



Chapter 54 News

Lake Elmo, Minnesota

July 2003

The Assembly Line

by Bob Collins

Program

- Monday July 14, 2003
- Social Hour at 7 p.m.
- Meeting at 7:30 p.m.
Chapter House, Entrance B, Lake Elmo Airport
- Program: TBA



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Chapter 54 often seems like Wichita, Kansas; a Midwest assembly line of airplanes in various states of construction, wit the air occasionally punctured by the "yee-haw" of the occasional completion.

In recent months, the newsletter has featured updates on Tom Gibbons' Pulsar, Dale Rupp's RV6 and Paul Hove's RV7 projects, all of 'em steaming along – 90% done, 90% to go.

This month, Chapter 54 member Doug Weiler rolled off the assembly line and into the air. Doug, who is also president of the Minnesota chapter of Van's Air Force (<http://www.pressenter.com/~dougweil/mnwing/>), is an inspiration to all of us on the "slow build" plan.

He started his aircraft in January 1991 and took his first flight in it on June 15, 2003.

"22DW is equipped with an Aerosport 180 hp engine driving a Hartzell constant speed prop. It has the tall landing gear and I did modify the cockpit by moving the instrument panel forward one inch. The rear seat also has footwells which greatly improve the rear seat leg room. Equipment includes a GX-55 GPS/comm, King KT-76A transponder, full gyro panel, electric flaps and trim, strobes, and landing lights," Doug says on a Web page chronicling the first flight.

"John Roscoe from Albert Lea, MN was my FAA inspector. John arrived in the early afternoon of June 15. The majority of the inspection is really a briefing on the limitations of operating an amateur built aircraft. John reviewed all the paperwork and spent about 30 minutes inspecting the airplane with emphasis on the engine installation. Everything was to his satisfaction,

(Continued on page 6)



President's Column

by Dale Rupp

When will Tuesday arrive? It is going on 4 years now that I have been saying I will fly my RV-6 on Tuesday and it is beginning to look like I might make it this year. Maybe even before fall. All I have left to do is get the fiberglass ready for painting. That means hours of sanding and more sanding. Next time you see a plastic airplane remember that it could take as long to sand the airplane to get it ready for painting as that it takes to assemble the whole airplane. I learned back in the 40's working for an excellent body man that preparation sanding is the key to a good paint job. Only the fiberglass is going to be painted but that is more then I realized at first.

When I finish the fiberglass parts, all that remains is the aileron trim tab, carpets, upholstery, finish the heating system, hook up the battery and prepare weight and balance paper work. Then I need to get the rest of the paper work ready and contact the FAA. I will also need to see if the engine runs and all systems work before the taxi tests. Doesn't sound like much but it could take longer then I think. At this point in the project I don't want to take short cuts. I am betting that Tuesday will arrive this year before the first snow.

CONGRATULATIONS! To our own Bill Schanks who will receive the 2003 EAA Major Achievement in recognition of his dedication, and continuous efforts to further recreational aviation and EAA. The award will be presented during AirVenture in Oshkosh on July 30th at the Theater in the Woods. Bill has to be there at 6:45 p.m., so I would assume that the program starts at 7:00 p.m. If you are there that evening attend the ceremony and see Bill get his award. See you there. ◀

Young Eagle Update

I have 16 Young Eagle flights scheduled for the 12th of July at 9 a.m. I will be in need of 3 additional pilots and planes with 2 ground help. This is a Saturday and hopefully some of you that are working can put this on your calendar. If I don't get enough volunteers, I will have to make personnel phone calls. The 30 Boy Scouts that had been previously scheduled and canceled because of weather has been pushed out until September.

— Al Kupferschmidt



When last we saw Pat Driscoll's garage, he was beginning a massive cleaning to ready the space for a new homebuilt project. Patrick reports he's almost finished.



President

Dale Rupp
DaleRupp@email.msn.com

Vice President

Paul Hove
Paul.Hove@guidant.com

Treasurer

Paul Liedl
liedlp@infi.net

Secretary

Nick Stolley
AIRPLANEIT@aol.com

Education Director

Art Edhlund
aedhlund@hotmail.com

Events Director

Tim Reberg
651-730-8574
tim2485@juno.com

Housing Director

Dave Fiebiger

Membership Director

Scott Olson
scotto0125@hotmail.com

Newsletter Editor

Bob Collins
bcollins@visi.com

Past President

Bill Schanks

Young Eagles Director

Al Kupferschmidt

Chapter member meet on the second Monday of every month at the Chapter House, Entrance B at Lake Elmo Airport (21D). The House is at the base of the airport beacon.

