



EAA 430 FLYER

Serving Northern Olympic Peninsula



MARCH 2025



From the Left Seat With President Ray Ballantyne

Hello Aviation Enthusiasts!

With my friends of the Recreational Aviation Foundation: John McKenna, Chairman; Bill McGlynn, President; WA State Representative Tom Dent; WA Liaison Ray Ballantyne at the 2025 Northwest Aviation Conference and Trade Show

It was great to see so many chapter members at the Northwest Aviation Conference and Trade Show in Puyallup. I got to participate with the Recreational Aviation Foundation at their booth, and I know Ken and Skip Brown were busy at the UFO booth, and Dave Miller was assisting the Washington Pilots Association. There were a lot of vendors and seminars- which I thought made for a good show.

Since that time, the building committee has been very busy researching county codes to determine the requirements for a building permit. We have decided on a 2000 square-foot metal building, and are currently working with Sequim Valley Airport for water and septic. We've had to postpone the Raise the Roof donation pledge dinner to MAY 14, 2025. That will give us enough time to have the preliminary drawings of the building we plan to build. I hope you will join us and help the building project.

David Miller has also been busy as our scholarship chairman with the recent approval from headquarters to administer a Ray scholarship. We are now in the process of sending in an application for one of our Young Eagles, Jazmin Stamper, to be our next scholar recipient.

Speaking of Young Eagles, Bud Davies has announced the YE rallies this year will be June 14 at SVA, July 19 at PA, and August 23 at SVA. September 20 will be an alternate date. I hope you get involved with this. Contact Bud or Linda Priddle for more information.

May 17 is Learn to Fly day nationwide, and our own Harry Cook will be leading a presentation of Flying Start at the PA Conference Room. This is for all your friends and family who say they always wanted to learn to fly. Bring them to this event to learn about the whole spectrum of aviation and how to get into it.

A shout out to Ernie Hansen who has taken on the job of selling the ultralight vehicles that Rick Vaux so generously donated. Ernie has developed the advertising and has fielded many calls and is hoping for a legitimate buyer soon. A Big thanks to Ernie! I also know Linda Priddle took on the task of selling Cenk Ozer's C150 while he is on deployment. Members helping members.

Our next gathering will be on Saturday March 29th. We haven't finalized the program yet, but come at 0930 for another outstanding breakfast served by our hospitality chairs Kevin and Charlie Tracy. Charlie is recovering from a recent knee replacement, so you could send her encouraging words.

I was hoping to make a joke about retirement. It did not work.

Until next month,

Ray

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BOD Meeting
 March 21 Mariners Cafe 0900

Next Gathering
 March 28 PA Conference Room
 0930

VMC/IMC
 April 9
 Mariners Cafe 1900

Raise The Roof
 May 14

National Learn To Fly Day
 May 17



Please

Mark your calendars
 For the summer's
 Young Eagle Events
PILOTS NEEDED



\$\$\$ FOR SALE \$\$\$

Through a generous donation, EAA 430 has two ultralight aircraft for sale!
 One is a 2005 Kitfox lite. This aircraft is complete and was flying prior to being partially disassembled for an engine conversion. Comes with a "0" time Hirth F23 engine and propeller. \$13,000.
 The second project is a complete DreamClassic ultralight with a "0" time Rotax 447 engine. \$6,000.
 You can google either aircraft for more details.
 Contact Ernie Hansen ernestfhansen@gmail.com if interested.

**After reading Barry's Excellent Adventure,
Ernie Hansen asked to share his adventure ferrying a PA-11**

PA11 FERRY TRIP KBVU to ID22

March 31, 2024; Easter Sunday

Flew Alaska Airlines to Las Vegas NV. Then took an UBER with Steve to Boulder City NV to spend the night in the Boulder City/Hoover Dam Best Western.

April 1, 2024; Monday

John Bacon picked me up at 0630 at the hotel. We chatted on the way to Boulder City Airport to check out Terry McCartney's new to him PA11 clone. After unplugging the battery maintainer and doing a thorough pre-flight inspection, topping off the fuel, I was ready to depart KBVU enroute to Spirit Lake, Idaho...a 2 day adventure.

