

SLIPSTREAM

Monthly Newsletter of the San Luis Obispo 99s - www.slo99s.org

Chairman's Message

By Grace Crittenden

The New Year is here and we have a breather after the holidays. We have lots of fly-outs planned. So far we have been rained out fairly consistently. As much as I love flying, I personally will be happy for more rain! But maybe the rain could come during the week and spare the weekends for flying. Let's hope for a little sunshine for the fly-out Saturday, January 8, to Camarillo. February 5 we are heading to Death Valley.

If the rains will let up, we will be rescheduling the Poker Run, but with a rain date just in case.

We have a movie night coming up soon. The date will be announced soon.

Plans are coming together for another Girl Scouts with Wings in the spring at Oceano Airport. Then the YMCA and the airport administration are organizing the Young Aviator Camps the weeks of June 13 and June 20, and they would like our help.

Inside This Issue

Chairman's Message	1
Dates and Schedules	2
Next General Meeting.....	2
"The Night Before Christmas" - Aviation Style Poem.....	3
Christmas Party Report.....	4
A Fly-out Plan to Oklahoma City.....	5
Cookies to the Tower Report.....	6
The 4 Forces of Flight.....	8

The calendars are a big hit and have sold well. If you have not purchased one yet, give Kathy Dannecker a call. Act now while supplies last!

We will be having a board meeting Wednesday, January 19, the third Wednesday of the month. It will be a chance to get some plans for fly-outs, consider new projects, and organize some programs for the meetings. We will plan to meet at Pacific Aerocademy at 10:00. If you can't join us, give me a call with your suggestions and ideas for a fun and exciting 2011.



Christmas Party at Louise and Denis' house (see report on page 4)

Dates and Schedules

Comments, corrections, and suggestions are welcome.

Fly-outs: dates are flexible and we will confirm plans and set times at the chapter meeting before the scheduled fly-out. Seats will be available for non-pilots, students, and pilots without wings. We want every seat to be filled, so let us know if you want to come along.

Jan./Feb. Poker Run (to be confirmed)
Jan. 8 Fly-Out -Camarillo
Jan. 19 Board meeting
Feb. 5 Fly-Out -Death Valley
May 14 Oceano Airport Celebration Day
June 13/20 Young Aviator Camps
July 13-17 99s International Conference Fly-out (Oklahoma City)

Next General Meeting

By Kathy Dannecker

To Fly or Not to Fly?

It looks like a good day to fly. But how do you decide whether to head to the airport or stay home with a good book? For most of us, the answer begins with a weather briefing. But how can two different pilots with the same briefing arrive at two different conclusions? What factors beyond weather come into play? And how do you stretch yourself without taking unhealthy risks?

Come to the January meeting and tell us what goes into your decision to fly or not to fly! Share your experience of a flight you made but wish you hadn't...or one you canceled but wish you had made. What's safe? What isn't? And where do you draw the line? It's all up for discussion at the next meeting, January 5, at the Spirit of San Luis. Come socialize from 5:30-6:00pm. The program begins at 6pm and will be followed by a short business meeting.



Christmas Party, 49.5 Nick (see report on page 4)

The Night Before Christmas: Aviation Style

Contributed by Elizabeth Dinan

'Twas the night before Christmas, and out on the ramp,
Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ.
The aircraft were fastened to tiedowns with care,
In hopes that come morning, they all would be there.

The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots,
With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots.
I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally caught up,
And settled down comfortably, resting my butt,

When the radio lit up with noise and with chatter,
I turned up the scanner to see what was the matter.
A voice clearly heard over static and snow,
Called for clearance to land at the airport below.

He barked his transmission so lively and quick,
I'd have sworn that call sign he used was "St. Nick".
I ran to the panel to turn up the lights,
The better to welcome this magical sight.

He called his position, no room for denial,
"St. Nicholas One, turnin left on to final."
And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight Rotax Reindeer!

With vectors to final, down the glideslope he came,
As he passed all his fixes, he called them by name.
"Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini and Bacun!
On Comet! On Cupid! What pills was he takin'?"

While controllers were sittin', and scratchin' their head,
They phoned to my office, and I heard it with dread,
The message they left was both urgent and dour:
"When Santa pulls in, have him please call the tower."

He landed like silk, with sled runners sparkling,
Then I heard "Left at Charlie," and "Taxi to parking."
He slowed to a taxi, turned off three-oh
And stopped at the ramp with a "Ho, ho-ho-ho..."

He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk,
I ran out to meet him with my best set of chocks.
His red helmet and goggles were covered with frost,
And his beard was all blackened from Reindeer
exhaust.

His breath smelled like peppermint, gone slightly stale,
And he puffed on a pipe, but he didn't inhale.
His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled like jelly,
His boots were as black as a cropduster's belly.

