

Auburn Aviation Association

PROP WASH



April 2016

President's Message

MEETINGS

Wednesday April 6th

5:30 p.m. Socializing

6:00 p.m. General Membership Meeting & Potluck.

Join us in the Barnstormer Room for a lecture from part-time Metro Fire Huey pilot Chuck Smith and learn of the remarkable coincidence regarding the aircraft he now flies.

Tuesday April 12th

6:00 p.m. 5AC Meeting

Barnstormer Room

NOTICES

Advertising rates for our 2016 AAA **Member Directory** are \$100 half-page \$250 full-page color.

Peggy Dwelle

530-305-9101 —peggy@4flyers.com

Your badge is ready! Pick it up for \$13.00 at the next meeting.

APRIL

POTLUCK MENU

Please bring a dish to share:

A-E—Main Dish

F-J—Dessert

K-Q—Side Dish/Salad

R-Z — Main Dish

Our March speaker, Sacramentan Brian Brown, told his harrowing flying story of setting a goal to see a daughter in Idaho (get there-it is) while missing, ignoring, and overriding warning signs while piloting his Cessna 172. The flight ended short of his destination when he, his co-pilot wife, and other daughter crashed on side of a steep, snow covered, wooded mountain just as dusk was turning into night. His was a flight adventure gone bad and they faced the harrowing reality of being in a gripping survival situation on the very thin edge of living or dying.

If you were in a plane crash, how well would you survive? What would you do? Are you mentally prepared for a crash and resolute in your survival skills enough to live to tell your story? How much mental planning or physical preparation have you done? Do you have the knowledge, and therefore confidence? Is your ELT battery is fully charged, for example?

His survival adventure reminded me of one of my survival close calls. I survived two of my five near-death experiences because of the training received while flying Navy jets off aircraft carriers. For me, training forces the reality of your decision making process and helps evaluate your preparations for the unexpected. One lecture I received, at age 26, was for "Surviving an Avalanche." After my hypothetical ejection from my plane, I hypothetically parachuted onto a snow covered mountain and caused an avalanche and was carried down the mountain side in a tsunami of snow.

At the time, I didn't think it had much relevance to flying off carriers, but I attended because my Mom, a "99" and an aviatrix of 30 years, repeatedly admonished me to "Always say 'yes' to a training opportunity because you never know when it might come in handy." The lecture's relevance became life saving reality at age 32. On my first mountain climb, after a grueling six hour climb to reach the 9,677 foot high peak (before it blew) of Mt. St. Helens, we began our return to the parking lot. 15 minutes into the trudging downhill decent, I stepped onto and through a thin layer of snow covering a crevasse and fell towards the mountain's core.

After falling long enough for my life to flash before me a couple of times, and realizing I wasn't going to die at that very moment, my brain vividly recalled the avalanche lecture from six years earlier. Action #1: "Swim with the snow." I did this as I fell deeper and deeper.

After my shoulders were finally pinned against the icy walls, and my feet were freely dangling below me into the freezing void. What felt like was a ton of snow had fallen on me, **Tim's story continues on page 5.**

Here's Tim at the California Science Center in LA. A space suit would have helped Tim survive his avalanche experience.



The year has started out well so far. The flying has been brisk even with the much needed rain we have had. The first day of spring has come and gone, the birds and bugs are starting to be real pests, and the yard is starting to need cutting. Yes, spring is here for sure. Along with the flowers blooming so are the new students. The following three people have completed their first solos. Steve Price soloed March 18th in a C-172 after a long delay by the FAA for his medical. Michael Fast and Caleb Kanomata both soloed on the 24th of March in a C-152. Congratulations to instructors Greg Pellerin and Jeremy Larsen on jobs well done. Jon Escalante (pictured) earned his Private Pilot Certificate after a year and a half struggle that also included starting a new McDonald's franchise, having a son born and buying a new house. Oh, to be young again and have that much energy. Good job to Michael Poteet on being his instructor. Patrick Bates passed his commercial knowledge test. Steve Koewler passed not only his Commercial Pilot Certificate, he also passed his Airplane Single Engine Land Flight Instructor Rating with Scott Holland as his Instructor. Andy Matischax passed his Instrument Rating at Mach 5 with the combined efforts of Andrew Moon, Ron Sanders, and Larry Uzelac. Frank Piner soloed again in February with Mach 5 after a hiatus. His instructor was Ron Bawden. Congratulations to Dave Holman for getting his CFI rating with his instructor Beau Perry at Mach 5. Good job to you all.

Well last month our new security camera system was installed and working. The new system replaced our older system that had pretty bad resolution. This system is way better. In fact it already captured a great picture of the guy who "stole" the heart of this new system. An all-points bulletin was put out along with a "WANTED" poster with his picture on it: Be on the look out for this individual. Well, as things turned out nobody actually stole anything at all. The person that was captured on camera was the vendor who had removed the old stuff and installed the new. He had mistakenly taken some the new equipment back instead and left our system temporarily down. At least now we know this system works pretty well and takes great pictures. It's much better than the old one.

