EAA THE SPIRIT OF AVIATION

The Intrepid Airmen

EAA CHAPTER 62 SAN JOSE ~ CALIFORNIA

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In this Issue

UPCOMING EVENTS

September Chapter Meeting

September 6. Mark Wainwright, Terminal Building

Chapter 62 Board Meeting

September 13 at 7:30 PM in the Terminal Building, all welcome.

September 20 -23, Annual West Coast Falco Fly-In, Fredericksburg, Texas.

September 22, Palo Alto Airport Day, also Young Eagles.

October 4, General Meeting. Vice President doesn't have a speaker pinned down yet.

October 4 - October 8 Fleet Week

Harris Ranch Fly-Out

date still remains undetermined

September Event:

Mark Wainwright

Mark will be giving two short presentations: the first is titled "How I Spent my Summer Vacation", and is only tangentially related to flying, although it is designed to have special interest to Rusty Wells.

The second is titled "Dogs and Avionics". That's a catchy title, so we'll see what develops.

Mark Wainwright

Dogs

Avionics

EAA Chapter 62's April meeting will be held at the RHV Terminal Building

Everyone is welcome, and please bring friends

6:30 PM General Meeting
7:30 PM Presentation

Editor's Notes, by Mark Wainwright

same photo as last month

In the last Newsletter we showed that there was a fly-out planned for the weekend of August 10 to Boonville, where Kirk Wilder, the airport manager, was hosting the Annual Boonville Aeronautics Appreciation Event. This time there were some interested parties; however, I needed to leave on Friday afternoon and return first thing on Saturday to pull ourselves together for a party we were giving for Max Wainwright. Everyone else was operating on a more reasonable schedule, so I was the only Chapter 62 member to participate.

Boonville is a terrific place to fly and a horrible place to drive. The airport is a short walk to downtown, although the Anderson Valley Brewing Company is inconveniently located on the far side.

I flew the trusty blue-and-white Citabria, 5032G, and had a great California summer afternoon trip, passing near the Carquinez Straights, over the Sonoma Valley and Healdsburg. These Citabrias are not speedy (see photo on page 14), and flying one has reaffirmed my desire to own something speedier. 1.8 hours each way on the Hobbs—Aerodynamic needs to generate revenue!

I landed about 45 minutes after originally planned, and made the walk to the Brewing Company with the expectation of meeting other flying people. Apparently they had all left about 3 minutes before arrival, but that didn't keep me from sampling the brewmaster's creations. I brought home a couple six packs of their standard strength ale, but I also took back a couple bottles of "Brother David's Triple", which I strongly recommend to those wanting a stout brew.

The Wilders provided dinner, I brought a sleeping bag, and the Citabria wing provided cover, and the following day I got myself back to RHV in time for Max's party.

the view from my sleeping bag

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Brimstone Bombers

by George Larson

When the summer armageddon against the hell-fires of the western forestland begins, an awesome armada is launched to wage war-and make a buck.

WHEN THE DRY days string together week on week in the western United States, the nurturing plasma of moisture in the ground boils off into the atmosphere, and the soil turns powder-dry in the heat. At the surface, the organic mulch of old leaves and branches becomes nearly explosive as it is bathed in heat and oxygen once the water is gone.

When the fires start, it is as if they have been barely contained from bursting into flame. Where the tiniest spark upsets the ticklish equilibrium, there is no stopping the appetite of the fire. Dry wood, given the slightest chance by heat, commits spectacular suicide.

A fire in a forest can induce sorrow, fear, awe and a bizarre fascination. To men whose duty it is to try to minimize the mayhem, fire is the enemy, and fighting it is war.

So there are warplanes, and war tactics, and organizations that are somewhat military. Still, this is not depersonalized, push-button war. The adversaries can touch one another. The struggle is personal, a duel, and for pilots who fly their strikes against fire, there is a peculiar love-hate relationship.