21D RCO 118.625

21D Unicom: 122.8

TPA: 1932'

Runways: 4-22 (2497' x 75')
14-32 (2850' x 75')

Day Trip to Lindbergh's Home

by Jon Cumpton

Earlier this year I decided I would make a point of planning one day flying trips from my home base at New Richmond. Since I enjoy reading and studying about Charles Lindbergh, I decided to make my first trip to the site of his boyhood home in Little Falls, Minnesota.

Morrison County Airport (KLXL) is just about ninety miles from my base in Wisconsin, so it's an easy hour (or less) flight. When you arrive at the airport, there is plenty of space on the ramp for visitors. Most likely, you'll run into Tom, the airport manager, as I did, washing his car by the ramp. He is also an EAA member. Since it's likely you'll be the only visitor if it's a weekday, Tom can easily keep an eye on your plane while you visit the Lindbergh Historic Site.

How do you get to the site? Just step into the terminal entrance and check the Little Falls taxi sign. Dial the number and you will be connected directly to the driver. Even though I think this is the only cab in town, pick-up at the airport is quick. Tom also offered to give me a lift if the cab was busy.

It's a short ride through town to the Lindbergh Site, which lies on the banks of the Mississippi about two miles out. Even though Little Falls has spread out over the years towards what was the Lindbergh Farm, the area around the park still has a quiet, secluded feel. This makes it easier to imagine what it was like for the young Lindbergh to spend his summers there.

visit to the length of an afternoon trip. If you have been there before, but not for a while, you should know that the Center has been expanded with an impressive new gallery.

While I waited for the next tour of the home, I spent a few minutes reconnoitering the gift shop, and quickly determined they had Ev Cassagneres' book *The Untold Story of the Spirit of St. Louis*, which was not yet in my library. This book will allow you to answer trivia questions such as - Who originally built the replica hanging at MSP? I realized after looking around that I had better be careful or I would wind up buying enough stuff to test the useful load of my Citabria.



Just about this time the young man leading the 2:00 pm tour showed up. It turned out to be a personal tour, since I was the only one there on this June afternoon. We walked from the Center a few hundred feet to the Lindbergh Home. This is no walk-behind-the-ropes-through-a-few-rooms-tour. The guide walks you up the stairs to the front door, unlocks it and ushers you in. You feel like you are visiting the Lindberghs' home on an afternoon when they just happen to be out. The home is very authentic, and Lindbergh himself was heavily involved in the presentation of the home and the exhibits. Your guide will take you through every room, including the basement!

Back at the Visitor Center, my favorite parts were the Spirit of St Louis cockpit mockup and the film presentation in a 20's style movie theatre. You also have a chance to second-guess the selection of provisions for the New York to Paris flight - should you take a life raft or food & water? Take too much and you won't clear those telephone lines at the end of the runway!

Soon enough I was back at the airport, wondering what it would be like to try to get my Citabria off the ground with over 300 gallons of fuel on board. Taking off from runway 31, I turned slightly to the left as I crossed the Mississippi and dipped a wing as I passed over the Lindbergh Farm, and then turned for home. It was definitely worth the trip.

Charles A. Lindbergh State Park Admission: \$ 7 . 0 0 adults. \$6.00 senior citizens. \$4.00 children 6-12. Free for children under 6 and MHS members.



When the driver drops you at the Visitor Center, ask him to pick you up in a couple of hours. This will allow you to take the guided tour of the home, and then spend time in the Visitor Center viewing the exhibits. If you are a seriously interested in Lindbergh history, you

may want to allow more time, but two hours will keep your

A surprise visitor at Lake Elmo Airport

by Jim Anderson



Dale Rupp, builder extraordinaire, consultant, and Chapter 54 President, Jeff Hamiel, with Chapter 54 application in hand, and kibitzers Bill Schanks, EAA homebuilder counselor, Jim Olson, our irreplaceable tool and die maker at Dale's hangar.

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A surprise visit by a future RV-8 builder appeared at Chapter 54 President Dale Rupp's hangar on Saturday, June 21 for some consultation and advice. Jeff Hamiel, CEO of MAC, met with Dale through Dale's daughter, who is head of the Better Business Bureau for Minnesota and North Dakota.

Dale is rapidly approaching completion of his RV-6, now sanding fiberglass fairings which he recently completed. Jeff and Dale thoroughly inspected the project, including the sophisticated electronic flight instrument and navigation systems.

