



atBoyz Aviation Newsletter

East Tennessee's best resource for General Aviation Information

June 2005

The FatBoyz Aviation Newsletter is a monthly publication for pilots, owners, instructors, technicians, and enthusiasts interested in general aviation activities in the East Tennessee area. Each month will feature

- an aviator, flight instructor or aviation expert that continually contributes time and experience to the local aviation community
- commentary from local flight instructors for the latest rule and regulation changes
- owner's perspective of the joys and pitfalls of aircraft ownership, annuals and owner-performed maintenance
- travel stories and pilot reports of our latest purchases, etc.

Visit our website for updated weekend flying schedules for those \$100 hamburgers, links to flight planning and weather sites, information for local aviation resources (flight schools, CFI, AME, DE, I.A. A/P, insurance) and information pertinent to our local aviation community.

<http://www.fatboyzaviation.com>



A Tale of Two Departures

Scott Peters & Buz Witherington

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness....."

Right out of Charles Dickens' Tale of Two Cities, there we stood on the tarmac of the airport at Pueblo, Colorado, in light blowing snow, temperature 34o F., ceiling at 1700 overcast and dropping, airplanes loaded with fuel, bags, and family.

We looked at each other and searched for the strength of a decision.

Scotty's Centurion had been in a heated hanger all night so it was warm and the falling snow was melting on the upper surface of the wings. Would it turn to killer ice as he launched into the cold air even though he planned to stay under the clouds as he headed east to Tulsa?

Buz's Baron was being towed out to be fueled, but the tops were reported at 11,000 with light to moderate mixed ice from 7,000 on up. Would it climb to that altitude and shed ice at the same time with a maximum load?

We went back and forth over the reasoning for Go or No-Go.

We had motel reservations for the night and rental cars, but a Low was moving east from Utah over eastern Colorado bringing widespread snow, ice, and low ceilings for the next three days.

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It had been a wonderful Spring Break vacation for our families in Crested Butte, Colorado. We had rejoiced in deep snow, inspiring scenery, and warm friendship. Now the worst of times were upon us in aviation planning. Should we follow the FSS briefer's recommendation and launch before the arrival of the worsening weather, or should we bail out and have a nice dinner, a movie, and hole up for the duration? We had been up since 5:00 AM to make the four-hour car trip to Pueblo and had driven through alternating sunshine, snow, freezing rain, and fog. Now we faced the downhill, flat plain of eastern Colorado and Kansas. But the weather had also turned downhill and threatened to trap us in a motel room if we didn't hurry up and leave.

We thought of another book, Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." We considered Bosch's "A Ship of Fools." We had two different airplanes, a Cessna Centurion and a Beech Baron. One was not protected from ice, but both were normally aspirated.

On one hand the decision to stay low was easy. There was no way that Scotty would attempt to climb on top with his Centurion. On the other hand, would Buz be foolishly overconfident in the de-ice capability of the Baron by expecting it to climb through four thousand feet of icy clouds? And with the surface temperature so close to freezing, there would be little chance to shed ice in warmer air if he needed to come back. Scotty's struggle with a decision to scud run was one of good reasoning. It was very legal VFR in the current conditions, but his persona is one of safety, and he is repulsed with anything close to chancy, especially with his family on board.

Along Scotty's route of flight, conditions were 2000 overcast all the way to Tulsa.

For Buz, there were reported tops at 11,000 feet with several PIREP's of arriving airplanes into the Denver area reporting light to moderate mixed ice during the descent.

Go or No-Go? Here is their "Tale of Two Departures."

Buz's Launch

I was at maximum gross weight at a pressure altitude of around 4500 feet. My flight was filed direct to Cape Girardeau, MO, at 11,000.

I had thoroughly checked my de-ice equipment. I had the ILS localizer frequency dialed in for a quick return to the field if the accumulating ice seemed to out run the equipment.

I was to hand fly the airplane through the ice so that I could feel any shudder or vibration associated with a tail plane stall. I would climb at or above the recommended ice penetration speed so that any accumulation would strike the protected surfaces.

With "Lights, Camera, Action," I activated all the de-ice equipment and pushed the throttles forward wishing for kerosene once again.

