

Antelope Valley Ninety-Nines

SKYWORD

March 2006

Hello AV 99s!!!

I cannot believe it is almost Poker Run time. It seems like it was just January when we were talking about getting ready for the Poker Run! Somehow February has flown by. I have been busy with job interviews and putting my black lab Sara to sleep, so I think those two events helped February go by so fast for me.

I hope everyone is working on getting Poker Run prizes for the event, which I will be unable to attend this year. However, I look forward to seeing everyone at the March Chapter meeting. Have fun and fly safely!
Jennifer

Chapter Events & Info

The next Board Meeting will be March 6 at Jennifer's house at 7pm. All AV99s are welcome to attend a board meeting.

Our next Chapter Meeting will be March 16th – It will be held at the **Greenhouse Café in Lancaster**. Social dinner at 6:00 and the Meeting starts at 6:30. This is our final meeting before the Poker Run.

The next Safety Seminar will be held on March 13 at 7:00 p.m. at Fox Field. Topics are "Spatial Disorientation" and "Special Use Airspace" presented by Flight Safety Office at EAFB.

2006 Poker Run (March 19th) → → AV99s Chapter members --- Please collect donated prizes!!! We'll send a timeline for the event in a separate message.

Chapter Member News

Michelle's Cross-Country Flight

Earlier this summer, I was presented with the opportunity to ferry an airplane across the country. The following is a brief account of my adventure, from August 31-September 11.

How it all got started... a new guy in Howard's squadron, Rick Auld, had just transferred from an Air Force Base in New Jersey to Edwards AFB. Rick asked Howard if he knew anyone that would be interested in ferrying his Piper Cherokee 140 from New Jersey to California. Howard mentioned that I might be interested. Right away it sounded really great! I immediately said yes, but told Rick that I could not do it until the end of the summer. As time drew near, I began my flight planning. And, I started to learn more about the airplane. I got familiar with the POH, bought all the Flight Guides and charts, and purchased a new GPS.

When I told my friends that I was going to do this trip many people said that they wanted to go with me. I had just assumed that Mercedes and I would make the trip. Then I told my parents, and my dad asked me if he could go. I, of course, said yes to my dad. My dad has always been interested in general aviation, and he has flown with me many times. Before starting this trip, he took nine hours of instruction in a Piper Cherokee. He wanted to get the feel for the aircraft and cross country flying, so he could be of assistance along the way.

On the morning of August 31, I took a commercial airliner flight from LAX and arrived at Philadelphia International Airport. From there, I took a shuttle to Flying W Airport (N14) in Lumberton, NJ. The airplane was still in annual.

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This gave me the opportunity to really inspect the airplane (because it was all torn apart), and I got to talk with the mechanic. I had lots of questions. At this point, I was wishing I would have thought of a few things earlier. The airplane did not look all that great. It had hail damage, visible rust, and missing rivets. There was never any pressure, and I really never felt like I had to do this flight. All along throughout the adventure, I took things day by day.

The airplane was ready to go the morning of September 1. I made arrangements with a flight instructor from Flying W to go with me on my first flight of the aircraft. I had my own check out plan, but it was nice to have the instructor there. That was not planned in advanced. I spent about an hour in the local airspace getting used to the airplane. The airplane was old, and it looked worse than the airplanes I was used to renting. I had never seen radios like this one had. The engine started right up and it sounded good. The airplane flew nicely. I was told by the mechanic, that a few years ago the airplane was re-rigged. The controls were very tight. It took me a few hours to get used to those touchy controls (if I ever did).

By the way (BTW) - that flight instructor's wife called me a few days later, because she found my name and number in his pants pocket. I don't think she believed me that I just flew with him for an hour. That was weird.

So now I felt like I was ready to start my trip. The first leg will be to Latrobe, PA, which is close to where my parents live, with a fuel stop in Carlie, PA. I filled up the tanks, said my goodbyes to the airport guys I had been hanging out with (and bumming rides from) for the past 2 days. As I took off, I noticed fuel streaming out of the left tank. I came back around and landed. The mechanic put a new jerry-rigged seal on the cap. I took off again. Fuel leaked again. (I had been with Barbara and Scott Schultz in their Bonanza on the way from Oshkosh, and we had a fuel cap leak, so I had seen this before.) I came around and landed. This time the mechanic stole two caps from another Cherokee on the field, and I was off!

Because I did not know the exact fuel burn and because I wanted to check out the plane, I stopped for fuel two hours into the flight at Carlie, PA. Carlie is a non-towered airport. On short final, there was a strange illusion of telephone poles and wires just above the runway, running perpendicular to it. I climbed and dropped in just over where I thought the wires were. After landing, I noticed that the poles and wires were there, but the 200 foot section of wires that ran between the poles at the end of the runway was missing. I asked the line boy about that, and he said that section of wires had been buried after a plane hit them years ago. I think those wires should be mentioned in the Flight Guide.