Obtaining his private license in 1967, Jeff went on to Air Force training and flew T-37 Tweetie Birds, T-38 Talons, and then came back as an instructor. Subsequently he went to fighter school and later moved into Air Force transports beginning with round engine Convairs, through 737s, 747s, and ending up in KC-135 tankers. He is now retired from the Air Force Reserve. To stay current, he is flying various rental aircraft, among which is a Mooney Eagle.

No stranger to big projects, (just look at those at MAC!), Jeff built his own house in Mendota Heights, and is looking forward to using time gained from his Reserve retirement and to the time when he will no longer be in the "hot seat" (my words, not his) at MAC and can quietly punch some holes in the clouds on his own. He also mentioned that he has wanted to build a plane since he almost can't remember!

Several Chapter 54 members drifted into Dale's hangar, as usual, and Dale had already given Jeff an appli-

cation for membership. Sometime in the future, Jeff will be looking for hangar space, and he was given a sales pitch to select 21D! ◀



There was *another* visitor to Lake Elmo recently. Greg Herrick's Bushmaster was checking someone out. He owns the Golden Wings museum at Anoka. He also owns a regular Stinson Tri-Motor, and is finishing the restoration of the sole surviving Stinson TriMotor A-model, which is low-wing retractable gear, and holds about 12 people. The Bushmaster was built about 15 years ago to the Trimotor specs, making it a "modern Trimotor." Find more information at the Golden Wings Air Museum Web site at:

<http://www.goldenwingmuseum.com/>

— Bob Waldron

Volunteer opportunities

I hope you are having a great and high flying summer. I have been asked to handle the set-up portion of our Fly-In this August. I am nursing a small fracture in my right hand, so I am pretty worthless on moving and carrying right now. That should not deter me from coordination efforts, however.

I need a few volunteers to help on the set-up. Specifically, I'll need someone with a truck or SUV with a towing hitch to pick up and move the trailer with the chairs and tables; and the grill.

I think we can get everything done in just a couple of hours on Saturday afternoon before the event.

Please let me know if you'd be willing to help us out that day and if you have a towing vehicle we could utilize.

Contact Mick Supina at 651-733-3399 or via e-mail at masupina@mmm.com.

JET JOCKEYS CHECK OUT 21D

by Paul Anderson

Some of our members heard, or maybe saw, the two Air Force fighters checking out the small aircraft at Lake Elmo Airport during the TFR caused by the visit of President Bush. But they may be unaware of a second visit on Saturday, June 28 by a Navy Flight Officer.

LCDR Bud Bergloff, back seater in F-14's, also checked out small aircraft at Lake Elmo Airport on Saturday, June 28.

Bud is the son-in-law of Bob Donatell, and is a Bloomington native on his way to War College at Maxwell AFB in Alabama. Arriving from a tour at the US Navy base north of Naples, Italy, Bud is visiting his family and his mother-in-law, Bob's wife, Maggie.

Bud started out his college at the Air Force Academy, intending to play hockey, but returned to the U of Minnesota, after a year, to obtain a mechanical engineering degree. He worked at Pratt and Whitney before returning to the service at Pensacola for flight officer training. He now has 2000 plus hours in the F-14.

After a dollar pancake, French toast, and fried Spam, at the hangar on Fairchild Lane, Bud inspected the Naval Air Factory N3N, and other aircraft. The breakfast included a rag chew with the regular EAA member hangar rats, retired military pilots, and others. He also took a test hop in the N3N with Paul Anderson. Since the smallest airplane he had ever flown was a T-34C Turbo Mentor, the open cockpit, round-engined biplane was quite a different experience for him. After getting some flying time, he noted some slight performance differences between the N3N and the F-14 in top speed, stick forces and roll rates. On approach to landing, he noted the lack of digital flight controls, HIS and Angle of Attach Indicator in the N3N. But, with just a little flight time, he was smoothly flying the airplane like an old pro. We expect he may be showing some pictures to his Navy jet jockey buddies. Thanks to Bob for bringing him out.

A NOTE FROM THE NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Chapter 54, and this won't come as a bulletin, is made up of volunteers. Whether it's Young Eagles or preparing for a pancake breakfast, or putting a new roof on the chapter house, the members of the chapter are always anxious to volunteer.

The newsletter is a voluntarily activity too. Just as pancake breakfast, for example, without volunteers would be less than thrilling, so too does the newsletter's success hinge on volunteers.

"I don't have time," is usually not a phrase we hear when we call around looking for help on a project, and let's not let that phrase diminish the potential of the Chapter 54 newsletter.

This month, you can see some examples of simple notes that can be of interest to all members. Whether it's a day trip, something you noticed around 21D, a project update, a builder's tip, or even a request for volunteers, all of it has a place in the newsletter.