There is money to be considered, for if you bomb fires for a living, you are paid by the flight hour. (“Three days and not a smoker. Jeez, I wish we’d get a call.”) When there are no fires, there is no pay. Although you know that fire can kill you with its hellish chemistry and its sudden, satanic lashings-out, you find yourself urging it on, growling a challenge so you may test it once again in battle, and so also that the paycheck this week will let you eat.

In California, where the fire threat is gravest and where the army that has massed against it is most complex and mighty, the war is fought from May to September. Pilot enlistments bring in seemingly disparate recruits, about one-third crop dusters; another third former military fliers and the final slice from spook airlines like Air America, the Central Intelligence Agency’s bogus air carrier. All three kinds of pilots have certain traits in common: They have sought ways to live dangerously; they have been tempered by hard lessons learned in hard trades; they have the competence to handle airplanes that are hot and heavy in areas where there is no margin for error. Most of all, this is the kind of flying they all love; nothing else would do.

In a "bad season"—few fires—the summer may bring only $9,000 for a senior pilot; then it's unemployment for the rest of the year or part-time work until the next season begins. If it's a good year, with plenty of fires and a lot of air time, a senior pilot could realize as much as $20,000 for the most dangerous peace-time flying occupation in the world. A copilot can expect about $6,000 and hope that next year will be the one when he moves into the left seat.There is no life insurance, of course.

In the early days of the trade, the business was not as simple as it is now. Now it is just you against the fire. Back then, you competed with other firebomber companies, and the forest services paid whoever got there and made a drop first; you might make the trip for nothing. People got killed; people went out of business.

Grumman S-2 Tracker

Now the relationships are more formalized. The U.S. Forest Service or the California Department of Conservation's Division of Forestry lets contracts to companies like Aero Union or the Sis-Q Flying Service or TBM, Inc. An hourly rate is agreed upon. The rates range from $37.20 an hour, for operating a Cessna 182, to $558 an hour, for a Fairchild C-119J jet-augmented fire bomber. The pilots are hired at the beginning of the season, some with written contracts, others with only verbal agreements. If the boss doesn't like you, he can "tie a can to your ass" in mid-season and send you packing. You get paid like an athlete: It depends on how good you are and how hard you can bargain. There are no unions in this trade.

To get the job, you must show the man 1,000 hours of flying time, including 25 hours in the type you want to fly, 100 in heavy, multiengine airplanes, 200 of "related type" flying, 50 night hours, 200 hours in typical terrain and conditions, five hours of recent instrument experience and five hours of recent time in type, including five takeoffs and landings and two water drops. The last requirement customarily is fulfilled just before the contract period. Copllots are expected to arrive with 800 total hours, a multiengine rating, a commercial or ATR and having met the requirements of FAR 61.46.

As copilot, you can count 50 hours toward your pilot-in-command time when you get ready to move up a rank. If you are a retired Air Force officer who grew up on B-17s and are looking for a way to find the old excitement that was yours back in '42, this is your meat. The money will work out somehow.

If you are the young duster pilot whose father owns a crop-spraying outfit and under whose tutelage you learned to fly the mountains six months after you were old enough to manage the fearsome stick of a Stearman, you will make that Grumman S2F talk.

The way to spot the bomber bases is to look for streaks of red fire-retardant slurry next to the, runways. (When the light is right and the haze is not too dazzling, it is even possible to know when you are in bomber country by watching for those slurry smears on the sides of brush-covered mountains.) A fire base will probably have a long runway and may include a landing matthose large, square asphalt areas that covered the West during World War II and allowed aircraft to land in any direction, straight into the wind. In one corner will be found a patch where diverted missions have dumped their excess before

landing.

The slurry is no longer the borate chemical that gave the first operators and planes the nickname "borate bombers." Although the name has stuck, the chemical has changed, for someone found that borate retarded the growth of vegetation. These days, the weapon of choice is likely to be Phos-Check, a diammonium phosphate powder; FiretroI, an ammonium sulfate compound; or Liquid-Con, a concentrated liquid form of ammonium sulfate. Each of these is tinted with iron oxide-rustwhich gives it a distinctive deep pink color. All these compounds are basically fertilizer and have been found to promote new growth after they are dropped.