On to Latrobe, another two hour flight from Carlie. Until this point I had been flying on the coastal plain. I now crossed the Appalachian Mts.; they are very different than the big mountains I am used to flying across out west – these were just little bumps, all in rows.

Earlier I mentioned my new GPS. Although I plotted my course using VORs, I was mostly flying my GPS-given headings. Enroute between Carlie and Latrobe my GPS stopped working, because its batteries had died, and as it turned out the cigarette lighter was not working. So, I dialed in the next VOR, but there is not a VOR on the field at Latrobe, so I decided to go ahead and change the batteries in my GPS to make it easier to find the airport. Even though I had grown up in western PA, I was not recognizing many landforms or landmarks. [BTW – I was using WAC charts.] It was turbulent over the mountains as the afternoon heated up. As I was changing the GPS batteries, I dropped one and could not find it. That was frustrating. I did manage to fly direct to Latrobe, where I was met by my parents. It was really nice to be home.

Coincidentally, my dad's birthday was September 1. As a gift, my mom and I equipped his own flight bag with charts, emergency gear, and other essentials.

I called Rick, the airplane owner, that evening to check in. I told him about the annual, the fuel caps, and the cigarette lighter not working. It had been an exciting two days with his airplane. He told me that the cigarette lighter

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was no longer exactly round and that sometimes the connection was not good. He also told me that in the baggage compartment there was a cigarette lighter adapter with a voltage meter, so I could see if was charging. I rigged that adapter, and the cigarette lighter charged my GPS for the rest of the journey.

One of my big motivations to fly home, was also to see me new baby nephew Colin. He was born July 15. I spend two days with my family. I took some of my parent's neighborhood kids for flights. That was fun.

My Dad and I left Saturday, September 3, for a stop in Western Kentucky to visit family there. A Labor Day picnic with an open pit pig roast was planned. We had a great visit, even played horseshoes. I had not been to visit my aunts, uncles, and cousins in Kentucky since my grandfather's funeral seven years ago.

My original flight plan was direct from Latrobe Airport to Grayson County Airport, approximately a 3-hour flight. I had many conversations with my dad before the trip regarding the flight plan. He estimated he could go three hours without bio breaks. That was not the case. Two hours into the flight my dad needed to stop. Ashland, KY, was just minutes ahead and not too far out of the way. After a quick stop in Ashland, it was on to Grayson Co. My flight Guide said that there was no fuel at Grayson Co., so I stopped at the next closest town, Elizabethtown, to fuel up for family rides the next day and to have enough fuel to get to Nashville in two days. We landed at Grayson Co. in the early afternoon with a nice family reception at the airport.

The next morning, I took aunts, uncles and cousins for flights over their houses and to the beautiful lakes where we fished and water skied while growing up. That was such a thrill for me. After landing from taking cousins for a ride, I was approached by another pilot who just landed and who asked me questions on my departure positions and why I didn't answer him on the radio. I didn't know what he was talking about regarding the unanswered radio calls. I knew I made all the correct radio calls and flew the correct pattern approaches and departures from the non-towered airport. I did see him in the air, when he crossed over me (this was what he was questioning). He seemed a little mad. I will get back to this later in the story.

My younger cousins had never been in an airplane before. After three touring rides, we said our goodbyes. Then my dad and I headed to Nashville to visit my sister Lisa. Sunday, September 4, was a short flying day. From Grayson Co. to Nashville Tune took about two hours. We went out for lunch. And, then Lisa and I went shopping – I only added a few extra pounds to the plane...

I woke up the morning of September 6 with a really bad headache. I decided to visit a chiropractor to fix that situation. I was really glad I did that, even though it delayed our start.

Until this point, I had planned the overnight stops and the number of days spent at each location (luckily the weather cooperated). But, from Nashville to Albuquerque, I really had no destinations or overnight stops planned. The only plan was to stop approximately every two hours for bathroom breaks, food, and/or fuel.

On the 6th, we stopped at Walnut Ridge, AR (ARG), and Boone County, AR (HRO). After 1.5 hour flight we stopped at Walnut Ridge. There we chatted with the FBO manager, a former military pilot in Vietnam. [BTW, Walnut Ridge was a stop on the Air Race Classic this year, and has a nice museum.] We talked to that manager about those things. We also chatted with pilots and crews from two Air Force helicopters who had stopped for fuel on their way to New Orleans to participate in Hurricane Katrina rescue efforts.

