

Spring 2009

CoAAA Spring 2009



Colorado Agricultural Aviation Assoc.

The CoAAA Newsletter will now be an e-Newsletter, sent out via email & available on the CoAAA website at www.coagav.org

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CoAAA 2009 Operation SAFE Fly In



The CoAAA 2009 Operation Safe Fly In will be held in La Junta, CO on September 24-25, 2009. WRK will provide SAFE Analyst Training September 21-25, 2009. The actual pattern testing of aircraft will be held on September 24 & 25, 2009 at the

La Junta, Colorado Municipal Airport. For more information, registration & schedules please visit <http://www.coagav.org/flyin/index.htm>

To view the aircraft pattern testing information please go to the "Fly In" page.

To view the SAFE Analyst Training information please go to the "Fly In" page & click on the "Clinic Schedule" button.

WRK
The Application Technology Specialists



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Groundwater Update

The meeting of the ground water protection went well. I mentioned the unnecessary lowering of the minimum standards since our equipment was more capable. It met with mild resistance mainly from the regulators. The three

producers in the room voiced their approval, however.

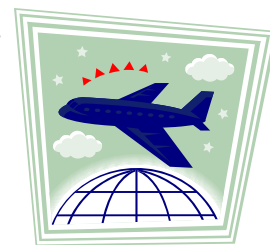
The pesticide detection from the tested wells in 2008 were down, and the nitrate levels were how- ever up a little.

Darrel W. Mertens
Agricultural Chemicals and Ground Water Protection Advisory Com- mittee

Training Maneuvers

by Sam Rogge

Last year, a friend, colleague, and pilot training classmate of mine, was considering retirement. I guess flying for American Airlines a triple seven captain was getting a little tiresome. On top of that, Dan's lifelong desire has been to become a "crop duster". As they say, the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. Besides, when you spray his corn, he always comes out to watch, and that gets him even more fired up to get into the business. To that end, he went down to Texas to look at a place advertised for sale. Afterwards, he came back by our office to ask several questions, and see what we thought about this particular operation. His first question kind of caught me by surprise. He wanted to know if you really could make a turn around and be on the next pass in 12 seconds, or if that was just bragging it up for the new guy? It surprised me because there has been some emphasis lately on bringing new pilots into the application industry, and right there Dan had hit on a problem with breaking in new pilots I had been thinking about. I'll call it the "bravado factor".



We all attend our safety training stuff each year, and we all talk about safety, but really, how much fun is that? Plain and simple it is a lot more fun to talk about our daring-do exploits than it ever is to talk about safety. And, swapping war stories, from "I really did that right" to "man I almost bought it on that one," are part of the pilot corps camaraderie everywhere. Think about it. We can all recite there are no old bold pilots, but we only write stories about the bold. And, it is the bold we often refer to as really good pilots. Now there are a lot of good things to be learned from hanger talk and war stories, but here is where we need to be careful. It is just human nature to want to be one of the best, and the new guys, more often than not, will hear all the dos and don'ts, and go right out and try the daring-do bravado thing. To illustrate the point, I'll digress into one of my own war stories where I learned the truism of that last statement.

In 1976, my wife and I had just returned from sunny old England, and arrived at that great metropolis of Del Rio, Texas compliments of the USAF. There, I was assigned to fly T-37 'dog whistle' trainers with the US government's foreign student training program. Arriving on station about a third of the way through the training of my first class, I was assigned four pretty good students. Two of them, Tilly and Topo, were from Chile, and really good. Short in stature, Topo went by his nickname which supposedly was a shortened version of the Spanish word for mouse. Tilly, on the other hand, was 6' 2" tall, and sported blonde hair, and blue eyes. My first question about how he ended up in Chile was met with, "Oh sir, ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies." But, after awhile. It was interesting to hear the story about how he and several classmates of his were the grandsons of German WWII refugees. Anyway, these guys were all part of the Chilean Air Force and had actually already won their wings with about 100 hours in AT-6 Texans.