The slurry is terribly corrosive, and the tank farms in which it is mixed and stored before being loaded show in their pipes and manifolds the vicious work of the ammonia. If this stout plumbing succumbs to the slurry, it takes little imagination to picture what the same chemical does to an aluminum airplane. Long hours of hosing and cleaning follow every mission, yet the salts creep into hidden parts in the tailplane and belly, crusting over like barnacles eating a pier.

Boeing B-17 converted for fire bombing

Long hours can be a plentiful commodity during slack weeks, and when you tire of hosing and checking and busting loose the deposits of ammonia salts, there is volleyball and endless hangar talk, tales of wild women and the worst fire ever. You might talk of some of the heroes of old, like Red Jensen or Paul Mantz or Frank Tallman, who flew the single-engine "Turkeys"—Grumman TBM torpedo bombers, with their fat bays converted for tankage. One engine gave you one chance, and too often, that wasn't enough.

Maintenance was nothing to brag about either in the old days; costs had to be cut somewhere, and everybody lived on the brink of bankruptcy. One of the happiest effects of the new contractual relationships is that, at last, the airplanes can be said to be truly safe flying machines. This year, the fleet became entirely multiengine, and the pilots will tell anyone that theirs are the best-maintained ships in the aeronautical world.

The aircos, or air coordinators, are the equivalent of the Air Force forward air controllers. An airco flies either a Cessna 182 or a Skymaster equipped with forest-service radios and a combination siren and P A system to warn ground crews of an impending drop. The airco may or may not be a pilot, but chances are someone else will do the flying chores at the target. "I don't know if a guy can fly and work airco, too," said one. "You've really got your hands full keeping track of the drops." When the bombers arrive, they have to be vectored, given wind and terrain information and informed about the location of the ground crews; then each drop must be scored and rated on a mission sheet until the fire is out or the airco is relieved.

If you fly the bombers, you may be stepping into World War II aircraft that have been gutted of every nonessential component to lighten the airframe. Some of the tanks are Aero Union tanks, masterpieces of metalworking craftsmanship, spliced into the bomb bays and bellies, their squarish, tublike swellings jutting below the line of the fuselage.

The newest of the bombers is the Grumman S2F, a stubby antisubmarine patrol and attack airplane that flew from Navy carriers under the name of Tracker. Now 55 of these are leased from the Navy, and 12 were operating this year. The pilots like the S2F for its responsive handling and its power—two Curtiss-Wright R-1820s of 1,475 horsepower each. The Tracker is modified to hold 800 gallons of slurry that is pumped aboard through a single filling port in the tail.

Or they might give you a Grumman F7F-3 Tigercat, a lusty twin interceptor that mounts twin Pratt & Whitney R-2800s of 2,100 hp each. Its makers built the airplane just before the primacy of the jet became an established fact, but it still dazzled the Navy with its incredible rate of climb.

Both the S2F and the F7F -3 carry comparatively small tanks, as retardant tanks go. Eight or nine hundred gallons may seem kind of piddling up against a forest fire, but California's strategy is based on lighting-quick response times. It is the belief of the state service that air tankers are good only for a quick reaction to a relatively small, new fire. Once the fire has gained a firm hold on a stand, it must be fought from the ground, according to this set of rules. By contrast, the U.S. Forest Service, with its jurisdiction over Federal forest areas, has a more widespread territory and tends to think in strategic-warfare terms. It saddles up huge airplanes with large tanks and places quick response second to total capacity. In 1974, it pressed into service some Air Force C-130 Hercules cargo aircraft equipped with tanks. They were loaded with 3,000 gallons of retardant that could be ejected in 10 seconds. To the Feds' way of thinking, when you want to put a fire out, you put it out!

