

JANUARY, 1988



CHAPTER 27 NEWSLETTER

JANUARY, 1988 ISSUE

Meetings Held on the Second Sunday of the Month at Meriden-Markham Airport, Meriden, CT

T-18 ON HIGH!

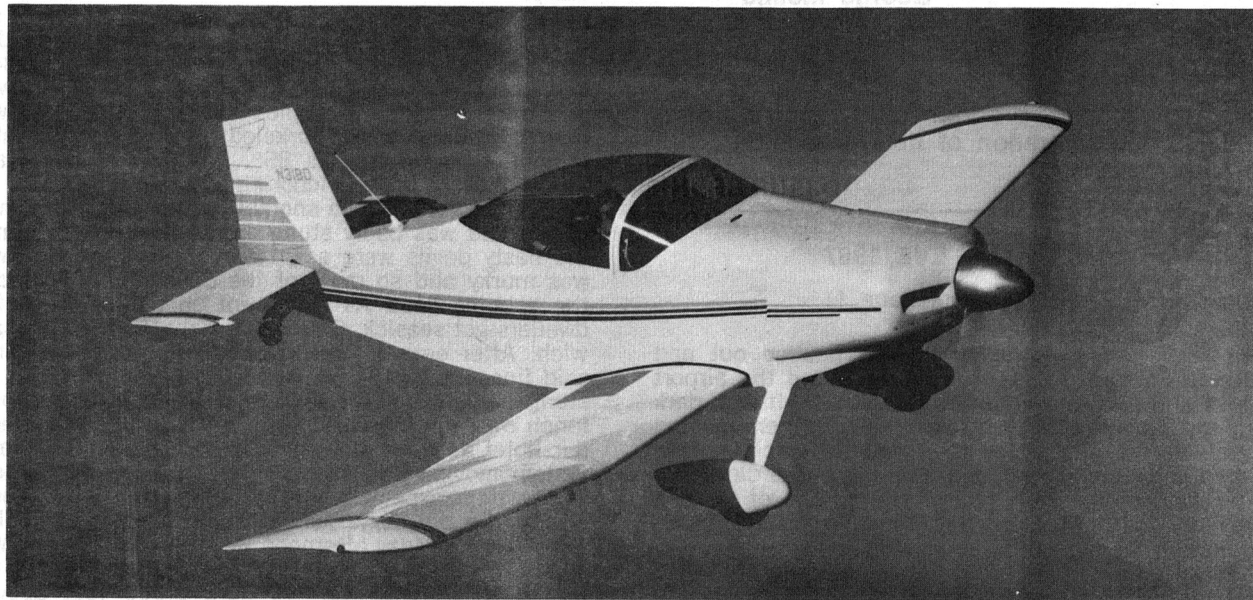


Photo shows Chuck and Debbie Raymond's slick T-18 flying over the Connecticut countryside. Since taking ownership the Raymonds have logged a considerable amount of cross-country time. This includes two trips to Oshkosh, a trip to Sun 'N Fun and a side trip to the Bahamas. Their most recent sojourn was a Christmas holiday to the Florida Keys, described by Debbie elsewhere in this issue.

NEXT MEETING IS SUNDAY, JAN. 10

The January meeting of EAA Chapter 27 will be held at Meriden-Markham Airport on Sunday, January 10, 1988. Time—10 A.M.

LIGHTS AT MERIDEN?

On December 29, 1987 the town council of Wallingford granted an easement to the city of Meriden to construct a hazard beacon west of Meriden-Markham Airport. This is the last one of the three that were necessary before the hazard beacons (required by the FAA) could be installed. With this one out of the way night flying at MMK should resume in the near future.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1987

Following is a chronology of Chuck and Debbie Raymond's most recent cross-country experience which took place over the Christmas holidays.