I chose a route that would keep me out of the highest terrain and over some airports enroute. This required me to fly NE before going more North. The weather was forecasted to be mostly sunny at my departure point, becoming overcast with snow showers as I proceeded through Utah.

I departed over part of Lake Mead and saw Hoover Dam. Proceeding toward St. George, UT, I noticed the radio was almost unusable due to noise that followed the power setting, probably alternator noise. I used my handheld the remainder of the day. I continued in mostly sunny skies, toward St. George where I took a more Northerly route toward Cedar City, UT. Approaching Cedar City, the weather was deteriorating and I decided to land and get fuel so I could calculate the fuel burn for future flight planning purposes...5 gal./hr. Many snow showers were in the vicinity with a forecast for improvement, so I decided to wait and let the showers move out of the area. After about 1.5 hours, I departed, headed to Bolinder Field, Tooele Valley Airport, near Salt Lake City. There were many snow showers in this area of otherwise good weather. This 2.6 hours leg was flown staying out of the shower which were heavy with poor visibility and keeping an "out" toward good weather always in mind. Arriving at Bolinder Airport, I wanted to top off the fuel before crossing the Great Salt Lake. Big sign...no 100LL available. No NOTAM. My next, nearest airport was Burley Muni at Burley Idaho 2.0 hours. This would be 4.6 hours before I could get fuel. A calculation said I would have used 23 gal., leaving me a healthy reserve, so I departed Bolinder. I was almost immediately over the Great Salt Lake. Winds this entire day were not favorable...head winds at this time were 20+ mph on the nose. This made for a LONG crossing over water. I saw groundspeeds of 68 mph, slower than most cars on the interstate! I may have been going slow, but I could go in a straight line! I arrived at Burley Muni at 1840...a long day. 6.4 hours flying (tack time) and 10:40 hours elapsed time. Aside from the 1.5 hours on the ground in Cedar City and the brief time at Bolinder Airport, I was airborne. Took a taxi with Holly to the Budget Hotel.

PA11 FERRY TRIP KBVU to ID22

April 2, 2024; Tuesday

I awoke to clear skies, as forecasted! Still had headwinds to Pendleton, OR, but not as strong. I arrived at the airport before the FBO opened for fuel. I was going to take this opportunity to look the plane over, organize the cockpit, then fuel and depart. To my surprise, I couldn't get the outside door entry to work to release the door. After trying to open the door numerous times I got desperate and looked for an alternative way to access the cockpit. I decided the Lexan side windows were the easiest to replace so I scratched a small opening in the plastic window with a screwdriver. Lexan is hard as nails! Met a mechanic of Life Flight, Ron, who gave me a hacksaw blade and came to help. His attempts to get the outside latch to work were a failure, vindicating me for putting a hole in Terry's airplane! A slot in the Lexan and a small hook provided by Ron did the trick and the door opened. After thanking Ron profusely and saying goodbye I attempted to depart...the plane would not start. The battery did not have enough energy. Finding the FBO mechanic/owner, Kevin, we towed the plane to his facility and charged the battery to full capacity. The volt meter now showed 2 volts higher and as I was to learn, the radio worked perfectly. The voltage stayed at the higher mark all day. So much for my plan for an early departure. Off Burley Muni at 1015 for a 3.7 hours leg to Pendleton OR, my last stop before reaching my destination. Weather was beautiful and the flight via Boise was uneventful...just the way I like it. Fueled at Pendleton and departed for ID22. 1.7 hours later I was greeted by Terry and Beth McCartney at their beautiful grass field in Spirit Lake ID.



Leaving Boulder City, NV



Eastern WA Wheat Fields

PA11 FERRY TRIP KBVU to ID22

Dam on the Snake River



Lake Mead

Safely tucked in at
ID22, Treeport Airport
Spirit Lake, ID



SR-71 Breakup at Mach 3.18

With a mostly Happy Ending

Subject: Test Pilot Bill Weaver

This article was sent to Ray and Lisa. Her father was the first maintenance chief of the SR-71 in the 60's. He forwarded this article.

