

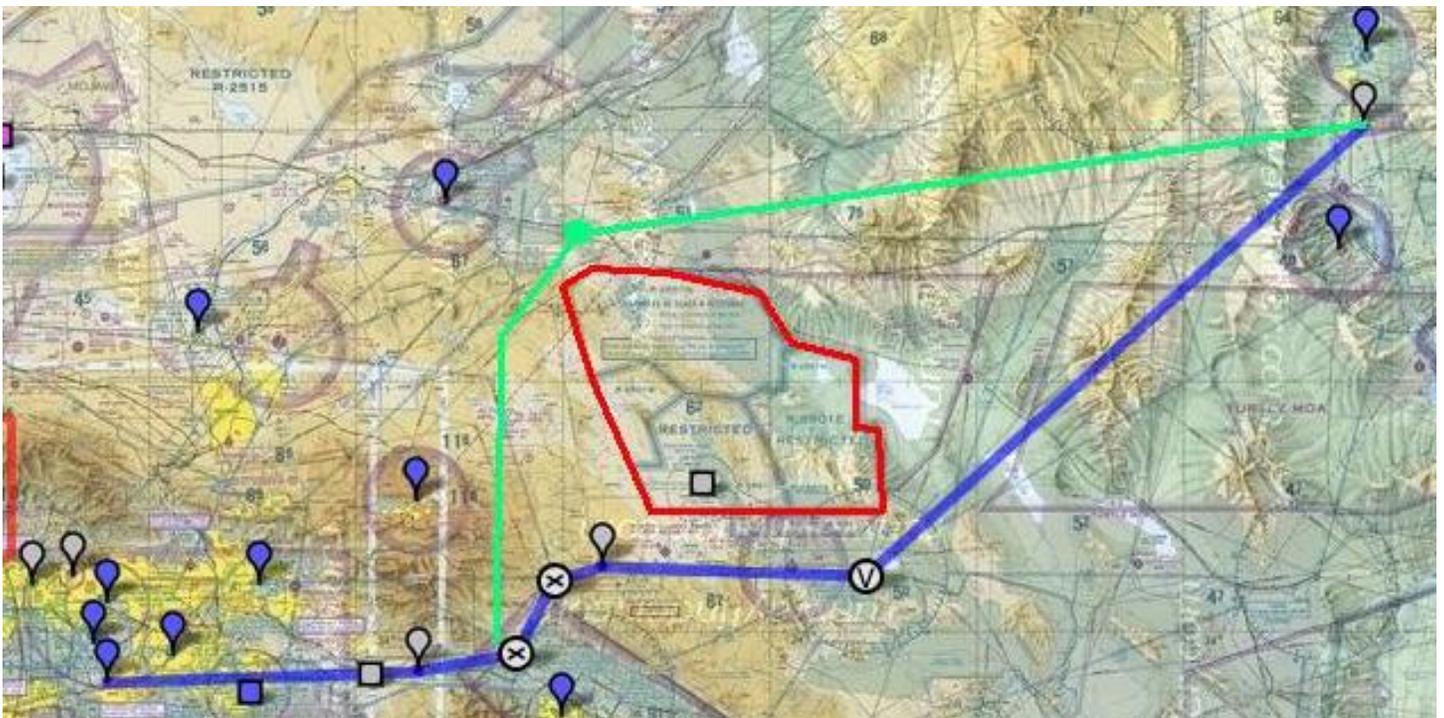
The Corona Pilots Association Fly-in to Bullhead City AZ Sept 19, 2009



I am member of the Corona Pilots Association, but mostly an absentee member as they have their monthly meetings on the second floor of a big hangar at our airport. My knees don't take kindly to stairs, and coupled with my fear of heights, I like to stay on the first floor. However I have no problem flying 200 miles to have lunch with friends. I had learned of the plans for a fly-in to Bullhead City AZ weeks ago. I had also heard that CPA member Fred C. had offered us his Sun Valley Airpark (A20) home near Bullhead City AZ as a venue for a BBQ for all of us. When Fred's Comanche is in Corona, it is in hangar #34, just two doors away from my Mooney, so we are 'hangar neighbors'.