The heavy Baron slowly accelerated and then rotated into the cold Colorado air. I was again unimpressed with the Rocky Mountain climb rate as I cleaned up the plane and focused on the airspeed, engine monitors, and course. I am so used to the lower lands of Tennessee where I see climb rates above 1500 FPM. I switch the cabin heater to windshield defrost as we penetrate the crud at 6700 feet. Mary is watching the horizontal stabilizer for ice accumulation where it will impact first. Upon her call, I pop the boots. The ice is shed promptly, but it always leaves that ragged shred of detritus clinging to the rubber.

Up we go. As the thousands roll over in the Altimeter, I note the Vertical Speed decay even more. This I know to tolerate as long as the forward speed is maintained at the POH recommendation for ice penetration.

When the ice is shed from the props, it bangs against the nose with a thump. The first flight where this happened, Mary almost fainted. She is not any more used to it now, but at least she understands it.

As we pass through 10,000, the sky above is not getting any lighter, and that makes me think that the tops are farther away. I request and receive clearance to 13,000 and feel for the oxygen equipment behind my seat. The airspeed is good, and I have popped the boots a half dozen times. The VS oscillates between 200 and 500 FPM. I am ok with that.

Suddenly, we pop on top at 10,500 and

Life is Good (again).

We are in bed in Oak Ridge at midnight.

Scotty's Launch

Now understand, I am the guy that ALWAYS tees off into the wind, has panel mount Garmin 430's go belly-up in flight, has gas tank gauges go dead, has windy weather or low visibility, and who always has a head wind going both directions. I know my good luck cannot last after this wonderful week, and Mother Nature does not disappoint.

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Early on the morning of our return from Crested Butte, we are up early in the mountains, as we have a long drive down to Pueblo. Buzzy has been up stoking his brain with caffeine, and I stagger down to find that he already has made a reservation at a Hampton Inn in Pueblo due to low vis and icing that will prevent our departure that day. If he can't get out in 62PK with all those bells and whistles, no way am I getting out in my trusted steed, a Cessner 210 which is purdy fast and holds tons of stuff. Bummer. The problem is that it is not going to get any better anytime soon.

We get to the airport and load some of the luggage in the planes so we won't have to do it the next morning. But as I look around, it is calm wind, cold air, visibility is 10 miles and there is overcast at 2100. Hmmmm.....

We look at weather again. I am trying to get back to KBVO, Bartlesville, OK, which is a great layover and my folks hometown. Buzzy is headed back to KDKX, so we scratch our heads together. FSS says the weather is expected to get much worse in the next 6 to 24 hours-blowing snow, cold, ice, low vis. We didn't see how we could get out in the morning.

My route of flight showed that all stations were reporting vis of 10 miles and overcast ceilings of 1700 feet or more all the way to KBVO. The big problem was icing in the clouds. I cannot fly ice, but I am thinking why not go VFR below all that. I know, I know, you are all thinking I am another VFR moron scud-runner about to become a statistic. But I am thinking, I am going east, down hill, there are no terrain problems, visibility is great, and there are airports along the way (there ain't many airports in east Colorado or west Kansas), and if I had to, I could land in any of a thousand fields. It is flat out there.

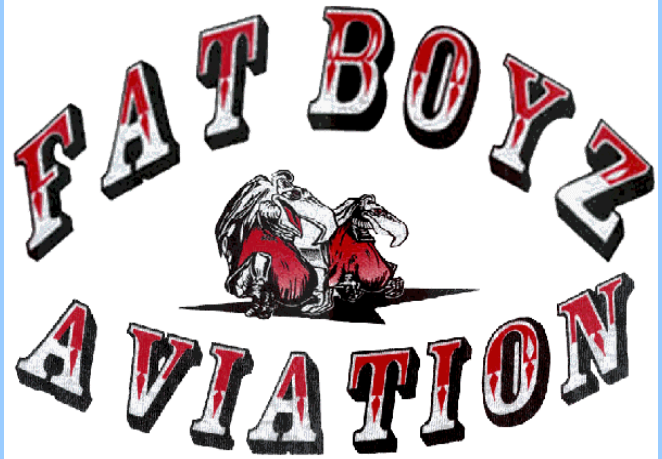
"What do you think, Buzzy, old wise one, ole buddy, ole pal, oh my CFI!?" "Damn, Scotty, this is a tough one." Thanks.

