



MDPA news

September 2008 Concord, CA 925-685-7073 Volume 35 Issue 9

Meeting Notice

Date:	September, 19, 2008
Place:	NEW CLUBHOUSE
Dinner:	6:30 PM
Program:	7:00 PM
Board Meeting:	N/A

MDPA SAFETY CLINIC

August, 2008

John Potter, Moderator

What a nice breakfast the ladies fixed for us! Thanks Maureen and Lorraine, and sorry for the power supply challenges. Such a pleasant presentation of the food! Sure, guys make it taste greasy and good, but it takes ladies to make it look good!

Had to mention at this meeting that I had a potential member present at the last clinic (I could not be there). The gent was greeted, and then promptly ignored. He had just gotten his license at a ready-to-retire age and was looking for some folks to share flying with. Our loss.

We started the clinic by reinforcing the thought from prior sessions that in a single engine take off with loss-of-power, that attempting a turn back to the runway (in this case, termed a "teardrop"), it is mostly likely deadly. The AOPA and FAA seem to agree with this. The story was about a SR 22 where the instructor and student had successfully made one attempt and on the second failed. They died. We went on to ask those with light twins whether they could make a return to the runway and I was surprised at the diversity of answers ---lot of "it depends," but generally no.

In a retrac, when do you bring the gear up relative to the runway length? Again, I could not ascertain a consensus---"it depends." No pat answer---but that led to the subject of what do you do on the take-off roll and you note that you are not ready to fly at the point that you think you should be. Some had a hard, cold turkey point on the roll where they would abort, no matter what the runway length was or other conditions. That really bothered me. There are indeed some circumstances in which we put ourselves where we literally must bet the store to get off and there is little opportunity to even consider the choice of an abort point. The risk assessment drill occurred when we landed at that strip in the first place. Of course, we could just sit there and wait for conditions to change---except for temperature, I don't know of many cases where the runway length and elevation changes. (I do recall a time in Baja where I told everyone to get out and get into Lively's Mexican pickup truck with all the luggage stuff and that I would see them at Rancho Socorro where DC-3s had operated from hauling out crab. I knew the runway was long hardpan.

We briefly touched on picking a place to put down on a power loss. Again, a lot of "depends," but water was not generally thought to be the best answer.

Everyone heard of "SLOP"---? Well, come to the session and we will tell you!

We wrapped up the session as Steve Kennedy said in the last newsletter,

"As John Potter says, we don't teach or preach, we only moderate and learn from each other."

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newsletter should be e-mailed to**

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Pat's Chili Dinner September 19th Breakfast and Safety Session September 6th

Korean Short Rib Dinner

For our August meeting we had Lorraine's Korean Short Rib BBQ dinner. Talk about delicious.. MMMMMM mmmmmmm good. If you missed it, you missed a wonderful blend of flavors. Nancy Miller provided the Asian salad, while Leo fired up the BBQ and cooked the short ribs. The ribs are cut crossways very very thin, then soaked in a teriyaki BBQ sauce. Lorraine then treated us to pineapple fried in brown sugar and soy sauce over ice cream for dessert. I saw more than one member go back for seconds on the dessert. A very enjoyable meal was had by all. After dinner, our speaker was Geoffrey Logan. Geoff owns a Citabria, is the chairman of the Contra Costa County Aviation Advisory Committee, a member of the Contra Costa County Aviation Land Use Committee, and an aviation insurance broker. He talked about some of the things to consider when buying aviation insurance, and how rates are developed for the aviation industry. It was very interesting to see inside a topic near and dear to all our hearts.

DO YOU FEEL LUCKY ???

**Blackjack-Craps-Roulette-Poker
Friday, October 17, 2008 @ 1830**

**Once again, our Casino Nite will be held in the PSA Hangar.
Dinner will consist of Chinese Buffet. \$15.00 for dinner and casino
chips.**

**Buy your ticket by Oct 10th @ PSA, or gamble on tickets still
being available at the door for \$20.00. Prizes for the lucky winners.**

**Thanks to MDPA member Greg Holbrook of PSA for making
his facilities available for this event.**

MDPA Mission Statement
The Mount Diablo Pilots' Association is a non-profit organization based at Buchanan field in Concord, California (KCCR). There are many benefits to joining the club. The purposes of the Mount Diablo Pilots' Association are:

- To promote good public relations between general aviation enthusiasts and the local community.
- To encourage participation in fly-ins and other aviation activities.
- To promote safety and educational activities for pilots.
- To provide mutual resources of information on flying for members.
- To furnish information and support to the Contra Costa Airport Advisory Committee and other governmental agencies concerned with aviation.
- To be a proxy on aviation matters of community concern for its membership.