Mach 3.18 In-Flight Break Up Of An SR-71 Black Bird

Among professional aviators, there's a well-worn saying: *Flying is simply hours of boredom punctuated by moments of stark terror.* But I don't recall too many periods of boredom during my 30-year career with Lockheed, most of which was spent as a test pilot. By far, the most memorable flight occurred on Jan. 25, 1966.

Jim Zwayer, a Lockheed flight-test specialist, and I were evaluating systems on an SR-71 Blackbird test from Edwards. We also were investigating procedures designed to reduce trim drag and improve high-Mach cruise performance. The latter involved flying with the center-of-gravity (CG) located further aft than normal, reducing the Blackbird's longitudinal stability.

We took off from Edwards at 11:20 a.m. and completed the mission's first leg without incident. After refueling from a KC-135 tanker, we turned eastbound, accelerated to a Mach 3.2-cruise speed and climbed to 78,000 ft., our initial cruise-climb altitude.

Several minutes into cruise, the right engine inlet's automatic control system malfunctioned, requiring a switch to manual control. The SR-71's inlet configuration was automatically adjusted during supersonic flight to decelerate airflow in the duct, slowing it to subsonic speed before reaching the engine's face. This was accomplished by the inlet's center-body spike translating aft, and by modulating the inlet's forward bypass doors. Normally, these actions were scheduled automatically as a function of Mach number, positioning the normal shock wave (where air flow becomes subsonic) inside the inlet to ensure optimum engine performance. Without proper scheduling, disturbances inside the inlet could result in the shock wave being expelled forward- a phenomenon known as an "inlet unstart." That causes an instantaneous loss of engine thrust, explosive banging noises and violent yawing of the aircraft--like being in a train wreck. Unstarts were not uncommon at that time in the SR-71's development, but a properly functioning system would recapture the shock wave and restore normal operation.

On the planned test profile, we entered a programmed 35-deg. bank turn to the right. An immediate unstart occurred on the right engine, forcing the aircraft to roll further right and start to pitch up. I jammed the control stick as far left and forward as it would go. No response. I instantly knew we were in for a wild ride. I attempted to tell Jim what was happening and to stay with the airplane until we reached a lower speed and altitude. I didn't think the chances of surviving an ejection at Mach 3.18 and 78,800 ft. were very good. However, g-forces built up so rapidly that my words came out garbled and unintelligible, as confirmed later by the cockpit voice recorder. The cumulative effects of system malfunctions, reduced longitudinal stability, increased angle-of-attack in the turn, supersonic speed, high altitude and other factors imposed forces on the airframe that exceeded flight control authority and the Stability Augmentation System's ability to restore control.

SR-71, Continued

Everything seemed to unfold in slow motion. I learned later the time from event onset to catastrophic departure from controlled flight was only 2-3 seconds. Still trying to communicate with Jim, I blacked out, succumbing to extremely high g-forces. Then the SR-71 . . . literally . . . disintegrated around us.

From that point, I was just along for the ride. And my next recollection was a hazy thought that I was having a bad dream. Maybe I'll wake up and get out of this mess, I mused. Gradually regaining consciousness, I realized this was no dream; it had really happened. That also was disturbing, because I **COULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED** what had just happened. ***I must be dead.*** Since I didn't feel bad - - just a detached sense of euphoria - - I decided being dead wasn't so bad after all. As full awareness took hold, I realized I was not dead. But somehow I had separated from the airplane.

I had no idea how this could have happened; I hadn't initiated an ejection. The sound of rushing air and what sounded like straps flapping in the wind confirmed I was falling, but I couldn't see anything. My pressure suit's face plate had frozen over and I was staring at a layer of ice. The pressure suit was inflated, so I knew an emergency oxygen cylinder in the seat kit attached to my parachute ! harness was functioning. It not only supplied breathing oxygen, but also pressurized the suit, preventing my blood from boiling at extremely high altitudes. I didn't appreciate it at the time, but the suit's pressurization had also provided physical protection from intense buffeting and g-forces. That inflated suit had become my own escape capsule.

