

YAKIMA WPA NEWSLETTER

OCT 2007

Happy Autumn boys and girls. I was hoping to get this to you earlier so that you could be sure to put Oct 27th on your calender but there is still time to do so. We are actually going to have a get-together at the McHahon hangar and I don't want you to miss it. More on this below.

The new hangars are nearing completion as I write this and folks are moving in. The area is like a magnet for us aviation types and if you haven't visited, you might want to drop in and say hello. Tom McMahan and Sue are there much of the time and are always gracious hosts. You will like what you see.

I was hoping that one of you, would get an article to me for publication this month, but alas, I was let down. Perhaps someone will offer up some morsel next month so that you all can read something not written by me. You might be under the false impression that my wife and I fly all over the place using our plane frequently. Oh how I wish that were the case. The truth is that we try to make each flight count and most trips I try to write about. You would be surprised how little is needed for an interesting or perhaps not too interesting story. This month the article is about another flight to Joseph, Oregon. On the surface all that happened is just that; we flew to Joseph and had a good time, the weather was perfect and the winds light, caught a few fish and drank a few beers—the end. But once I sit down to the keyboard something happens ,because obviously, much more transpired in that few days anywhere. And so the story unfolds. I tell you this because I would like you to try it. If you do, you will be pleasantly surprised. I'll leave you with the last two lines from one of my favorite quotes, this one is from Goethe—
Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
(then use the boldness part and give it to your wife for punctuation, spelling etc.--thats the genius part.)

DATES

FRIDAY, OCT 27TH, 9AM, MCALLISTER MUSEUM -----
FAA PRESENTATION ON RUNWAY SAFETY

FRIDAY, OCT 27TH, 6:30PM –HARVEST PARTY AT MCMAHON HANGAR. Bring a carved pumpkin and if it's judged the best, you'll get a prize. Wear a costume or whatever, or get arrested. Eat dinner at **7PM**. Music from 8 PM to 10:30 PM. Listen, dance or do a jig. Have fun!

QUESTIONS FROM DENNIS FRANZ

1. When flying at night from N to S, what is the red glow in the Eastern sky?
2. Why do some wings have winglets that start halfway back from the leading edge ,while others cover the entire width of the wingtip? Why are some raked at a 45 degree angle while others are vertical?
3. Give three solutions to prevent nose wheel shimmy.

FLIGHT TO JOSEPH OREGON



Last month I wrote about a flight we made to Lewiston and the jet boat tour up the Snake River. This flight, to Joseph also



had us paying yet another visit to the Snake by driving down, down, down into the canyon lying east of Joseph where the Snake runs free on its way to the Columbia. The destination that day, was the little town of Imnaha that lies at the very bottom of the canyon and in the middle of “nowhere”. Once at “nowhere” you will find a small grocery store /cafe, a post office and one other building whose function I can't recall. The farther down in the canyon we traveled, the hotter it got and by the time we reached Imnaha, 100 degrees had elevated to near 120. So be forewarned that “nowhere” can really be hot. The area is quite picturesque and, with the air at full blast, we drove around for a little sightseeing. After an hour or so, we turned around and headed back toward higher, cooler ground. So much for that part of our adventure.



With the price of fuel being what it is, my flights this year have been a little better thought out. Many times we've shared the gas expense with another couple, or on other occasions I had all of my fuel provided (thank you Lenny Krueger). When we've gone it alone, we have tried to double up so to speak, by dropping in to places along the route. This flight, for instance had us land at Pendleton to visit old friends and enjoy a very nice lunch before we headed further south to Joseph and then after leaving Joseph we headed north and landed at Waterville to visit my brother who has purchased a lovely home there on the golf course at Orondo. Also, I've found that the



GPS has really helped me “straighten” out my direct courses ,thereby making the distance and time shorter, which again, saves fuel. Now on to the story.

As many of you know, we have flown to Joseph several times and have written about the trips. This time I wanted to do some fly fishing on the Wallowa River, tour the area around Joseph in a rental car, and take in several of the eateries the town has to offer. We decided to just play it by ear as to where we would stay, what car we would rent, etc.

The flight there is always enjoyable for me. East of Pendleton there is a great deal of wilderness and rolling mountains and then some 30 miles or so from Joseph the



mountains drop away to a valley of verdant, green pasture land and wheat fields. Then as you get closer to Joseph the Wallowa Mountains really make their presence known, jutting majestically from the valley floor just south of the town into towering, snow capped peaks. The snow isn't year around, but it's close to that. We

landed mid afternoon on a Sunday to find that the little FBO there had been closed down. No phone, no nothing. The door was open however, and I did find a phone book. Bad planning or, in our case, no planning can lead to some interesting, if not totally enjoyable experiences. Sitting there on the steps of the abandoned double wide certainly brought that into focus.