DC-10 unleashing its load

There is the stately Boeing B-17G, its bays scooped clean and stuffed with I,800-gallon tanks. Its engines are identical to those on the Trackers, except that they are built for high altitude. General Electric turbochargers boost takeoff pressure to 45 inches and 1,200 horsepower. Up on the power console, the captain controls the boost with what are, literally, the volume knobs of an amplifier. The dial is numbered one through eight. and a twist of the wrist amplifies alternatingcurrent signals from two inverters that drive the waste gates. Want more inches? Just turn it up to LOUD. The B-I7G cruises at 156 knots and drops at 110. Besides having every last bit of military equipment stripped from its insides, the plane gets an aluminum nose cone in place of the old Plexiglas turret. The stinger gun in the tail turns into the filler nozzle; two quick-connect filler necks allow a rapid link to the hoses from

the retardant tanks on the ground and turnaround times of less than four minutes. You can lose an engine and hardly notice it on the magnificent Boeing, but if you lose hydraulics, raising a wheel after takeoff calls for hand-cranking the gear aboard-280 turns of a big iron crank.

One of the B-l7's neatest advantages is its trail-doors arrangement, which allows the pilot to expel retardant from compartments in the tanks at timed intervals; the result is a long streak of fireproof woods, which can be very helpful in certain tactical binds.

The Consolidated Super PBY is a Catalina patrol amphibian with two Curtiss-Wright R-2600 powerplants sitting up there in place of the standard R-1830s. The bigger engines put out 1,700 hp each and help the Super Cat to lug 1,400 gallons on only two engines. At only 140 knots, the PBY is slow getting there, but its amphibious ability is unique among the retired warbirds.

Martin Mars at Lake Elsinore

The U.S. Forest Service has made extensive use of Fairchild C-119J Flying Boxcars, which mount the Westing-house J-34 in addition to two freaky Pratt & Whitney R-4360 radials of a whopping 3,500 hp each. These 28-cylinder behemoths present maintenance problems that border on the nightmarish.

In 1959, some lumber companies in Canada pooled their money and bought up all that remained of the U.S. Navy's Martin Mars flying boats. The four giants were flown to British Columbia and converted for water-scooping operations: They fly into a large lake, steptaxi across the surface with a scoop ex-tended into the water until the tanks- 7,000 gallons total, are filled, fly to the fire and dump; then they go back again for more. It takes only 15 seconds to load through the scoop and three seconds to dump. Operating cost: $1,600 an hour. In the wars against the fires, there have been B-25s, B-26s, North American AJ/Savage prop-jet attack bombers, Northrop P-61 Black Widows, Curtiss C-46s,Consolidated Privateers (a Navy version of the B-24, with a tall, single tail fin) and almost every other attack bomber or heavy that saw service in World War II. That the military types prevail is simply a practical admission that few other airplanes are designed to stand the G loadings that are experienced during ·the pull-ups and through the violent turbulence of fire-bombing operations. These old birds cannot last forever, though, and the services already find themselves pondering how they will replace them. Only Canadair has produced an airplane expressly built for fire fighting-an amphibious flying boat, the CL-215.

Of the civilian transport aircraft, only Douglas DC-6s and -7s have been used in this role. Until the use of C-130s, they packed the biggest tanks in the U.S., at 3,000 gallons; so far, because the C-130s mount non-integral tanks that bolt temporarily into the cargo bay, the Hercs only match that figure. In the

future, they will no doubt exceed it.

Helitack operations use Bell 206B helicopters along with a quick-response ground crew to get to small fires that call for that combination. Smoke jumpers continue to operate in Montana near the Salmon River and in other northern-western states, as well as in California and Alaska. The jumpers have tumbled from Trimotors, DC-3s, and now Turbo-Porters, Twin Otters and Twin Beeches. Ground crews with dozers and pumpers and volunteers from affected communities, armed with anything they can get, join in the battle, guided by the general in command, the fire boss. New technology borrowed from the Viet Nam war is arriving in the form of infrared sensors that can find the fire's hottest spots, even in daylight (infrared emissions are invisible to the human eye) and guide ground crews or tankers to the area. Radio and other communication nets are being upgraded and simplified as the organization of the fire army gels.