They were here for the express purpose of learning how to fly a jet powered aircraft. Chile did not send anything but their best young pilots, and Tilly and Topo were among the best in their class. Tilly later won the Commander's trophy as the top graduate, and Topo was not far behind. I'd been flying RF-4's in England, and in their eyes, I was from the 'real world'. The problem with this perception was they were very intent on showing me just how good they were, and this made cockpit communication a little tough. I wanted them to learn a few things I thought I knew, but, they wanted to show me just how what they could do, and how good they really were. This made it more of a competitive thing than a training environment. So, yep, I was totally frustrated. Then along came the formation phase of training. This was no big deal to them, and during our first mission, Tilly is hot to show me how a 'real' turning rejoins is done. This maneuver is required whenever a formation flight is separated and needs to return to a standard fingertip formation. In the training environment, the lead aircraft sets up a level turn and number two simply turns inside, leads turn with overtake airspeed, and moves into the wing position. Also, in the training environment, you move in at about the same altitude as the lead aircraft and finish by moving down into the wing position. This is for safety, just in case a student misjudges his airspeed and is going to overshoot lead. Moving down and way to the outside of the turn, it is way to avoid a midair collision, and much easier to keep lead in sight while bleeding off airspeed before moving back inside the turn and to the wing position. But in the 'real world', you're a real weenie if you can't bring it in low and hot, move up, and park it in the wing position. Which is just what Tilly intended to do? We were moving in about 100' low with 70-80 knots from lead; Tilly started to move up to the wing position. Since we were closing really fast, I should have stopped the whole thing right there, but being a little overconfident myself, I decided to just see if he could really handle it. At about 50', he pulled the throttles to idle and popped the speed brakes (or as we called them, the boards). When the

plane didn't slow down like the heavy prop driven Texans, he realized his attempt to reduce airspeed was too little, too late, and he was in trouble. At 25', I was taking the stick when he threw up his hands, and in a rather high pitched voice said, "Your aircraft, Sir!" At this point, he was pretty sure he was going to die, which is just what I had hoped would happen. Then I really raised his apprehension level when I raised the speed brakes and shoved the throttles to full military power. I did not have time to respond, but, in an even higher pitch, he voiced his concern with, "What are you doing?" At this point, I pulled back on the stick pretty hard and started a 4g barrel roll around our lead aircraft ending up about 50' out from the wing position we were trying to attain. You travel a lot of distance, and bleed off a lot of airspeed with a barrel roll, so it was taking all that power and a little extra time to build up enough momentum to move back into fingertip formation. All of which was done in total silence. After a few moments, I asked Tilly, "So. Are you going to listen to me now?" "Yes, Sir!" was the crisp reply. And to my pleasant surprise, both Tilly and Topo did. They obviously had talked. They weren't trying to just impress me anymore, and the readily accepted any criticism or instruction on how something could be done a little better. Needless to say, I was pretty proud of myself for finally, getting through to those two hot shots.



About a week later though, Topo was flying a rejoin, and was doing the same thing Tilly had done. This really made me a little hot, but again, I decided just to let the knot-head press on and see how we would handle it. There was one difference this time. Topo never even seemed to think about pulling the throttles or popping the boards. I was a little confused about what he was up to, and I let it go way too far before I could not stand it anymore. Then just as I was reaching for the stick and about to announce I have the aircraft, Topo yanked back on the stick and immediately barrel rolled to the outside turn. First, things were happening so fast, and Topo had caught me completely by surprise. Second, Topo's barrel roll wasn't around lead as much as it was into lead. So, by the time I got a handle on things, we were flying upside down over the lead plane with about 20' from canopy to canopy. At this point things seemed to be happening in slow motion. I was pushing for some pretty hefty negative g, but was concerned our tail sections were going to bang together. Craig, the lead aircraft instructor who could not see us during a left turn rejoin from his right seat position until we were suddenly on top of him, was now a flurry of activity. Thankfully, Craig's response was exactly right. Throttles idle, boards out, and a breakaway turn down and to the right. I watched him do all that from our overhead position thinking what's taking him so long. It all happened in an instant, and Craig was gone long before I even got the mike keyed to say, "Able 21, break right!!" After that flight everyone was upset. Even though I was Craig's boss at the time, he didn't even hesitate during the debriefing to chew me out for letting a student do one of the dumbest things he'd ever seen. It was pretty humbling, but I had to agree. Once we got through all that, I took Topo to my office. I knew where he had gotten the idea, but I still had to ask, "Just what did you think you were doing?" Then he told me all about the discussions he and Tilly had all week about what I had done with Tilly, and after discussing how the maneuver was accomplished, he and Tilly were sure they could do it too, and he wanted to show me. Then, I went and retrieved Tilly so we could all have a little talk. First up, they could fly maneuvers like that, but they needed to put some thought into it first. Second, if you don't need to do a high performance maneuver in a critical phase of flight, don't. And third, leave yourself some wiggle room. The first time you fly a barrel roll around another airplane, maybe you should start with a straight and level lead aircraft, and do it from behind him a bit where you have some clearance just in case you mess up. Then talking to myself more than them, I had to say, "But guys, this is a training environment. Most students here are not ready for that stuff, and the instructors are not expecting it. Just wait until you get into your advanced training, but always leave yourself an out."

