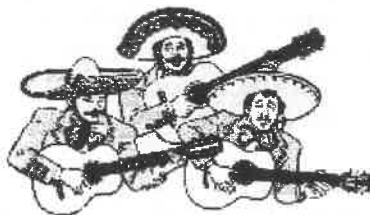
### Baja and Arizona Trip

Our Thanksgiving Day trip to San Felipe, Mexico turned into a Friday departure due to weather -- did not want to go IFR in icing conditions. VFR on Friday with tailwinds of 25 to 30k; of course coming home we got the same in headwinds!

It was beautiful and sunny in Baja except for blowing winds and sand up to 15 or 20k! Had a great time tho with 2 other couples and their teenagers from Bay Area with a total of 12 people in 2 rooms -- no room at the hotel.

We had 5 people in our plane so needless to say we did not take much baggage, just snacks and wine!

Left Baja on Sunday for Scottsdale, Arizona to visit 21 relatives at one house. Flew a total of 11 hours, all VFR (fuel in Mexico was \$1.26). A very relaxing weekend and great to fly again!



Larry Bartlett

March 1, 1984

### Baja Trip II

The Baja Trip II was just under 5 Skylane hours to the Lively's trailer at El Socorro. El Socorro is a vacation and fishing settlement 18 miles south of San Quintin, on Baja's Pacific Coast, and approximately 120 miles south of Ensenada. The airstrip is packed dirt, in good condition with a solid 2000' usable and clear approaches.

Bob and Kelda's property, with 25' trailer, fronts the airstrip. Tie down was in their front yard. Within a few miles is an El Presidente Hotel and one we liked better, 'Cielito Lindo Hotel which has an excellent airstrip (packed dirt).

The area is rich with seafood - live lobster @ \$5 each, dig your own steamers and 4' Pismo clams. We didn't have time for abalone diving or surf fishing. All food was served with tortillas and Kelda's super salsa. (As with most MDPA activities, we spent our time, acquiring, preparing or eating local food).

Bob has dubbed this weekend trip as the "1<sup>st</sup> Annual El Socorro MDPA Fly-In." I think the idea has merit.

Lola Bartlett

April 1, 1984

Monterey

March 18<sup>th</sup> turned out beautifully for the flight of 6 planes flying from CCR to Monterey for lunch at Perry House, followed by sightseeing. There were 19 for lunch (would have been 21 but Larry forgot to leave word at the FBO for Bruce and friend Holly). Those enjoying brunch were the Gibbons, Nicholsons, P. Chelew, Coles, S. Mahnken, J. Smith, Edwards, Greths, Bartletts and our trip leaders the Thomas's and their friends who set up our lunch place.

After brunch everyone went their own way finally meeting on Fisherman's Wharf. This was not planned, it just happened. Caroline and Lola stopped to inspect a garden and then couldn't find anyone so started off on the walking tour. After a while without seeing any blue jackets, they went to Fisherman's Wharf where they found everyone but Ken Edwards - who was looking for us. We lost him the whole afternoon.

We enjoyed seeing the sea lions resting on their backs and enjoyed the walking (sauntering?) tour of scenic Monterey.

Thanks to Teeb and Rudi and friends for our place of repast.

Larry Bartlett

June 1, 1984

Sacramento Old Town

A beautiful day, an excellent lunch and the National Hand Car Races made this short simple fly-in a delight. The reconstruction of Old Town is excellent with many restaurants, music and a locomotive museum. The group consisted of Rae and Ernie Gilmore, Lola and Larry Bartlett, Jackie Smith, Dick Stouffer and Jennie Klengle. Once at Sacramento waiting for the bus proved unnecessary since the bold and daring Rae and Jackie hitched us a ride with a local AOPAer in his pickup.

After the Train Museum and a walking tour of picturesque old town we had lunch at O.D. Mills restaurant located in an old Bank Building. Getting back to the airport we somehow got a taxi driver to submit to our pleas and managed to get 7 persons plus himself into one cab. (Not overgross but pretty tightly packed).

(President's note: We had a delightful day but wish more of you had joined us. These shorter trips are a good way to become acquainted with MDPA members and get involved.)

Trip Report -- Cedarville

On August 23, Friday afternoon, we embarked on yet another trip for the MDPA to the renowned Edwards' abode in Cedarville, CA. Just one hour and 40 minutes away lies a small western town with great scenery, friendly people, and good beef and beef jerky. The highlight to the first day at the Edwards' is the signing in ceremony on the cabin wall. The entries date back to 1970, and all the great pilots are represented.

The Modoc County Fair was the hit attraction and it was just that. A small county fair with all the children riding for ribbons in western, English, trail, and barrel racing. It was a lot of fun. The slow pace of the town and the attractions were very rewarding to us.

Saturday found Paul circling Cedarville in his Aerostar to make sure that he had a ride from Ken, who drove up to provide transportation. Later on Kurt landed his 172, again circling town. The residents of Cedarville certainly were aware that the MDPA members were there.

The stock car races on Saturday night brought us back to reality and memories of the freeway commute, especially when the winner of the main event was rear ended by the second place car. The winning car was stopped after the race was over and the driver was looking forward to a congratulatory kiss from the queen.

After the races, we retired to Ken's place to play a friendly round of night lighted whistling Frisbee. It was a Frisbee with a glow stick attached and looked like a flying saucer coming in for a landing. We kept Kurt awake because he went to his tent early and, unfortunately, the Frisbee hit it. Ken will always remember that night because he couldn't catch the Frisbee one time and it hit him in the head. (Don't worry, Ken, even Willie Mays dropped a few.)

A side benefit was the reunion with an old friend who owns Modoc Meat Packers in Cedarville. We hadn't seen each other for twenty years. He also is a pilot and owns a Beech Musketeer to commute to Concord to visit his mother in Lafayette.

For those of you haven't visited the Edwards' place in Cedarville, you must do so; it is really a wonderful experience. Just make sure you cover your pitot tube so the mud daubers can't live in a new condo at the airport.



Bruce McGregor

October 19, 1985

### Airplane Sightseeing

I hiked in several National Parks this year with great enjoyment. My only complaint was noisy, low flying aircraft. In areas such as Grand Canyon and Yosemite, the echoes off the sidewalls added to the intrusion. Yet I like other pilots enjoy watching the view from the sky. Since most of us are considerate persons, is there some method to minimize disturbing those on the ground?

Of course I think so, or why would I be writing this item! The first step involves power reduction. Many pilots I watched carried cruise power into circles around scenic points. This technique creates noise, steep banks, high "G" forces on passengers, and usually overshoots. Slow down to 90 or 100 knots by reducing power and, for those with constant speed props, dropping RPMs to the bottom of the green. The difference between 2500 and 2200 RPM is significant in terms of ground level noise.

Second, add approach flaps, say 15 or 20 degrees, to reduce further the power required and, importantly pitch the nose down for better views. The airplane feels more comfortable in this configuration and the flaps lower stall speed in case the pilot gets distracted enough to allow airspeed deterioration. Last, keep the altitude high. An extra 1000' over the Grand Canyon means little to viewing, but much to those on the rim or on trails.

Do keep safety in mind. Pilots should watch for other airplanes attracted to the same sights and remember that flying the airplane is more important than looking at the ground. Switching to the fullest main tank before making turns might be advised. Good flying.

Brian Enbom

June 13, 1986

### Ruth

On May 17, the MDPAers left for the Flying Double 'A' Ranch in Ruth. The weather was perfect with temperatures in the 80s during the day, and evening temperatures comfortable. The Zakerski's had a back seat pilot, Paul Chelew and guest, who later took out his frustrations by throwing his guest into the pool.

The Gibbons and the Nickells finally arrived after three questionable approaches, only to make one of their thrilling departures the next day. The Livelys took their neighbors, and when they left the Ranch they were still overgross. Bob took off with approach flaps and flew into still air with no lift. His departure rivaled Loren's.

New members Dan and Vivian Siry made their first trip with the club and we welcome them.

The Bartletts along with Jackie Smith and Jennie Klengel practiced search and rescue all the way there, and then escaped to Shelter Cover to cool off from the warm Sunday.

Scott and Paul left the area to shoot Scott's cap and ball gun, and after a time Linda went looking for them. Funny thing about that cap and ball; I was not aware that it could sound like a semiautomatic.

Diane and I spent some time killing wasps that felt our trailer was their home also. The Enbom kids thoroughly enjoyed the pool, the horses, playing pool and finding a turtle in the Mud River. Congratulations to all who successfully shot skeet, rode horses, went hayriding and survived the pre-rib dinner party.



John and Jude Potter

January 17, 1987

### Grand Island Mansion and Peck's Airstrip Fly-In

The long planned visit turned out to be a 'happening' and a rather elegant one. November was selected as the month as it was safe to think - with weather uncooperative - we could at least drive there. The weather turned out to be great and the turf airstrip was dry. However, there was at least a small challenge with the 6-8 knot cross wind - trying to figure out the pattern. Bruce McGregor was in there like the 'early bird' in his twin Comanche. Everyone figured that if Bruce could get on the ground without any problem, certainly the rest of us could.

The gathering and landing of the flock included eight aircraft, including a long awaited but grand approach by Bob and Jerre Scott in their vintage Stinson Gullwing. Given that 55 people showed up for the brunch at the Grand Island Mansion, you can figure out many went by the wheel instead. (Must have been the liability release asked for from each of us flying in.)

The local transportation company run by 'Delta John' provided an old London Taxicab to get us to and from the Mansion. Brunch was at 11:00 including as our guest, our airport hostess, Mrs. Peck. She provided us with a most intriguing chronicle of the aviation history of the area. She gave us a real treat of time to peruse through almost a dozen scrapbooks on aviation events. The Mansion did a splendid job of serving an appropriately elegant meal, well suited to the ambiance of the Mansion. Our thanks to Sandra Clarke and her staff.

The trip was a high point this year because it not only allowed us to have an 'event' - sharing a little piece of the aviation history in our own backyard - but it also satisfied one of the real reasons we have a flying association - to challenge our flying skills by sometimes landing at a remote uncharted, turf airstrip. We pilots just don't take that on, very often, and we should - since we never know when we will be challenged - even beyond that. Finally, this visit and the area were a little like a visit to the set of *FalconCrest* or *Dallas* ...we're looking for the next episode, maybe next year.



### I Heard It On The Radio!

A normally smooth and poised recent past president of MDPA was heard calling Bay Approach on 121.3 mhz for advisories. The callup began:

"Bay, B \_\_\_\_\_ s is just west of ...ah... oh darn it, I knew it just a minute ago...ahhh, wait a second while I look again...oh yes, now I've got it...just west of Hollister at 8,500'..."

All of us are "lost" some of the time, but over Hollister?

Lola Bartlett

March 6, 1987

Baja

President's weekend provide MDPAers with 4 days in El Socorro on Baja's Pacific Coast, about 100 miles south of Ensenada. John & Jude Potter got a head start along with Bob & Jerry Scott by leaving Buchanan on Friday, but arrived last. Leaving Buchanan Saturday were Larry & Lola Bartlett with Paul Chelew, then Bob Lively with Shirley McKenzie & Zoie and Gerry & Judy Greth bringing up the rear - but not for long. With Scott Mahnken at the controls, Gerry fed Tijuana into his Loran, passing Larry & Bob about Bakersfield, landing first in a little over 2 hours.

