

# YAKIMA VALLEY WPA NEWSLETTER

## JUNE 21, 2006

Greetings one and all. This letter has a bit more to it than the last one what with an article that I managed to write. There's some info on doings around the airport and of course, the always present and challenging questions from Dennis Frantz.

### DATES

I have only one date to report this month. Please refer to the WPA Website for fly-out info.

Please note that for the months of June and July there will be **NO DINNER MEETINGS**.

However, you don't necessarily have to agree with this decision. For example, Sandy and I will be eating the last Friday in June at the FLIGHT DECK RESTAURANT and any of you folks who would like to get together and share a few hours chatting about planes or whatever are certainly welcome.

**EAA FLY-IN—ARLINGTON—JULY 5-9.**

### CORRECTION

Last month, I gave the wrong email address for the WPA Website. The correct address is: **WPAFLYS.ORG**

### HAPPENINGS

I have it on good authority that Marv Pugh has sold his 182 and has invested in one of the new hangers being constructed on the south side of the airport. I wonder if he has plans to fill it with a new airplane as well. Time will tell.

Mike and Tami Byrne had PEONK AVIATION on Vashon, Isl. Install a new upgraded engine in their 180. They also had a new prop and engine monitor installed. Mike told me that it took 20 hours for the mechanic to install the monitor! The rate of climb and top speed has improved substantially. To break in the engine they are to operate at high power settings making the fuel burn around 20 gallons per hour. On startup they are to let the oil temp climb to 90 degrees before takeoff. As a footnote, I think that all of us should heed that warm oil message. Running up an engine on cold oil is a real good way to wear an engine out prematurely.

Our member from the Tri Cities— Jack Fastabend has once again



mowed and cleaned up the airstrip at Rimrock Lake. He also is making a new marker barrel to replace a damaged one there. I visited the strip last weekend and it looks great. Russ Murri told me that he took his 170 in there a week ago and had to make sure he cleared the Canadian 185 that was parked on the approach end of the strip would you believe. When he asked the Canadian if he might move his ship out of danger he was simply ignored. So the take-off was made making sure to clear the dummy on the strips end.

While I was on vacation, Carl Cook, who works for Air Classic, had his house burned to the ground. He had no insurance and so his was a total loss. Many of you attended a



benefit BBQ at the Pingrey Hanger to raise money to provide a helping hand to a comrade in need. It was greatly appreciated.

Sandy and I were invited to attend a retirement party for Ola Vestad at his lovely house in the West Valley. We were on our way to another function and couldn't stay long, but did have the pleasure of meeting some of his relatives from Norway. They could speak my language but the reverse wasn't true. During the visit we discovered yet another skill that this happy Norwegian (that's another word for a retired Norwegian) has in his bag of tricks. Would you believe that he likes to bake cakes? The proof is in this picture. I regret not having the time to stay around to have a piece of it. Now if I could just find a chefs hat.. Wonder what a Norwegian one looks like?

## QUESTIONS

ANYONE NEED A THINKING CAP?

1. If an airplane is flying straight and level and rolls to the left, which wing has an increase of angle of attack as a result of the action of the roll? What is the change of angle of attack on the opposite wing?
2. What effect does the rate of roll have on these changes of angle of attack?
3. At which point in the landing pattern would these effects have the greatest consequences and what would they be.

## FLIGHT TO PULLMAN

This article isn't so much about flying as it is about the experience I had after having flown nearly to Idaho to meet an interesting couple. By car this trip would have been somewhat of an ordeal, but with the plane, the trip was just a pleasurable 90-minute flight across the state.



A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to fly to Pullman (first for me) with Jim Polley to visit his wife's sister, Darlene, and her husband Jim Burton. The Burton's are now retired; she from nursing and he from working at WSU as an industrial hygienist. Having met the two of them over the holidays and hearing about their ranch, I was eager to reunite with them on their home turf. The flight there was just as one would expect on a bright, clear, spring day. The brown of the area around Hanford slowly turned more and more green as we left the Columbia River behind us. Soon the rolling,

verdant hills of the Palouse country rolled quietly beneath us and then blue lakes of all sizes and shapes started to appear across the landscape in front of us. Pretty soon we started picking up transmissions from pilots coming and going from Pullman, as well as a few radio reports from a glider that was at 6500 feet just east of the runway. The strip has an arc to it and so there was a bit of "uphill" to the landing when landing to the east, but it was no big deal and either was my landing---thank you, thank you, thank you, old God of good landings. Gloating, I taxied past many parked planes to what appeared to be the terminal where I was going to go and do a bit of inquiring. Before I could even park the plane, a very upset fellow came running out and made it quite clear that we were in Never Never Land, and that we should leave the area like pronto. And leave we did, back to all those planes that were tied down. Apparently, we private pilot types are forbidden to taxi to a main terminal, what with the event of 9/11. It seemed perfectly proper to Jim, of course, because that is exactly where he would have taxied his 727. But then the old Sundowner really isn't much of a substitute for a 727, if you think about it, which of course we didn't. Jim Burton had witnessed some of this commotion and was sauntering out on the ramp as we tied down. It was great to see this interesting fellow again. On our first meeting, we had talked about hunting, guns, ballistics, rare and exotic woods. And when that subject came up he told me that he had several tons of Coco Bolo in his pasture and that if I wanted some, why, just come on over to Pullman and