I put out my usual APB for passengers, and a great gal at work said she would like to go but a few days later she had to cancel. Another outgoing email brought in several more positive replies, including some from 2 flakey gals who will be deleted from that email list. The nicest one was from Nancy who said that her nephew Mark is a pilot and would like to ride along, and so it happened.

This is about the 30th time I have gone flying with someone I have never met face to face before including some of my past Angel Flight rides. Mark is a nice gentle guy in his 50s who also is a pilot. We met at the airport and after he helped me with the preflight chores, we launched eastward.



Our approximate route (in blue) diverting around mountains on an LA Sectional per runwayfinder.com

After we got through the Banning pass and turned left and then right, I shudder to remember the sudden BANGS, bumps, jiggles, pitching up and down, yanks up and down on my wings, sudden yawing where the tail swings sideways, and how much I was screaming and crying when all hell broke loose over Twentynine Palms. I was grabbing onto everything within reach (except my calm co-pilot Mark). And then not more than 5 minutes later, it all went away. OK, maybe I might have exaggerated a bit - but Kim, Bethany, and Sima would NOT have wanted to be right there right then. Mark didn't seem to much notice. Smooth flying resumed.

Later, Fred just happened to be out in his backyard, when he looked up and saw my Mooney going by on left downwind for runway 18. He grabbed his two way handheld airplane radio, jumped onto his trusty golf cart, went down the road in 100 + degrees, and talked to me after I landed and landed again (yes I bounced). He gave me a progressive taxi right up into his driveway. His attached garage is his hangar there. How cool is that? We parked and Fred invited us both inside.

It is picture time again, at Fred's place at Sun Valley Airpark a neighborhood built around an airport:



Yes sir, we were treated like royalty and we pulled right up into his driveway

The blacktop road you see behind serves a dual purpose, it is also a taxiway with a standard taxiway solid yellow stripe painted down the center. Whenever there is a conflict of purpose between an airplane and an automobile, the car pulls into somebody's driveway, and lets the airplane taxi by.



No, not a mirror image, that is Fred's Piper Comanche parked inside



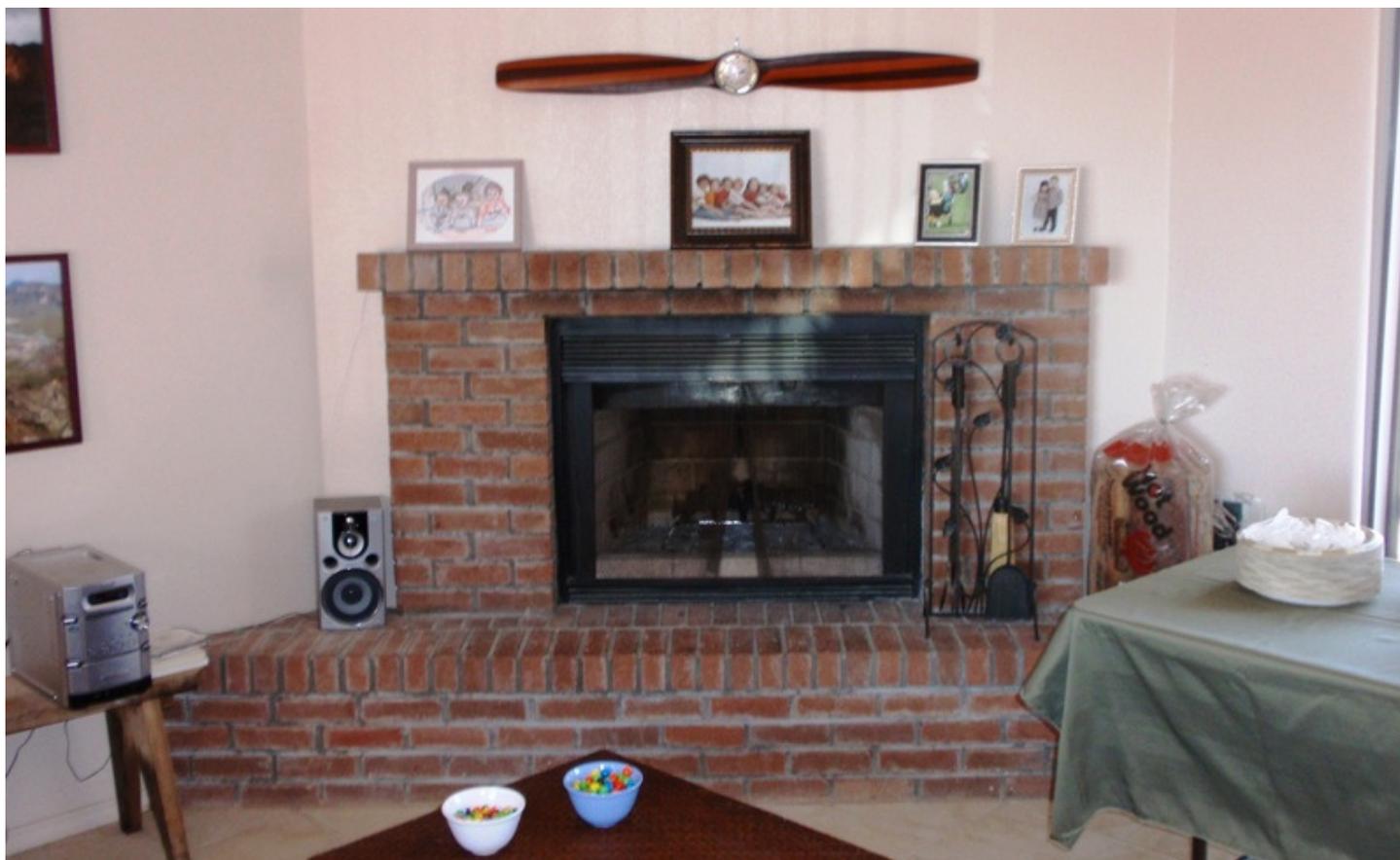
Much cooler inside his hangar / garage, and even nicer inside the house