By DEBBIE AND CHUCK RAYMOND

Chuck had the T-18 loaded with our luggage and was waiting for me on the BAC tarmac at Danbury Airport. I left my shop at noon and drove straight to the airport to meet Chuck. We took off and flew directly to the Tappan Zee bridge. It is always exciting to fly down the Hudson and see the Manhattan skyscrapers. The weather was clear and smooth and we had a small headwind. On Christmas Eve many of the small airports were closing early so we decided to land at a large facility to be sure of getting fuel. Our first stop was at Salis-

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REMEMBER—IT'S JAN. 10 IN THE UPSTAIRS CLASSROOM AT MMK AIRPORT—TIME 10:00 A.M.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT:

Well here we are 1988!

I hope everyone had a tremendous holiday season. Personally, we had two opportunities to enjoy the Florida climate since we last met. It is truly wonderful to see the advantages and flexibilities that we have to enjoy by using our own airplanes as personal transportation. On our return trip from Florida on January 2, 1988, we enjoyed a departure temperature of 72 degrees at Ft. Lauderdale and were greeted by near zero temperatures with the wind chill factor!

I look forward to another exciting and productive year in 1988.

George Molina

JANUARY PROGRAM

For our January program, Ed Morris will conclude his demonstration of fiberglass mold construction.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1987

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bury, MD. There we topped off and headed out and landed at Eastern Airport, NC. We departed the airport at dusk and pushed on to Charleston, SC. It was dark now and I thought of all the families down there placing presents under Christmas trees and the excited little children getting ready for bed. The night was clear and the air was as smooth as glass. The handle of the Big Dipper pointed down at my left wing. A crescent moon hung low on the horizon. The controllers and pilots were in the Christmas spirit wishing one another a Merry Christmas. One of the ATIS reports was cute, ending in information "Lords are Leaping" or "Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer." Chuck and I sang a few lines of Jingle Bells and watched for Santa Claus. Santa has a notorious reputation for flying at the wrong altitude. We considered spending the night at Charleston but after landing and contacting FSS we decided to push on because of expected fog in the morning. We took off and headed for Craig Airport, just outside of Jacksonville, FL. We flew over the Savannah TCA and into the great swamps. The visibility started to drop and on the seaward side we had no horizon at all. Also there are no lights in the swamplands to use as a reference, so we decided to head inland to Route 95. There we had a continuous stream of Florida bound car headlights to follow. We arrived at Craig and didn't receive a reply on a radio call. We decided to land at Jacksonville International because of their hotel and restaurant facilities. We called Jacksonville up and was vectored into the traffic. We were told that we were number three to follow a 757 on an eleven-mile final!

Christmas Eve was spent sharing a buffet with three lonely airline crews at the Holiday Inn hotel lobby. Chuck asked the American Airline captain what the first words of an airline pilots are when the radios quit. The captain threw up his hands and said, "All right, I'll bite—what?" Chuck's reply, "I'm lost."

Christmas morning we took off for Fort Lauderdale Executive for fuel before heading for the Keys. While in the Fort Lauderdale pattern the woman controller was asked what kind of experimental the pilot was to follow. Her reply was that we were one of those experimental BD jets! After fuel we asked Fort Lauderdale departure for a shore line southbound heading. Just as we reached the beaches of Miami, Fort Lauderdale requested that

we descend to just below 500 feet because they had a "Heavy departing." I said "All right!!" We shot down the beach edge indicating 190 past all the glittering hotels and sunbathers. We waved at the bathers and gave them a wing waggle. Hey—what the heck, we were only doing what we were told.

The Florida Keys are a beautiful sight. The water is a beautiful aquamarine and the beach sand is white. We landed at Key West about noon. The plane was unloaded and a cabbie found us a hotel. We stayed at the Key Wester and had a beach view—well, sort of. We decided to take a stroll along the waterfront following a concrete sidewalk and beveled breakwater. I walked down the beveled area to test the ocean water. There I slipped on algae and landed on my butt. Chuck ran down to help me and his legs went right out from under him and his sneaker slammed my nose. There we were—soaking wet, dirty, scratched, my nose gushing blood. The two of us rolled up in a ball and laughed hysterically.