The weather was great - clear and undisturbed air until San Diego, then some lingering low clouds. Tijuana produced the worst delay any of us had seen, nearly 2 hours to get fuel. A real influx of commercial jet traffic from 10 a.m. to noon kept the little guys sitting and waiting.

We all arrived at El Socorro by 2 p.m. and were greeted by a 15 knot cross wind that went to 0 for most of us at 200 feet from the threshold. Bob Scott said it was the first time he had landed on Main Street. Dinner was a fantastic crab feed at the Celito Lindo Hotel. Super margaritas, Cervesa and piles of crab claws (more than most could eat) came to US \$52 for 16.

Most camped out around the Lively's trailer which borders the airstrip (Main Street). All shared preparing breakfast, kp, and dinners. Bartletts, Greths and Mahnken stayed at the La Quinta, an El Presidente Hotel for \$47 per night. (The rooms were very nice, views and beach access good with good quality dining facilities. There was a little problem with hot water in 'some' rooms.)

Sunday, after cleaning Larry's spark plugs, was spent cruising main in San Quintin and having lunch. After that everyone headed for the beach for some clamming. It was quite windy so most of the group piled in Kelda's van and headed back to the ranch. The brave ones, those in wet suits, Larry, Bob and Shirley, and the not so brave, John and Lola, stayed at the beach where John got his first Pismo Clam. It started to rain so we ran for the taco wagon and headed home. Bob and Kelda's neighbors across the runway invited the motley crew over for cocktails. They in turn came back and had dinner with us; turkey with all the trimmings that Zoie had on the BBQ all day and was it delicious. We concluded the evening with fireworks around an open fire.

Monday morning John and Jude left to spend a night at the Meling Ranch and Bob and Jerry with friends. Bernie and Carla went to San Diego to visit the museum. Bob, Larry and Shirley tried some unsuccessful free diving. That evening it was off to San Quintin in Kelda's van for excellent Mexican dinners and/or lobster.

Tuesday, we all left about noon, leaving Kelda to tidy up and reorganize. Tijuana was quick, Brown Field's hamburgers were a treat, and the headwinds were there as expected. (By the way we got excellent and pleasant service from Los Angeles Center).

Thank you Bob and Kelda for a delightful four days.

John Potter

August 4, 1987

'All Aboard' The Ghost Train of East Ely

Got otta town almost on schedule at daybreak. 55AA (Livelys and guests Mike and Jane Woods and 87W (Potters and neighbors, Jim and Sally Barnard) arrived at Ely in time for the promised Centennial Parade only after all eight hitched a ride in an American wide-body 4-wheeler provided by the airport manager.

The parade was an area effort featuring a fleet of antique cars driven from Reno and fantastic floats and old autos from surrounding towns - even Salt Lake City and as far away as Phoenix. The town put its heart into the parade and the White Pine County Park activities - with their four significant ethnic groups in Ely: Basque, Greek, Mexican and Indian. There was music and dancing most of the day.

None of us could avoid the one-arm bandits; the Barnards almost paid for their trip with a couple of jack-pots. Jim, a geologist and 'known' to the area was a Thesaurus on local trivia and any rock that jumped into his baggie.

The train ride behind old #40 a coal burner from 1911, was memorable as a reflection into the past for those of us riding trains through the '50s'. And a trip to the Kennecot 'glory hole,' a ghost open-pit mine, reflected the pains and hard times of Ely today.

Dinner was literally 'in jail' - the Jail House - in cells 7 and 10. Although it was long in coming, food was superb. Mike Woods was jolted out of his provincial thinking when he got a bottle of Sterling Cabernet Sauvignon 1983!! - The last one.

Overnight in the old but comfortable (\$30 a night) Nevada Hotel on Main Street provided an opportunity to witness all too closely the 'laser' street dance. Climbing the five levels to our rooms (elevator broken) kept everyone in good form. The only casualty was Jude - the victim of mosquitoes, as Kelda said, "Doing touch and goes all night." --38 bites.

Brian Enbom

January 1, 1988



St. Elmo's Fire

How many of you have personally experienced this interesting occurrence? Last week on my return trip from Fresno, I was vectored thru two small cells about 6:30 p.m. When I noticed blue electrical discharges around the perimeter of 'Sadie's' windshield I was amazed; it is quite unnerving. After reading in 'Flying' that to experience St. Elmo's Fire in a cell is to await the eminent lightning strike; I was very concerned. However, after talking with a friend who spent 20 years flying in the Navy from carriers, St. Elmo's fire to him has not meant any danger - only interesting visual stimulus. In a twin sometimes the most visual evidence appears to be a blue circle at the propeller blade tip's arc.

Obviously St. Elmo's Fire is caused by flying thru rain in an atmosphere that has an electrical charge that is different from the charge of the aircraft. Thus the electrical illusion happens and appears like static electricity from the Ball in the electronics department in Macy's department store during Christmas. 'Blue Skies' and tailwinds.

South West Safari

The sleepy-eyed crowd was airborne at daybreak Friday (Potters with the Barnards, the Greths with the Bartletts, and the Mahnkens). Others had left a day or so earlier (Garms and their guests from Sweden, Paul Chelew and Shirley along with Jackie Smith) all to rendezvous at Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico. Once airborne we were surprised to find out that our trip guru was grounded with the flu and we were left without leadership. But saved we were; up pops Gerry Greth on 122.95 and 'volunteers' to take charge. We dropped in at Bryce Canyon for brunch and a pit stop. After tearing his plane apart to smoke out phenomena of 'no start' at high altitude, our erstwhile leader figured he simply got too excited and overreacted. With all his tin back on, he clearly proved his point promptly taking 'wrong way Harrigan's example meandering down the highway looking for a U-turn sign.

The group continued east at touring altitude over Monument Valley and Navajo Mountain low enough to really see the open pit mines all way to the 'full' Rio Grande just south of Albuquerque. On to the unlighted short airstrip at White's City arriving just at dusk. That first night was mostly a good meal and a good night's rest in a room with sauna tubs.

Reveille at daybreak (yup, Gerry Greth) and in the air to Alamogordo for a visit to White Sands near the Trinity Test Site for the first A-bomb. The gang had lunch at a backroad place called El Rey's II. (Interesting food with giant hamburgers and Lola's Chicken fried Steak). The Space Museum proved to be a real testimonial to the astronauts and the next best thing to a visit to Cape Kennedy, itself. Back to Mr. White's City, (yes, his family runs it) by sunset for another learning experience on how to ding your prop blades with loose gravel (poor Paul, with more than two required blades).

The gang managed to squeeze under the 7 p.m. supper cut off again, got fed and off to the local penny opera held in Mr. White's garage. Most of the MDPA crowd felt right at home since they could freely throw their popcorn and epitaphs at the actors - normal MDPA behavior in more constrained settings anyway. The opera was a lot of fun with surprisingly skilled actors.

That night's rest did not go so well. High winds gusting to 50-60 k got a bunch of the crowd out after midnight - several times. Good tiedowns were worth their weight in gold, or pesos.

Reveille again on Sunday to get all of us on to the jitney bus to the cavern entrance in-batch (what a marvelously disciplined group - must have been Greth's love of military ways - Garms was a good sport) The 800' drop into the cave was well worth all the traveling to get there. Anyway if a million bats like the place, it must be good.

The flight to Bisbee Arizona was nonstop for most of the crowd except Potter who managed to dream up some reason to kiss the ground at hometown El Paso, in spite of spousal warnings not to go near 'that' place.

Bisbee offered a real kick in the pants, an old mining town character - and the antiquated hotel, the Copper Queen, filled with obvious honeymooners and charming snowbirds from the North. A packed house and kicky hotel staff, once you broke the ice. Some of the group took the time to go into the tunnel mines donned in real mining gear. Others headed for home via long London Bridge. That was a bang up way to kick off the first trip of the year...day trips might look pretty good for awhile.

Sometimes an ominous number, 13, the head count for the Empire Mines trip had no ill effect on a great day. Trip coordinators Jim and Sally Bernard rolled up in their commuter van to meet John and Jude Potter and their guests, Pat and Illona Helmholtz. Other air arrivals - the Kews, Cozzettas, Gibbons and Paul Chelew filled out the remaining car seats.

After a hard day in the mine and over the hills of Nevada City, panning for comments sifted out the following nuggets:

"Flight was great -- CAVU!!"

"Potter's late -- only ones with a headwind."

"Ed -- (tour guide) strong handshake."

"Model of the mine was impressive."

"Lunch-Pasties was keyed to photo and slide show."

"Pasties (pronounced 'pasties' - short A please) were delicious."

"How could one person put away 12 big chocolate chip cookies?"

"Potter was always looking for a strip of green grass to lie down on."

"The American Victorian Museum in Nevada City, devoted exclusively to collecting, preserving and exhibiting art, craft and artifacts from the Victorian period had a 'poop-pourrie' of antiques."

"Licking real chocolate ice cream while soaking in real Rembrandts was a surreal experience."

The economics of the trip were right on -- no extra grubstake was collected and \$9.20 is the remainder for the club treasury. Trip assessment -- successful claim -- this crew struck it rich because:

Local guides (Jim and Sally, former residents) packed us in.

Ed, docent with the Empire Mine Park Association, was a great historian and storyteller

Pasties were hot and iced tea was cold!!

EUREKA!!

Scott Mahnken

November 6, 1988

October Wine Country Tour  
or We Went by Bus, But Flew Home

There was little consensus by these voyagers on who would record and report on this somewhat unusual activity, so this is a diary from all. Observations and notes recorded by each one the happy little band traveling along getting happier at each stop. This is an accurate transcription to which the Editor adds, (sic.)

- Ah, a big yellow school bus, not a cushy Greyhound seat. Oh well, we can sing songs along with the bumps.
- We are like school kids with all heads bobbing in unison while going down the road.
- The seats are more comfortable than I remember.
- I'm hoping to find a wine to cure my head cold. It might take several trips.
- My feelings are loose. It's beautiful here at Wente.
- Sunshine, blue sky, a wedding, caves, good company.
- a bit 'fruity'
- Wine, wisdom, a good tour.
- Steep hills surround the vineyards, terraced with cow paths. The cows have shorter legs on one side. In the winter the (manure) washes down and fertilizes the vines.

After visit to Finestra:

- Wine tasting and walnuts from the tree. What a wonderful day
- 10% discount!
- a bit 'grassy.'

Now, an al fresco lunch at Livermore Valley Winery where we met the Wonder Dog 'Whizzer' who performed his best trick on Brian's shoe:

- Could tell he was well into wine. Never noticed what the dog did.
- Quick and without remorse
- Gold Award
- Relaxed, warm sun, good wine, fun.
- A bit 'tart'
- good winery for lunch where the grass is greener near the septic tank
- stay away from Brian
- Feeling calm but not collected. Good wine, food and company. Eat your hearts out.

And further down the road:

- What winery is this?
  - They knew they were in trouble when we connoisseurs got off the bus drinking Diet Coke
  - We were going to neck in the back of the bus but Brian was back there mooning Mickey.
  - Orky imphent ro sleeping claps in Mug
  - Lunch under trees, cool breeze, good food. What a nice day!
- Cheers for Lola who planned it all.

