

A Sunday Flight to Cool Off

I got in a slump, a real lack of ambition. When my FAA Class III medical ran out, I just quit flying. My regular doctor who has done most of my Class III exams is no longer an FAA AME. I didn't fly for about three months. Finally I got sick of looking at that Mooney getting dustier and looking so forlorn in hangar #32 that I got motivated to spend \$130 to go see another doctor that does FAA exams.

He inspected parts of me I didn't know I had. He wanted some medical history from my previous FAA exam doctor. He questioned my disability. I told him once I am in my pilot's seat, I am as good as I always was. He signed me off. Or did he? I had to go back to the medical office in Riverside to sign and pick up my certificate. I couldn't read it. All of the ink had started so smear and some of it was gone. I put Scotch Tape over parts of it to keep it intact. See what pilots go through to fly you?

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA Department of Transportation Federal Aviation Administration						
MEDICAL CERTIFICATE <u>Third</u> CLASS						
This certifies that (Full name and address): Edmund William Shreffler 1099 Border Ave Corona, CA 92882						
Date of Birth	Height	Weight	Hair	Eyes	Sex	
08/09/1940	71"	221	GRY	BLUE	M	
has met the medical standards prescribed in part 67, Federal Aviation Regulations, for this class of Medical Certificate.						
Limitations	Must wear corrective lenses.					
Date of Examination			Examiner's Designation No.			
03/31/2010			17221-1			
Examiner	Signature <i>Alan C Compton</i>					
	Typed Name Alan C Compton MD					
AIRMAN'S SIGNATURE <i>E Shreffler</i>						
FAA Form 8500-9 (9-08) Supersedes Previous Edition						

The old obsolete Medical Certificate

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA Department of Transportation Federal Aviation Administration						
MEDICAL CERTIFICATE <u>Third</u> CLASS						
This certifies that (Full name and address): EDMUND WILLIAM SHREFFLER 1099 BORDER AVE CORONA, CA 92882						
Date of Birth	Height	Weight	Hair	Eyes	Sex	
08/09/1940	71"	221	GRY	BLUE	M	
has met the medical standards prescribed in part 67, Federal Aviation Regulations, for this class of Medical Certificate.						
Limitations	MUST WEAR CORRECTIVE LENSES FOR NEAR AND DISTANT VISION					
Date of Examination			Examiner's Designation No.			
03-31-2010			13510			
Examiner	Signature <i>Richard S Gordon</i>					
	Typed Name RICHARD S. GORDON, M.D.					
AIRMAN'S SIGNATURE <i>E Shreffler</i>						
FAA Form 8500-9 (9-08) Supersedes Previous Edition						

The new unreadable Medical Certificate

OK, so I dropped 11 pounds, probably an error in the scales. But the old certificate that had spent 2 years in my wallet was much more readable. I had to call doctor Gordon's office and find out what it said on the office copy for Date of Examination, then hand write it in, 6-6-2012. Three weeks later Doctor Gordon retired so I don't know what I will do two years from now.

My signature seems to have gone to hell as well. I can never read important people's signatures. I wonder if I have somehow finally become important.

After getting some flights in - a couple of weeks ago after work, we got what the Inland Empire calls a heat wave and it is just no fun being outside for those of us acclimated to air conditioning. Today was supposed to be cooler. Ha. I planned to go flying and all of my fly babes checked out. One wanted to stay home with her puppy. Well she made her choice. It's all good they say. I think another one had way too much fun yesterday and couldn't face the day on Sunday. 10 AM is not that early.

Charles always likes to go flying with me and he is becoming an accomplished pilot by learning tidbits from me along the way as we fly together. We were to meet at 10 AM. About the title, it was only 73° in Camarillo when I left the house with an expected high of 80° there. That is why I chose it as our destination.

By the time I got to the hangar in Corona, it was reported to be 85° but with that sun beating down on those east facing aluminum hangar doors, it was becoming a sweat box inside. I parked in the shade until Charles arrived. We added a quart of oil and I relied on Charles to do most everything except toss me inside. I managed that somehow. He was certainly a big help today.