My next concern was about stability and tumbling. Air density at high altitude is insufficient to resist a body's tumbling motions, and centrifugal forces high enough to cause physical injury could develop quickly. For that reason, the SR-71's parachute system was designed to automatically deploy a small-diameter stabilizing chute shortly after ejection and seat separation. Since I had not intentionally activated the ejection system--and assuming all automatic functions depended on a proper ejection sequence--it occurred to me the stabilizing chute may not have deployed. However, I quickly determined I was falling vertically and not tumbling. The little chute must have deployed and was doing its job. Next concern: the main parachute, which was designed to open automatically at 15,000 ft. Again I had no assurance the automatic-opening function would work.

I couldn't ascertain my altitude because I still couldn't see through the iced-up faceplate. There was no way to know how long I had been blacked-out or how far I had fallen. I felt for the manual-activation D-ring on my chute harness, but with the suit inflated and my hands numbed by cold I couldn't locate it. I decided I'd better open the faceplate, try to estimate my height above the ground, then locate that "D" ring. Just as I reached for the faceplate, I felt the reassuring sudden deceleration of main-chute deployment.

I raised the frozen faceplate and discovered its uplatch was broken. Using one hand to hold that plate up, I saw I was descending through a clear, winter sky with unlimited visibility. I was greatly relieved to see Jim's parachute coming down about a quarter of a mile away. I didn't think either of us could have survived the aircraft's breakup, so seeing Jim had also escaped lifted my spirits incredibly. I could also see burning wreckage on the ground a few miles from where we would land. The terrain didn't look at all inviting--a desolate, high plateau dotted with patches of snow and no signs of habitation.

SR-71, Continued

I tried to rotate the parachute and look in other directions. But with one hand devoted to keeping the face plate up and both hands numb from high-altitude, subfreezing temperatures, I couldn't manipulate the risers enough to turn. Before the breakup, we'd started a turn in the New Mexico-Colorado-Oklahoma-Texas border region. The SR-71 had a turning radius of about 100 mi. at that speed and altitude, so I wasn't even sure what state we were going to land in. But, because it was about 3:00 p.m., I was certain we would be spending the night out here.

At about 300 ft. above the ground, I yanked the seat kit's release handle and made sure it was still tied to me by a long lanyard. Releasing the heavy kit ensured I wouldn't land with it attached to my derriere, which could break a leg or cause other injuries. I then tried to recall what survival items were in that kit, as well as techniques I had been taught in survival training. Looking down, I was startled to see a fairly large animal--perhaps an antelope--directly under me. Evidently, it was just as startled as I was because it literally took off in a cloud of dust. My first-ever parachute landing was pretty smooth. I landed on fairly soft ground, managing to avoid rocks, cacti and antelopes. My chute was still billowing in the wind, though. I struggled to collapse it with one hand, holding the still-frozen faceplate up with the other.

"Can I help you? " a voice said. Was I hearing things? I must be hallucinating. Then I looked up and saw a guy walking toward me, wearing a cowboy hat. A helicopter was idling a short distance behind him. If I had been at Edwards and told the search-and-rescue unit that I was going to bail out over the Rogers Dry Lake at a particular time of day, a crew couldn't have gotten to me as fast as that cowboy-pilot had.

The gentleman was Albert Mitchell, Jr., owner of a huge cattle ranch in northeastern New Mexico. I had landed about 1.5 mi. from his ranch house--and from a hangar for his two-place Hughes helicopter. Amazed to see him, I replied I was having a little trouble with my chute. He walked over and collapsed the canopy, anchoring it with several rocks. He had seen Jim and me floating down and had radioed the New Mexico Highway Patrol, the Air Force and the nearest hospital.