In late August and early September, the fire danger is rated "extreme" almost daily in northern California. Toward the end of summer, the dry winds accelerate as the giant engine of warm ground and - turbulent air begins to rev up.

Despite the greater hazard, there is no point to reporting for duty much earlier than about 11 AM, for the shadows in the valleys present too great a danger for safe operations before then. Let the system perk for a while and the ground heat up to break the inversion layer that holds haze and fog in its grip in the lowlands. The point to this game is not to kill pilots but to put out fires, and if some night lightning gets something started before a tanker pilot can see well enough to dump some phosphate on it, well, you can't win them all. The ground crews will -have to earn their pay on those early-morning blazes.

Consolidated Privateer, formerly in use as a water bomber

By two in the afternoon, the breeze is blasting merrily, and Old Glory and the California state flag look like somebody has starched them stiff on the poles out front. Coffee cups are scattered around the ready room, and the conversation has switched to a discussion of the relative merits of the Grumman Ag Cat. Quietly, unnoticed, the ex-Air Force colonel rises and stuffs his brown paper bag filled with doughnuts and lunch into the small refrigerator. He carefully adjusts his baseball cap as if he were readying himself for review and pads outside. He will preflight his B-17G and run up the engines to warm the oil; something tells him there will be a fire today.

Next door, at the contractor's hangar, the night crew has not yet finished its labors on the right engine of a C-119J down from Idaho on a transfer. Beside it, the Grumman S2F sits glowing, its chartreuse paint excited to iridescence by the intense sun.

In the operations office, radios, telephones and microwave-link systems silently monitor the communication nets, their ready lights on. A box of file cards with planned target responses sits open

on the operations officer's desk.

A hundred miles away, at a regional headquarters, a room that comes straight out of *Doctor Strangelove* is crackling with radio transmissions. At the center of an elaborate bank of transmitter-receivers, sits a microwave "quick-call" system that can sound a scramble horn in any of the fire bases within its invisible web of line-of-sight "cables."

Sooner or later, a tower spots smoke. The ranger manning the post shoots a bearing, as does another miles away. Triangulation yields a fix, and the dispatcher swings into action. In whose jurisdiction does the fix fall? What equipment is appropriate for the vegetation in that area? What equipment is available? (Later in the day, if things get heavy enough, the answer to that last question can be rather dismal.)

It is early, though, and all bases are at the ready, with the exception of one ground crew that has the day off to rest after fighting a blaze all night. The dispatcher calls a fire base whose area of 4effective influence includes the fix of the fire. There is a time (for the record) and an order number (for the accountants), plus location data (for the pilots).

No fire-fighting, but seen at Santa Rosa

A tacan-like fix is issued—bearing and mileage from the home base—and each pilot has 10 minutes to get airborne. The ex-colonel has been justified in his decision to warm the -17G. An estimated - time to target is figured for each .air tanker, based on its known cruise speed, and word is sent to the fire boss who has been tapped to command this skirmish. (Should the fire grow to a -holocaust that runs out of control, the command organization can grow in accordance with an established plan, with many levels and overlapping communication nets. Such major fires are described in forest-service parlance with yet another military term—"campaign.")

The airco is already airborne because his machine is the simplest of the aircraft. If the others get off quickly, though, he may be passed by a tanker. Should one reach the target before him, the pilot is free to plan and execute an attack if he has been qualified to do so.

It is time to get to work. Fairly heavy smoke is issuing from a spot adjacent to a dirt road that runs north and south parallel to a ridge line west of it. The wind is at about 25 knots from the northeast, forcing the fire to advance through very dry shrub and short growth on a diagonal track that is taking it across and up the slope. About 200 yards ahead of the line of smoke, there is tall growth, some of it dead and dry. The airco elects to lay in trail across the shorter stuff—trail drops are less effective in tall stands because they cannot penetrate the upper canopy of leafy boughs—and the first ship is the -17G.