Last month my front office receptionist, Diane Hammer, came up with a good idea on how to get the pilots to do a better preflight inspection. She put lit-

tle Easter Egg decals on the airplane and for every one the pilot found we offered a \$5.00 discount on the hourly rate of the airplane. She put up to three decals on each airplane and replaced them as they were found. So far the pilots have redeemed 25 five decals. At times Diane was not able to replace some of the decals and the next pilot felt bad when they could not find any, but they sure looked awful hard. Diane's "Easter Egg" was inspired by our speaker last month, Brian Brown. His experience and lessons learned gave her the idea that pilots should take their preflight preparations a little bit more seriously than just a quick look over the airplane. It's the preparation for the emergency that may never come your way that gives you the best chance of survival. Hopefully you will not need it. Thank you, Diane, for a great idea.

TGH had a seminar on ADS-B at their hangar adjacent to Sunshine Flyers. Automatic Dependent Surveillance-Broadcast is the new collision avoidance system that will be required in a few years for all aircraft entering Class C and higher airspace. The seminar was a very well attended. More people came to the event than had signed up. Parking was a was a little tight but everyone found a place. All went pretty well.

Well that is about all for now, so Good night Miss Daisy.

The Prop Turner
Mike Duncan



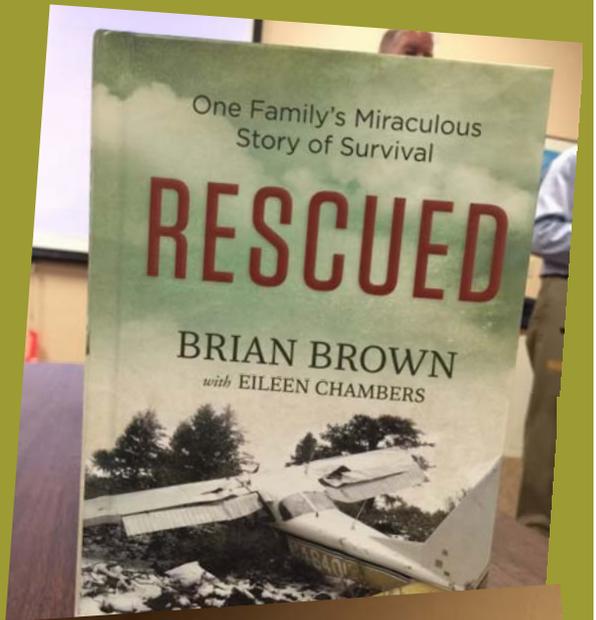
Jon Escalante celebrated getting his Private Pilot license as just one of several recent life achievements. He's pictured here with his pilot examiner, Ashley Snyder.

Photos



Top left: Dave Holman earned his CFI rating in March with Mach5 instructor Beau Perry. Top right: Steve Koewler passed not only his Commercial Pilot Certificate, he also passed his Airplane Single Engine Land Flight Instructor Rating with Scott Holland as his Instructor. Right middle: Michael Fast soloed with Greg Pellerin as his instructor. Bottom left: Steve Price made his solo flight. At right—Sunshine Flyers has a new plane on the airport.

March Meeting Photos



Top left: Brian Brown describes his crash and rescue experience at the March meeting. Top right: Brown's book. He is determined to tell his story and let other pilots learn from his mistakes. Middle left: Brown brought many examples of survival equipment and devices and gave tips on how to make sure they are available in a real emergency. Middle right: Scholarship winners Jack Bell (left) and James Jacobson (right) stand with Scholarship Committee Chair Walt Wilson at the March meeting.



Auburn Airport Antique Aircraft are on Display in "A" months this year. Aircraft more than 35 years old will be on display from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. on these dates. Walk around the airport and check out the displays.

April
2,3,4, 23,24,25
August
6,7,8,27,28,29

Beau Perry Mach 5
 889-2000

President's Message, Continued from page 1

ence. The lecturer again screamed in my brain, Action #2: "Make an air hole!" I did so instantaneously by pushing snow away from my face.

If one air hole is good, my thinking rapidly expanded to "Two holes would be most excellent!" In the second or two it takes for you to read this sentence, all the snow surrounding me became a solid, glacier-like frozen mass. No snow moved when I tried to create a second air cavity. Think of a carnival snow cone. My dangling body was the cone and my head, shoulders and one ton of snow over me was the icy top (without flavoring.)