Extracting myself from the parachute harness, I discovered the source of those flapping-strap noises heard on the way down. My seat belt and shoulder harness were still draped around me, attached and latched. The lap belt had been shredded on each side of my hips, where the straps had fed through knurled adjustment rollers. The shoulder harness had shredded in a similar manner across my back. The ejection seat had never left the airplane. I had been ripped out of it by the extreme forces, with the seat belt and shoulder harness still fastened. I also noted that one of the two lines that supplied oxygen to my pressure suit had come loose, and the other was barely hanging on. If that second line had become detached at high altitude, the deflated pressure suit wouldn't have provided any protection. I knew an oxygen supply was critical for breathing and suit-pressurization, but didn't appreciate how much physical protection an inflated pressure suit could provide. That the suit could withstand forces sufficient to disintegrate an airplane and shred heavy nylon seat belts, yet leave me with only a few bruises and minor whiplash was impressive. I truly appreciated having my own little escape capsule.

After helping me with the chute, Mitchell said he'd check on Jim. He climbed into his helicopter, flew a short distance away and returned about 10 minutes later with devastating news: Jim was dead. Apparently, he had suffered a broken neck during the aircraft's disintegration and was killed instantly. Mitchell said his ranch foreman would soon arrive to watch over Jim's body until the authorities arrived. I asked to see Jim and, after verifying there was nothing more that could be done, agreed to let Mitchell fly me to the Tucumcari hospital, about 60 mi. to the south.

SR-71, Continued

I have vivid memories of that helicopter flight, as well. I didn't know much about rotorcraft, but I knew a lot about "red lines," and Mitchell kept the airspeed at or above red line all the way. The little helicopter vibrated and shook a lot more than I thought it should have. I tried to reassure the cowboy-pilot I was feeling OK; there was no need to rush. But since he'd notified the hospital staff that we were inbound, he insisted we get there as soon as possible. I couldn't help but think how ironic it would be to have survived one disaster only to be done in by the helicopter that had come to my rescue. However, we made it to the hospital safely--and quickly. Soon, I was able to contact Lockheed's flight test office at Edwards. The test team there had been notified initially about the loss of radio and radar contact, then told the aircraft had been lost. They also knew what our flight conditions had been at the time, and assumed no one could have survived. I explained what had happened, describing in fairly accurate detail the flight conditions prior to breakup.

The next day, our flight profile was duplicated on the SR-71 flight simulator at Beale AFB, Calif. The outcome was identical. Steps were immediately taken to prevent a recurrence of our accident. Testing at a CG aft of normal limits was discontinued, and trim-drag issues were subsequently resolved via aerodynamic means. The inlet control system was continuously improved and, with subsequent development of the Digital Automatic Flight and Inlet Control System, inlet unstarts became rare.

Investigation of our accident revealed that the nose section of the aircraft had broken off aft of the rear cockpit and crashed about 10 mi. from the main wreckage. Parts were scattered over an area approximately 15 mi. long and 10 mi. wide. Extremely high air loads and g-forces, both positive and negative, had literally ripped Jim and me from the airplane. Unbelievably good luck is the only explanation for my escaping relatively unscathed from that disintegrating aircraft.

Two weeks after the accident, I was back in a n SR-71, flying the first sortie on a brand-new bird at Lockheed's Palmdale, Calif., assembly and test facility. It was my first flight since the accident, so a flight test engineer in the back seat was probably a little apprehensive about my state of mind and confidence. As we roared down the runway and lifted off, I heard an anxious voice over the intercom.

"Bill! Bill! Are you there?"

"Yeah, George. What's the matter?"

"Thank God! I thought you might have left."

The rear cockpit of the SR-71 has no forward visibility--only a small window on each side--and George couldn't see me. A big red light on the master-warning panel in the rear cockpit had illuminated just as we rotated, stating: "Pilot Ejected." Fortunately, the cause was a misadjusted micro switch; not my departure.

Bill Weaver flight-tested all models of the Mach-2 F-104 Starfighter and the entire family of Mach 3+ Blackbirds--the A-12, YF-12 and SR-71. He subsequently was assigned to Lockheed's L-1011 project as an engineering test pilot, and became the company's chief pilot. He later retired as Division Manager of Commercial Flying Operations. He still flies Orbital Sciences Corp.'s L-1011, which has been modified to carry the Pegasus satellite-launch vehicle. And as an FAA Designated Engineering Representative Flight Test Pilot, he's also involved in various aircraft-modification projects, conducting certification flight tests.

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