The fire is showing flame now as the wind fans it into sudden open combustion across the smoke line, the particles and gases of which are combustible themselves. The airco will vector the -17G for a

downslope run from northwest to southeast. Sparks are in the air.

The -17G jockey is experienced and has anticipated his run by noting the wind direction on the trip out. He is already entering the downwind heading, losing altitude and throttling back, meanwhile arming for a trail drop on the channeling switch directly before him on the glare shield. The copilot notes the arming lights on his own indicator and listens as the airco spits out target data. Both men have already relaxed a little, now that they have had a chance to see the close-in details of the terrain in which they will operate. They are grateful that there will be no necessity for an uphill run, something that pilots and coordinators avoid at all costs, if they can. Then too, the area is free of power lines that are nearly invisible in the smoke and across which the fire-retardant slurry can cause fiery arcing. The shrubs, which are of no great value or consequence and whose scorched carcasses will revitalize the soil so better quality timber can gain a hold, are "light fuel," easily penetrated and particularly susceptible to retardant treatment. A streak of them will be fireproof in no time now.

Things are coming alive in the cabin of the 182, as the airco gets a call from a helitack team that is inbound from a nearby base. There is also an SF2 on the way, and he makes a mental note to use the Tracker's capability to make a split drop—half a load at a time. The airco sees a flash of sun from the -17G as it turns final, slows to drop speed and edges down to its 100-foot agl drop altitude. Ground crews are not on the scene yet, so there is no need to give any warning. A drop from 75 feet has deadly force behind it, and when a man stands in the way of it, he can be killed. There are pictures of what has happened to trucks and equipment that have felt the full force of a salvo of slurry, and they are not pretty.

North American OV-10 spotter

The -17G is lined up now and pegged on its ideal drop speed; the pilot has the left wing slightly low to give some slip to port and keep himself and his .airplane slightly windward of the smoke line. Down ... down ... watch the airspeed ... now, punch it off. Automatic sequencers blip the compartment doors at close intervals, and from the belly of the B-17 issues a nasty, .dark pink cloud of slurry that comes to earth as if God had just thrown a mudball. Were the pilot in a position to see back·wards, he would witness the shudder of the small trees and undergrowth as each strand is painted under the massive brushstroke of his bomber. But he can't; for he is straining for visibility over the nose as he climbs out and rolls toward a heading that will take him back for a reload.

The S2F has been orbiting, having arrived only moments after the -17G. The airco is already planning ahead for his sequence of drops; a split from the Tracker dead on will be enough to stop what fire is showing now, and using half a tank will give the pilot two tries at a bull's-eye. This will be a direct attack, unlike the B-l7's flank-protecting streak. When the -17G gets back, he can drop his load in salvo or lay another track along the ridge line. Fires have a tendency to run up to ridge lines and slow; some retardant at that weak point is often enough to halt the fire long enough for ground troops to work effectively.

The S2F is slightly long on his first try, having been bounced by some unlooked-for heat shear at the last moment before the drop. (On his comment sheet, the airco will note that the drop was long, that it was a split, that the thermal, not the pilot, was the cause.) Second time around, the Tracker is lighter and luckier—a hit is signaled by an enormous puff of white smoke as the flame is snuffed out.

A helitack crew has been disembarked on the dirt road and is advancing into the burn area to mop up. Overall, it has been apiece of cake. A callback to base tells the B-17G pilot to shut down-it's all over. The airco will hold in the area until the ground-fire boss, now in command, sends him home. All that's left of this fire now is the paperwork. They're not all easy; most aren't, in fact. There are the times when it is impossible to avoid the track through smoke or flame. The fire itself is devoid of oxygen, a deficiency that can smother an engine unlucky enough to swallow such a hot mouthful. Or the fire may be tucked back in a draw that calls for a turning dump or a run into the chute with only one possible exit. Miss it and ....

DC-4 over Santa Rosa

Then there are the occasional goofs that cause those who remember them to wince and shake their heads: the time a flight took off from a large population center and somebody accidentally punched off a salvo that hit square on the side of an apartment house. After the ammonium took off whatever paint it touched, it went to work on curtains, rugs, clothing. Then there was the lady whose house took a direct hit during an attack on a canyon fire too near her. Slurry found its way into her closet and caused her to update her wardrobe, among other things too numerous to mention.