Buzzy filed IFR up and through the crud and ice to the blue sky above which is reported to be around 10,000 MSL. I decided we needed to give it a shot. I figured I had plenty of outs, there were no storms or convection, no lighting bolts, the terrain was not an issue, nor was

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EVENT CALENDAR

1ST WEEKEND

BGF Winchester TN. Saturday fly-in breakfast.
931-967-3148

LZU Lawrenceville, GA. Saturday fly-in breakfast.
770-394-5466

2ND WEEKEND

MBT Murfreesboro, TN. Saturday fly-in breakfast.
David Swindler, 615-890-2439, arfarcione@juno.com

RMG Rome, GA. Saturday fly-in breakfast
706-235-0644

3RD WEEKEND

3M3 Collegedale, TN Saturday fly-in breakfast
423-236-4340

OWB Owensboro, KY. Saturday monthly breakfast
Wayne Gibson 502-684-2859

3M5 Huntsville, AL. Saturday fly-in breakfast 256- 852-9781

16J Dawson, GA. Saturday fly-in breakfast.
Ron Acker 912-888-2828

4TH WEEKEND

2AO Dayton, TN. Saturday monthly breakfast
Wanda Fulmer 615-775-8407

SYI Shelbyville, TN Saturday monthly breakfast
Williamson Hank syiapt@mindspring.com 931 684-1669

5TH WEEKEND

4A9 Fort Payne-Isbell, AL. Saturday fly-in breakfast
205-845-9129

For a list of East Tennessee FAA sponsored activities.
<http://www2.faa.gov/fsdo/bna/safety.html>

All event information listed is provided by the general public.
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daylight, and it was forecast to stay the same all the way, and even get warmer as we went. "Pull out my plane, quick, we got to get the heck out of here."

In the 30 minutes it took for this to happen, we load up and I look at the sky. I swear it is now 500 overcast despite what the AWOS says, and is now blowing a light snow. Great! I am really hemming and hawing, feeling totally like a putz that can't make up my mind. About that time, a twin Cessna lands and I talk to the pilot. Buzzy joins us. "What is it like, tops and ice? Can I get out of here VFR?" He tells us he picks up very little ice around 8,000, but he would not try it VFR. He says, "Oh, you can climb through it in that 210. Just punch your way through a thin spot and get up on top; it is beautiful up there, all the way to the East coast. Not much ice," says he. I, for one, cannot see any thin spots up there.

Buzzy pipes up. "Scotty, I wouldn't do it, you're spooked and your family is spooked. Just forget it." Great. Carol-the-warden wants to get out of there, but she has been to a pinch hitter course in January, and the one and only thing she came away with was an inordinate fear of "ice." What to do?

I finally decide, as taught by the old wise one, to "stick your toe in it." I am going to take off and see how it looks. If I don't like it, I will come back and land. If it looks good, I am off to KBVO. Buzzy tells Carol that she should make the call. If she didn't like what she saw, we come back down. Sounds good to me.

Off we go. The takeoff roll lasts forever at 4700, even when it is cool. One thousand feet AGL, things look pretty damn good. It is good visibility and smooth air as we climb to 5,500 and head east. I am fine and happy. (You can forget that 500 below the clouds stuff).

I make an unusual request of Pueblo Tower. We have forgotten to call the folks at BVO to let them know we have launched. They will be worried sick when they don't hear from us. I beg the Tower to make a collect call for me. They are delighted to accommodate. Life is good.

We stay VFR, fat and happy, until around Dodge City, Kansas. I am diligent as I have ever been, using pilotage on my way down the Great Plains, keeping close track of nearby airports and their reported weather in case I need down. We gradually descend as we head east, but I am always at least 1000 to 1500 feet AGL. It seems funny to go east VFR at 4500 or 4000 ft, but I figure as long as I am under 3,000 feet AGL, those altitudes are okay. Right? The weather

forecasts are spot on; ceilings are all at least 1700 overcast, visibility 10 miles. Doing good.

Once or twice I pop into a bit of cloud. It is amazing how a climb of 200 feet or so can change one's perspective.

Around Dodge City, the temperature outside has warmed to a balmy 4C. And even though we continue to have plenty of ground clearance, the continued descent bugs me. Sure would like to be IFR. So, I think maybe I can be okay at 5,000 and be IFR, make life simple. Enter the trusted Garmin 295 GPS. Never leave home without it! Dial up the nearest FSS, Wichita, and air-file IFR. Thank you Buzzy.