John Potter      September 1989  
Idaho Mountain "High"

Mickey Garms led the charge - into the deep wilderness area of northwestern Idaho, sometimes called the 'Primitive Area.' (One thing you'll readily note about Chamberlain is that there's no jump start available in this area. There are no motor vehicles to be found - only horses and wagons.) Fortunately, Mickey and George Ann have considerable field experience, and that was apparent from the start with the camping checklist that was provided. It was overwhelmingly complete either the deluxe (backpacking) or the regular (just camping) list...no marshmallows?

...Enroute to Idaho, direct is best to avoid high climb-out rates to clear the Sierras. Loran did it all for Mickey, whereas the rest of us had to rely on our Mark 1 Mod 0 plotting skills. It's not at all surprising that only three aircraft made the trip. Any one of the following could have discouraged even the most intrepid soul: bugs, high mountains, forest fires, more bugs, short turf strips, deep canyons, camping, wild animals, moose, and even more bugs. The entourage was a mixed bag: two high wing and one low wing. George Ann and Mary Lee McCune went up a day early so that Mary Lee could get some mountain flight instruction from the well-known Ron Delp of McCall, Idaho. They were followed by Mickey and Mike McCune on Friday, accompanied by guests Judge Manuel and Willie Mae Rose. The judge was a real hit. He was the only one competent fishing person amongst the whole crowd, and very tolerant for a fly fisherman...

...Overnight at McCall was like WWII aerodrome. At the crack of dawn the big radial engines of the fire fighting bombers began to pop and roar alive for the day's heavy sorties against the fires that capped almost every ridgeline. After a very welcome pancake breakfast, we were off with Ron Delp in tow to drop off my son and grandson at Chamberlain so they could get on with fishing. The worms did the trick, even better than the famous "Berkeley Power Bait." My grandson had his first fish in fifteen minutes, and came back to camp with a string of native golden trout.

The instruction was comprehensive, with a great deal of emphasis on finding the 'real' V mc in spite of bells ringing and airspeed in the 60's. This was all tied into turning along with climbing and letting down in order to get a feel for dropping in on mountain strips by making tight U-turns in narrow canyons. Remaining clear of many of the mountain strips due to forest fire smoke took some of the luster out of the experience. Fortunately, thanks to Mickey's lust for adventure, that luster was regained four-fold the next day when he led us on a morning round robin of four nearby mountain strips, each providing its own novel challenge: high (7300'), in a narrow canyon around a blind bend, and long grass, to name a few. That was capped by borrowing an old highway panel truck, roaring into Yellow Pine from the Johnson Creek airstrip for an ice cream cone, and bumping into the natives (ask Mickey about that one.)

The camping was spectacular. Although I was evicted from my own tent for disturbing the peace, I was providing a service by keeping the wild animals away at night! There were others who provided the same snoring service, but without penalty of being banished to the runway. (Herein lies the advantage of a low wing aircraft - you can sleep under it as though it were a tent.) The moose were a surprise. A bull walked right up behind my son and grandson while they were fishing. Mickey's four-star campsite embarrassed me - my kids would not tolerate my freeze-dried macaroni and cheese when they saw the gourmet meal the Garmses put on with steak and all the trimmings. But the next night Grandpa made up for it by taking the boys on a hike at dusk over the hill and down into a vale past the llamas (!) to the hidden Stonebraker (real dude) ranch for dinner. Now that was a treat! For entertainment there was another Bull Moose and two cows with their yearlings. Having about 20 American Indians from Montana among the firefighters was really something for my grandson. All this 'high' adventure - the stuff that makes 'life -mallows'.

Death Valley Trip

November 10, 1989

The last multi-day trip of the year took place on October 13, 15, when ten planes and 22 members went to Death Valley. The weather was ideal, with clear skies and no turbulence both going and coming. While it was a little hot on Friday afternoon (about 97, as a matter of fact), on Saturday there were not enough clouds to cool things off with out being at all uncomfortable.

The Furnace Creek Ranch is a spread-out place. We had rooms in a new portion of it that was about a quarter of a mile from the lobby. However, the rooms were quite nice. The steaks in the restaurant were delicious, although for some that wait was interminable.

On Saturday, most of the attendees took the bus trip to Scotty's Castle and Ubehebe Crater. It was a great trip, and most of us were starved by the time we got back in the early afternoon.

John Potter kept his reputation unblemished by arriving much later than anyone else. Mickey Garms took his little motorcycle, a Yamahopper, that he takes apart and stows in the plane. The sight of him and George Ann both on this pint-sized vehicle caused a good deal of laughter. Too bad Mickey can't learn to ride it. He fell off, skinning arms, knees, and knuckles.

Bill Stewart planned the trip and did a great job of it. He also had a reception in his room, with wine and snacks. Brian came only when Bill agreed to have his TV tuned to the World Series game.

Unforgettable was the sight of the full moon rising over the eastern wall of the Valley. A great time was had by all.



IFR Magazine

April 7, 1990

Pilot (nervously): "Patmar Tower, this is Cessna Six Three Romeo. I'm a student pilot, and I'm out of fuel. What do I do?"

Tower (as he's pressing the 'crash button'): "Student pilot that just called the tower...remain calm. Don't panic. Can you give us your exact position?"

Pilot: "Yes sir. I'm parked in front of the tower and was just wondering where the fuel truck could be found."



Jeanne Cecchi

July 8, 1990

Grants Pass, Oregon

If you haven't tried a trip lately - you really should. Gary and I joined the club about a year ago and have really enjoyed the group trips. It's fun to wander around a place like Death Valley or Grants Pass and run into people you know!

But for now let me tell you about the Grants Pass trip on June 9 and 10. We all seemed to get there just as the sky was closing in. After vaning to the hotel, quite a few of us headed directly to the restaurant and had lunch on the deck overlooking the river.

Later, we boarded the jet bot on the Rogue for our journey to the dinner table. The restaurant was tucked into the trees with outdoor seating on the decks, complete with no-so-wild deer hanging around. The service was superb and the supply of chicken, ribs, beer, wine, iced tea and lemonade was endless.

The jet boat ride back to the hotel was interrupted by several high speed, attention getting 360's, just for the fun of it. Once back on land, some of us gathered to listen to J.P. Soares play some tunes - and some of us checked out the local club entertainment.

The skies cooperated on Sunday and we were back to Buchananland in no time. Thanks Jack and Edna Harris for another successful trip!

Nuts and Bolts

September 3, 1990

- who???*
- # Who is it in the club who 'never' listens???
  - # Who would dare to serve beer at a MDPA Fly-In???
  - # Who arrived at a recent Fly-In with 8 tires???
  - # Who would benefit the most from us drinking 'Jackson Hole Beer'???
  - # Who has the most variety of pickles in his fridge???
  - # Who's aircraft picture and article are the subject of Mooney Aircraft Pilot's Magazine in the Sept/Oct issue?

St. George, Utah

Nine airplanes ventured out to St. George, Utah on Saturday, May 25 for a Memorial Day weekend in Zion National Park. Most arrived around mid-day, give or take a few hours and it was a nice hot day. We were met at the airport by Scott and Linda Mahnken, our local hosts for the weekend. The group consisted of 24: Laura & Joe Bruno and puppy, Diane & Brian Enbom, Marcia & Loren Gibbons, Judy and Gerry Greth, Edna & Jack Harris, Gaynel & Malcolm Kew, Margaret & Peter Madams and boys, Jude & John Potter, Marge & Ted Scott, Patty & Bob Sisneros and Barbara & Jim Swisher. And to Scott and Linda before I forget, thanks for a great Memorial Day weekend!

After gassing up the birds, taxiway chats, renting cars, and checking in, everyone did their own thing. Some of us went to investigate an explore the State Liquor stores, cruise through some grocery stores for lunch and junk food, drive through town, swim in the pool or socialize. The Kews, Scotts and Sisneros drove a short way out to see Snow Canyon, a beautiful and unusual area of red and white striped sandstone rocks, black lava beds, and volcanic cindercones.

The Enboms offered their room for the social hour at 5:30 and the Mahnkens whipped up the delicious margaritas. All of our rooms had balconies with panoramic views of St. George and the surrounding hills because our motel (and airport) was on the edge of a mesa. For the evening, several went to the Buckathon in town, which is like a mini-rodeo. Most of us had dinner at the Rococo's Steak House.

Sunday morning we all headed out to Zion National Park for the day. The weather was warm and beautiful, and the park was not as hot as St. George. There were many stops for short of long walks, gorgeous views and great picture taking. Most of the group met on the lawn at the Zion Lodge for lunch. Some of us were on the path through the narrows at that time and didn't dare release out parking spot to get back for lunch! The paths were down along the Virgin River and canyon floor, with trees of cottonwood, willow, birch and aspen. Some of the steep canyon walls along the paths were 'weeping', creating trickles and small waterfalls, and in some areas, lush fern and flower grottos. The vegetation was diverse, depending on the elevation and proximity to water.

After a full day of canyon exploration, we checked into motels and met later for socializing and drinks on the lawn of the Canyon Ranch. Then drove back to the Zion Lodge in the park for an excellent dinner. The 'pioneer' dinners which some of us ordered were delicious; most of us later complaining that we ate too much.

Next morning was checkout and back to St. George for the trip home. The Scotts continued on for a day via Sisneros and Kews at the Bryce Canyon airport. They took off for the park and we thought we would run into them again in the park but did not; a pretty big place! We stayed two nights and saw enough hoo-dos for a lifetime; but they really are beautiful in a beautiful setting! All orange and red rocks and cliffs. On Wednesday, the four of us flew off to the Grand Canyon. We had great views of Lake Powell and the Painted Desert on our way. Bob and Patty flew through (not over) the Monument Valley, which they said was a highlight of their flying career!

...because of storms and low icing levels we were marooned at Grand Canyon for two extra nights, having to content ourselves with bowling, billiards, eating, drinking, reading and TV. - all, lucky enough, available at our hotel. On Sunday we awoke to beautiful sunny day, although the temp at daybreak was only 29 degrees. We came home with a stop in Lancaster for lunch, and the Sisneros came home with a stop in Long Beach. Great vacation trip, but as always, glad to be home!

September 1991

### Sun River is Largest Attendance in MDPA History!

Hats off, congratulations, and THANKS to Jack Harris, our trip leader for Sun River, Oregon on July 26-28. With 60 persons in 21 airplanes, this has to be the biggest turn out in MDPA history for an overnight trip, possibly for any trip! The weekend was lots of fun, with lots to do, and the weather was fabulous. We enjoyed a wide range of activities, which included canoeing down the Deschutes River with a stop for lunch on the bank, golfing, relaxing, walking, jogging, bike riding, shopping, white water rafting for the brave ones (boy, did we get wet!), swimming, hottubbing, more golf, etc. Did anyone go horseback riding or play tennis? Some of us went to the observatory (more than once) to see Saturn's rings and the full moon up close (relatively speaking).

We had great fun at the Margarita party on Saturday evening, with more than 65 people showing up. Bob Sisneros was the Margarita guru (bartender), wielding that blender and a variety of fruit like a champion. Very tasty! We had tons of snacks and hors d'oeuvres, probably ruining dinner for most. We also celebrated the Swisher's 35<sup>th</sup> anniversary that evening. Thanks to everyone who helped with the party; both preparing and cleaning up. And thanks to MDPA for providing the margarita party for everyone's enjoyment.