The pilots note with some satisfaction that they are winning the war; although the number of fires is not decreasing, the number of drops is, which means the system is getting better as experience is gained. This makes the taxpayers happy, but to pilots, fewer drops mean fewer bucks. Like dentists, they can get so good they put themselves out of business.

But Montana will always have its thunderstorms, and the odds say that the number of lightning bolts that start fires will average out over the years to some constant number. Sadly, California will always have its fires, despite the low incidence of lightning; most of California's fires are started by man.

This year, the rains came early, and by mid-October, the pilots had scattered to whatever they do in the off season. Before they left, there were farewell banquets with many toasts ringing through the dining rooms of country motels, many tales of what had been done on the second day of the San Jacinto Mountain campaign. A respectful quiet while they viewed flickering 16-mm movies that someone had

thought to take during the pioneering days when a Stearman with 10-gallon cans filled with water was the best anyone could come up with. And there is the earnest ranger, Donald O'Connell, who will spend his winter nights gathering what he can of the history of this glorious enterprise.

Next year, Westerners can count on looking up some summer day and seeing a 100-mile-wide cloud of ash from some colossal campaign fire. It happens every year, which means that at least there is a certain bizarre job security in this business. Until somebody comes up with some kind of gigonzo sprinkler system, there will always be fires and men who fly to fight them.

Membership Notes

by Donald Von Raesfeld, Jr.

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September 2012

Our last general meeting was held on August 9 in the Reid Hillview airport terminal building. This was one week later than normal in order to give those members who attended Air Venture in Oshkosh a chance to get back. A hot dog dinner was prepared by Rusty Wells and Randy Wilde prior to the meeting.

President Konstantin Blank called the meeting to order at 7:45 PM. There were about 20 people in attendance. Vice President Mark Wainwright introduced our visitor Louise Lane, an EAA member visiting from Portland Oregon. Andy's wife, Sam Werback, was also in attendance at this meeting.

Our Young Eagles coordinator Russ Todd reported on the Young Eagles event that was to be held on August 18 at Reid Hillview airport. He was again asking for volunteers.

Sam Werback & Paul Marshall

After Russ had finished with his Young Eagles report it was on to Oshkosh reports by chapter members who were able to attend this year. Randy Wilde was able to spend a day and a half late in the week. He said he really enjoyed the evening air show on Saturday. He also heard Dick Rutan giving a talk about his Voyager flight at the EAA Museum.

Paul Marshall, accompanied by his brother-in-law, once again flew his Bonanza and had a great time. He flew in with the Bonanza mass arrival which this year had 110 aircraft. They spent the whole week there in the grounds and also took a tour of the seaplane base. While there, he purchased a Garmin 796.

Andy Werback and his wife Sam flew his Lancair Legacy, N550AW, back to Oshkosh again this year where he won the Grand Champion Kit Built award. Andy and Sam have put a lot of time and hard work into this aircraft. It's a beautiful airplane with great workmanship. Congratulations to Andy and Sam.

Andy presented a slide show of various pictures taken in Oshkosh. Among them were slides of the Doolittle Raider, the National Transportation Safety Board presentation, and the Young Eagles and Homebuilt awards presentations. He also presented Russ Todd with his Young Eagles coordinator award. Russ Todd, who has been our Young Eagles coordinator for the last five years won the Young Eagles Chapter Coordinator award for 2012. Congratulations Russ! He also met with Captain and Mrs. Sullenberger while at Air Venture and invited them to be our guests at the Holiday Dinner.