We were the first people to arrive. Everyone else was going to stay overnight at the hotels / casinos in Laughlin so their airport of choice was Laughlin/Bullhead International (IFP) 9 nm north and they would drive down to Fred's place after getting checked in.

Soon three guys showed up and the party atmosphere started to develop. Then the rest of the gang arrived and it was a house full. I knew a few of the people, but most of the faces were new to me. Mark blended right in. A beautiful gal walked up to me and asked "Are you Ed?". Her name is Denise and she recognized me from my pictures on my Facebook page. Life keeps changing.



Three fantastic airplane stories going on at once around one table of six pilots



We didn't need a fireplace today as it hit around 106, but that propeller is so cool.



I was drinking a Pepsi and behaving myself, but I think Bill's wife might be afraid of me



Meanwhile, the chefs out in the backyard were exacting their magic on some fantastic tri-tip steaks

Back inside the chips, dips, veggie platters, candies, beer, wine, soda, and water were keeping all who attended completely satisfied. My Blue Can of choice was a Pepsi, as we planned to fly back to Corona later that same afternoon.



Fred and another Ed did the slicing inside, while everyone else was enjoying a wonderful house party

After every everyone had full tummies, we were all coaxed out front to be in a group picture. Our CPA president Jim Nunnely, shown below 3rd from the right, thanked everyone for choosing to come to this fly-in and also to Fred for inviting us to his 2nd home and hosting the event and then we all got to pose in the searing heat just for you.



We are beautiful people, except for me, so they put me way over at the left, away from everyone else



Some of the hearties hung out in the sun for a while after the big picture - hi Becki ☺

We had to get going as I wanted to arrive back in Corona before dark due to some instrument panel lights that were not cooperating. I climbed in and some of the guys pitched in to pull me forward an inch, to remove the wheel chalk from behind my tire, and help me roll backward down Fred's driveway so I could turn onto the road. Not something one usually does in an airplane, but it worked out well. Engine start, and we taxied to rwy 18. The JPI indicated it was still 98 out. We launched to the south and were away and climbing in 2000'. Left turn before the houses at the end, another, and two more, and we went by the airport again 1000' higher while looking for cooler air. It really did not take all that long to reach 6500 feet and watch the JPI display 74 degrees outside. We were styling again.