It was also a challenge trying to keep track of who flew in together, and who was leaving together. Flying buddies formed and dissolved at the drop of a hat. It was even worse trying to keep track of the latest decision regarding who was carrying the golfclubs, various luggage, and the booze! These plans changed nearly every five minutes over a 48 hour period, as well as where various airplanes were going to stop for gas and/or lunch on the way home. We were still changing our minds within five minutes of landing.

It was nice to see and meet lots of new faces among our membership on this trip. Everyone had fun and a good time, and we all thank Jack Harris for a job well done!

WHERE'S THE BEEF?



### Harris Ranch

The visibility was three miles (yeah, sure it was) and the ceiling was coming down. We were in the trusty C150 on our way to Bakersfield. We dialed in flight following (Lemoore). The first words we heard were 'the best beef this side of Fort Worth.' We looked at each other and said 'We're landing here!!' So we did. And guess what? The controller from Lemoore was right. Harris Ranch is a winner!

So lets all go down there. The good folks at the restaurant will set aside a room for members of MDPA on March 19. Plan to meet on the ramp at Harris Ranch at 11:30 a.m. The restaurant requests we give them a head count. So please call us by the 15<sup>th</sup>. Leave a message...See you there!

Diablo Canyon - a Real Blast

The tour of the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant on Sat. November 16<sup>th</sup> was very successful; we had 17 aircraft fly in to San Luis Obispo and 53 persons pass through the gates of PG&E's Diablo Canyon. Six aircraft arrived at various times all day Friday, with the remainder coming in early Saturday morning. The detailed plans we made for foggy weather and alternate airport were not needed because the day was crystal clear, warm and sunny.

PG&E generously provided two huge buses for our all day transportation. The 'tour' essentially started from the time we got on the buses; our young guides were informative, good-natured and quite tolerant of us. But ONE thing they didn't know: that PG&E is owned by John Potter, and PG&E stands for Potter's Gas & Electric! So they learned something from us, too.

The plant is huge and there was lots to see; too much for all of us to see everything. So we split into two groups, one group going into the more restricted areas 'in-plant' and the other group going to the marine biological labs and the shoreline to see the otters and seals which congregate near the warm discharge vents. We were very fortunate that any of us got to go in-plant; John Potter pulled a lot of strings to arrange this, which was up in the air until the very last moment. PG&E provided box-type lunches and sodas for us and then we went into the simulator control room, which was fascinating - to me it looked exactly like the one in China Syndrome! The entire plant is very impressive, utilizing the pinnacle of man's technology.

The next big event of the day was dinner at F. McLintock's Saloon and Steakhouse in Pismo Beach. Atmosphere was cowboy oriented and fun. Besides full course dinners, all tables had McLintock's salsa and onion rings, special beans and cowboy potatoes! You couldn't leave this place without enough to eat. I was surprised to receive a lovely Zellige blown-glass gift from MDPA for my work on this year's trips; thank you very much! Of course I had help from several of you.

Those of us who stayed overnight at Quality Suites were in a wonderful place! Our rooms were all suites with living room, bedroom, two TVs, VCR, microwave and refrigerator! Included were a full-course hot breakfast the next morning and happy hour in evenings with complimentary wine, beer and snacks. John Potter can be thanked for this choice, and for negotiating a group discount for us.

Unfortunately, the weather on Sunday was bad, probably to make up for how fabulous it was on Saturday. It was strictly IFR weather all day. The parties got drenched at the airport getting ready to leave. Three aircraft stayed an extra day, leaving Monday morning in good weather. At least for being stuck somewhere, they were stuck in a really good place. Thanks to John Potter for all the SLO and PG&E arrangements.

Jeanne Cecchi

May 1992

MDPA Descends on Laughlin, Nevada

Who can stand it? Another great trip! Gary and I, along with new member/pilot Tracy Roberts, took to the skies Friday evening, just barely clearing the Sierras as darkness set in. Not to worry - the lights of Vegas came on and we followed. The new runway at Bullhead City is impressive, and they've turned the old one into a taxiway. Arriving at night is great. The incredibly long downhill taxiway has lookout points to stop and admire the neon! Okay, now I'll summarize the weekend:

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:** Paul and Daisy Persons, Ken and Pat Helling, Jon and Lynne McWilliams (who coordinated their trip with some very fine family members who drove in from Arizona), Dick and Chucki O'Connor, Erv and Kathleen Slaski (although I never did see those guys), Tracy Roberts, Gary, me and possibly some other stowaways.

**ACT I:** Jogging (mind you, not ALL of the Characters did ALL of the activities; only two did the obligatory jogging and we all know who they are), sunbathing by the pool (over 100 degrees and perfect), Lake Havasu, boat tours, shopping, eating, gambling, eating, gambling (did I mention eating?), dinner buffet for 15 at the Golden Nugget, water taxis, FABULOUS comedian show at the Riverside (Louie Anderson & Rita Rudner), evening stroll along the riverside walk, mad dashing through the moth-infested, brightly lit areas (which brings to mind the age old question posed by Rita Rudner- where did the moths go before we had lights?), and did I mention GAMBLING, Gary? (Gary, you can't buy yourself those cowboy boots in Jackson Hole if all your money is in Laughlin, you know.) Well, after all that, most of us took to our rooms. Except THE GAMBLER.

**ACT II:** Granny's brunch at last! Caviar, lobster omelets, escargot, crab legs, shrimp, eggs Benedict, filet mignon...once again, an incredible presentation!

**ACT III:** Departure. We all cried and made a scene. Moral of this story: Granny get your gun! We're comin' back!

I for one (and all) would like to thank Bruce and Jack for setting up this trip. We all had a lot of fun and hope we can inspire more members to join us on other trips. Why wait? Just do it!



Laughlin Fly-In

April 7, 8, and 9<sup>th</sup>, 1995

...Our Hotel will be the Flamingo Hilton (\$59 per night) and they will provide shuttle to and from the airport...

It you wish to have the famous brunch on Sunday at Granny's, which is located in the Pioneer Hotel, call 1-702-298-2442. A three-week reservation is required for brunch....

John Potter

October 1992

Oops! The Hot Prop

Dear Abby -

I was doing my duty, going to a small high school ceremony to present an award to a lucky graduate going to my alma mater, the U.S. Naval Academy, uniform and all. Of course, that was part of the stress, it only fits when I stand up!

As background, in all these years that I have been flying this old Rockwell, I could never hand prop it. Consequently, I had a mindset that it could NOT be started that way and I had never tried it after the overhaul a year ago.

I had completed my task and was getting ready to head for home. Heard the gyros as I approached the plane; yep, had left the master on. Of course, not enough juice to crank the engine, but I thought just maybe, if I got the prop positioned just right, it would fire and start with what juice remained. So, off on the master and mixture off, throttle closed and I hopped out to position the prop. Sure enough, it moved - but not exactly the way I expected. It kept going around and slapped my arm as I moved backward. The engine fired and sputtered and thankfully, died. Guess what, out of sight, out of mind - the ignition switch under the yolk had not caught my eye as I prepared to get out.

On reflection, no chocks, brakes not set - that could have been a lovely disaster. I did not sleep well that night with visions of a come-alive airplane running over me and heading for the flight line ahead. My uniform would have been a mess and I would have been hard pressed to explain to the local sheriff what I was doing. I keep asking, 'why, at this age, do I have to keep learning!' Maybe no one else has that problem.

Bill Belk

April 1993

Death Valley Trip

Our Death Valley trip was the first long trip of the year. As was promised, the weather was clear and bump free, except for a little fog for those departing Friday morning.

Ten people braved the alarm clock and caught the 8:15 bus for Scotty's Castle. The trip was well worth getting up for - so early. We were lucky to have had a great tour guide at the castle, and the bus driver was just as good for the trip there and back.

Almost thirty members and guests attended the Saturday night hayride and BBQ. The ride was fun, the food was great, and it seemed everyone enjoyed themselves. Those of you who were unable to attend were missed, and we hope you will be able to attend future trips. It's always a good time, with good friends, and well worth it.

We left the 90 degree + temperatures in Concord on July 2 about noon on our way to JackPot, Nevada, the first stop on our way to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. We had an uneventful flight into JackPot and were met on the ground by Jack and Edna Harris, who had arrived earlier that afternoon. The Alleys, Coughlins, Mendes', Martzs and Scotts arrived in JackPot that afternoon as well. We were quite surprised, however, to see overcast skies and 50 degree temperatures with a very strong wind. We all got together for dinner and then again for breakfast where we were joined by the Greths and Bill Stewart who arrived Saturday morning.

After breakfast, we gathered in the Harris' room to do some flight planning for the trip into Jackson Hole. A call to flight service told us the weather looked definitely IFR and then Gary Cecchi called from Jackson Hole. The Cecchis had flown into Jackson Hole the previous weekend and had spent the week touring Yellowstone and the surrounding area with family. Gary, having just driven down from Yellowstone, reported 6 inches of snow an hour at 11,000 feet, one inch per hour 8,000 feet, and that it was currently raining in Jackson Hole. This was not good news. The plan was made to head for Idaho Falls where there was a flight service station and we could decide whether to attempt Jackson Hole from there. So our six airplanes took off just before noon and just in time. That weekend in JackPot was a fly-in of over 60 Vari-Eze. They were arriving quickly as we tried to take off.

The Greths, Scotts, and Martz parties decided to see how far into the valley they could safely fly and would let us know what the real situation was. It wasn't long before they each called and reported they would meet us in Idaho Falls. The weather was closing in fast. On the ground in Idaho Falls, 13 MDPAs now had to figure out how to get to Jackson Hole. Renting any form of transportation was impossible at the four car rental agencies at the airport. It was Fourth of July weekend after all. However, Jack Harris saved the day by making a new friend at one of the local car rental agencies. He told her if she didn't find us transportation she would have 17 people staying at her house that night. Within a half hour she had arranged a van through Rent-a-Wreck in town. In the meantime a call to the Wort Hotel in Jackson Hole found Gary Cecchi pacing the floor, nervously wondering if this half of the group was going to make it in time for dinner scheduled for 5:30 p.m.

We left Idaho Falls at 4:00 p.m. with the Greths, Bill Stewart, the Harris's, Evans, Scots, Martzs, and Mendes' crammed into the van with luggage under our feet and on our laps, leaving our airplanes on the ground in Idaho Falls. The 100 mile trip took just 90 minutes thanks to Jack's skillful driving. Many of us hadn't eaten since breakfast so we delighted when Adrian Mendes brought out homemade zucchini cookies.

The weather closed in on us as we headed to Teton Pass. It rained on and off and as we climbed the pass, it started to snow. At the top of the 8400 foot pass, we saw several cars parked off the side of the road, with tow trucks and highway patrol. We wondered if we would make it over the top without chains. We did but just barely. We heard later the pass was closed about two hours after we went through. This is July, folks!!

We arrived just in time for the cocktail party and a wonderful BBQ dinner put on by the Wort Hotel. Gary was able to breathe a sigh of relief, however, the Potter's (who also had to leave their airplane in Idaho) and the Alleys and Coughlins arrived about an hour later. After diner, we all (38 of us) went to Dirty Jack's Theater where we were treated to a hilarious comedy. This was the highlight of the trip.