For me, it was a lesson learned. The new guy is never going to do just what you say. They are going to do just as you do. And the more daring-do it is, all the more likely they are going to try it. Even if it something they have never seen, but is just a war story they have heard; they are likely to try it just to prove they belong to that elite corps of good pilots. More often than we'd care to admit though, some of these fraternity initiation maneuvers are preceded by that most famous pilot epitaph, "Hey, Watch this!"

Thoughts on Flying

By Philip Berggren

Lately I've been reminiscing a lot. I'm not sure what to think about that, except that it's probably not necessarily a good thing considering the encroaching golden years and the good and bad relationship between thinking about the good old days versus living the good now days, but everybody likes to feel better sometimes and it's really easy to daydream your way there.

And sometimes the circumstances are such that you just can't help yourself. Especially when there's driving to be done and nothing to do but sit on your ass and get where you're going without drinking too much before you get there. Where I was going is Iowa and I'd been there before; many times. Where I was coming from was southeast Colorado, and I'd been there a time or two, also.

Kiowa County, Colorado. Now that's a wide open place on the map. From Haswell to Towner it's 60 miles east to west. 40 miles north to south from Rush Creek to the lakes. The most sparsely populated county in the state. If you took everybody and spread them out they'd have 2.5 acres apiece.



Howdy Country, where you get a nod or a sparse wave from the guy in the pickup passing the other way on the road. Even though it might take a few years hanging around before the same guy will make more than small talk to you in the coffee shop. Which is fine by me, because that's the kind of people who live in that kind of place, and that's the way I like it?

And there's some pretty good flying. When you haul out of Eads on a clear day and point east towards Sheridan Lake, you can see the big strip fields and the elevator, 20 miles out. Once you get east of the highway you could ferry along over the ancient buffalo wallers at 5' and only have to pull over a couple fences the whole way. After a long absence I got the chance to do some flying out of Eads and sit in the Weatherly in which in years past I'd

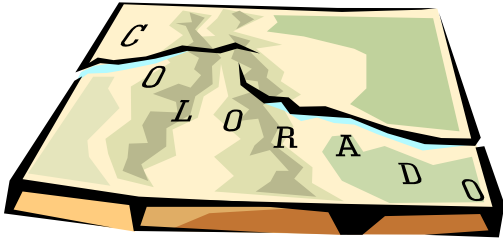
blown many 4 cylinder, and I jumped at it. I told my friend Roger that I was pretty sure I could fly the thing if he would just get it started.

Roger is the kind of Kiowa County guy who can stuff his hands in his pockets, look down at the ground, kick the dirt, say "Aw shucks", and really mean it. He is a good guy. He's one of the people who got me started in the business, and I vacillate between thinking I owe him a lot to thinking I should hire somebody to kick his ass. He used to draw the maps to the field for me on the palm of his hand while facing north. Now we just look at the new computer maps, but we still face north when we do it.

