

HIGH FLIGHT

LAKEWAY AIRPARK

MARCH 2004



MESSAGE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

There was a lot of excitement generated with the visit of the Americas Huey Helicopter February 11-13. We had a few fortunate individuals that were able to ride in the helicopter, which was an added bonus.



Joe Byrd

We are making continued progress on the Terminal Building and hope to have a good news to report next month. We will have a determination on resurfacing our ramp area in the near future.

Joe Byrd, President

THANK YOU WAYNE WAGNER

We have people that do things for the Airpark that are never recognized for the time they volunteer. These are called unsung hero's.

Did you know that Wayne Wagner goes over to the ramp every night and keeps a log of all the aircraft that are parked there? He places an envelope on all of transit airplanes so they can pay their \$5.00 overnight fee.

Wayne has been doing this for over 3 years and never asks for any credit. Next time that you see Wayne, give him a "slap on the back" and say thanks Wayne - we appreciate you.

AMERICA'S HUEY LANDED AT LAKEWAY AIRPARK

We are proud that America's Huey chose Lakeway Airpark as one of the stops on it's "around the country tour" on it's way to the Smithsonian Museum in Washington DC

They landed on a cold February 11th, but the weather didn't keep many people from welcoming it to our Airpark. Immediately rides were given to those that were in attendance and it remained on display until Feb. 14th for visitors and as time allowed, more rides were given

While in Lakeway, it made a trip to Lake Pointe Elementary and St. Andrew's Schools to present programs to the school children.

Airpark members, Jim Anderson and Charles Edwards who both flew the Huey in Vietnam helped with the presentations at the schools and also were given the opportunity to fly at the controls again and bring back many memories.

The Huey played a vital role in the Vietnam War and was the primary means of transporting the combat units. It could carry 10 soldiers and their gear shuttling them to battle scenes and carrying the wounded to hospitals when needed. Both Anderson and Edwards logged over 1000 hours each doing this.



Jim Anderson & Charles Edwards took turns flying America's Huey

LOST WING

When the wreck of the bomber was found, my only answer to *what did he do ?* . . . was : " *I don't know . . . but what ever it was . . . Neil had never experienced it before.*" It did not seem significant at that time, that he was [sharing responsibilities with other crew members and therefore] not on his own in the aircraft.

Fourteen years later, I think I understand more about what a right stuff pilot is. Neil Williams was a *right stuff pilot* . . . a 100 percenter on ' *get-the-job-done sector* ' of the *personality dartboard*. To accompany Neil's flying as a military experimental test pilot he had dug deep into contest aerobatics. And it was Neil's *no-limits determination* that dragged Great Britain's National Aerobatic involvement from sportsman category to becoming a respectable World Competitor. Of course, several things got broken on the way. Breaking the wing on his second Zlin aerobatic aeroplane was not the only occurrence . . . but it was the most famous.

It fell off in 1970 while Neil was practicing for the World Aerobatic Championship. The newsworthy story is well enough known. You know the sort of thing . . . ' While flying his Zlin Akrobatic plane, top pilot Neil Williams noticed that his wing was folding [*goodness me . . . the wing is folding*] and decided to fly upside down [*I've got an idea; I'll try some amazing upside down flying.*]

The reality was much hairier than this reading. And I have his own report here . . . " *I was flying at a height of 1,000 feet, pulling 5 G's, when there was a loud bang accompanied by a severe jolt. And the aircraft started to roll to the left . . . as the left wing was folding steadily upwards. The roll to the left persisted in spite of full right aileron. And the aircraft started turning left with the nose dropping. Full right rudder was applied, but although a high degree of sideslip was achieved, the roll to the left continued, and the aeroplane's wing continued to fold upwards. Power was varied from idle to full power without effect. Now down to about 300 feet, the aircraft was banked vertically to the left. Control was about to be lost.* "

