

YAKIMA VALLEY WPA NEWSLETTER

JUNE 2007

Here it is mid June with half the month and half the year remaining. Where in H is the time going? When and where is my little areoplane going to go before year end ,which is approaching way too fast?

Nobody told me that as one ages, time speeds up. Don't laugh but please prove me wrong. Einstein, by the way, said that as one accelerates, time slows down so that it stands still when one reaches the speed of light. Maybe that is the reason most of us, at least the male species, likes to travel fast and faster. Little did we know that it really does slow down aging. So the Super Cub guys get older faster than the Lanceair guys while the airline drivers hardly age at all---the bastards. But I do have good news for you. Steve Sundquist and his Super Cub went on a great adventure and he was gracious enough to write an article complete with pictures for all of us to enjoy. He apparently has discovered that flying off to interesting places really does keep him young. Good point eh? The hell with trying to reach the speed of light. Imagine the motion sickness one might encounter. Read his article here and feel younger. And there's more. Mike Bull is working on an article about his visit to Sun and Fun where his took scads of pictures and Mike Byrne is writing an article of his adventures flying in the back country of Idaho with his wife Tammy. And he has pictures too. So the next few newsletters should be very interesting.

Hey lookie here---the next set of hangars are going up FAST!!



DATES

DINNER MEETING---EI RINCON—3704 FRUITVALE BLVD---THURS JUNE 28TH

6:30 Cocktails, Dinner—7:00

Speaker---Ken Zontek. Professor Zontek is a YVCC educator who will share his experiences in Afghanistan when he was sent there as a member of the National Guard.

QUESTIONS

ASWER ALL THREE AND I'LL BUY YOU A BEER AT THE NEXT DINNER MEETING

- 1. On a single engine airplane, what is the relationship between horsepower and rudder size?**
- 2. What are the two energy forces associated with a jet engine?**
- 3. How does the ratio of these forces change with altitude and velocity.**

An Excellent Adventure



A few weeks ago a friend of mine who lives near Afton, Wyoming and flies an RV-7 suggested that we fly toward each others' homes and meet in the middle. Middle happened to be Johnson Creek in Central Idaho, a 3400 foot grass strip at about 5000 feet of elevation, not the shortest or most difficult to get into, but definitely one of the prettiest. Check out the web cam at <http://www.ruralnetwork.net/~yellowpinecm/>.

Johnson Creek is billed as Idaho's premier airplane campsite and it didn't disappoint. Owned by the State of Idaho, amenities include hot showers and split firewood. The strip is sprinkled by an underground sprinkler system and regularly fertilized and mowed.

Fortunately troubles at the beginning of the trip did not portend the quality of the rest of the trip. It was a hectic week leading up to my planned departure. I was finally ready for a 5 AM departure. The weather called for a 9500 foot ceiling over the McCall area, about 30 miles west of Johnson Creek. That was about peak top level in the area of Johnson Creek, but left plenty of room to navigate the canyons. I got all loaded up and ready to go and hit the starter. Nothing. The battery was good, but the starter was dead. I went over and camped on Cub Crafters front door step and waited for Stan to get to work. A couple hours and a new starter later I was on my way. Thanks, Stan for fitting me in on a moments notice and getting me on my way.

Finally on my way, the air wasn't as smooth as it would have been at 5 AM. I encountered a few clouds at 7500 feet southeast of Walla Walla. Thinking it was just a broken layer, I headed on top to escape the bumps. Once up there, I remembered the overcast at McCall and realized that this was the edge of that overcast. Down through a hole I went and under a thickening and darkening overcast the farther to the southeast I got. I crossed the Blue Mountains, passed to the north of Enterprise, over Hell's Canyon, skirted north of the Seven Devils Mountains, all the time just under the dark overcast. Arriving over Riggins, I headed up the Salmon River Canyon about 15 or 20 miles to a system of valleys and canyons that headed to the southeast toward my destination. Once east of Hell's Canyon, the clouds began to break up, but the winds began to pick up. Up toward the ride tops it was rather bumpy, but down in the canyons it was tolerable. With a sectional in my lap, an eye on the GPS and my head on a swivel I identified the drainages and ridges as I went by, not wanting to fly up the wrong one that might be a dead end. I came up on the little village of Yellow Pine and turned up the canyon toward Johnson Creek, rounded another corner and there was the strip dead ahead.



After an uneventful landing I met up with my friend, Fred and checked out the amenities and solitude.



The solitude was unexpected. This was Memorial Day weekend and there should have been lots of planes and people there. There were just a couple of highly modified Super Cubs and a couple of RVs. This was the way it was all weekend. What should have been a busy weekend resulted in maybe twenty five aircraft arrivals. Interestingly, over half of the aircraft were RVs, some from as far as Bishop, CA. There remainder were Super Cubs and a few Cessnas and one homebuilt Highlander.

After barbecuing some steaks, grilling some asparagus, and baking some potatoes and catching up around the campfire we hit the sacks. The morning brought sunshine, but a thick layer

of frost over everything. Some pilots drug their planes across the field into the sunshine to melt the frost of before their morning departures. Our agenda for the day included a hike up to Roirdan Lake, about a twelve mile round trip. No fishing this time, just sightseeing. After an enjoyable hike, we treated ourselves to hot showers and then hopped in Fred's RV-7 for a tour of the Sawtooth Mountains and the White Cloud Mountains to the southeast, near Stanley, Idaho. It was a pretty flight, but too bumpy to take any pictures. Another barbecued dinner, campfire and a good night's sleep brought another frosty morning.