Then, another 1.5 hour flight to Boone Co. The people there were all very kind. They let us barrow the FBO car and made restaurant recommendations. We ate a late lunch at a great steak place. We returned to the airport around 4:00. I was tired, and I knew if we made one more leg it would be bumpy. So I decided we would say the night. If I had realized earlier that we were so close to Branson, MS, I would have gone there. Branson is a place I have wanted to visit. We stayed at a Days Inn that night and visited the local Wal-Mart (to stock up on water and snacks) in

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Harrison. My dad and I cooled off in the pool and got to sleep early. Our flying time totaled only three hours this day, with the late start and two stops.

My dad was wearing his SR-71 shirt. A man staying at the Days Inn, stopped us to say that he had been a mechanic on SR's in Japan. This led to a nice conversation.

September 7 was a good flying day, totally 5.5 hours. I wanted to do another leg, but was held up due to marginal weather conditions. This was the only weather delay, if you can even call it that. After 3.3 hours of flying, we stopped at a little strip in Watonga, OK. The two old guys at the FBO (if you can call it that) made fun of my pronunciation of Watonga. This was a quick bathroom and fuel stop. Then we jumped back in the airplane. There were no taxiways. On frequency, I called traffic and started to back taxi for take off. As I pulled onto the runway, I see a Pawnee on very short final. I announced my intentions as I quickly exited the runway. The Pawnee offset and landed in the grass parallel to the runway. After he landed, I could then hear him on the radio. I asked him if he could hear my calls, he said yes. He heard me when I announced that I was taxiing from the gas pit, and that I was back taxiing on the runway. He also said that he announced his strait in approach to a landing, and that he was talking to me when I pulled onto the runway in front of him straight on. At this point I realized that my radios were not working.

The intermittent radios were an irritant the entire trip. I now understood the frustration of the guys at Grayson Co, KY. when I was not responding to their radio calls (my radio was not working and I didn't hear them and I didn't respond). I wanted to get the radios fixed. With the intent to land at Albuquerque and Grand Canyon, I wanted working radios in those towered airports with busy traffic areas. We flew on to Hutchinson Co. Airport in Borger, TX (another garden spot - kidding). In my flight guide it was the next airport with services, along the way. It was late afternoon. There was not an electronics shop that could service my radios. I wanted to get on to Tucumcari, NM, but there were scattered storms en route and Flight Watch was reporting that there was no fuel available in Tucumcari. There were not many landing options, and if there was weather, and I might have ended up returning to Hutchinson Co. I decided we would stay the night. I spent some time that evening calling aircraft avionics shops around Albuquerque looking for a shop that could fix my radios the next day.

Borger was an uneventful little oil town. We ate lunch at the town's best Mexican restaurant; it was mediocre, but a nice walk. After borrowing the FBO loaner car, we looked for a hotel. During the busy oil season (when ever that may be), the hotels fill up. We lucked out and got a room. Later that evening we went out for diner, but couldn't find anything else to do.

On September 8, we flew on towards Albuquerque. This was our first look at the immanent Rocky Mountains. The Rockies are quite an impressive sight approaching from the east. According to my Flight Guide, Moriarty, NM (just east of ABQ), had avionics service. It also indicated that Moriarty has glider operations. I planned to stop at Moriarty. There were many gliders in the area and one in the pattern. After landing, my dad jumped out quickly, looking for a bathroom. I taxied to the hangar that looked like the avionics shop. Folks here were not that friendly to non-glider pilots. They could service my radios, but suggested a shop at Double Eagle Airport in Albuquerque. I called that shop and made an appointment.

I reviewed the charts, and showed my dad our flight path from Moriarty to Double Eagle (on the west side of the town of ABQ). The flight would take about an hour. I showed him the pass we would take, and told him that I would call to transition through ABQ airspace. The Moriarty airport is at 6,200 ft. elevation. This was my first take off, in this plane, from a high elevation airport. The density altitude was about 8,000 ft. that afternoon (not much climb performance). There were no real obstacles to clear after take off, but I did get a good look at the surrounding rooftops on departure. This was one of the most beautiful legs of the trip. My dad has never flown around/through/over such big mountains. It was exciting going through the Sandia Mt. Pass. We were just on the edge of ABQ's airspace. I had been in contact with ABQ approach and requested a transition, just north of the airport, through their airspace. Each time I was handed off to a new controller, I told them that my radios and transponder

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have been intermittent. Just as my GPS told me I was in ABQ's airspace, my radios went out, and I lost communication with them. I turned a little north to stay on the north border of their airspace. When I lost com they were telling me to look for a departing Southwest 737. I saw the 737 and Double Eagle, so I continued on my way. Double Eagle was a non-towered airport. I tuned to their frequency, communicated, flew the pattern, and landed.