And that's exactly how it looked to the outside observers. It looked hopeless. He disappeared behind the houses across the airfield. I observed to myself that Neil would be dead in 5 seconds, Neil's report continued : " *As the nose dropped, I reversed the ailerons and [eased the stick forward] applied negative G's. The airplane rolled inverted and with a loud bang . . . the hinged wing snapped back into its correct position. I found that the aircraft could be flown quite normally in inverted flight . . .*"

The snapping into position with a loud bang was a scary moment [for us on the ground watching]. The bottom wing bolt area had obviously failed, and conscious of the nature of the Zlin's top wing spar attachment, we were also aware that the wing, in folding, was progressively bending the structure. When would it break ? At about 150 feet of altitude, negative G's pushing behind it, the wing snapped back to its original position . . . stopping with brick wall abruptness . In my mind's eye I saw it come off. But, it didn't.

Inverted, Neil climbed away . . . leaving us stunned. I thought, " *If he bends that wing again, it'll come off* ". It was a cruelly ironic prospect that, having just avoided death by a few seconds . . . he could meet it again in a few minutes. I knew he'd think of something, however, I could not think what it might be. And he only had 8 minutes of fuel remaining [in the Zlin's tiny inverted flying fuel tank].

Up in the air . . . things were desperate. *Neil later said : " As soon as I rolled inverted . . . the engine failed . Earlier, I had turned the fuel off when I thought I would crash. While remaining in inverted flight, I switched [the fuel] on again and climbed away while forcing my knees against the sides of the cockpit to stop my legs from shaking. I told myself : ' Idiot ! Think . . . damn you. Think ! ' "*

He continued : " My initial decision was to climb as high as possible until the inverted fuel tank ran out, so as to give myself the full eight minutes of life that I had left. Chilling isn't it ? "

" During a cockpit resource management course we'd learned about the human [emergency] arousal curve and the best place [on the curve] for effective aircrew members to be. It's in the middle . . . between unconsciousness and total panic. Often, the arousal problem lies in getting off the ' sleep-end."

When faced with an *unsurvivable structural failure*, Williams was temporarily on the wrong end of the curve . . . past panic and into brain-numbing-shock. An automatic emotional defense mechanism set in to his thinking : ' **Just give up . . . you have no chance** ' . . . **it won't hurt. To come back from ' there' . . . it takes task-oriented** (*Continued on Page #4*)

LIVING ON THE RUNWAY

by Julianne DeBower



When is a driveway not a driveway?

When is a street not a street?

To lost drivers, delivery persons, moving vans and bicycle riders, the runway appears to be a street, and our taxiway looks like the shortest route to get to it. Blocking the driveway (and thus access to the taxiway) with a parked car seems the easiest way to block access to the runway, but there are still the enterprising few who just drive across the "vacant" lot next to us. I have run out of the house waving my arms and yelling like a mad woman to stop all manner of vehicles from zooming down our taxiway or across the vacant lot to get to the unknown "street." The drivers are usually surprised and occasionally irritated. Some want me to tell them how to get where they are supposed to be going! Hmmmm....no. I just go get the map.

Kids on their bicycles, like mothers with their prams, do not understand why they are not allowed to ride and promenade on the runway. It is such a nice, big flat surface. Do they not live here, too? Can I not see there are no planes on the runway "at this time?" Since I am not their mother, how can I presume to tell them what to do? (Babies need air, too!!!)

The "vacant" lot is not really vacant, of course; it is a yard-ours and our neighbors'. Between the two of us, we purchased and divided it. Many months ago, it was graded and hydromulched. Within forty-eight hours, a black pickup truck came barreling down Dasher Drive, spotted the glistening, new mulch, veered sharply to the right and drove down the middle of the yard toward the runway! Yes, he bogged down. Yes, his truck made huge deep ruts in our yard. Yep, he was looking for a shortcut to that "street."

Others drive across the yard and "park" to watch the planes, take a lunch break--the reasons are many and varied. We wish we knew where these people lived so we could return their hospitality.