After spending the day in the Weatherly, I had to get in the pickup and drive to Iowa. Somewhere around Lexington I got to reminiscence about teaching a friend of mine in Iowa how to fly tail draggers, which got me to reminiscing about the reminiscing I'd been doing while on the ferry from Eads to the Kansas state line; which was reminiscing about the "good old days" working all over eastern Colorado.

My buddy Van, who was the Iowa tail dragger student, is a heck of a pilot. He drives F-16s for a living, has been around the world in peace and in war; but that something about crop dusting that gets into people's heads, that ultimate yin/yang, love/hate relationship, got in his and he wouldn't rest until he could call himself a spray pilot. And now he's a pretty decent one. I vainly give myself at least partial credit for being a good stick and rudder instructor; but I never did tell him how the first time he made a turn in the J-3 he damn near slung me out of the side of the airplane. I heat F-16s are pretty nice to fly, but he knows now what those pedals on the floor are for.

After I'd reminded myself what a great instructor I am, I agreed with myself; and then remembered the pinnacle of my flight instructing career: I once taught a guy to fly in 5 minutes. At the time, I was brainstorming out of 3 locations (4 if you count the tater contract), from Kiowa county in the SE of Colorado to Washington county in the NE; where I was known in the Norka Café as "The Stunt Pilot from Akron Flying Service," after one of those cylinder episodes I mentioned before.



We were working down in Eads, something broke and, as usual, what we needed to fix, it was in Akron. We pulled out the 172 and prepared to make a parts run. One of the ground guys who had never had an airplane ride wanted to go along. One of the fringe benefits of the job. It had been hotter than hell, I'd been shagging all over the place and was dog ass tired, so I put him in the left seat and we took off. Once we got in the air I could see he was your average farm boy natural born equipment operator and proceeded to give him

a tour of the cockpit. "That gauge up there up there tells you how high you are. That gauge over there tells you which way you're headed. This one here says you got oil pressure in the motor, and this one over here says if your wings are level, but you can tell by looking out the window."

"Push on the steering wheel to go down. Pull on the steering wheel to go up. But don't do that. The big knob in the middle is the throttle, but don't touch it. In about 45 minutes be looking for a pair of buttes off to the left, and straight ahead there'll be a town with an E/W highway, another highway going off N, big white elevators on the east side, and an airport with a long runway and an ostrich farm under the west end. "If you see a river with water in it, that's the South Platte and you've gone too far. "Got it?" He said he did, so I crawled in the back seat and had a nice nap.

I used that instructing technique to great success again when my friend Bob needed to fly to Oklahoma. He already knew how to fly but wasn't signed off to be solo, although he did know how to fly and also to talk on the radios better than me. He was talking to this Air Force base or that Air Traffic Controller, something about Restricted Airspace and jet traffic, but all that chatter was keeping me awake. So I climbed in the back seat and had a nice nap.

One thing about reminiscing, though, at least for me personally; is that it can be kind of fatiguing. Dredging up the good thoughts and good times is a good thing, but there's always the rest along for the ride. And you want time living in the past when you could be enjoying whatever is now. Plus it can be a lot, a lot of work knocking things back to where it's all coming up roses.

After all that hard work, and somewhere just east of Adel approaching West Des Moines, I was getting pretty tired. Coincidentally, the dog, which had been along for the ride all day, started getting worked up and it became clear that after sitting around for hours she knew where she was. Either that or I should have stopped at the last rest area. My dog is named Mustang. She is turning out to be a "pretty good dog," no doubt a result of hybrid vigor, i.e. "mixed parsonage". Her breeding is best and most accurately described as "out or Texas by trailer."

Most people think she is named for a song, some think an airplane, but the truth is she was adopted by some loader boys before me and is named for a popular crop protection product. Sometimes she can look real alert, and this was one of those times. Which got me to thinking, "If you can teach a boy to fly, I sure as hell can teach a dog to drive, by God?" Of course I knew that dogs are at a disadvantage in the driving department, considering their well known lack of opposable thumbs, but Mustang has always been quite oral so I figured she could compensate.