The following Saturday morning we did some sunbathing on the beach. I read some of Captain John Testrakes' book, "Triumph Over Terror On Flight 847," and I really recommend it. Saturday afternoon we went on a snorkel cruise five miles out to the reefs. We went to the first reef and snorkeled around in 74° water—the air temperature was 86°. The second reef was a different story. After anchoring a large Man O' War was spotted and one of the snorkel party accidentally swam into it and was badly stung on his legs. From then on the nasty devils were seen everywhere. Also the water was murky and so most of the diving party stayed on the bobbing boat. As time went on a few of the boat dwellers got seasick. Chuck and I shared a wedge sandwich. After eating, Chuck asked me how I felt—and I said fine. Chuck left me to check on the man that was stung only to come back and see me tossing up my lunch over the side railing of the boat. We returned to our hotel and on late night TV we saw a bad weather system moving into the East. So we decided to leave earlier than expected—the following Sunday afternoon. Sunday we did some sunbathing by the hotel pool. At about 1:00 Sunday afternoon we took off from Key West and climbed to 11,500 feet. We headed across the Gulf toward the Everglades. We were 8,000 feet above a broken overcast. Later on I told Chuck that I spotted a big airliner. He said "where," and I said that it just went about 5,000 feet below us. Chuck did some wild rubbernecking after that trying to spot it. We let down at Flagler County just outside of Daytona Beach for fuel. The sky was a solid overcast. We were on the edge of that large weather system. I called FSS and they said that if we took off immediately we might reach Savannah before the fog came in. We arrived at Savannah in the dark and visibility was rapidly going down. Just as we finished tying down the plane heavy fog rolled in. We spent the night there and the following morning we checked weather. We were still fogged in. FSS said we might be fogged in for the next two days. Chuck decided to get the plane ready to go—just in case the fog lifted momentarily. It did and we took off in 1,500-foot ceilings and headed for Beaufort County, located 35

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EAA CHAPTER OFFICERS FOR 1988

President—George Molina

Vice President—Ed Morris

Secretary—David R. Flood I

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miles inside the South Carolina swamps. After dodging fog banks and ducking under scud and praying that the Loran wouldn't quit, Beaufort popped up. We realized that we just had to get out of Beaufort because there weren't any hotels, food or transportation—we were in the boonies. So we took off and headed out over the vast South Carolinas' swamp. The fog, scud and rain was terrible. We couldn't find a hole and headed back. A few minutes later we took off again and just circled the airport waiting for an opening—the foul weather would change that rapidly. We spotted a bright area and headed for it. About 10 miles out from Beaufort the hole closed up, so we circled. Then we spotted another hole and went through it. The only sign of civilization over the 45-mile long swamp was a lone outboard motor boat 300 feet below motoring up a creek. We were more than half way across and when we looked back the fog had closed in. We were at the point of no return and pushed on to Charleston Executive. Luck was with us because the ceiling lifted to 1,800 feet. We had only traveled 80 miles all day and it was getting dark so we tied down and hitched a ride from a lineman to downtown Charleston. On the way the lineman told us that he hunted in those swamps and that they were the most crocodile infested in North America. Also, 9 and 11-foot diamond backed rattlers had been shot there. "Folks disappear in them there swamps without a trace," he said. That evening we had supper in the 15th-floor restaurant located in our hotel. We had a view that looked over the river and downtown Charleston. It was pouring rain out.

Early the next morning the weather was blustery and clear. The winds were constant at about 40 mph. I knew I couldn't taxi so Chuck got one of the black line men to help him push the plane two thousand feet down the runway backwards. Chuck held the tail while I started the engine. We took off and did a sideways downwind departure. We headed for Wilmington, NC and had scattered clouds until about 30 miles outside of Wilmington. Then we ran into an overcast and wet snow. As we continued the snow mixed in with sleet and rain and stuck to the wind screen. We asked for vectors and landed. I called FSS and they said that we could make it to Norfolk, VA and that would be as far as we would get because of fog and heavy snow. Hopefully, we thought that if we could cross Chesapeake Bay we would have a good shot for Danbury. The weather had other plans for us. After landing at Norfolk we spent from 1:00 that afternoon trying to get out. Every hour or so we would call FSS. They'd give us the OK but just as soon as we would get ready to start up a heavy snow shower would hit the field—or the destination would go IFR—the destination being Accomack or Salisbury on the Virginia Peninsula. Traffic became hectic with airliners arriving and small aircraft trying to get down. A T-38 had to land. We held the door open so the pilot could get out of the cold wind and snow quickly. As he came through the door he looked at me and said, "It's nasty out there and visibility was down to less than a 1-4 mile at times."