Several airpark visitors have chosen to park by the ramp and walk across the runway to "tour" the various houses and their hangars. Apparently, this is an interesting alternative to the Parade of Homes. Some are sheepish, others astounded and a few offended when a homeowner is not thrilled to see them. For myself, I find it invigorating to walk out my back door into the garage/hangar and find a stranger "just looking around." (I am considering preparing a manual on the proper etiquette for entertaining trespassers in one's hangar.)

Beaming with friendly smiles, all manner of people have walked up the taxiway to introduce themselves and "visit." One enterprising fellow, worried about the deer and fearing they might hinder a plane about to take off, went running down the runway waving his arms and yelling at the deer. (Where is a camera when you need one?) He then crossed the runway yet again to introduce himself and explain his actions. He was a very nice man, and it never seemed to occur to him that his behavior might have scared the deer into making things worse.

Excuse me. Duty calls. Actually, it's the front door, and I don't recognize the people standing there. If it turns out to be a good story, I'll let you know.....



Pictured above is Bill Thompson beside the Building Fund Sign that is posted in front of the "Shack". It shows that we have reached the \$30,000 mark towards our new F.B.O.

F.B.O.PROJECT UPDATE

Plans will be submitted within weeks to the City of Lakeway.

Septic system will be started within weeks.

New entrance driveway will be submitted for City Approval.

We have passed the \$30,000 mark and would invite all of you who have been waiting to make your donation to get with it. We have had donations from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00. If you want your name on the plaque at the F.B.O get with it. It's not to late!

Bill Thompson

There's a story about the military pilot calling for a priority landing because his single-engine jet fighter was running "a bit peaked."

Air Traffic Control told the fighter jock that he was number two behind a B-52 that had one engine shut down. "Ah," the pilot remarked, "the dreaded seven-engine approach."

**AIRPARK WORKDAY
MARCH 13TH - 8:30**

TOWER CHATTER

Tower: "Delta 351, you have traffic at 10 o'clock, 6 miles!"

Delta 351: "Give us another hint! We have digital watches!"



THUNDERBIRD EJECTION

THUNDERBIRD EJECTION PICTURE

It's been a source of some conjecture for several months. An amazing shot, taken at the very latest fraction of a second, of a stricken USAF Thunderbird F-16 in ejection mode, has finally been claimed by its photographer.

Taken at (relatively) close range, the picture shows in extraordinary detail, the last fraction of a second ejection of Capt. Christopher Stricklin at Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho. After an error in judging entry altitude, Stricklin was forced to abandon his aircraft less than a second before impact, in the Thunder-birds' number six aircraft.

Stricklin, who was not injured, ejected after both guiding the jet away from the crowd (as illustrated well in the cockpit video that survived the crash) of more than 60,000 people and ensuring he couldn't save the aircraft. This

was only the second crash since the Air Force began using F-16 Falcons for its demonstration team in 1982. The ACES II ejection seat performed flawlessly.

The amazing photo is the superb work of Air Force Staff Sgt. Bennie J. Davis III... to whom ANN owes a tall cold frosty one whenever and wherever he chooses... so long as he tells us just how he captured that incredible photo...

Lost Wing - Continued from Page #2 Neil's return to 'life' started with a simple aileron roll to the left . . from inverted to the inverted. As I saw him begin, I thought : *"If he tries that . . the wing will come off "*. The maneuver appeared to be more like an attempt [for him] to prove that the last few minutes had just been an awful dream - *this can't be real . . if I roll it back upright then everything will be normal ! '*

Neil's report is more *test-pilot-like . . " I climbed out inverted to 1,000 feet where experiments could be carried out to determine whether the aircraft could be rolled out to normal flight and, if so, to establish the optimal roll direction. A roll out to the left was attempted, but the wing started to fold [again], and inverted flight was quickly re-established."*

Afterwards he told me *" It was very difficult trying to make a decision as to which way I should roll when I got to [the final point of] the crash landing."* As it happened he rolled to the right . . the aerobatic Zlin pilot's contest direction. He made an inverted landing circuit and inverted approach, flared out inverted [with the canopy] one-half of a wingspan plus six inches from the grass . . half-roll . . thump into the ground . . wing folded once again . . then slid along with divots and bits of aeroplane flying into the air . . including a last vertical wave of the applauding left wing.