He was chubby and plump, in his suit of bright red,
And he asked me to "fill it, with hundred low-lead."
He came dashing in from the snow-covered pump,
I knew he was anxious for drainin' the sump.

I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work,
And I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk.
He came out of the restroom, and signed in relief,
Then he picked up a phone for a Flight Service Brief.

And I thought as he silently scribed in his log,
These reindeer could land in an eighth-mile fog.
He completed his pre-flight, from front to the rear,
Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell,
"Clear!"

He called up the tower for clearance and squawk.
"Take taxiway Charlie, the southbound direction,
Turn right three-two-zero at pilot's discretion".

He sped down the runway, the best of the best,
"Your traffic's a Grumman, inbound from the west."
Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed thru the
night,
"Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight."

Original by anonymous
Copied from an old EAA Newsletter



Christmas Party (see report on page 4)

Christmas Party 2010

By René Schaad

When driving up to Louise and Denis' house for this year's SLO 99s Christmas party on Dec 3, we were awestruck with the Christmas decoration they wrapped their house in. Magical! I especially admired the acts of bravery on Denis' part that must have been involved in mounting the lights in some of the loftier places.

After being invited in, we were treated to some fine wine and other goodies. And we also realized that the love that went into the wonderful Christmas decorations on the inside was no less than the one invested on the outside. On the downside, my wife Charly went missing for a while, during which she was on a mission to find and count each and every one of the numerous miniatures, airplanes, trains, and Christmas trees hidden throughout the house. Cheers, ahs, and ohs accompanied each such find.

The living room was slowly filling with arriving people, some with familiar faces and some new ones. Chatter everywhere, a lot of catching up, and aviation lore. Eventually, about sixteen 99s and 49.5's filled the room and open season on

the buffet was declared. We enjoyed a fantastic meal with a side of even more Smalltalk.

But then, the highlight of the evening, what everyone was waiting for... the yearly "99s Christmas White Elephant Gift Exchange" was upon us. Twelve gift-wrapped boxes were waiting under the Christmas tree in one corner of the room, while in the other corner the participants were moving into position for their stab at the presents. By staring at the opaque packages, I was trying to gauge and guess the contents of each box and preselect my favorites. The tension was rising, as we got ready to take our turns. Oddly enough though, unexpected harmony ensued, as most people seemed to be quite happy with the gift they initially picked and only two acts of "stealing" of gifts occurred.

As a finale, some of us talked Louise into showing us her studio where a dizzying array of pastels awaited us. Her beautiful paintings from her last expedition to France impressed me profoundly. A huge thanks to Louise and Denis for a great evening of fun and holiday cheers.



Christmas Party, Louise in her studio (see report on page 4)



Christmas Party, Louise in her studio (see report on page 4)

2011 International Conference – A Flyout

By Cheryl Cooney

This summer the 99s International Conference will be held at Headquarters in Oklahoma City on July 13 through 17, 2011. The last time we held our International Conference in Oklahoma it was a party to remember. For this year's event let's plan a flying adventure or a super fly-out.

Years ago a group of six aircraft joined together to fly from the Central Coast to Oshkosk. The different cruise speeds of the various aircraft made no difference. We just planned a comfortable day of flying to conclude at a convenient airport where we all met for dinner, an overnight stop and of course lots of hangar-flying. Visiting and exploring airports where our wheels have not yet touched, especially with travel-friends new and old, makes the flying experience all the more fun.

This summer we could plan on leaving the Central Coast, agree on a mid point to meet for lunch and fuel and then conclude our first day in Holbrook,

AZ. Holbrook is about 500 nm from the Central Coast and has accommodations and restaurants within easy walking distance from the tie-down area. Holbrook is the home of the Painted Desert and a crew car is available. The next day we would head to Sweetwater, TX, the home of the recently opened and dedicated WASP Museum. Again, Sweetwater has close by accommodations and a VIP tour of the WASP museum would be a lot of fun for us as visiting lady pilots. Holbrook to Sweetwater is another 500 nm. After a night in Sweetwater we could make the final leg of about 290 nm to Oklahoma City. At the conclusion of the International Conference there will be the opportunity to visit Oshkosh or for those on a tight schedule to point their spinners West and head back to the Central Coast.

So grab your charts, GPSs, and favorite flying companions and start planning for our Grand Arrival in Oklahoma City. If you are interested in getting the planning off the ground please email me at skyqueenn (3e's and 2n's)@yahoo.com and we can plan a social event where all ideas can be put into the hopper that will go into making this an adventure to remember.



Christmas Party (see report on page 4)

CTTT–Cookies to the Tower

By Gail Aldenbrook

It's Gail Aldenbrook (GA), Vice–Chair of San Luis Obispo Ninety–Nines (VCSLO99s) reporting to readers about the recent "Cookies to the Tower " (CTTT) operation.