The next scheduled activity was white water rafting on Sunday morning - in the rain. Believe it or not, 20 plus hardy souls braved the elements and 'plunged' ahead into the rafts. We had double layers of rain gear and life vests and still we all got soaked. But we really had a good time. After an afternoon of shopping and relaxing we attended the local Rodeo followed by the fire works display.

Monday morning we all disbursed. Some to fly home from Jackson Hole, some to drive back over Teton Pass to retrieve airplanes, and six of us (Evans, Kews, and Persons) rented cars and drove up through Teton and Yellowstone Parks. The parks were beautiful even though we were hailed on several times and did not see one Teton because of the clouds. In spite of the weather, the trip was wonderful and Gary Cecchi did an outstanding job making all the arrangements. Thank you, Gary!

## Top Gun Weekend

April 15 and 16, 1994

The Top Gun weekend starts Friday evening, April 15<sup>th</sup>, at the regular MDPA meeting with a 'Ready Room Briefing' for the next day's sortie to USS Abraham Lincoln (CVN-72) by commander Jim Knight, USN. Commander Knight is the commanding officer of Fighting Squadron VFA-22. His Squadron is known as 'Fighting Redcocks' and has the F-18 Hornet as its primary aircraft. Jim will present Air Operations detail only we pilots could (or even want to) understand - but he'll charm the rest of you who just ride along since he's a charming guy, like most Naval Aviators are! (As a submarine guy, I choke a little on that.)

Jim is known, perhaps euphemistically, as 'Gyro' (all the squadron pilots have a code name (like some of us in MDPA!)) His squadron is off the ship currently at NAS Alameda, while the ship is in 'refit' - that is repair. Take note, there are NO airplanes on the carrier at this time.

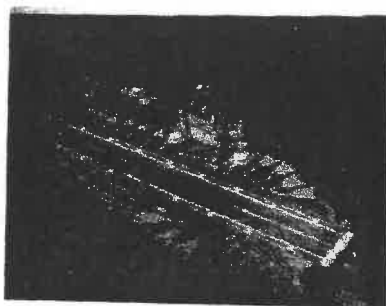
Jim is the product of Texas (like me) and the Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, graduating in 1974 (still a young fella). Mingled with a lot of jet flying, he got a degree in Aeronautical Engineering from the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey and with his wife Kathy, has a family of four children.

**YOU MUST SIGN UP & PAY IN ADVANCE FOR THE SHIP VISIT!**

The ship tour starts at 1000, Saturday, at NAS, Alameda. It is not practical to take small children. Sign up with John Potter in advance. There is a limit of 100 imposed by the ship, so sign up is on a 'first come, first serve' basis. Women should wear slacks and flat shoes. Men, dress to walk and climb - sports coat or (windbreaker) and tie is appropriate for lunch. We are eating in the Officers' Ward Room. The ship is in a maintenance status and therefore will be messy. Access to the flight deck will be limited.

A wait list will be made in the event there are cancellations. There is a limit of 4 people per member; others can go on the wait list. After 4/13/94, the list will be back-filled from the wait list.

Since MDPA is arranging for lunch, there is a \$7 charge per person. Send or give John Potter the completely filled out form on the top of the next page. Car-pooling is strongly encouraged. No refunds if you do not cancel prior to 2200 (10:00p.m.) Friday April 15.





## Restoration Begins...

April 1995

The restoration of our new clubhouse has begun and it's looking real good.

The first phase of the remodel is concentrating on the roof and lounge area. The roof being the all important component as new carpeting, furniture, kitchen and computer systems will be in place very soon.

At first glance, it may not look like much has been done but in less than Two weeks, we have cut down the weeds, removed all the 'junk' that was left in the building, scrubbed the walls, painted the kitchen, painted the lounge area, started on the roof and have begun some of the plumbing work. It's taking a lot of time but we are doing it right.

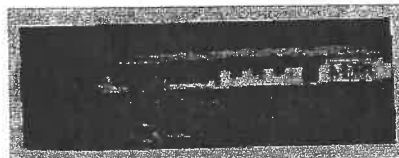
### **WANT TO HELP?**

We can always use more help. Come down on the weekends and you'll find someone there that can always use some help. The more volunteers we have, the sooner the restoration will be complete.

### **WHAT A VIEW!**

Last Sunday, the work crew had a Bar-B-Que after a long day's work when all of a sudden, Gary Cecchi shows up, (after the work was done) and joins us for a burger. After sitting down at the table and enjoying the Grommet burgers expertly grilled by your truly, Gary shouts out, "Man, what a view, this is fantastic..."

The view from our lounge is absolutely spectacular. It's going to be a great place to relax and enjoy the association with the members.



Rod & Jonne

June 1996

### Skunk Train Trip

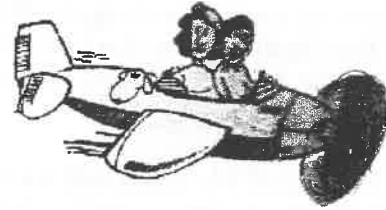
Thank all of you who braved the rainy weather Saturday May 17<sup>th</sup> and **DROVE** to the Skunk Train 'Fly-in' weekend. Each of you made it a great success, from all the junk food we all passed around on the train to the dinner at the Cliff House and last minute shopping the ladies got in before the train left the Fort Bragg depot Sunday morning. Speaking for ourselves, we had a great - relaxing time with MDPA friends...

For those of you who remember the publication 'Fun Places to fly' published by Optima Publications, (the Pilot's Guide to California) it has been reborn according to latest update in Pilot's Guide. If you are always looking for fun places to fly, this is a great publication. They now have web site at <http://www.pilotsguide.com> or you can get info from their e-mail address:

[funplaces@pilotsguide.com](mailto:funplaces@pilotsguide.com)

They are also looking for ideas from their fellow pilot's on fun places to fly.

Thank you Dave Evans for bringing this to our attention.



#### 1996 MDPA CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES

- January - Superbowl Party and Installation of Officers
- February - Bill Belk's First Monthly Impromptu Fly-in
- March - Pasta Feed and Bingo Night
- April - A Night with "The Three Tenors" and gourmet Italian dinner  
Columbia Day Trip
- May - Aviation Swap Meet and auction  
Skunk Train Fly-in
- June - MDPA Casino Night  
Mexican Food Day Trip  
Concord Buchanan 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Open House and Air Show
- July - Jackson Hole Fly-in  
MDPA Open House Bar-B-Que for all flying clubs
- August - Overnight Fly-in to Solvang
- September- Three Day Fly-in to Utah
- December - Christmas Party

Bill Belk

January 1997

### Supporter Spotlight

This is a new section of our newsletter where we spotlight a MDPA supporter. I am happy to be spotlighting PSA as this is where I started and finished my private training, and even tied down on their ramp in the old Mooney days.

Pacific States Aviation first opened at Buchanan Field in 1946 - 50 years ago. Warren Boggess, later to become Mayor of Concord and a Contra Costa County supervisor, started a small flight school on the West Side of the airport. Several of the pilots at Buchanan today remember the swimming pool located on the property.

After several years they outgrew the facility and moved east next to the Sheraton Hotel, where they built two hangars and offices. They expanded their services to aircraft sales, maintenance, fuel sales, flight training and charter services. Warren also covered traffic in the local area for KSFO radio.

When Frank and Maureen Bell took over in 1978, they added Avis car rentals, advanced flight training, jet charter and aircraft management. Pacific States Aviation is truly a FULL SERVICE Fixed Base Operator and is proud to have been a part of Buchanan Field's growth over the past 50 years. With Cessna once again building new general aviation aircraft, we look forward to an exciting 1997.

Karen Evans

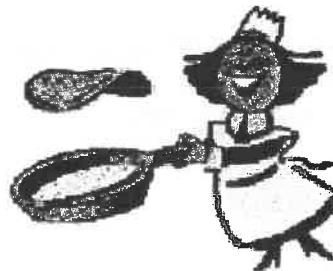
March 1997

### February Pancake Breakfast

The weather was great though windy, but that didn't keep six planes from flying in to Concord just for MDPA pancakes. We had guests from Petaluma, Reed Hillview, and Palo Alto. They were pleasantly surprised at how nice Concord is to fly into and particularly with our Club House.

All twelve guests said they would be back next month and bring their friends with them. They all heard about the breakfast from our 'MDPA-PANCAKES' e-mail list, which sends the announcements out to about 200+ pilots all over Northern California.

Bob Lively acted as line boy and ran out to greet each airplane as it arrived and help them to tie down. Our guests stayed about two hours enjoying talking with our members and other guests. This is what the Club House is all about, camaraderie between fellow aviation enthusiasts.



Bill Belk

April 1997

### March Impromptu Lunch Bunch

True to form, the hungry flyers of MDPA showed up at the clubhouse Saturday morning eager to head out to the feeding trough. Since my poor bird was due to be picked up in Healdsburg, and the Evans had offered (with a slight hint) to give Helen and me a lift to pick it up, we decided to choose Lampson as the lunch target. (See how neat it is to have the Bill Belk Impromptu named that, you get to change all the rules and go where you want to sometimes.)

We had figured on about 14 persons showing up, and even with Jack and Alice having battery trouble (after everyone had already left) we still had about 17 people show. It was a real surprise to see Ken Cole drop in from Pine Mt. Lake to join us.

The food was really good, service great, and companionship excellent. If you are missing these lunch bunch excursions you really need to think about coming along. We really have some great times, and since you have to eat anyway, what could be better than flying somewhere to do it. There are always seats if you want to go and don't have an aircraft to do it in. (So you can't use that as an excuse.) Join in, that's what the club is all about.

May 1997

### Landing & Bombing Contest

If you missed this one, you really missed a great time. The weather was just beautiful and about 10 planes made the trip to New Jerusalem. I think the only ones to pay any attention to the 200' altitude restriction on the bombing run were Tom Stump and Ray Warthen. Everyone else came in so low you could almost shake hands as they went by.

The high wing landing contest was won by Teeb Thomas, and the low wing was won by Bob Lively. Teeb also won the bombing contest. Of course I have to mention the winner of the toilet seat award or that just wouldn't be politically correct. TOM STUMP!!! Come on Down!!! Actually it's all in fun and everyone had a great time. But wait. Did I say the day was over? Nay, Nay. We then returned to the clubhouse for a great tri-tip lunch put on by Brian Enbom and Karen Evans. A perfect end to a perfect day. Fly and eat, what else is there, I ask.

August 1997

### Rogue River Trip

Twenty people gathered in Grants Pass, OR for a weekend of fun on the Rogue River, and as it turned out, nobody I talked to was disappointed. Ray and Pat organized a great trip, with almost every thing going off just as planned. We hadn't planned on every Corvette in America being at the same hotel, but it was great. The Corvette Clubs present had 104 vettes of every shape and color you could imagine. It was an added attraction.

Saturday morning at 8:00 a.m. found 18 of the twenty souls in the boat dock for the run downriver. Our boat pilot was either very knowledgeable or a very good b's'er because he showed and talked about a lot of interesting topics and wildlife. We saw a bald eagle, and a bird pull a fish right out of the water. (Ask Ray how big the fish was) The lunch stop was very tasty and quite reasonable.

The whole weekend was a real joy and I wish to thank Ray and Pat for the great job they did. If you were there you know what I mean, and if you weren't you missed a good one.

August 1997

### Clubhouse Makes News - from California Pilot

The following is a reprint from the California's Pilots Assoc. newsletter.