Nothing happened for a few moments, then Williams exploded out of his jammed cockpit canopy, ran twenty yards, then powerless with relief dropped on the June grass unharmed. I stood there in a state of shock and disbelief . . transfixed by the high melodrama of it all.

The test pilot report mentions that when it was obvious that there was no fire, he returned to the aircraft to make sure the switches were off, and adds that fortunately, I was not injured and emergency rescue services were not required. I don't think he remembers what actually happened next. Enter . . *the . . Keystone Cops !*

Galvanized by having witnessed a rare but real crash, the ambulance men, roared out to the crash scene . . grabbed Williams off the grass . . threw him in the back of the wagon, slammed the doors and roared away towards their antiseptic lair . . vanishing from sight and sound between the hangers. For a few moments, time stood still. Nobody moved or spoke. But within a minute, the ambulance reappeared and roaring back towards the wreckage, it skid to a halt as Williams jumped back out. A victory of the individual over ' the system'. Twenty-two years, later you could almost persuade me that I had imagined it - but I was there.

' Oh, and you ask what about the parachute ? ' At that time, we didn't believe in them . . too much additional extra weight to attain optimum high performance . . and, in many advanced aerobatic maneuvers . . it's too low to jump anyway. However, in his accident report he concluded , *" . . had a parachute been carried . . the aircraft would have been abandoned."*

Mike Riley

(abridged from IAC magazine
September, 1992 issue)



LAKEWAY AIRPARK BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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HELICOPTERS ARE DIFFERENT FROM AIRPLANES

The thing is, helicopters are different from planes. An airplane by its nature wants to fly, and if not interfered with too strongly by unusual events or by a deliberately incompetent pilot, it will fly.

A helicopter does not want to fly.

It is maintained in the air by a variety of forces and controls working in opposition to each other, and if there is any disturbance in this delicate balance the helicopter stops flying, immediately and disastrously

There is no such thing as a gliding helicopter.

This is why being a helicopter pilot is so different from being an airplane pilot, and why, in generality, airplane pilots are open, clear-eyed, buoyant extroverts and helicopter pilots are brooders, introspective anticipators of trouble. They know if something bad has not happened, it is about to.

Harry Reasoner - Feb 16, 1971

(This article was submitted by Ed Ragan)

AIRPARK SOCIALS

The February outing was a really special one. We had 22 people from the airpark join the crew of the Huey Helicopter at Carlos and Charlies. It was a very touching evening with stories about the aircraft, a presentation done by a sixth grader and music written about the helicopter pilots during the Viet Nam war. Plus, it was all paid for by Carlos and Charlies..... We really send them a big thanks.

March 11, 2004, we plan on meeting at The Boathouse Grill. This is a very casual place that serves great food. You can get anything from salads to burgers and catfish. Let's meet at 6:30PM and sit out in the picnic area. It's all covered with heaters in case we are still having the cold weather.



I'm thinking about putting together another outing to Galveston the first weekend in May. Anyone interested can give me a call. 266-3227



5TH ANNUAL HERITAGE AIRFIELD BIPLANES & TAILDRAGGER FLY-IN

March 20-21 - New Berlin Texas
 Food - Fun - Flying
 More Info - Call (210)834-9790

In Bangkok, Thailand, recently, 672 skydivers from 42 countries jumped from six C-130s at 7,000 feet, setting a world record for a mass jump.

In 2003, 28 percent of all fatal airliner accidents happened in Africa, which accounts for only 3 percent of all world air traffic.

AIRPARK WORKDAY
SATURDAY - MARCH 13TH - 8:30
PLEASE PLAN TO BE THERE
(Board Meeting Immetiately Afterwards)
AIRPARK DINNER
THURSDAY - MARCH 11TH - 6:30
THE BOATHOUSE GRILL
PLEASE COME & JOIN IN