So how about making it a goal of yours to contribute one article in the next 12 months to the chapter newsletter? If you take a trip, pack a camera and write a few words to share with others. How's your project going? What tip can you pass along? What do you need from others?

Producing the newsletter is a time consuming task that can be made easier with more, well, volunteers. So send your material for the next issue now to Bob Collins at bcollins@visi.com.

Hangar flying isn't just for hangars!



Here is a picture of the Friday nite pot-luck dinner and all the attendees. Had a good time and a little food left over.
— Pat Driscoll

THE CHAPTER 54 ASSEMBLY LINE (Continued from page 1)

the papers were signed and I was legal to fly! “The ground crew was Tom Irlbeck handling the hand-held radio, Al Meyer taking photos and video, and my wife and two sons providing moral support.

“Alex Peterson flew chase in his RV-6A. We followed a rather complete checklist to be sure I didn't do anything exceedingly stupid. The thrill as 22DW lifted off was unbelievable. Yes, I knew it would fly, but 12 years of work have now boiled down to just a few seconds as we climbed rapidly away from Lake Elmo airport. The rudder trim was off as expected and the right wing a little heavy, but all systems were normal. I flew for 30 minutes with Alex off my side comparing instrument readings.

“It was a perfect evening and my wife Jean was there when I landed. All those years of airplane parts under the bed, metal shavings in the carpet, and an absentee husband living out in the shop have all come together. What a great day!”

Doug has now flown off all of his required hours, he reports that oil consumption stopped at 30 hours and he's now free to move about the country.

To see pictures of Doug's toy, just go to:
<http://www.pressenter.com/~dougweil/mnwing/id88.htm>

Meanwhile, as one RV rolls off the assembly line, the beast that is homebuilding is being fed at the front-end. The wing kit for Bob Collins' RV7A arrived on Monday June 30. EAA Chapter 54 member Bill Schanks stopped by to help unload two large crates. Member Pat Driscoll also stopped by later on for a look.

Bob is building the slow-build version of the wings (“real men may fly taildraggers, but real men build their own wings too!”) and estimates that on his pay-as-you-go, build-as-you-pay philosophy, construction time will take about 12-18 months.



Treasurer's Report

June's Financial Summary

Cash on hand	\$ 15.00
Checking Acct.	\$1097.14
Investments	\$6008.40
Total	\$7120.54

Income in June consisted of \$200 in individual dues, \$10 in donations to the education fund, and \$100 in clubhouse rental for a total of \$310.00.

Expenses for the same period were \$179.32. They consisted of \$38.73 for utilities, \$37.81 in building maintenance, \$37.00 for administrative expenses (stamps), and \$65.78 for newsletter publication / distribution.

From the rec.homebuilts list

Hi everyone, You will not believe this one. I have had my Bonanza based at Midway (Chicago) for many years. I received my security badge last year, a new requirement. At that time I had to get someone from my workplace to fill out forms. A hassle, but ok. Today I went for the badge renewal and they told me that they need my boss to come to the airport and be fingerprinted! Anyone who vouches for my good character has to be fingerprinted. I told them I am retired from the University of Illinois and am now self-employed. Being self-employed had never occurred to them and they said they would have to call me next week. I, for one, certainly feel a lot safer knowing that our skies are being protected by pea-brained bureaucrats.

Looking through the fence at Midway,
 Larry Grimm



Flying Carpet: The Iliad's Odyssey

by Greg Brown

Dad! Why are you still at home?" asked my son when I picked up the phone. "Spring break starts now. You should have taken off hours ago to come pick us up!"

"Sorry, Austin. I've been waiting all morning for the weather to improve."

"The snow's ended here, Dad, and there are patches of blue sky."

"Could be," I said, "but ice-filled clouds obscure the mountains throughout Colorado and northern New Mexico. I don't dare take off. What's more, Colorado's weather is way behind the forecast—tomorrow better be flyable because I can't come on Sunday."

"Forget Sunday, Dad. We want to get out of this place now!"

Months earlier Austin had asked me to retrieve him from Colorado Springs for spring break. "I've offered my friend Richard a ride home to Phoenix with us," he'd explained at the time. "It's his mother's birthday, and he's short on cash. Besides, that way I can get some flight time."

"I'll be glad to pick you up," I'd replied. "Just keep in mind that the other two times we flew to Colorado Springs at this time of year, we were trapped there by blizzards."

"Dad, the weather will be fine," he'd insisted. "No way will we get stranded three times in a row. Just don't worry about it, OK?" I had consented, but not before making back-up travel arrangements—standby buddy passes from an airline pilot friend. Five hundred miles of springtime mountain weather could not be ignored.