The radio shop at Double Eagle was expecting me. They took the plane right in. My dad and I ate lunch at the airport café (a very pleasant young girl had just stated that operation). After lunch, the radio shop said it was going to take a few more hours. We took the airport car into town and went for a hike along the Rio Grande. When we got back the radios were still not fixed. I would have liked to have flown from Albuquerque to Santa Fe to overnight and visit my best girlfriend from high school, Tina, but we were stuck in Albuquerque. Still in the airport car, the FBO made hotel reservations for us, and we ate dinner at a Mexican restaurant in Old Town (bad choice).

The radio shop found that there were disconnected wires between the radios and antenna. Rick, the guy who owes the plane, gave me his credit card to cover situations like this.

The schedule was to get to the Grand Canyon on September 9. Weeks before the trip, I made arrangements with Mercedes to meet us there. It was about a 4-hour flight, so we would have to make a stop. After another high-density altitude take off, we dodged antennas on our way to Gallop due to a very shallow climb rate. Gallop, NM, was the most unfriendly stop of the trip. The FBO was filled with the local old guys, who didn't respond to my hellos. Gallop was a quick stop for fuel and weather information. As I spoke with Flight Service, I learned that scattered thunderstorms were predicted in the Grand Canyon vicinity.

Grant Canyon Airport, at the south rim, is a class D airport (has a tower). En route, my radios seemed to be working. But, as I got closer to Grand Canyon Airport, and tried to get landing information and establish 2-way communications with the tower, but I could not hear anything. I realized my radios were not working, again/still.

I was kind of nervous. The weather was degrading and I knew that Grand Canyon Airport was busy with air traffic, because of the nearly continuous tour planes coming and going. The airport elevation is 6,600 ft. The black sky was overcast at about 8,000 ft. It was really bumpy. I was trying all the airport's frequencies and was getting no response. At about 15 miles east of the airport, I started squawking 7600 (lost com), and reviewing the procedures for a no radio communication approach and landing at a towered airport (using light signals). At about five miles from the airport, I could see the tower... but no light signals. I planned to just stay as high above the pattern as I could, while staying below the clouds. This whole time, my dad kept tuning in Grand Canyon frequencies and listening. Finally, we could hear a ground controller. I told my dad not to change the frequency. I called the ground controller and he could hear me! I told him that I had intermittent radios, where I was (about 3 miles east), and that I wanted to land. I also asked him if I could stay on his frequency, instead of changing to the tower. I was afraid of losing com and wanted to stay with this person who could hear me. He was nice. So, the ground controller cleared me to land – that was a first! The winds were at 20 kts., gusting to 30, and 20 degrees off the runway. After I taxied to parking I asked the ground controller if he could see me squawking 7600? He said no, and that their radar was really bad and that they don't usually pick up squawk codes.

I had made hotel reservations at the Grand Canyon weeks before. The hotel came and picked us up at the airport. We checked in and then booked tours with the concierge. In the late afternoon, we took a jeep tour. We didn't see many animals, but it was a nice trip. It ended at the south rim for a beautiful sunset. After the tour we ate dinner in the Park.

On the morning of September 10, Mercedes flew into Grand Canyon Airport, in her club's Piper Archer. I already had the day planned for us. With perfect timing, she arrived for the afternoon tour. We were driven to many sights around the rim and made multiple stops at rim viewing locations. After the tour we went for dinner, and then saw the Imax movie. The Grand Canyon is one of my favorite places. I was so glad for this visit, and that my dad could be there with me.

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September 11 was the final day of our trip. With the 4.5 hour flight home to WJ Fox Airfield, we had to stop in Kingman, AZ, for fuel and bathrooms. The last 30 miles seemed about the longest of the trip.

Mercedes was in a much faster airplane, didn't have to stop, and got back to Fox before us. She had made plans for a welcome reception at the airport for my dad and me. I called Fox tower at about 15 miles out, just to announce my position – in case there was a welcoming committee. I had about a 30 kt. head wind those last 15 miles... and that was in a descent.

We arrived at Fox, wearing our "Davis Transcontinental Aircraft Ferry Service" shirts, the afternoon of September 11, 2005, to a wonderful reception of friends. I was surprised how emotional the end of the flight was for me. I really felt the magnitude this accomplishment.