One of the singular success stories in California is that of the Mount Diablo Pilots Association, one of our CPA affiliates. They are an active group that not only from the focal point for local pilots, but they went one big dramatic step farther. Three years ago they decided to pool their resources to buy a clubhouse (I'm not sure where this came from), an abandoned former FBO facility on the west side of the airport. This was a bold and risky move, because it tested the financial and social integrity of the association. Many individuals contributed toward the success of the venture, while those unwilling to participate in the financial requirements dropped out. But today the association is healthy, the clubhouse has become a thriving center of activity, and the ramp spaces outside are home to a number of member-owned aircraft. The clubhouse hosts monthly pancake breakfasts, dinner meetings, Saturday lunches, and special events. Great credit is owed to the MDPA leadership for their vision and courage. Dave Evans is the current president.

I am not sure how the story came about, but I m very proud to have been a small part of the operation. We all know what a wide spectrum of people and effort went into this venture, and how much effort is required to maintain it, but I also think we all know...we are going to make it, and we are going to be a good story in an otherwise sometimes bleak aviation saga. I join Dave in my appreciation to all that have started and made this possible.

Jackson Hole Revisited

What's that you say? Get to the clubhouse before dawn? Be in the air by 6:30a.m. You're crazy, Ken Helling. But Ken was right - as usual. Ken and wife Pat, Bob Lively & Caren and their guests Paul and Judy Casale, Leo Saunders & guest Barbara did find our way in the dark on July 3<sup>rd</sup> and met Rick & Danette Mann who flew over from Byron -- and away we were (before the sun was up) for another great MDPA weekend event planned by our activities VP Lively. Many club members have attended past Jackson Hole events begun by Gary & Jeanne Cecchi a few years ago, and this one was every bit as good.

Our squadron of four followed the usual sun-in-our-eyes route, V-6 over the Squaw Valley (Lake Tahoe) VOR, Mustang (Reno), and then on to Lovelock. From there a slight course correction took us to our rest stop at Jackpot, Nevada on the Idaho border; and that's another story.

Jackpot is a dot on the map that sports one casino and a lot of jackrabbits along with a 6600 ft. runway with no turn-offs. One hard working old-timer was in charge of the airport (fueling) along with handling reservations for a hundred motor home attendees who all seemed to arrive at the same time. "Let's see, you took 28 gallons in that Winnebago, I mean Cessna..." Oh well, it was still fun for Ken and Bob, who immediately won their meal money at the slots which was not the only time this team came up winners. (Bob had to re-figure his weight and balance with all the quarters on board).

Then off we go again into the wild blue...wait a minute; where's Lively? Still on the ramp, trying to get his bird started (110 degrees in the shade -- what shade?). Some of the Winnebago drivers were trying to give him a push-start...now, Bob, let out the clutch!

So, we became a little scattered on our last leg. Ken and Rick, were quickest, and Bob and I nursed our low horsepower iron-eagles into the thin, hot air about 15 minutes behind them. As we crossed the beautiful snow capped Grand Tetons at two miles in the air, it was breathtaking (no oxygen on board). A truly magnificent sight it is.

At Jackson Hole we were met by Ray & Pat Warthen, & family who flew in via the mid-west, and Paul & Daisy Persons. Ken organized a great Chuckwagon dinner for the group Friday night along with real Western entertainment. Saturday was devoted to shopping, site seeing, watching a mock shoot-out, river rafting, more shopping, a rodeo, and finally, a fantastic fireworks display. On Sunday some of the group traveled to Yellowstone Park that has come back quite a bit since the horrible fire a few years ago. Old Faithful is still erupting every 45 or 50 minutes, and a new lodge is under construction at the park headquarters.

After gorging themselves with beef, buffalo, and elk for three days, the now over gross MDPA'ers bid a fond farewell to Jackson's 8000 foot north-south runway, some of us to the southwest through Teton Pass, and some of us northwest. Ken took a shortcut home through Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. The rest of us assaulted the little town of Elko on the way back where Bob and Caren continued to drain the one-armed bandits of quarters. The flight home was CAVU and uneventful, (sans one restricted area), and most of the group were wiping bugs off their leading edges at CCR by 2pm Monday. I'm sure Jackson Hole will continue to be a favorite destination for us in the future. This year's trip was exceptional. Ken Helling deserves a lot of credit for his organization and decision making (5:30am notwithstanding). Pictures are in this issue and on the clubhouse bulletin board.

November 1998

### MDPA Joins the Navy at Lemoore

On Thursday, October 27, the MDPA had one of its best fly-in trips of the year when a flight of 16 aircraft flew almost 30 teenagers to Lemoore Naval Air Station to see what it's really like to be a Naval Aviator. The trip was organized by MDPA Past President John Potter who made the appropriate arrangements with the Navy and Dr. Pat Roetzer of Benicia who was instrumental in recruiting large numbers of the teenage passengers. Our hosts at Lemoore were Captain Jim Knight 'Gyro', Commanding Officer of Carrier Air Group 11 who arranged for our tour and Captain Childress, Commanding Officer of the base who cut through the red tape necessary for us to actually land at the base.

After a preflight briefing at the clubhouse by John Potter, the group left CCR around 8:30am. Although the weather in the valley was partially cloudy with haze, the weather at Lemoore itself was clear by the time we got there and after following approach vectors from Lemoore Approach all aircraft were safely on the ground at Lemoore by 10:30am.

Once tied down near the Lemoore Aero Club, the group was introduced to our three guides for the day "JJ", "Squash", and "Hi-Ho", all F18 pilots from CAG-11, who were in the process of final training for deployment to the Persian Gulf aboard the aircraft carrier Carl Vincent.

After a short bus trip, we broke up into three groups and were treated to a tour of the base Control Tower as well as a tour of the ATC radar facility which not only provides ATC for the southern San Joaquin valley from Fresno to Bakersfield but also handles precision radar approaches to Lemoore itself.

After lunch in the base galley, we again boarded the bus, this time for the F18 squadron maintenance facilities. Here we got to see the F18 up close and personal while our guides gave us a detailed walk-around briefing of the airplane including a close-up view of the avionics packed cockpit and our students got a chance to try on some of the flight gear. Not much room for the pilot in these babies!

Our next stop was the base F18 simulator facility. While not actually full-motion simulators, you'd never know it from the real-time 360 degree computer graphics of these impressive machines. Here we were able to watch as F18 pilots were put through their paces in simulated practice missions. Then we got to see for ourselves a little of what it's like to actually fly an F18 as one of our guides took us through an aerobatic routine over a simulated downtown San Diego including a highspeed pass under the Coronado bridge.

Our final stop for the day was to meet Captain Knight at the run-way itself to watch pilots practice 'bounce and go' landings using the carrier landing light system known as 'the meatball'. From our position along-side the run-way immediately adjacent to their touch down point, we had a first hand view as jet after jet made a perfect touchdown and then 'bounced' off again, often with full afterburner, just a few yards in front of us.

By this time it was after 5pm, so we reluctantly headed back to our planes, said good-bye to our excellent hosts and departed for home (after waiting for a flight of incoming F18's to land). The trip was one that will truly be remembered as a 'once in a lifetime' event by all those who attended, giving our teenage passengers a unique opportunity to see what a career in Naval Aviation is all about and giving the older members of the group a good feeling about where some of their taxes are being spent.

As Captain Childress said, "I wish someone had done this for me when I was their age."

Jeanne Cecchi

February 1999

### A Pilot's Thank you

Just wondering if any of you other pilots out there still keep in touch with your first flight instructor. Gary and I officially became licensed private pilots in the spring of 1989. We've since gone on to add instrument, multi-engine ratings to our licenses, but for some reason, there's been a lasting relationship with that guy who was our first flight instructor.

It's not that we see him all of the time - he now lives on the other side of the country and flies in the left seat of one of those real planes, but he always calls when he's in town and we try to get together and keep in touch.

It's not even that we always got along with the guy either. It took us quite some time to get him trained the way we wanted him! I just think that there is a special bond between a pilot and their first instructor - the person who had the patience to keep teaching even though you had gone into brain overload hours ago and weren't comprehending a word that was being said; the person who believed in you enough to let you take that first real solo flight around the pattern; and the person who was there to congratulate you when you returned safely from that terrifying first solo cross country.

There seems to be some connection for us and I'm glad - it's fun to share aviation stories with the person who knew you when...thank you, my friend, Pat Miesuk.

Jeanne Cecchi

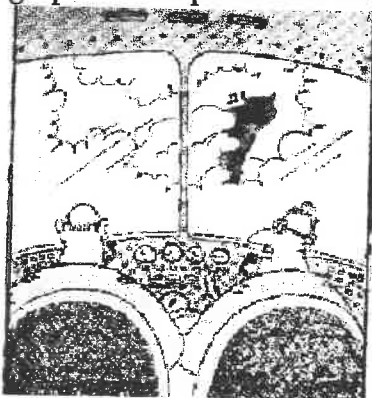
April 1999

### Harris Ranch Trip

I flew with Bob Lively and friends and we crop dusted our way to the ranch. I wasn't aware that planes were capable of flying that low for that long. Gary and I always get nosebleeds up there. So it was a great adventure for me.

There were about 20 participants. Rod Pierson had battery problems but eventually got things solved. I have a great shot of the clubhouse, which I took when we took off for Harris Ranch. It even has club members hanging out on the ramp. I'm having a poster made for the clubhouse.

Also, I've got some incredible shots of Ray Warthen and friends in flight. Sorry, Ray if we took some paint off your wing tips but the pictures came out great.



*'what's that cow doing up here...'*



MDPA Does Sedona

Thirty-eight enthusiastic MDPA members, families, and friends enjoyed our first major fly-in of the year - Memorial Day Weekend in Sedona, AZ. Clear skies, but sometimes bumpy air, brought fliers to some of the most beautiful scenery in the country. Trip hosts, Jon and Lynne McWilliams, greeted everyone at the airport and set the stage for a weekend filled with fun and exciting activities. Jon and Lynne hosted a cocktail party at weekend headquarters at the Sedona Sky Ranch Lodge where accommodations and views were the best. MDPA'ers continued to unwind and tell their trip stories at dinner at the airport cafe.

The next day, folks got to choose from a number of activities. Bob Lively led the duffers off to a great day of golf, and a tournament conducted under the Brian Enbom School of Golf rules and scoring. The shoppers headed in another direction for bargains at the outlets, the Omni screen theater for a spectacular film about Sedona, lunch, and window shopping at the galleries and craft exhibits. George Ann Garms seized the opportunity to practice cross wind landings at the breezy airport.

Everyone gathered again at Jon and Lynne's that evening to compare bargains and golf stories. Brian and Diane Enbom hosted margaritas, with the assistance of Patty Cisneros pouring from the famous bottomless blender. After Brian calculated the day's golf scores using his unique formulas; prizes were awarded to Sally Belshe and Paul Peterson - the day's best golfers. The evening ended with a group dinner at Sedona's local steakhouse, where some of the younger generation stayed on to listen and dance to music with the locals.

The next day folks went on to private and group jeep tours to visit the local archaeological ruins and areas of interest. More shopping for others and a visit to the local Casino to try their luck (or leave their contributions to the local Native Americans). That afternoon, everyone gathered at local Red Rocks State Park for hiking, relaxing and an outstanding picnic and tri-tip barbecue with all the trimmings again hosted by Jon and Lynne.