Now my circumstance worsened. I had become literally entombed in an ice cube unable to move any body part, except my left arm and then only my elbow in a horizontal semicircle level with my shoulder joint. That was the motion used to force an alcove of air a few seconds earlier. My morale took a dive when I couldn't expand my breathing reservoir. But, I could inhale and exhale thanks to Action #1. The class six years earlier had taught me that during avalanches most die from suffocation, not being crushed. Ice freezes around their chests and they lose the ability to inhale and exhale. By "swimming" during my plunge into the icy depths, I kept the freezing snow slightly away from my body, enough so that when I stopped falling, I could, at least, breath air in. The good news was, I could breathe. The bad news was, I didn't have much air in my little hand hewn airspace. I attempted to understand my circumstances once my fall stopped. My first thought, was, 'If I die today, my wife is going to be really PO'ed!!' Next thought was that I was frozen and unable to reach the many survival resources in my backpack. They were useless.

Planning ahead, I had crammed every survival item the Navy and REI could provide. Distress flares, waterproof matches, extra wool socks, a metal cup, dehydrated food and the most important, 2 lbs of M&Ms with nuts of my personalized trail mix. That was a lot of 'stuff', but I thought, 'You never can tell what might happen when you and a group of newbies make their first mountain ascent. Since I had never climbed a mountain, I reasoned that a little bit of everything might be somehow useful. I had fallen from the surface into what I deduced was a hole in the snow. It was pitch black and I was entombed in snow. I also knew I was the middle man on a 100 foot rope with supposedly fellow climbers at each end. That meant I possibly could be 50 feet under the surface that, moments before, had been a joyful Sunday afternoon climbing experience. Then, even earlier training kicked in. At age 12, my Mom taught us kids self-hypnosis. Today, it might be called biofeedback. She taught us how to control our minds and then our breathing, while substantially slowing our heart rate. If you have a finite amount of air, but possibly an unknown amount of time to need that air, it might be very demoralizing or debilitating. But, because I had the training, it was time for air management, not panic. The breathing practice for years had been fun parlor entertainment. That afternoon became a necessity for continued life! I needed to successfully manage my air usage or I would face a subzero grave. The only option for survival was to be centered and do what I had practiced many times. If, at this point, you need to know the end of the story, it's really very brief. I lived because I had classroom training and repeatedly practiced mental self control skills.

I was encouraged when my climbing party leader sent someone tied on a rope into the crevasse to dig me out. I relaxed and felt pretty happy I had survived. I didn't think there was a need for continue problem solving on my part. The rescue began after being 'only' buried alive for 6-8 minutes. Now is a good time to mention Survivor's Rule #44 (I just made that up). "You are not safe until you are fully safe AND completely out of eminent danger." About 20 minutes later when digging noises could go longer be heard outside my snow cone, I shouted to my would be rescuer, "Why did you stopped digging?" His quick reply, "Because I'm tired!!" My reply, "Get your ass in gear... because I'm dying!!"

At that point, it became clear that, I was, once again, needing take charge and manage my icy excavation to survive. So I did. I directed his efforts in removing the snow cone on top of me. For untangling my safety rope from around my shoulder. It had wrapped around me while 'swimming' during my free fall. And, for ensuring I was securely roped to the surface to avoid falling further into the mountain should any other misfortune occur to me. In 3 minutes he had dug a secondary air passage so my fear of suffocation was finally put to rest. 12 minutes later, my left shoulder and head were free. I finally could see how far below the surface I had fallen. It was close to 30 feet, three stories below my fellow climbers. While they all had climbed, I had the distinction of climbing and falling into St. Helens. At that moment, I got scared realizing just how precarious my situation had been. YIKES! I could look over the snow surrounding my torso and see what was below me. Looking down in front, below and behind me, I discovered I was hanging just two feet above a huge black elongated oval. It reminded me of an ocean liner's smoke stack.

It quickly narrowed like a funnel and bent westerly at a 45 degree angle. IF I had fallen about six feet more, I would have ended up in that chasm and the ton of cascading loose snow would have sealed me into becoming part of the mountain. I jokingly said, "IF I had fallen just six feet more, my lifeless body would have been unrecoverable until the mountain blew up!" One year and two days later, the mountain did just that. At dinner that night while over a celebratory beverage, the organizer stated, "If anyone other than you had fallen into that crevasse, they would have died. You had the training, mental toughness, will to live and, ultimately, took control of your own life." The telling of Brian's story last month, and my story in this column, is really about one simple thought for pilots, their passengers, as well as the for the average Joe and Jane. When engaging in any activity, approach it intelligently and prepare and train yourself to be able to adapt to any eventual disaster. This, more likely than not, could turn us into a survivor instead of a casualty.

My story is not about luck. It is about the Boy Scout motto: "ALWAYS BE PREPARED."

Tim Pinkney, President

APRIL 2016

burying me from the sight of my fellow climbers. For me, it was as black as Halloween night with no, none, nada light to give me any refer-



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Date: _____

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Type of License (Circle One or More): Student Glider Rotorcraft Other _____

Ratings: Private Commercial CFI Instrument Other _____

Aircraft: _____

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AAA Name Badge: \$13.00 each Name to be printed: _____ Amount: _____

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