pick some up. So that was one of the pieces of bait that brought me to the visit. Jim took us to his car and proceeded to take us on a tour of Moscow and its University. It was very interesting to me to learn that the entire school is heated by large wood burning furnaces, and Jim took us by the huge piles of wood chips that make up the fuel. After a great lunch of Buffalo wings, Jim gave us a tour of Pullman and then it was on to his ranch, the Snotrub, with a brief stop at one of the last "round barns" in the country. At the entrance to the place, a sign draped itself over the driveway proudly displaying the word SNOTRUB. The first thing Jim did when we entered the house was to give me a baseball "camo" hat

with the word SNOTRUB across its front. You must be wondering why Mr. Burton would name his place as he did, and why in the course of that many sentences, I have used the word and I bet with a little thought you will come up with the answer on your own. A picture of this sign has made its way into a very prestigious publication, the name of which I'm at a loss to give you at this juncture.

Can you say Ma and Pa Kettle, and do you remember the zany couple? Well, if you can't, just stop reading this and go do something you will be more entertained by, like perhaps reading the Stock Market report.

Anyway in this case we have a Pa Kettle and a very understanding wife, maybe even a saint. To keep her "saintaty", she has the main floor and he has the basement, or should I say, menagerie with a large helping of museum thrown in. Stepping into the room, I was greeted by all sorts of stuffed, partially stuffed, almost stuffed and stuffed but starting to unstuff, critters. To my right was an over and under rifle shotgun or "drilling" that had very recently laid an unwelcome coyote flat. A few shells were lying around just in case another had the nerve to venture on the place and try to eat one of the goats. The critters poking out of the walls that had antlers also sported a wild array of shooting irons laying amongst the branches. Shooting irons in all stages of repair and disrepair graced the tables and corners and nooks of the room. Part of one wall was draped with homemade knife sheaths, resplendent with homemade knives of all sorts, and sizes. Turns out that besides having a PhD in Chemistry, Mr. Burton is also an enthusiastic gunsmith, knife smith, and taxidermist as well as an avid hunter, and I think, fisherman, and of course, junk smith. If asked, he will give his best description of himself as a garbage man and a part time bus driver for the local school kids now that he has retired from the University. He is also an avid collector of STUFF. Any kind of stuff that may come in useful sometime. This stuff will include just about anything that is just too damn nice to just throw away. Given his bent, it is only natural that several acres are required for the storage of same. Some of the stuff is alive and meanders around stuff that isn't. Some of the living stuff is quite large like a cow and a horse. Some are small like goats and chickens and sometimes turkeys. All the living stuff have names and are truly pets even though some of them will be eaten. Others have the good fortune to live on for however long their God deems them to be alive.

This brings me to that cache of the rare Coco Bolo which was stacked just east of the dozen or so folding bed springs, which come in real handy for fence making, and which was just east of the small goatherd that meandered around the place. The timbers were approximately 6x6x8feet long and heavy as hell. Jim helped me select one that was not badly checked and then we proceeded to the barn where his shop was housed so that he could saw the timber in half so that it would fit in the plane. If walking into his part of the house was an experience, walking into the barn was a walk into a very old second hand store that hadn't sold anything for the past 50 years or so. Stuff was everywhere. Antlers and pelts hung in the dimly lit, dusty rafters, and fairly well organized areas of precious junk graced the floor in all directions. And this folks, was a damn big floor. In the far end and mostly in one corner, was the shop proper replete with all sorts of machinery. As Jim was looking for his handsaw (it was obvious to me that Jim was forced to get a PhD in order to keep track of all this stuff and where some odd item or another like a handsaw might be found at any given time) in sauntered the cow. Jim went sort of ballistic with shouts of things like "damn you, don't you dare shit in my shop" while pushing for all he was worth on the ass end of the beast. The cow didn't seem to take much notice of all the fuss but did slowly sashay back out into the barnyard. The cow is a Semintal by the way, and is named Noel because it was born on Christmas day. Moments later Jim came out proudly brandishing a skill saw. The saw had a good carbide blade but I swear that sparks were flying as he cut that timber in two. I had visions of trying to slab a few pieces with my \$50 band saw blade and having it melt in the fray. Oh, but my friend, Coco Bolo is cool stuff and most probably worth the sacrifice.

How I wish that I could have stayed longer, perhaps overnight, so I could listen and learn more about this throwback to "Kettledom". I would have enjoyed a drink of some sort of spirits that Jim probably made himself. I would have heard



about memorable hunting or fishing trips perhaps using his horses. Perhaps the talk would have turned to gun smithing, or ballistics and perhaps the virtues of the 257 Roberts Ackley Improved or taxidermy or knife making and perhaps how one anneals the blade. Then there is the whole other side to this guy—the side that improved the Rotary Kiln that is used all over the world and for which he received his PhD. He got his Masters in Fine Arts and his BA in Business by the way. How's that for eclecticism? Some people are just more interesting than others.

Back at the airport, a young fella was just putting his motor glider into a trailer. It appeared to be a German design or perhaps Russian, with the motor retracting behind the cockpit when in the gliding mode. He was the glider that was at 6,500 feet when we arrived and apparently had been soaring for hours. Because the sun was getting low, we couldn't spend the time to get more details on the great looking ship and the young man who flew it. We exchanged email addresses but as of this writing I haven't heard from him. Perhaps I'll have some details next month.

Uncle Bob