ALASKA 2008

by Richard "Twofish" Roberts

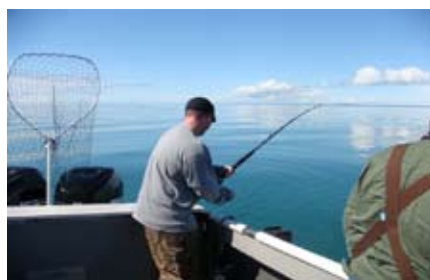
Saturday July 26th, we embarked upon another great adventure to Alaska. Two planes, my Bonanza with me, Geoff and Pat, and Vince's T210 with him and his two sons, Wes and Ted. Our plane arrived about 3 hours after Vince at Bellingham with a carrier like thud. Oh well, it should be better from here on out! We



had smoking rooms. Vince and Pat in one room with two beds. Ted and Wes in one room with two beds. Geoff and I had to share a king sized bed (last room in the joint), but other than that had a great Greek dinner (somehow appropriate) and everyone was excited about big fish to come.

The next morning we launched in gray skies for an IFR trip to Ketchikan. Vince held once during the approach and I held twice. FINALLY, I got to land! Why is everyone staring at us? "Mr. Roberts, N5478U? Please come with us"... Helen at the FAA was very nice; I had inadvertently put in the wrong frequency,

lots of construction going on, not good! I promised NEVER to do that again, off with a warning. WHEW! What was I saying about getting better? Vince and I got a very thorough preflight and took off for Yakutat. Lots of clouds, but a 3000 foot or so ceiling made it a piece of cake. The lodge is right on the airport, so within minutes we had fueled and checked in. We rented a van that was great except for the fish smell because someone had forgotten a salmon they caught. Actually,



pretty much everyone smelled like fish and had at least some blood on their pants or waders, because all the fish had to be bled after catching and the larger halibut had to be shot before landing them in the boat. This was a fishing lodge, after all, no phew phew stuff here! If you were fishing, and everybody was, you smelled like fish.

Geoff caught the largest one, a 130 pound halibut. What a fish! It made his whole trip. Wes caught the smallest one, at least 4 pounds. What a fish! We got a whole new appreciation for Vince and his boys. If it moves catch it, fillet it and eat it or freeze it and send it home! We were here for fillets, plain and simple.

Then it was off to Soldotna, a VFR flight between broken layers through patches of sun, light rain showers and endless glaciers. Beautiful! We arrived a day early, as there was no need for a weather day.

Frenchy, the owner of the house we were renting, had Tara, our hostess (no not that kind!), set up another house for us for a day. We had a little problem with the car situation, as there were none. Finally we got the local rent a wreck to rent us a mini van, which was great except that a moose had hit the windshield, it was a little moldy (yes someone had left a fish in this one too) and the gas gauge didn't have a needle. No problem for the likes of us! Pat and Wes needed waders. Off to Freddy Meyers. I've bought houses with less deliberation than that. Anyway, we were well equipped and ready for fish slaying.





We had six days of fishing including two guided days and ended up with over 125 pounds of fillets to be sent home. Everyone pitched in either cooking or cleaning up and it was a really enjoyable week. Pat had his birthday here, and limited out as the birthday boy. He caught more fish than anyone else the whole time in Soldotna. Actually, everyone limited out that day except me, thus the name "Twofish" (the limit was three). Turns out that the river access point near our house was the hangout for the locals. They'd come down for an evening fish, bring beer, get drunk, have a great time and then stagger home so they could do it all over again the next day. Vince called one guy our retired drunk. He was a really good fisherman, though, and made killer smoked jalapeño salmon.

Picture Vince with me in line at the counter to settle up with the fish processor. He had a few hundred dollars in his wallet, "I'll pay if the cost doesn't exceed \$250", he said confidently. We split all costs by the person, and he was a little behind at that point. When the bill came in at over \$700, he blanched, wanted to see the breakdown, and



went to the car deep in thought. Then we went to Safeway to get some food, and Pat shut the front door on Vince's fingers as Vince was getting out of the back door of the van (He hadn't seen him and felt terrible). Pat, "I just want to go home." We're unraveling pretty quickly here! Not to worry, Wes and Ted made some fabulous fajitas for dinner and all was well.