Mooney M20J

CRUISE POWER SCHEDULE

1. BEST POWER IS 100°F RICH OF PEAK EGT. 2. ECONOMY CRUISE IS 25°F RICH OF PEAK EGT.

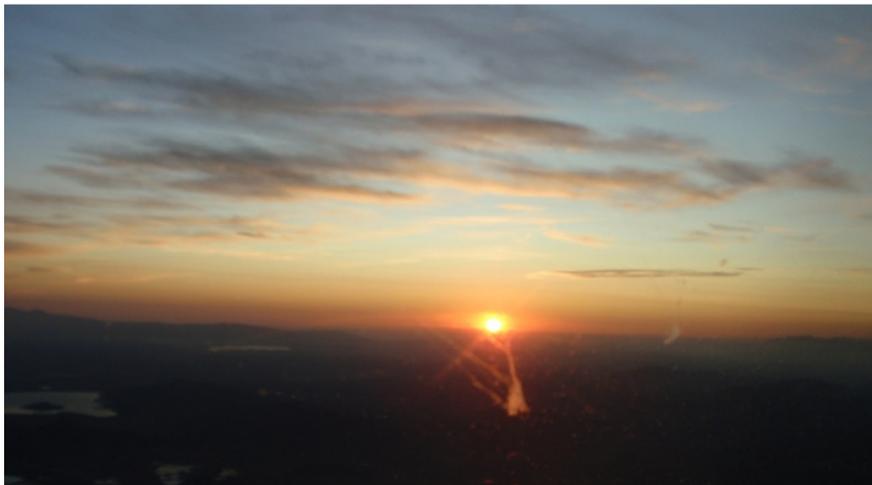
RPM	75% POWER (150 BHP)				70% POWER (140 BHP)				60% POWER (120 BHP)				55% POWER (110 BHP)				
	2400	2500	2600	2700	2400	2500	2600	2700	2400	2500	2600	2700	2200	2400	2500	2600	2700
MPH	103	104	105	108	97	98	99	102	92	93	94	96	84	86	87	88	91
FEET	12.2	12.3	12.5	12.8	11.5	11.6	11.7	11.9	10.5	10.6	10.8	11.2	9.8	10.0	10.2	10.4	10.7
MANIFOLD PRESSURE - INCHES OF MERCURY																	
	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.0	22.0	22.0	22.0	21.7	21.0	20.2	20.2	20.2	19.5	19.5	19.5	19.3	19.3

We were lucky as the expected headwinds did not exist, and soon we saw 150 Kts ground speed. I had dialed in the necessary info and George (my autopilot) was keeping us on course. We had time to talk on the intercom as there was little else to do and my traffic display was empty for a thankfully long time.



Mark looks so much the pilot as the low sun cast yellow and orange hues upon us

We went west past all of the places where we had been bounced around earlier in the day with immunity and powered forward to the Palm Springs TRSA as outlined in pink on my 496. A call up on 126.7 MHz brought another nice lady into my life. She gave us a squawk code and Mark dialed in 4664 on my transponder. After the Banning pass we were asked to stay at 6500' for a while.



The sun got really low. Later we were released to descend down to 4500'.

A quick note about our return route. Fred had suggested flying west to the Hector VOR and then heading south via the green line on the picture up on page one. The reason for all of these turns is the restricted area that I outlined in red on that same presentation. Looking out to the west several times during the day I could see a band of cumulus clouds over there. They are shown behind my Mooney on page 2. Flying under them almost guarantees turbulence. Plan B came to mind immediately. I decided to again take the southern route where there were no clouds. It worked out great and we had a comfortable ride.

Five minutes out from landing, I handed Mark a flashlight in case I needed to see some of my instruments that were quickly getting dark in front of my eyes. Being a pilot himself, he knew exactly how to help me the most and illuminated my indicated airspeed gauge on base and final. Thanks buddy.

It's all relative. Fred makes the trip in just over an hour in his 6 cyl Comanche, we flew home in 1 hr and 20 min, John and Becki flew up in a Piper Cub in 2 ½ hours, and other people told me it is a 4 or 5 hour drive by car. We have our options.

After landing back at Corona, I pulled into the fuel area and we topped off for next time. 29.71 gallons of 100LL or \$114.35 for a whole day of fun. Back at my hangar, we pulled our cars out, and while letting the plane cool down a bit, we had some more conversation while we each enjoyed a **Blue Can**. What a fun day. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

Ed Shreffler
09/19/2009
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