Bob Meuse

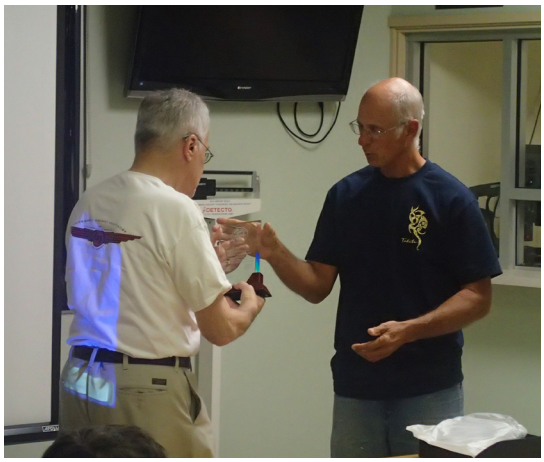
The Holiday Dinner will again be held at the Three Flames, 1547 Meridian, San Jose, CA 95125, on December 6, 2012. Price will be $30 and menu will be Steak, Chicken or Tilapia. We had a great time last year. Make plans to join us this year and celebrate Russ Todd's, and Andy Werback's successes at Air Venture 2012.

MEMBERSHIP

As of July 20, 2012 we have 47 paid members. If you were a member last year and have not yet renewed your membership your name has been dropped from the membership roster and you are listed as a past member. If you are not a member of the chapter, you cannot access the "MEMBERS ONLY" section of the website. Membership can be renewed online or by sending a check for $30.00 made out to EAA Chapter 62. Checks can be sent to me or brought to the General Meeting. Long-time member Bob Meuse is moving to Boston to be with family. We will miss you Bob. Take care and enjoy your family.

CAPS AND SHIRT

The chapter now has T-shirts and caps available at all of our general meetings for $15 each. See me if you are interested in purchasing a shirt or cap.



Andy Werback handing Russ Todd his Young Eagles Award

YOUNG EAGLES

I was unable to attend the Young Eagles event on August 18, 2012 at Reid Hillview airport but the following was posted on the chapter's website.

Successful Young Eagles Event
August 18, 2012
A Young Eagles event was put on by Chapter 62 at Reid Hillview today. We had eight volunteer pilots along with 8 volunteers for registration and ground crew. Things started early, the first flight was at 9:15 AM. By 1:30 PM we had flown 62 Young Eagles, a very busy and successful event. A big thanks to all the volunteers that made the event a success. Jon Garliepp standing in for Russ Todd on vacation.

Upcoming Chapter Events

September 22, 2012 Young Eagles at Palo Alto. As always volunteers are needed. This should be a busy event as it will be held during the Palo Alto Airport Day.

October 20, 2012 Chapter Picnic at RHV. Hamburgers, hot dogs and potluck. Plan to be there.

December 6, 2012 Holiday Dinner.

Hope to see many members at these events.

Don Von Raesfeld, Jr.

Membership Chairman

The Werbacks' Lindy

Rusty workin' on the dogs, Steve Plyler and John Garliepp

Slow Citabria!
Note the airspeed indicator

The Ninety-Nines
INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF WOMEN PILOTS

Santa Clara Valley Chapter
A 501(c)3 Organization

Flying Companion Seminar

- Become more confident as a passenger in an airplane.
- Understand more about what goes on in the cockpit.
- Have your "what if" questions answered.
- Learn how you can help your pilot.

West Valley Flying Club, Palo Alto Airport
Saturday September 29, 2012 8:30 am - 4:00 pm

$50
Covers breakfast and all materials

To Sign up go to www.scv99s.org
Questions contact Brittany Sabol at
brittany@zibellina.com or 408-712-4328

Lionheart

Don Von Raesfeld
Membership Chairman
930 Monroe Street
Santa Clara, CA 95050

Address Label is RED,
time to pay your dues.

EAA CHAPTER 62
SAN JOSE ~ CALIFORNIA

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name _____National EAA #._____

Address_____City_____State____
Zip_____

Phone_____Email:_____

National Membership Required www.eaa.org $40.00 per year
EAA Chapter 62 www.eaa62.org $30.00 per year PayPal Available
Membership Chairman: Don Von Raesfeld, draesfeld@sbcglobal.net 408-507-0951