Piece of cake. Pick up my IFR clearance-"fly present heading to V74, direct Anthony, direct KBVO, climb and maintain 5,000." Now you all know the drill. There is the frantic search for charts and finding Anthony VOR (what the heck is that), and where is V74?

Anyway, as we get to 5,000, enter the soup, and I tell Center that we may not be able to stay there, thinking we may have to go back down to our scud running if we pick up ice. We were doing just great there. Before I even finish, he tells me of reports of beautiful blue sky and tops at 6,000. Did I want to try that, and oh, I could have direct destination upon reaching 7,000. Okay, up we go, watching for ice the whole time and the temperature starts back down. Guess what, we start picking up light rime. The water is not running on the windscreen now, it is freezing up. But we have pitot heat on, which I even checked in pre-flight, and it is getting very bright up ahead. Boom, at 5995 and 1/2 feet, we bust out into the blue. Life is good again, except that dang controller has me in a spot where now I have to come back DOWN through the ice at some point, so I start thinking about getting all balled up again. Just a little.

I start running my brain about all the things I have learned and read about descent through ice and landings with ice on the airframe. Watch for tail stalls, stay with no flaps, keep your speed up, watch for ice on small surfaces, rapid descent through the clouds to minimize the build up, blah, blah, blah. Nah, this will be a piece of cake. We have picked up 30 knots of ground speed up here in the smooth and clear. We are good.

I think about the Localizer 17 approach into BVO. ABC, ABC, ABC. (If you ever trained with the Buzzy, you will know what that means.) Trying to stay ahead of the plane.

It is 9C., BVO is reporting 8, with 2800 overcast, and field elevation is 700. That is 2500 feet of clouds I have to descend through, 9 degrees here, 8 degrees there, no problems. No ice. Wrong!

Center makes it easy for me. "Centurion 30812 descend pilot's discretion to 3100, expect Localizer 17 BVO." Perfect, I can smoke on down, and I don't have to tell them I need a slam-dunk. I tell the warden to watch for ice, I am on the instruments as we descend down into the clouds, which by now are 5,000, rather than 6,000. Instantly, in the clouds, the temp drops to 1 centigrade, and shortly thereafter, we start building some ice on the windshield. But we are coming down about 800-900 feet per minute, and at 3900 feet, we bust out into the most beautiful ugly, gray, misty weather you ever saw, with 10 miles of visibility and the airport on the nose 15 miles away. Just another ho-hum flight!

What did Scotty learn?

1. Don't be overconfident about your plane or yourself.
2. Don't be under confident about your plane or yourself.
3. Ultimately, you have to make the decisions as PIC.
4. Trust your instincts. The whole time I was waffling, I was never really scared or worried that I was doing the wrong thing. My internal warning system never went off. I always felt I was in control and had a contingency plan to stay out of trouble, or at least a plan to get out of trouble should I get in it.
5. Go ahead and stick your toe in it. Get out of it if you don't like what you see. While forecasts can be wrong, a lot of the time they are right on. Use them to your advantage.
6. If I had one thing to do over, I would have stopped and filled the rental car with gas on the way to the airport. I almost did, but then I thought, "Buzzy says no way we are getting out of here." So I didn't fill it. It cost me \$4.00 bucks a gallon to fill a 3/4 empty car.
7. I am charging it to Witherington!

What did Buzzy learn?

1. You can teach someone how to fly, but once they are gone from the nest, you can't fly for them or make their decisions.
2. An iced-up, normally aspirated Baron doesn't climb worth squat at 12,000 feet.
3. Have a Plan B, C, and D. Constantly look for other options.
4. Always work it so that Scotty has to fill up the rental car with gas. ✈

New to DKX!

Ted Hughes



I have always wanted to join that elite status and be an aircraft owner. I finally took the plunge after searching the AOPA website one evening. I pick up a few trade-a-planes and starting perusing through the pages and narrow my search down to about 3 different Warriors.

I consult with a friend who has alot of experience with the Cherokee Warrior. After taking his advice I narrow it down to 2. I start making the calls and sending emails. The first choice had over 9000 hours and some hail damage. So I lean towards #2. After talking with the seller and having him send copies of the logbooks I decide to take a look at it in person and test fly it to make sure everything works.