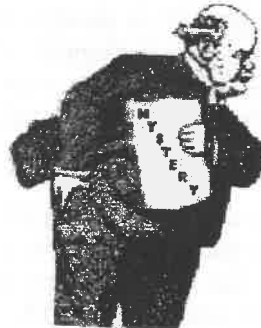
MDPA and its members were re-vitalized by this trip that provided a beautiful setting to make new friendships and rekindle old ones. Jon and Lynne are true MDPA angels for their outstanding effort in planning and hosting this weekend, and going out of their way to provide a variety of activities for all tastes and to tend to all the amenities everyone enjoyed. They not only did the work - but they also provided food and drinks at the evening gatherings and the picnic without compensation as a token of appreciation for all the benefits they've experienced over the years as MDPA members. Thank you, Jon and Lynne - you are real special folks.

If you missed this trip - you missed one of the best. We hope to see you soon to share in the camaraderie of our organization.

August 1999

### Past President's Mystery Tour

July 31 was the date that a few hearty MDPAers arrived at the clubhouse to tackle the Bill Belk Mystery Tour. The event conducted like a 'Rally' was a time and distance challenge. The participants needed to identify four airports from clues; then fly to the locations, and identify distinctive characteristics of the locations, plus arrive at the final destination as close to the time that was entered with the proctor. Teeb Thomas was the rally proctor and claims that the winners, Ray Warthen and Bill Seemans, identified all items correctly and were within 13 seconds of their proposed ETA. A fantastic job. Leo Saunders and Bob Lively were runners up. The final destination was Auburn Airport where all the participants stopped for lunch before the return to CCR. This is an annual event that you won't want to miss next year.



### Emergency Landing in 'Area 51'

Late one afternoon, the Air Force folks out at Area 51 were very surprised to see a Cessna landing their 'secret base'. They immediately impounded the aircraft and hauled the pilot into an interrogation room.

The pilot's story was that he took off from Las Vegas, got lost, and spotted the Base just as he was about to run out of fuel. The Air Force started a full FBI background check on the pilot and held him overnight during the investigation.

By the next day, they were finally convinced that the pilot really was lost and wasn't a spy. They gassed up his airplane, gave him a terrifying 'you-did-not-see-a-base' briefing, complete with threats of spending the rest of his life in prison, told him Las Vegas was that-a-way on such and such a heading, and sent him on his way.

The next day, to the total disbelief of the Air Force, the same Cessna showed up again. Once again, the MP's surrounded the plane...only this time there were two people in the plane. The same pilot jumped out and said, "Do anything you want to me, but my wife is in the plane and you have to tell her where I was last night."



Mary Byron

August 2000

### Kickin' Back in Hyampom

It's summertime, and the livin' is easy. This was especially the case for MDPA's latest fly-in to Hyampom. Six airplanes thirteen people and two dogs made it for this trip. After a spectacular, clear flight into the Trinity Alps, Dennis and I ran into a little excitement trying to land there for the first time. We made sure we had plenty of altitude to clear the hills, but that same altitude proved way too much for the short canyon approach. The runway looked very tiny underneath the Musketeer. Our first right downwind approach proved way too short, way too fast and unsuccessful. I had a great close up view of the valley (and the ridges) while we gained some height and tried it one more time. The second approach still didn't feel right so, with some helpful advice from Bill, who was hovering and watching the whole thing, we tried a long, slow downwind and made a perfect landing. Nothing like having to do this in front of an audience! Nancy Miller (with passenger/pilot Daniel Meredith) and Bill and Suzie Landstra were in the air circling, waiting patiently for their turn, and they both executed a perfect landing. (Ed. note: that's stretching the meaning of 'perfect' at least for N38517.)

The Ziegler's Trails Inn van was waiting for us at the airport and Thora Ziegler whisked pilots and luggage off to the inn, less than a mile from the airport. This is definitely the place to get away from it all. The 6 cabins were quite rustic (none of the luxuries of the Hilton, mind you), but enjoyable nonetheless. The satellite system only carried two channels, but I don't think any of us flew to this incredibly scenic place just to sit back and watch a movie or two. We all checked in, dumped luggage and took the short hike to the river. Michelle Rossi quickly found the old swimming hole, a sunny spot with a slow moving current. While a few people enjoyed the chairs under the shade trees back at the inn, most of us quickly took advantage of a refreshing swim in the South Fork of the "Trinity River. We felt like kids without a care in the world. On a side note, one of the big differences between Ziegler's and the Hilton is that they allow you to bring your dog with you, and some folks in our group did just that. I think the dogs loved the fresh air and water just as much as the people did!

Back at the ranch, the Volunteer Fire Department was cooking up a fund-raising barbecue of Hamburgers and hot dogs, served with homemade salads and desserts. The volunteers, most of them transplants from the Bay area, were easy-going, pleasant and eager to please. We swapped stories about the hectic lives they left behind and the hectic lives we still lead. I'm fairly sure everyone thought they had the better deal. After dinner, some of the pilots played in a heated horseshoe tournament. It was touch and go there for awhile, but our heroes were victorious!

The temperature was perfect, compared to evenings in Walnut Creek, and a few of us just didn't want to go inside. The story swapping continued well into the night, with some impromptu hangar flying thrown in. When the gigantic full moon finally crested the ridge, we reluctantly called it a night.

Anxious to see what the community really consisted of, we took a short exploratory walk in the morning, and found it exactly as billed. We found a cafe and bar in one building and the general store next door, which had all the right emergency supplies: beer, soda, water, milk and snacks!

We had all turned in our breakfast orders the night before and right on schedule, they were ready for us: homemade pancakes and waffles, fresh eggs, hash browns and great coffee. The service was great and you couldn't beat the company - more hangar flying, more tall stories, and some reminiscing about past club trips. This was our first trip, and it definitely won't be our last!

May 2001

**Help MDPA Celebrate its 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary!**

As noted elsewhere in this newsletter, 2001 marks the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Mount Diablo Pilot Association. We've planned a roster of memorable events to celebrate the first 25 years and rev us up for the next 25.

We've already whetted our appetites with an awesome weekend trip to Catalina Island. We'll really get the ball rolling with a better-than-ever summer barbecue. This year it's on Saturday, July 7<sup>th</sup>. We'll have static displays of aircraft and our usual, unusually great food. We're inviting all past and present members to join us for this traditional celebration of summer in the best flying region of the country.

And as you must know by now, we're sweetening the pot: we're giving away 100 gallons of AvGas to a lucky raffle winner! Raffle tickets are only one dollar, just a sawbuck, a mere eight bits...you get the picture. Go to PSA, Buchanan Aviation, your favorite 99 or one of our esteemed board members to pick up your chance for a tankful or two (or three, for those C-152 drivers out there) of liquid happiness.

In late July and August we'll be busy flying to some extraordinary events. See the calendar for more details.

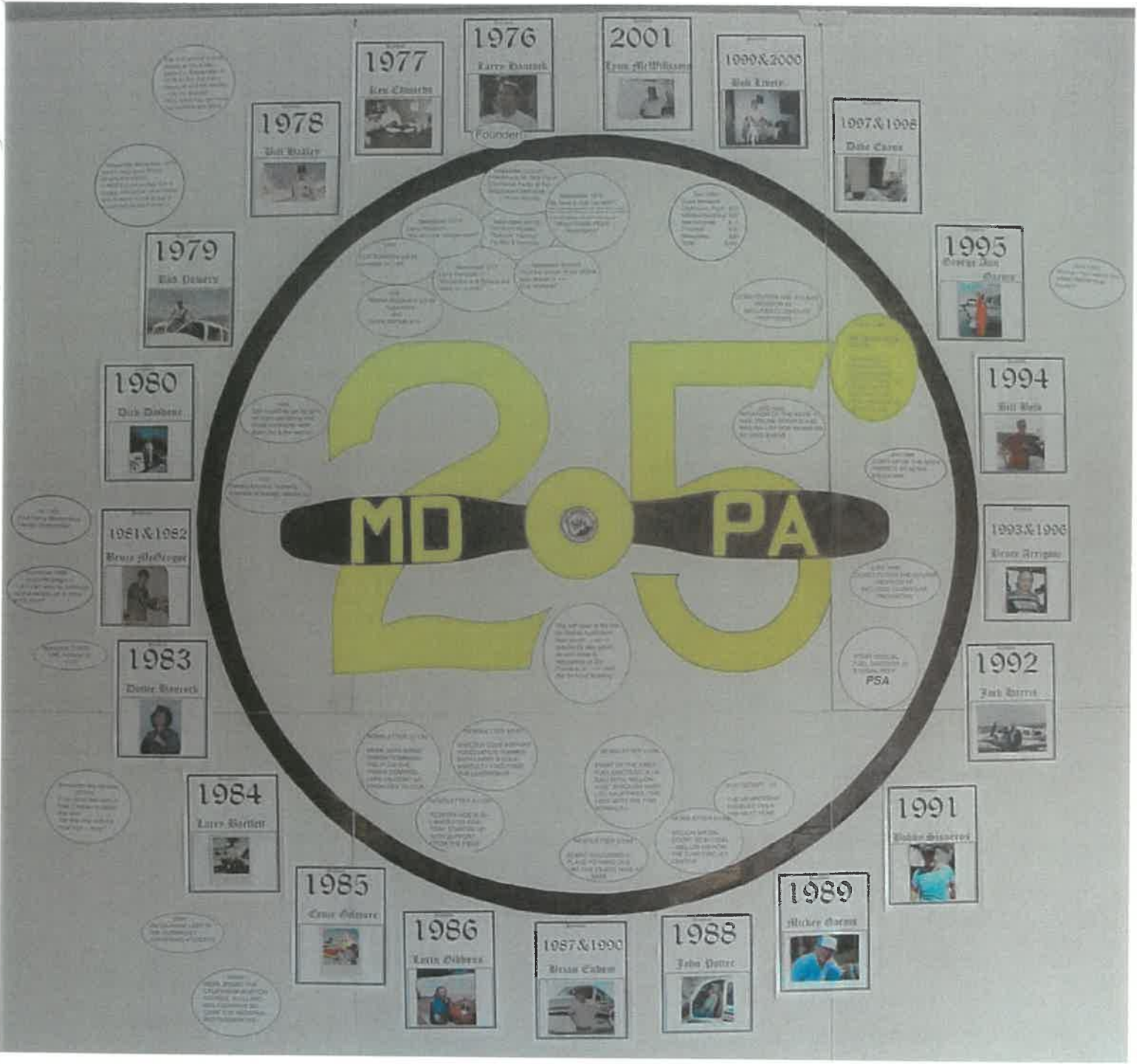
Then in September, get ready for our big anniversary bash; the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner. We're inviting all 23 past presidents and planning some special activities. Dennis promises the speaker will blow us away. Rumors that he's invited the Moffett Field Wind Tunnel are totally exaggerated, I'm sure. This dinner promises to be an event full of memories and good friends. Please plan on joining us!