As luck would have it, the area was jammed with people who had managed to occupy all of the motels I managed to call on my cell phone. The car rental dealership had also changed, and I was advised to try to call the Ford dealership in Enterprise. The place was closed ,but the service mgr. just happened to be there and picked up the phone. I told him of our plight and he told me to look south to the fence to see if a

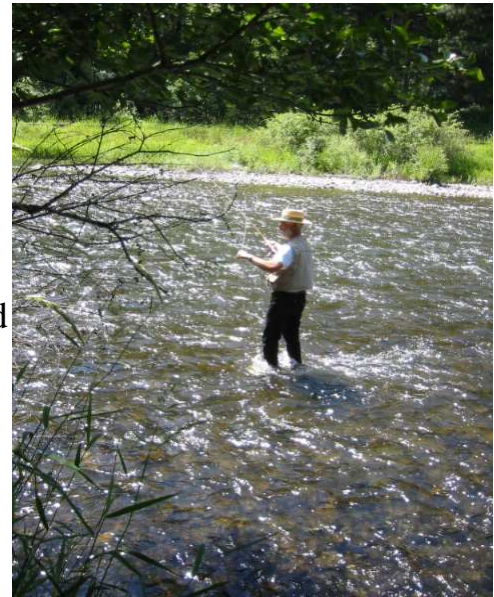
new Ford SUV was parked there. IT WAS. “ Keys are over the visor, have a good time, check with me sometime Monday”. We now had wheels and headed toward Joseph some mile or so east of the airport. About a half mile down the road we passed “Strawberry Wilderness Bed and Breakfast” Now that's a catchy name and we stopped to inquire. Yes, there was a room available. First wheels, and now a roof—we were on a roll. If you reckon you might do this trip, do yourself a favor and patronize this facility, that is if you like to eat delicious breakfasts. I'm not a big eater, especially breakfasts. In fact both of us can get along just fine with a cup of coffee and a few graham crackers. So when two or three juices showed up, and then a huge fruit bowl, then thick fried bacon, sausage, eggs, and blueberry pancakes with real butter and syrup,

I just about lost it. I can't eat all this I moaned to our cook and proprietor, Mrs Potter, but started in. Once in, I didn't find the out until all was devoured. Talk about good. Have you ever eaten a bowl of perfectly ripe Walla Walla cantaloupe?

Well, I had not. The hell with the "famous" onions. I washed the whole mess down with some fine coffee with cream and sugar of course. BURP.

Now all that eating took a while and so my early assault on the Wallowa was curtailed. Lucky for those trout. I'm sure I would have limited otherwise. Of course, there was the evening time to look forward to after my nap. Then our hostess told us of the great food and live entertainment at THE EMBERS BREWHOUSE. Those lucky trout. I cut the fishing short and headed back to Joseph.

Try to picture sitting at a table on a wooden veranda, facing west on a cloudless summer evening, the sun descending over the distant Wallowa Mtns, it's light filtering through the branches of a large shade tree; it's warm, but cooling down, a tall glass of amber ale in hand, a ruby red glass of wine in my wifes, pizza with everything sans anchovies and pineapple, on the way and who



cares when, and a kid who sounds all the world like Jerry Lee Louis pounding out the tunes on a piano, and you have my idea of a good time. OK, some of you would prefer Hank Williams and others, maybe a string quartet playing Mozart, or great jazz band doing their thing, so you might want to drink more than one beer to smooth things out. If two drinks can make a fox out of a dog, who knows what other miracles it can effect. Just check out this pic of how a pilot didn't smooth a landing out! Apparently, his wife in the Volkswagen wasn't too smooth either. I passed this piece of



work on the way to the "fishin hole". Anyway, I really have no idea what other entertainers these folks hire. We had Jerry Lee. We enjoyed this establishment so much we only tried one other, a Mexican place, La Laguna, up the street from the Brewhouse, and it too was very good.

If you're into fly fishing and want to try the Joseph area, you might want to stop at the Joseph Fly Shop for some pointers, flies to use, etc. They also conduct guided float trips for fishermen. The proprietor has a pretty extensive flying background as well.

Cheers,
Uncle Bob