It's traditional for members bearing baked goods to gather at SBP during the holiday season and assemble festive cookie packages (FCP), with the intention of then making a good–will laden cheery holiday cookie delivery to the fine folks in the control tower (CT), the Administration Offices and CalFire. So on December 11th, being true to tradition, I showed up at the Spirit of San Luis (SOSL) with what remained of a gigantic batch of my favorite cookies: Coffee Toffee Thins (CTTs). Now, my CTTs are rich as heck because they are made with solid bricks of butter to which is added quite a bit of brown sugar and some flower and

"I seized the boxes and applied the will and focus of the most determined student pilot to the box-folding project."

some almond extract (key ingredient), instant coffee, and chocolate chips. I had not made CTTs since I was 15, and remember well the days of coming home late from after–school Girls Athletic Association (GAA) softball practice being famished. In those days, I'd whip up a batch of CTTs and eat half or two–thirds of them and still be hungry for dinner an hour later. Those days are gone, and so is the teenage rail–like physique, but having drifted into a nostalgic trance I was able to eat a significant portion of the batch intended for CTTT. Reeling with a buttery fullness, I waddled into the SOSL with my CTTs to meet the other members for the FCP assemblage. With the arrival of Elizabeth (ED), Maya (MD), Grace (GC),

Kathy (KD), Camille (CN), and Renie (RE) the meeting table quickly became cluttered with the baked bonanza including Oatmeal Cookies (OCs), Chocolate Chip Cookies (CCCs), and Pink or Green Frosted Sugar Cookies (POGFSCs).

At this point any educated person might wonder, with all the carbohydrates and fats we're pushing, if we have some secret sinister mission cloaked in the guise of holiday cheer. In fact, I will attest on behalf of the group that we did indeed worry about the dangers of unbridled cookie eating and to what extent we were enabling our hapless cookie recipients. We bandied about alternatives: "Celery to the Tower", "Swedish Tofu balls to the Tower" or "Wheat grass to the Tower" but without much groundswell of support among the ranks. Then I wondered privately if we should keep the Cookies to the Tower, but then make a second operation in January called "Lipitor to the Tower"? I think we just want to be traditional, and baked goods at Christmas must go back a long time – like to the days when markets did not have 400 brands of brightly packaged chemically preserved cookies lining their shelves and selling for \$1.50. And back in those days maybe on the prairie or maybe in a medieval village, cookies were a really rare and fantastic treat, and it conveyed immense good will to give them. So it is with this spirit of



Cookies to the Tower (see article on page 6)

love and well-wishing that we commenced our operation.

We dutifully sampled all the cookies and then proceeded to spend an embarrassing amount of time trying to figure out how to construct the cardboard boxes, which were to hold the increasingly dwindling cookie supply. The boxes had ambiguous directions like "press before folding against dotted line after tucking corner at left first". Racing against the clock, I seized the boxes and applied the will and focus of the most determined student pilot to the box-folding project. But butter intoxication must have dulled my usually sharp grip on reality and I floundered. Seeing me flail, my more experienced friends, well-versed in emergency procedure, jumped in to rescue me and soon we had 3 well-constructed resplendent boxes ready to receive goods. Three FCPs were then composed with one intended for the CT, one for CalFire and one for the Admin and a bonus miniFCP for SOSL. The CTTs, OCs, CCCs were arranged carefully in rows and perfectly offset by RE's brilliant POGFSCs. And guess what? GC had brought some gorgeous organically grown citrus to act as counterpoint, and just to say. "Hey, we can be traditional AND health-conscious too". Ahhh, job well done ladies! And now after leaving the bonus FCP with the SOSL folks, the FCPs were ready to be delivered!

Unfortunately, critical life demands prevented me from participating in the FCP runs. I knew I'd be missing something! At the very least, I might have burned one-trillionth of my morning's caloric intake by climbing the stairs to the top of the CT. Also, I would've enjoyed seeing the delighted faces of the controllers as they first gaze upon the fresh FCPs. Then I can just imagine the crew up there, with bright frosting smeared all over their equipment and faces, trying to bring in some frightened student on her first solo, between crunches and lip-smacking "yums!" Ahh, just



Christmas Party, "What's in the parcel" (see article on page 4)

teasing! I'm told by KD that Controllers Dylan and Joe maintained complete professional composure even with cookies and chatter everywhere. I mean, these guys know how to handle a little distraction, I bet! Then too, I would've liked to see the CalFire people when they got their cookies. It's always fun to see the professionals take a break from their serious duty. We get to see them in a warmer light. And that's what this was all about anyway ...warmth, human camaraderie, and good will on a crisp December morning.

The 4 Forces of Flight

Contributed by Cheryl Cooney