The next morning we flew my Super Cub to Thomas Creek, a dirt strip on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River for a hike up the trail along the Middle Fork. While we were tying down, two 206s arrived, one carrying a full sized rear tractor tire. Shortly a Toyota pickup arrived to take the tire over to the Middle Fork Lodge. The owner of the Middle Fork Lodge maintains the facilities for his family and friends. Everything there was flown in, including the backhoe, skid loader, pickups, new construction materials, and cables as big as your arm for the suspension bridge across the river. We hiked several miles up the river, watching the rafters and kayakers play in the white water. We were entertained by a group of three kayakers for 45 minutes as they surfed in and out of a hole behind a big boulder in the river, were rolled over and struggled to get back into the hole. They were having great fun. One was rather deluded, though. He told us he almost bought an airplane, but got a kayak instead and couldn't imagine having as much fun in an airplane. They told us they would be camping near the Lower Loon Airstrip that night. They were treated to a low level flyby by an RV in the morning in return for entertaining us the day before.



The next day we headed out toward Fred's home near Afton, Wyoming via Salmon, Idaho for fuel (\$4.60 a gallon). A Super Cub cruising at about a 100 mph trying to travel with an RV-7 that cruises at 200 mph gives the RV plenty of time to take pictures, practice aerobatics, and sightsee in the mountains along the route. As I was plodding along the big Lemhi Valley to the southeast of Salmon, Fred was over in the Lemhi Mountains to the west of me. He called me over telling me I had to come and take a look at what he was flying around in. I headed over his way, climbing up a canyon toward the ridge crest, watching him swoop around the mountain peaks and ridges up ahead like a swallow over the river looking for bugs. First I encountered a few downdrafts, but Fred told me that I would soon encounter the updrafts. In no time I was up at 11,000 feet at ridge level and Fred was at 12,000

feet still swooping and banking around the peaks. Not only were mountains breathtaking, but it also gave me a greater appreciation for the capabilities of the RV in the hands of a capable pilot. Fred regularly flies with another RV owner who is a former military fighter pilot. You can imagine the flying tips he has picked up. Dropping down out of the mountains, Fred spied a large natural arch down in a limestone canyon. We made several turns in and out of the canyon trying to stage a picture of me in front of the arch, but it was too tight for both of us and he is too fast and I'm too slow.

From there, Fred abandoned me to cross Southeastern Idaho on my own. By this time the thermals were rising off the flat land below for a really bumpy ride. It was a little better when I got over the irrigated crop land, but then I got into the mountains that lie between Idaho Falls and Star Valley where Afton is located; the wind had picked up from the southwest so it became really quite bumpy. I arrived at Afton, 30 minutes behind Fred and was greeted by a 30 degree cross wind. The Afton strip is long, but narrow, and I used up its width several

times trying to cope with the turbulent cross wind. Afton is home of Aviat Aircraft, manufacturer of the Husky and Pitts. There was no airport activity on this windy day.

The week with Fred did not include any flying, but was an adventure in itself, actually several adventures. Fred used to be an avid backpacker, but his knees can't take it. He is not willing to give up his time in the back country so he has acquired several goats to carry his stuff for him, and for the next week, my stuff, too. We spent the week in the Gros Ventre Mountains and the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. Fred spent the time hunting for shed elk antlers and I spent the time running the ridges. It was a week of spectacular scenery with wildflowers and lots of wildlife including three different nose to nose encounters with cow moose and calves, elk and calf, big horn sheep, grouse, etc.

The flight home from Afton was uneventful. An early start was planned to take advantage of the forecast for clear skies and nearly windless conditions all the way, and to be home before thunderstorms in the afternoon. With no starter problems to delay me this time, I fueled up with the cheapest fuel I have seen in awhile (\$3.90 a gallon). The GPS said 541 miles direct to Yakima and it took six hours including the rest stop in Enterprise,



Oregon. I picked up a tailwind from there to offset the slight headwind I had up to that point. The only bumps were those from Sunnyside on when I began letting down into Yakima. I was not anticipating nor was I ready for the 95 degree heat that hit me as I landed. The cumulus clouds were building in the west over the mountain was planned to take advantage of the forecast for clear skies and nearly windless conditions all the way, and to be home before thunderstorms in the afternoon. With no starter problems to delay me this time, I fueled up with the cheapest fuel I have seen in awhile (\$3.90 a gallon). The GPS said 541 miles direct to Yakima and it took six hours including the rest stop in Enterprise, Oregon. I picked up a tailwind from there to offset the slight headwind I had up to that point. The only bumps were those from Sunnyside on when I began letting down into Yakima. I was

not anticipating nor was I ready for the 95 degree heat that hit me as I landed. The cumulus clouds were building in the west over the mountains for the thunderstorms that did materialize later in the day. I'm glad I was ahead of them because an encounter with a thunderstorm is an adventure I don't need.

STEVE SUNDQUIST