



The Flypaper

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SVPA BBQ Potluck at A30 on Thursday, October 1st at 6PM!
Bring a dish to share and something to throw on the grill.

Ron provides flight down memory lane

This probably comes under the heading of 'old news', but check out Ron's August 1970 photos of A30 that are featured below. Ron claims that the same gas pump was at A30 back then! Those were the good old days.

The Scott Valley Pilots Association is organized as a chapter of the California Pilots Association

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A30 in August, 1970 - where'd all of the hangars go?

~Ron Whipple



A30 in August, 1970 - Ramps weren't invented yet.

~Ron Whipple



Is the Great Salt Lake for real?



Another Great Salt Lake hallucination.



A glimpse of Lake Huron.



Emm eye ess ess eye ess ess....



This is a taxiway, not a tiedown!

Prez Sez

SVPA President Chuck Jopson

Once again, Leanne and I flew the Meyers across the US to Canada. On the first day, tailwinds (and the Continental IO550 up front) sped us across Nevada, Utah and Wyoming at about 200 miles per hour. The air was smooth and life was good.

The luck ran out at Ogalalla, NE, where locals tried to help us get 100LL from a balky pump. No dice. The local pundits said it was best to fly to McCook for fuel. We climbed into the Meyers, hit the starter button and just got the clunk of the starter solenoid engaging. I pressed the starter button a few more times and was rewarded with the same clunking sound.

Being the gentleman that I am, I had Leanne climb out and pull the prop through a few times while I made sure the master was off and the

magnetos were grounded. This time the starter cranked the engine, but the hot start failed. After several more iterations, the engine started and we were off to McCook, NE.

At McCook it finally dawned on me that the starter was the problem. I called Nelson and learned about Continental hot starter seize-up. A person at McCook recommended a mechanic at Cambridge (no, not that Cambridge...), about 30 miles away. We talked to the mechanic and decided it would be nice to get the plane started one more time and fly it to Cambridge (again, NOT that Cambridge). Since Nelson said problem was a hot starter, I removed the top cowl and doused the starter with water to cool it down. Well, surprisingly, that worked and we got the Meyers started.

Now came one of the stranger events I have ever experienced when flying. I follow the very narrow taxiway out to McCook runway 12 and discover there is an 'airliner' twin turboprop holding short of the runway. Fine, it should be taking off soon. About a minute later another twin

turboprop taxis up behind me, also wanting to take off.

After waiting for another minute or two, I call on the radio "Aircraft holding short of McCook runway twelve, please state your intentions". Nothing but silence on the radio. We wait another few minutes and call again with the same result.

The taxiway is too narrow to turn around or get past the aircraft ahead of us. We have another large plane waiting behind us, so we are stuck. After about another 5 minutes of wondering what in the heck we are going to do, a voice comes over the radio "Oh, we didn't see you there! Do you want to take off"?

I struggled to voice a polite affirmative, and the blockading aircraft offered to taxi down the runway so we could take off. In the end, we did not die of old age in south central Nebraska.

To keep a long story from being interminable, we made a 5 minute flight to Cambridge, borrowed the mechanic's pickup and

hung out for 2 days to get the starter replaced.

Cambridge is a town with only 1100 residents, but it has a very nice museum staffed by a young city employee who was very interested in the local history.

Continuing on with our trip, we were under a cloud deck from Ohio eastward. When ceilings are low, Cleveland conspires with Akron, Youngstown and Pittsburgh, PA to create an airspace block to eastward progress. I had to call up Youngstown Approach and 'sneak' through their airspace to avoid a nasty squall to the north of the airport.

By the end of the day, we landed at Brockville, Ontario on the exact minute we told Canadian Customs to expect us. They returned the favor by not coming out to the airport, so by their rules, we were good to go after 10 minutes of waiting.

Come to the SVPA BBQ potluck at A30 on Thursday at 6 PM. Be ready to be bored to tears by my stories of flying across the country!