I pulled off an exit, put her in the left seat, set the cruise control, crawled in the back and had a nice nap. Next thing I know, I'm waking up at the drive through window at Peoples Bank and Trust in downtown Indianola. Its well after closing, but the dog was staring at the little vacuum tube and appears totally convinced that a biscuit will hiss her way momentarily. She wasn't distracted at all by the bright lights flashing behind us and armed men in uniforms surrounding the pickup.

I have a good idea that someday this might be something I want to think about maybe reminiscing about.

Someday.

Labeling Updates

See the new UPI Penncap-M & BASF Status Aerial Label changes on the CAAA website on the "News" page at <http://www.coagav.org/news/index.htm>. Or you can visit each company's website from the CAAA "Vendors" page at <http://www.coagav.org/vendor/index.htm> for more information.

Penncap-M® Label Changes

Penncap-M is the same microencapsulated formulation of methyl-parathion that growers have trusted for over 35 years. All organophosphates, including Penncap-M have undergone a mandatory EPA Reregistration Eligibility Decision review. As a result of this EPA evaluation, Penncap-M was reregistered with some changes to the label. Listed below are extracts from the EPA's 2005 How to Comply With Worker Protection Standard for Agricultural Pesticides that relate to some of the changes on the Penncap-M label.

REIs

(See Label)

- REIs increase to:**
- corn = 31 days
 - small grains = 31 days
 - soybeans = 30 days
 - walnuts = 25 days
 - onions = 13 days
 - potatoes = 12 days
 - sweet corn = 12 days
 - cotton = 11 days

Posted Warning Signs

Use WPS-design signs when you post warnings at entrances to treated areas.

(Excerpt from Pg. 34 WPS - How to Comply Manual as Revised 2005)

- Post As Follows:**
- On farms, forests, and nurseries, post the signs so they can be seen from all points where workers usually enter the treated area, including at least:
 - each access road,
 - each border with any labor camp adjacent to the treated areas, and
 - each established walking route that enters the treated area.
- When there are no usual points of worker entry, post the signs in the corners of the treated area or in places where they will be most easily seen.

Timing and Visibility of Warning Signs:

- Post signs 24 hours or less before the scheduled application of the pesticide.
- Keep signs posted during application and throughout the restricted-entry interval (if any).
- Remove the signs within 3 days after the end of the restricted-entry interval. If there is no restricted-entry interval for the application, remove the signs within 3 days after the end of the application.
- Keep workers out during the entire time the signs are posted (except for trained and equipped early-entry workers entering as permitted under WPS).
- Keep signs visible and legible while they are posted.

Posting Adjoining Areas

When several adjoining areas are to be treated with pesticides on a rotating or sequential basis, you may post the entire area at the same time. Worker entry, except for early entry permitted by the WPS, is prohibited for the entire area while the signs are posted.

Exceptions to Worker Notification

The EPA's 2005 "How to Comply With the Worker Protection Standard for Agricultural Pesticides" manual lists situations under which oral warnings and posting of treated fields are not required. Penncap-M treated fields which fit these characteristics may not require posting of the fields.

(Excerpt from Pg. 33 WPS - How to Comply Manual as Revised 2005)

- Exception to Worker Notification**
1. **Oral warnings need not be given to:**
- any worker on your farm, forest or nursery who will not be in the treated areas, cannot walk within 1/4 mile of a treated area, during the pesticide application or while the restricted-entry interval is in effect.
 - any worker who will not be in your greenhouse during a pesticide application or while a restricted-entry interval is in effect there, or
 - any worker who applied (or supervised the application of) the pesticide and is aware of all the information required to be given in the oral warning.
2. **Treated area posting is not required if:**
- no workers on your farm, forest or nursery will be in the treated area, or walk within 1/4 mile of the treated area, during the pesticide application or while the restricted-entry interval is in effect,
 - no workers will be in the greenhouse during the pesticide application or while the restricted-entry interval is in effect there, or
 - the only workers for whom you need to post applied (or supervised the application of) the pesticide and are aware of all of the information required to be given in the oral warning.

New Members

Welcome new Pilot Member:

Platte Valley Aviation
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