The airplane is based is Aurora, Illinois (ARR). After the weather knocked us out of one date and our schedules out of another we finally decide to meet on neutral grounds in South Bend, Indiana(SBN). I had a nice long 20 hour lay over there. After I park my office (Canadair Regional Jet) and check into the hotel I receive a call from the seller saying they are on their way to SBN. So I make my way out the FBO and meet up... I went over the airplane very thoroughly with the owner as he pointed out some minor hangar rash. We decide to take it up and see how she flies. After we return from the flight we sit down and go over the logbooks pointing out all of the maintenance history.

After the logbook investigation we start haggling on the price. We finally come to an agreement \$2000 lower than the asking price, depending on the outcome of the pre-buy inspection. Since the annual was completed in January at a shop just south of where the aircraft was based in Morris, Illinois, we decided to take it back there for the pre-buy. They were great folks did a fine job. The mechanic showed me the squawk sheet he had written up during the annual and then went back over the airplane and found they had all been repaired. The compression checks were good, everything was a go.

After about another week of finalizing all of the required paperwork the deal was done. I was now an aircraft owner!

The wife and I decide on a date to pick it up. May 28th..... On the 27th my wife and her daughter make the trek out to McGhee Tyson to non-rev up to Detroit

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Angel Flight

Patient to Pilot: 'Every Day Is a Gift'

Imagine being 15—handsome, talented, energetic—and knowing you are going blind. Imagine being 13 and 9 and facing the same future. This is the prognosis of three brothers from Chesapeake, Va.—Ryan, Justin and Jordan D.— who suffer from a hereditary disease known as retinitis pigmentosa.

RP, as it is often called, is a progressive degeneration of the retina leading eventually to blindness. "None of them seem to be frightened," says the boys' mom Sheryl, a nurse and patient care coordinator for a home health company.

Their father, Bobby, works as an engineer for a Newport News ship-building firm. "They've spent time with their uncle who walks with a stick. They realize that 'this is what we'll be like.' They've accepted it. This is the way it is." The boys' uncle lives in Ft. Smith, Ark., and has been legally blind since he was 26. At 57 he is now completely blind. There is no cure for the disease, which is linked to a gene carried by the female and passed on to males. But fortunately the

Angel Flight Mid-Atlantic is a non-profit organization serving patients in need and their families. We provide air transportation to specialized medical facilities for evaluation, diagnosis, treatment and rehabilitation.

<http://www.angelflightmapilots.org/index.htm>

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(DTW) to meet me after I finish my trip and then we will all 3 non-rev over to Rockford (RFD) where the seller will pick us up in a Cherokee 6 and fly us on down to Aurora for the night.

We head out of Aurora around 11am and start our trek south to fly for 2 hours and end up in Bedford, Indiana for a fuel and bathroom stop. Then we make our way headed south and decide to turn east and then head south again and split Louisville and Lexington Ky, and make our way over London direct to KTYS.

We plan to base N4372S at the Island(DKX). If you are ever there stop by and say hello! ➔

boys are receiving experimental treatment from the top RP researcher in the United States, Elliott Berson.

Berson is a physician at Harvard Medical School in Boston. Every two years, Ryan, age 15; Justin, age 13; and Jordan, age 9, travel to Boston for testing and treatment as part of a clinical trial using high doses of vitamin A. The disease has no cure, but vitamin therapy slows the loss of vision. "We've had nine or ten different Angel Flights," Sheryl says, referring to the two-legged trips from Norfolk to Philadelphia and on to Boston. "Every pilot has been wonderful," she notes.

"We haven't had one negative experience. It's been fun for the kids." Despite the onset of troubling symptoms— Ryan has difficulty seeing at night, Justin and Jordan struggle with reading—all three boys participate in such activities as soccer, skateboarding and band. "The older two have girlfriends," Sheryl says, adding that Ryan's girlfriend has spina bifida and is in a wheelchair. "People tell us, 'You have good boys— polite, sweet, they smile a lot— kind-hearted boys that hold doors open for little old ladies.'"

Angel Flight of Georgia is a group of pilot and non-pilot volunteers that have been dedicated to serving patients and healthcare providers in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, and the Carolinas since 1983. We work with an independent network of volunteer pilot organizations to ensure travel across the United States.

<http://www.angelflight-ga.org/index.htm>

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