As the day went on the winds increased. The Cessnas were having a lot of difficulty trying to land. Someone announced that the Chesapeake Bay Bridge had been closed because of wind gusts. At 4:30 and with heavy snow showers and wind gusts up to 60 mph we called it quits and spent the night. The next morning we were up at 4:45 a.m. The tie-downs were frozen onto the plane. We had to pour hot water on them. We took off at 6:45 a.m. and encountered moderate to severe turbulence. Chuck was thrown into the canopy twice. At altitude the temperature computed out to -20° F. Our heater was equal to a baby's breath inside a cold teepee. I became very cold. We had on light clothing. I started to freeze and was shaking. Chuck wrapped me up in beach towels. The turbulence was

The Public Safety Commission of the city of Meriden has a meeting scheduled for January 11, 1988 (Monday) in the City Council Chambers for the purpose of considering prohibition of ultralights and other **EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT** at Meriden-Markham Airport.

doing a number on my kidneys. We had to slow down to an airspeed of 135 mph and our Loran showed a ground speed of 87 at times.

After flying past Atlantic City we spent an agonizing half hour beating it to Monmouth County. We could see snow and ice on the runway. On final the wind was blowing snow across the runway at a constant rate. My legs and feet were beginning to fall asleep and I had difficulty taxiing. The wind made taxiing almost impossible. Every time the tailwheel hit a patch of ice I would start to weathervane. I would have to stop and nurse the plane straight again. I pulled up to the FBO building. As I crawled out of the plane the wind was bitterly cold and blowing snow in my face. It took everything I had to hobble up to the rest room. I hobbled over to a lounge chair and Chuck put paper towels that had been soaked in hot water on my ankles and feet. I drank plain warm water out of a wax Dixie cup. A couple of pilots were preparing for trips. They looked worried and kept questioning us about the weather. After thawing out and topping off I had to taxi back over the same ice ruts to get back out onto the runway. After takeoff Chuck assured me that the trip to Danbury would be a short one. But it didn't make me feel any better when I looked down at the icy docks only 1,100 feet below. As we passed Manhattan the turbulence was terrible. We dialed up DXR and RWY 35 was in use. We looked at each other and said, "Oh—no." Going through the pass was bad but the landing went well. I got out of the plane and bolted for the car and cooked myself with the heater on full blast. Chuck ferried the plane back to OXC. En route DXR asked Chuck for a turbulence report. He said moderate to severe and I just banged my head against the canopy. It took two tries for Chuck to land at OXC. (I know I could have done it in one!) The T-18 performed flawlessly for the whole trip. The only problem was fuel that had backed up into the manifold pressure gage. 23.4 hours was logged for the whole trip. Would I do it again?—Yes, but I'll make sure to bring my long underwear—even if I'm going to the Equator.

FOR SALE

"BLUEBERRY"—SONERAI 1 FORMULA V RACER. 150 hours total time—Many spare parts. Make offer. Call (203) 281-4332.

SILVER CITY FLYING CLUB—Has share openings available. The club owns two aircraft; a Cessna 172 and a Piper Warrior. Call (203) 276-9178 for membership information.

MISCELLANEOUS PARTS FOR SALE—60 amp. 28 volt alternator. PN 611 503 0102. DOFF 10300B. 400 hrs. Best offer. Prestolite 28 volt starter—MHB-4015, 100 hrs. best offer. Two 12 volt YUASA batteries—NEW—with acid and battery box. No. YB14LA2—\$25 ea Cleveland wheels and brakes—5.00x5 PN 40-78B & 30-9. Kit No. 199-102—\$250. John Faulkner—265-6002

RV-4 TAILFEATHERS—Complete, ready to mount. Chuck Raymond. (203) 926-1579.

60 AMP ALTERNATOR—For Cessna 172. 100 hrs since Mattituck. From a Lycoming O320 E2D.—Jeff Davenport (203) 269-6845.

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