Throughout my flight, controllers reported that they were not picking up my transponder, and that they could not see me on their radar. I spent a lot of time recycling my transponder, squawking 7600, and explaining to controllers that my radios had been intermittent all across the country, even though I had made multiple attempts to have them fixed. At most airports across the country, there were no control towers, and not much air traffic. Many times when I didn't hear other traffic, I just said "broadcasting in the blind", then made radio calls. At most towered airports where I landed, I squawked (lost com). The radio problems were very inconvenient and, at times, stressful.

My dad did a lot of the en route flying. He was really good at staying on heading and at altitude (maybe even better than I). This gave me time for navigation, making radio calls, and monitoring aircraft systems. This flight was an amazing experience for both of us. This was the second cross-country trip my dad and I made together; the first was in the spring of 1997, driving a U-haul truck, when I moved from Virginia to California. I bet this won't be my last cross-country trip, and I am always looking forward to my next flying adventure. Who wants to go fly!

Michelle

Announcements

On-Line Aeronautical Charts: <http://skyvector.com>

Website with TFR info: <http://www.tfrcheck.com>

Year 2006 Calendar of Events

Date/Time	Event	Contact
⁹⁹ Mar 6 th (1 st Monday)	AV99s Board Meeting 7:00 pm at Jennifer's Home	Jennifer
⁹⁹ Mar 13 th	Safety Seminar – Fox Terminal @ 7:00 pm "Spatial Disorientation" and "Special Use Airspace"	Rosemary
⁹⁹ Mar 16 th (3 rd Thursday)	AV99s Chapter Meeting 6:30 pm at Greenhouse Café in Lancaster (6:00 Dinner/Social)	Jennifer
⁹⁹ Mar 19, 2006 (3 rd Sunday)	16 th Annual AV99s Poker Run !!!	Michelle
Mar 23-25	Women in Aviation Conference Nashville TN, Opryland Hotel	Tina

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April	No Board Meeting in April	
⁹⁹ April 20 th (3 rd Thursday)	AV99s Chapter Meeting 6:30 pm at Greenhouse Café in Lancaster (6:00 Dinner/Social)	Jennifer
⁹⁹ May 8 th (2 nd Monday)	AV99s Board Meeting 7:00 pm at Jennifer's Home	Jennifer
⁹⁹ May 12 th -14 th	Spring SWS Meeting Reno/Minden	Kathy
⁹⁹ May 20 th (3 rd Saturday)	AV99s Chapter Meeting 9:00 am @ Fox Terminal (8:00 Social Breakfast)	Jennifer
June	No Board Meeting in June	
⁹⁹ Jun 15 th (3 rd Thursday)	AV99s Chapter Meeting 6:30 pm at Greenhouse Café in Lancaster (6:00 Dinner/Social)	Jennifer

⁹⁹ Denotes a Antelope Valley 99's Function

Year 2006 Fly-Out Calendar

Dates for the Kern Valley Camp-out and Santa Inez (destination tbd) Wine Tasting fly-outs are not determined.

Michelle, AV99s Fly-Out Chair

AV99s Chapter Website: <http://www.freewebs.com/av99s/index.htm>

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Return completed form to: Elise

QUALIFYING ACTIVITIES:

Ground Based Activities

- a. Any flight safety seminary
- b. Industry-conducted re-currency training, includes simulator training and research studies
- c. Physiological training, such as high altitude chamber
- d. Aviation Judge training, such as NIFA or WPFC judging
- e. Aviation Judging, such as NIFA or WPFC
- f. Flight Instructor re-currency ground training
- g. Aircraft Maintenance Training, such as Cessna Powerplant Course
- h. Attendance at AOPA Town Meeting and Seminars
- i. Attendance of FAA ground school course, mountain flying, floatplane, or CAP training course, etc.
- j. Parachute Ground Training
- k. Poker Run support

Flight Activities

- a. Wings Certification, any level
- b. Biannual Flight Review (BFR), and/or an Annual Proficiency Training ride (APT)
- c. Instrument Competency Check (ICC)
- d. Any new rating
- e. Check-out in a new aircraft type, high performance, tailwheel, glider, ultralight, floatplane, etc.
- f. Flight Instructor re-currency
- g. Check rides with organizations such as Angel Flight, Los Medicos, Flying Sams, Civil Air Patrol, Sheriff's Patrol, etc.
- h. First Parachute jump
- i. Fly-ins/outs

Southwest Section Ninety-Nines Proficiency Training Program
Ninety-Nines Chapter: Antelope Valley

Name: (Print) _____ **Signature:** _____

Address: _____

Qualifying Activities:

Ground Activity Type: _____

Date Completed: _____

Instructor Signature: (only if appropriate) _____

--or--

Flight Activity Type: _____

Date Completed: _____

Instructor Signature: (only if appropriate) _____