We had gotten some more fuel, the engine clicked right through the run-up procedures and we were good to go. Charles punched Direct El Monte into the GPS as we needed that waypoint to avoid the LAX Class B airspace on the way over there. When we were over El Monte, he punched direct Camarillo in - and our course line changed from 290° magnetic to 265° magnetic.

The air was smooth and we were styling! ATC was unusually busy. By then Charles was flying the Mooney and watching for traffic out the window and I was watching for airspace on the GPS switching fuel tanks, and talking on the radio. Great synergy. We were at 6500 feet and it was a nice cool and smooth ride up there. It was time to start our descent but ATC told us to remain at 6500 for spacing.

We got handed off to another ATC sector and I chimed in "Mooney 5807T with you - restricted to six thousand five hundred." He came back with "Mooney 5807T expect lower in 3 minutes," It was time to get Camarillo ATIS so I listened in. They had an airshow going on! Crowds R Us. Not for us.

Now, all of you pilots can slam me for not getting a full weather briefing before departing, and rightfully so, as I would have known about the special activities there before leaving the ground.

But our real destination was FUN, wherever that turned out to happen to be.

Now us pilots are human too. Sometimes we might want to pull over to the curb, stop the engine, and discuss our options. We don't have that option. We had a quick chit chat over the intercom and I told ATC we were cancelling our approach to CMA. We had plenty of fuel and I voted no on Agua Dulce so we went to William J Fox Field in the Lancaster / Palmdale area. Foxy's Landing is a good café. All we had to do is climb up over the San Gabriel Mountains to get there. Piece of cake.

Things are a bit more informal there. Runway 24 is published as having a right traffic pattern. Fox Tower said "Make left traffic for 24 and report midfield downwind". Then he said "Make straight in for 6 if you want to". We took 6. The speed brakes helped us get down. I pulled up to the funniest parking spot ever on an airport. It was a painted airplane parking spot with tie down chains but a metallic brown Mercedes was parked right there. I crept forward with finesse, missing the car by 3 inches with my strobe flashing wingtip. By the time I got out of my plane, the car had disappeared. ☺

Boy it was warm. Not at first but a few minutes later it crept up on you. Must have been close to noon and it was 96° out. Heck, I might as well go to Phoenix if I want to punish myself. I had a smoke in the shade and we went inside. The COOL air is the first thing I noticed as we walked into a large carpeted lobby. The café is just over there, that first door on your left. We went in.