If you want to be involved in the planning of these great events, or if you have ideas how we can make our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration even better, pick up the phone and call Lynne...



happy  
25

# HISTORY



**1977**  
Lee Chishti



**1976**  
Larry Danberg  
Founder



**2001**  
Tom Williams



**1999 & 2000**  
Bob Lantz



**1997 & 1998**  
Dale Carter



**1995**  
Bruce Hies



**1994**  
Bill Hies



**1993 & 1996**  
Bruce Higgins



**1992**  
Tom Harris



**1991**  
Hubert Adams



**1989**  
Ricker Adams



**1988**  
John Dutter



**1987 & 1990**  
Brian Cohen



**1986**  
Lutz Adams



**1985**  
Gene Adams



**1984**  
Lutz Barthel



**1983**  
Dieter Struck



**1981 & 1982**  
Bruce Pfeiffer



**1980**  
Dick Debar



**1979**  
Ed Deary



**1978**  
Jim Boley



**25**  
MD PA

*(Note: The central graphic contains numerous small circular callouts with text, which are not transcribed here due to their small size and illegibility.)*

## HISTORY

09/12/01

## EVENTS

### Year President

1976 Larry Hancock  
**;Founder!**

MAY 1976  
35 Members  
We have a club name!!!!!!  
The 1st club name suggestion was "Diablo Airmen's Club", but it had the word "men" in it and was found unacceptable. So the next suggestion was voted on and approved ---"Mount Diablo Pilot's Association"

JUNE 1976  
"And the winner of the MDPA logo design is ----  
Dick Webster!

DECEMBER 1976  
Larry Hancock---  
"We are now incorporated!"

JULY 1976  
First gathering by MDPA of field FBO's at Sheraton by Larry Holst--Sheraton picked up the bill.

AUGUST 1976  
1st Norm Woods "Survival Training" Fly-Out & overniter.

DECEMBER 1976  
First Annual St. Nick Fly-In (Christmas Party) at the Ridgeview Clubhouse  
---Norm Woods.  
Dues will be \$7.50 for next year.

1977 Ken Edwards

JANUARY 1977  
Larry Hancock---  
"Constition and Bylaws are ready for a vote."

APRIL 1977  
55 members

MAY 1977  
The H2E annual events, mostly at Rio Vista, started in September of 1978 by the duo Larry Hancock and Bill Hadley ---i.e. H2 Events!  
Flour bombing, spot landing contests and BBQ.

"One of the many teak wood models that Larry Hancock made in the 1970's as gifts for MDPA events and in particular for the exchanges at the Christmas Parties. (Contributed by Ken Cole)

DECEMBER 1977  
1st MDPA St. Nick Fly-In Christmas Party

1978 Bill Hadley

JANUARY 1978  
1st Installation dinner

FEBRUARY 1978  
MDPA takes the iniative to have a maintenance hanger made available by sending a letter to the Airport Manager, Don Flynn. The response---"we are considering the cloverleaf hanger."

MAY 1978  
MALS Installed for 19R

1979 Rod Powers

JANUARY 1979  
Dues will be \$8.50  
Localizer 19R installed.

NOVEMBER 1979  
(might have been by Norm Woods-the editor)

*---MDPA is not a club! It is a happy, instructive, informative and aviation active group of concerned aviation nuts!---*

MAY 1979  
Noise monitoring system installed.

JULY 1979  
Started membership cards.  
1st Rally and start of Perpetual Appreciation Trophy (a rubber chicken) awarded to a pilot who does something spectacularly wrong at a Rally.

1980 Dick Daidone

JANUARY 1980  
Dues will be \$10.00. 68 Members  
CCR got its Localizer for 19R.  
32R got its lights for night operations. Noise complaints went down, for a few years!).

SEPTEMBER 1980  
PATCO stike

MAY 1980  
Dick Daidone (the Royal Knight?)---  
"What do you all think about getting jackets? Maybe bright orange or yellow?"

1981 Bruce McGregor

JANUARY 1981  
Dottie  
"You all can pick up your (powder blue) jackets for \$22!"

Sterling Avionics, formerly Silverado at Navajo, started up in 1980.

OCTOBER 1981  
BUG ((Buchanan User's Group) --formed by MDPA, 99's and CAP  
(later named BAC (Buchanan Airport Council))-----per Paul Chelew

1982 Bruce McGregor

Bruce  
"What do you all think of getting little patches with the logo on it  
----- you know, with the design of the little low-wing high-wing biplane-----  
sketced up?

JANUARY 1982  
East Ramp Maintenance Hanger Operational!

FEBRUARY 1982  
Dues \$12.50, 100 Members

SEPTEMBER 1982  
OM in place after finally grants permit.



NOVEMBER 1982

Bruce McGregor---

"Let's start wearing nametags so that we can get to know each other!"

DECEMBER 1982

Dues \$15, 82 Members

1983 Dottie Hancock

JULY 1983

DME installed at CCR

"We will meet at the Water District Auditorium next month ---err---somebody else got it--, so we'll meet at Alfogattsos or Zio Praedos, or ----- well, the Terminal Building."

SEPTEMBER 1983

From Scott Mahnken to Paul Chelew---a t-shirt that said

*"He who dies with the most toys--- wins!"*

1984 Larry Bartlett

1985 Ernie Gilmore

MARCH 1985

MDPA JOINED THE CALIFORNIA AVIATION COUNCIL (CAC) AND KEN EDWARDS BECAME THE REGIONAL REPRESENTATIVE.

APRIL 1985

MDPA, WITH BRIAN ENBOM COMMANDING, FLEW THE TRAVIS CONTROLLERS ON DEMO APPROACHES TO CCR.

1986 Loren Gibbons

DECEMBER 1985

JIM GRAHAM LOST IN THE SUNVALLEY MALL ACCIDENT

APRIL 1986

"CONTRA COSTA ALLIANCE FOR AVIATION (CCAA)" STARTED UP WITH SUPPORT FROM THE FIELD PILOT'S ORGANIZATIONS-per Paul Chelew

1987 Brian Enbom

JUNE 1987

SHELTER COVE AIRPORT ASSOCIATION FORMED WITH LARRY & LOLA BARTLETT PROVIDING THE LEADERSHIP.

1988 John Potter

MARCH 1988

START OF THE FIRST FUEL DISCOUNT (\$.15/GAL) WITH "MILLION-AIRE" THROUGH MARY LOU KAUFTHFEIL (THE LADY WITH THE PINK BONANZA!)

(POSTSCRIPT - Ed

THE MEMBERSHIP DOUBLED OVER THE NEXT YEAR, BUT PARTICIPATION WAS NOT TOO DIFFERENT AFTERWARDS.)

SUGUST 1988

"MILLION AIR " DISCOUNT TO \$.17/GAL --

"MILLION AIR" NOW NAMED THE "CONCORD JET CENTER"

AUGUST 1988

BOARD DISCUSSED A PLACE TO "HANG-OUT" - LIKE THE COFFEE SHOP THAT THE PILOTS HAVE AT NAPA.

OCTOBER 1988

1st MAJOR REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION AND BYLAWS

- DECEMBER 1988  
Dues \$25, 141 Members
- 1989 Mickey Garms
- JULY 1989  
Mode C required for CCR (within the 30 mile radius of the SFO TCA)
- NOVEMBER 1989  
Loma Prieta earthquake---Airlift to Watsonville  
MDPA Pilots fly "Missing Man Formation" over Berkeley at the memorial service for Mickey Garms.
- 1990 Brian Enbom
- JANUARY 1990  
\$.22 fuel discount from "Million Air", now now under new management.  
(ED ---shortly thereafter company went out of business)
- NOVEMBER 1990  
Starting 1/91, Dues \$25 1st year, \$20 thereafter
- 1991 Bob Sisneros
- AUGUST 1991  
Dues \$35 1st year, \$30 thereafter. 223 Members
- 1992 Jack Harris/Jim Swisher
- JUNE 1992  
East Ramp wash ramp installed.
- SEPTEMBER 1992  
HIRL 1L/19R and taxiway lights installed
- 1993 Bruce Arrigoni
- 6JUNE 1993  
218 Members  
1st Spot Landing Contest "worst performance" Award, a nicely labled "toilet seat" (Jack Harris won it).
- SEPTEMBER 1993  
Bob Sisneros starts the "POT O'GOLD" Fundraising Spectacular---
- 1994 Bill Belk
- AUGUST 1994  
229 Members
- SEPTEMBER 1994  
New county airport at Byron dedicated.
- OCTOBER 1994  
"GA Revitalization Act" passed for aircraft older than 18 years old.
- NOVEMBER 1994  
MDPA 1st (and last) Scholarship Award
- 1995 George Ann Garms
- MARCH 1995  
Membership voted to approve establishing a club house.  
Dues \$90 plus a \$30 assessment for \$120 total.
- APRIL 1995  
**WE HAVE A CLUB HOUSE !**  
CONTRACT SIGNED WITH CONTRA COSTA COUNTY FOR THE LEASE

OF THE BUILDING FORMERLY KNOWN AS GENERAL AIR WITH SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR ADJACENT PARKING SPACES

JUNE 1995

Clubhouse usable after 3 months of repair and clean-up.  
1st meeting in the club house is this month's meeting.

MAY 1995

START SPECIAL FUEL DISCOUNT AT \$.12/GAL WITH "PSA"

JUNE 1995

Ground--"You want to taxi where? MDPA Clubhouse? What's that?"

OCTOBER 1995

COUNTY GRANTED A DISCOUNTED MDPA RAMP DISCOUNTED PARKING AT \$50.

DECEMBER 1995

189 Members

Dues 2 tier

Clubhouse Membership	\$120
Regular Membership	\$50

1996 Bruce Arrigoni

JANUARY 1996

INITIATION OF THE MDPA E-MAIL ONLINE SERVICE AND MAILING LIST FOR MEMBERS BY DAVE EVANS

JAN 1996

START-UP OF THE MDPA WEBSITE BY NORM BRUDIGAM

AUGUST 1996

2nd MAJOR REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION AND BYLAWS APPROVED  
--REVISION INCLUDES CLUBHOUSE PROVISIONS

SEPTEMBER 1996

Start of monthly Pancake Fly-in Breakfasts headed up by Karen Evans

1997 Dave Evans

FEBRUARY 1997

Started dinners before the monthly meetings

1998 Dave Evans

JANUARY 1998

Ceased the \$50 Regular Membership.

APRIL 1998

Start

Inactive Member Status (receives only newsletter) \$20

JUNE 1998

Start "Student 1 year Membership" \$35

JULY 1998

96 Members

OCTOBER 1998

Lemoore Naval Air Station

Airlift of students by MDPA

	DECEMBER 1999	
	Dues Breakout	
1999 Bob Lively	Clubhouse Rent	\$55
	Utilities/Tax/Insur.	\$30
	Maintenance	\$ 5
	Food/etc	\$10
	Newsletter	\$20
	Total	\$120

2000 Bob Lively

"Millenium"  
 JANUARY 2000  
 117 Members  
 Cease Regular Membership Category leaving only full membership at \$120/year.

JUNE 2000  
 92 Members

Established the MDPA Golf Wing-----  
 Golf is it! Flying is just a way to get there!

2001 Lynne McWilliams

JUNE 2001  
 84 Members  
 Lynn McWilliams  
 "Let's Celebrate the 25th!"  
 July BBQ  
 September Banquet

THANKS KEN & PAUL!!!!!!!  
 A great deal of thanks goes to Ken Edwards and Paul Chelew for turning over their "historical records." They included all of the past newsletters (which we did not have) and which were indispensable for putting together the history of the club.

John Potter