All too soon the day came to head back home. Vince and I filed from Ketchikan to Bellingham. About 100 miles out, Vince canceled and continued with flight following into Bellingham. "You the pilot of this 210?" "Yes." "Please follow us." "Your boys have passports?" "No."



"Not good." Customs agents have no sense of humor. When Vince canceled the computers automatically reclassified his flight plan and had it originate in Canada. Calls to Canadian ATC and 45 minutes of fast talking later Vince was released and allowed to keep his sons and fuel his plane. The plane was wanded and checked for contraband. Luckily, I had the fish, so there was no discussion of where it had come from.



On the last leg of VFR the fog started to roll into the bay area. Vince had a heck of a time finding Gness, but finally found a big hole over the airport, spiraled down and landed safe and sound. We had a plug foul for a minute in the twilight, with reduced visibility due to smoke around Lake Shasta. Highway to the Danger Zone was blasting through the XM radio. While I was fiddling with the mags to clear the plug, Pat mentioned all the relatives he had that lived in the area. All he and Geoff



were thinking was “After all this and now I’m going to die!” “HIGHWAY TO THE DANGER ZONE...” The smoke and plug cleared, and it was uneventful flight down the valley home.

We were gone two weeks and put about 30 hours on the planes. Both flew perfectly, no mechanical problems or glitches to deal with (save the one fouled plug). We’re all still friends. The fish is fabulous. (No, don’t ask for any, it’s the most expensive fish on the planet!) And when I saw Vince a couple of days later, we both agreed we’d rather be back fishing and started planning the next trip.





Quite a trip! “Mission Accomplished”
— which means,
“I finally got to Oshkosh (and nothing more).”

by John Potter



Jim & Dale camping at Oshkosh Thanks to Jim and Dale Blodgett, the husband/wife pilot team, I was “chauffeured” to the event by way of the Bonanza gathering and a 90 airplane formation flight into OSH on Saturday, 8/26. I figured that I had better hitch a ride because under the circumstances I would never take the Rockwell east again.

It was an overwhelming experience, too much to see and too much activity — a neophyte like me simply could not process all that was going on around our heads. I was able to commingle with my Commander colleagues, as well as the Bonanza host group. I had some surprises, I found a few classic old timers (flying boats) that were dear to my heart. The

museum is a must see, I spent two afternoons there.

John with 1929 Sikorsky S39 amphibian

My thoughts of this Americana experience was that it was notches above a state fair, maybe a Nat’l Aviation fair, but done by grass roots people. Fathers taking sons, and later in life, sons taking fathers, even mother-daughters, I’m sure. Relative to me, all were techies, I have never seen so many digital gadgets. I spent most of my time in engine talks so I can better deal with an aging aircraft and it’s engine.

I am not an EAA member but I profoundly respect what they have done to preserve the great heritage of American aviation.

Bonanzas to Oshkosh Formation Fly-in

by Jim Blodgett

This year we participated in the Bonanzas to Oshkosh (B2OSH) formation fly-in (even though we fly a Baron). Everyone that participates has to have formation flight training, which I completed in Stockton during April of this year.

Ready for takeoff at Rockford, Illinois The group forms up in Rockford, Illinois on Friday before the opening of Oshkosh, and on Saturday, take-off, fly enroute, and land in formation. It took 9 minutes for 92 Bonanzas and Barons to take-off and a little over 15 minutes for them to land at OSH.

Most everyone camps in the North 40 of Oshkosh, where there are several parties and events throughout the week. Vendors are very supportive and this year donated over \$35k worth of goods and services for the B2OSH raffle that is held. Top prize was a \$7k Auracle engine monitor. Dale won a very nice leather Beechcraft flight jacket.

As John said, there is too much to absorb at Oshkosh, particularly when it comes to new digital avionics. Garmin has certified their G600 glass panel for certified aircraft (\$30k plus installation) and Avidyne has announced a lower cost competing product. There are so many options for non-certified aircraft that it is bewildering.

As for aircraft, both Eclipse and Cirrus were flying their single-engine jets, and several other new aircraft were announced.

The air shows were spectacular and as before, Sean Tucker rules when it comes to pleasing the crowd. This year, he was also flying in a group of four (including his son) called the Collaborators.

The flights out and back were largely uneventful, although as usual, headwinds predominated, particularly coming back. There were some significant thunderstorms but we had no trouble getting around them. About the only bad thing I can say about the trip was the breathtaking price of fuel. The best price was in Wells, NV (\$4.25) and the average was about \$5.50.



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Blue Skies and Tailwinds to:

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First Class Mail
Address Correction Requested