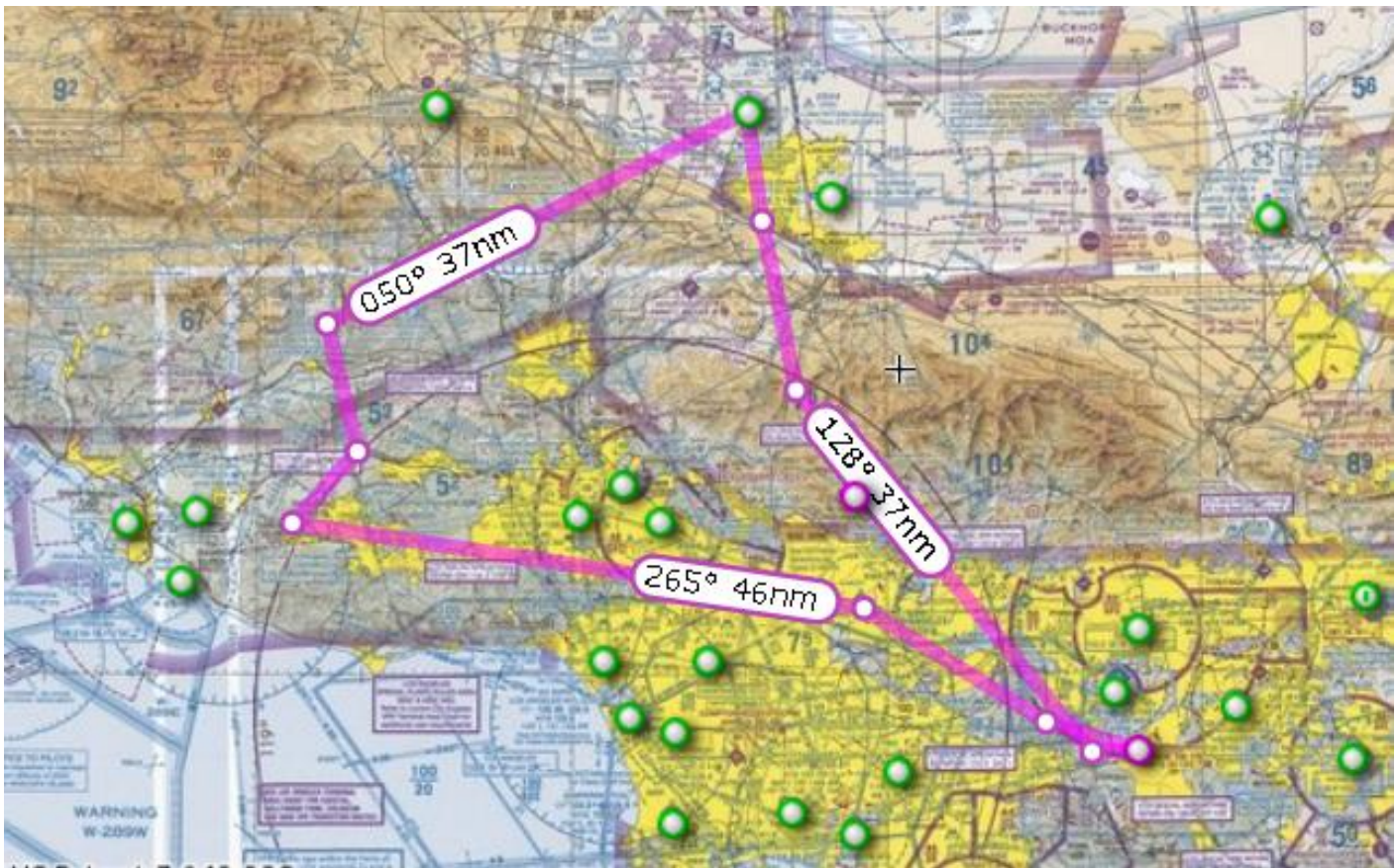
We both had a great lunch. Even though I chose a grilled ham and cheese sandwich, I think that dill pickle strip was my favorite part of my lunch. What seemed funny to me is we were nowhere near where I had planned to go but we were still having fun. After lunch, we left the café, Charles made a phone call and I went outside to have an after lunch smoke in the shade. It felt even warmer.

Roughly 35 cigarettes later, Charles coaxed me in the plane. The engine started using my new technique called the 'Charles Hot Start'. That big fan in front felt good. I turned my avionics on and learned it was 100° outside. Once run up was done, I turned all of the controls over to Charles (except the wheel brakes as there are none on his side). He took off and carved a climbing left turn towards Corona. I was completely comfortable as he never went beyond what I would have done as the time went by. Plus wheel brakes do us no good once off the ground anyway.

We set up the GPS to Direct Corona but we really bended the course to find the lowest pass in the mountains ahead as we flew along.

Once over the peak, Joshua approach turned us over to SoCal and they kept their eyes on us down to Corona. We could see it 20 miles out - way down there. I took over when we were 5 miles away from Corona and I botched the landing. Major thud was the sound. I will get the airplane fixed, again.

It was still 94° in Corona when we returned so we didn't spend a whole lot of time yapping there, just about one Blue Cans worth. Our final route is shown below.



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8/19/2012

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More of my stories are on my Webpage at: <http://www.mooneyevents.com/shreffler.html>