As it turned out, I did indeed avoid being snowed in a third time in Colorado Springs, but Austin wasn't so lucky. Similar conditions now prevented me from picking him up following Denver's meanest blizzard in a century. Worse yet, in the storm's aftermath airline flights were overbooked for days to come. Traveling standby was out of the question for the young men.

"Now what?" asked my son, upset. "I sure as heck don't want to waste spring break here on campus."

"Any chance you could hitch a ride to Albuquerque? The weather's better there, and I should be able to get in tonight or tomorrow. Otherwise, you could grab an airline flight from there."

"You've got to be kidding, Dad. Most other students are long gone. And every available car seat was claimed months ago."

"Ask around anyway, will you? If that doesn't work we'll come up with something else." I was check-

ing bus schedules on the Internet when Austin called back.

"We may luck out," he said. "A guy from my dorm is driving to Las Vegas. Interstate 70 is closed by snow west of Denver, so he's considering the southern route through Albuquerque. I'll call you when he makes up his mind. This better work, because almost everyone else has left."

After hanging up, I illustrated the rescue plan on sectional charts for my wife, Jean. But then the phone rang again.

"You won't believe this, Dad, but I-70 just opened westbound so we've lost our ride to Albuquerque. What's more, I've just learned that we can't stay in the dorm tonight."

"OK," I said, "arrange a place to stay, and I'll work on getting you home tomorrow." We hung up, and I returned to my chart. Then it struck me. Any road to Las Vegas would take Austin's friends through western Colorado and Utah, both of which were clear and forecast to remain that way. But when I tried to contact my son there was no answer.

"Why didn't I think of this before?" I said to Jean. "I've got to reach Austin before that car leaves!" Frantically, I redialed over and over. Finally I got through.

"Has that driver left?" I asked, fingers crossed.

"I don't know," said Austin.

"Well, if you can catch him, hitch a ride no matter what highway he's taking. Call me from the car if necessary, and I'll come up with a rendezvous point." I paced the floor for over an hour before hearing back from Austin. "We're in the car, Dad," he said from his cell phone, "westbound on I-70."

"Great!" I said. "I'll get back to you with directions." Searching for airports convenient to the highway, I settled on Grand Junction, in western Colorado. Walker Field borders the Interstate there, with hotels and restaurants nearby. "If the boys need a ride from the hotel in the morning," offered a friendly voice at Timberline Aviation, "we'll loan you a car to pick them up."

Suddenly this trip sounded like fun again. Why do unexplored routes and unfamiliar airports hold such intrigue for aviators? Joyfully, I phoned Austin with the details.

The next morning Jean and I winged northward over some of the West's most exotic landscape. Ascending from the Sonoran Desert with its gigantic cacti, we skimmed snow-frosted pines carpeting the Mogollon Rim, then traversed Meteor Crater and the Painted Desert into Navajo country. Another richly wooded plateau set the stage for Monument Valley with its legions of austere pinnacles.

Soon Jean and I peered down into gooseneck can-

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EAA Chapter 54

3275 Manning Ave. N. Suite #7

Lake Elmo, MN 55042



FLYING CARPET (Continued from page 7)

yons in Utah and dodged 12,000-foot snow-slathered peaks. With alternating treasures of golden desert and alpine snow to entertain us, three and one-half hours aloft seemed to pass in minutes. High mountains shelter Grand Junction on three sides; we circumnavigated them to the west, and then descended along the Colorado River to our destination at the confluence of the Gunnison.

Awaiting us in smiles and shirtsleeves after this supernatural trip were Austin and his comrade Richard.

"Finally!" said my son, welcoming his mother and me with hugs. "Can we get going right now? Vacation is wasting away."

"Sure," I said. "Mom even brought lunch for the flight home." After refueling the plane we took off with Austin at the controls. We'd barely climbed out of the canyon when he activated the autopilot.

"Now for something really important," he said, pulling a book from his backpack and handing a camera to Richard.

"What's with that?" I asked. "You have homework over spring break?"

"No way," replied Austin. "But my literature prof

said that whoever shoots their picture with The Iliad in the most interesting place during vacation gets extra credit for class." He gestured out the window toward white-cloaked mountains. "This is certainly an interesting place, and spring break has finally begun!"

Greg Brown was the 2000 National Flight Instructor of the Year. His books include Flying Carpet: The Soul of an Airplane, The Savvy Flight Instructor, The Turbine Pilot's Flight Manual, and Job Hunting for Pilots. Visit his Web site.

NO MINUTES THIS MONTH

Nick Stolley was unable to attend the June meeting and no minutes were provided for publication this month