

Foxy's Landing

OK friends, just a quick photo essay of a glorious fall day in southern California. The Corona Pilots Association planned a fly-in for today at KWJF, or William J Fox Field in Lancaster just over the hill from Corona. I was up at 7:30 and it was in the low to middling 40s out. I made some coffee and once my voice cleared, I called Charles to let him know I had survived yet another night of sleep apnea and I was alive and kicking. We set up to meet at 9 AM at the mid-field fuel pumps at the Corona airport.

We did - and I found out from Jim Nunally, the CPA president, just what was happening. His striking black twin engine Piper Apache with the Geronimo conversion was glistening in the sun as I drove up so I knew he was going. That is when I learned the total count of us intrepid flyers would be three airplanes, including mine. Sounded good to me and as I sipped on some more coffee I brought from home, Charles walked back to my hangar #32 to do the preflight chores on 07T.



Charles finished preflight and then pulled my Mooney out on the ramp.

As everyone else taxied by on the way to runway 25, we waited a while and then we got inside and waited some more as another airplane was in front of us on our ramp getting ready to go.



I fiddled with something inside and then Charles boarded



I finished filling out my paperwork and after going through my checklist, I turned the key. After two weeks of sitting since my last flight, my engine fired right up. All gauges were indicating normal.



After my engine run-up, I aligned us on the runway and floored that puppy - see those trees ahead?



30 seconds later we were looking down at those trees at 100 MPH 😊



The combined cities of the LA Basin with the industrial area segregated from the residential area

Charles took over the controls and things smoothed out immediately. I did the radio communications and monitored the engine on the panel and our flight path on my GPS. I wanted to do something.



Beautiful cumulus clouds sped by just below us



As we kept climbing, we could look down at all of the beauty in the mountains just 20 mi. north of LA



Why does this peak remind me of a monster? We prevailed anyway - Not Photoshoped



OK, last call - get over these rocks and we are home free to get to California's High Desert area



Once over the top, it is time to come down, down, down and there it is, our destination airport

I pulled the power back, Charles dropped the nose, my GPS was calling out for an unreasonable ft/min descent rate, and I had to get clear over Palmdale's 5000' Class Delta airspace. We dropped to 5500' and leveled off for a minute until we had passed Palmdale. The Mooney was screaming through the sky. (She loves to do that). I popped up the red speed brakes and asked Charles for control of 07T. He had been flying almost all the way, and he was as smooth as my autopilot. Fox Tower advised me to call out a two mile left base entry. I acknowledged. Everything was going by so fast. I got us down and slowed up (difficult in a slippery Mooney) and turned left onto final approach.



See, there it is, Fox Field's runway 26, just 2 miles straight ahead. - OK, Wheels Down.



Short final, configure for landing, full flaps, power back to idle, double check gear down, concentrate

So what if we arrived last, Phil would have expected that. The landing was good and we switched over to 121.7 once off the runway. We were cleared to taxi to the transient parking area right in front of the admin building which houses the restaurant café. Charles got out and chained us down on the ramp lest any unwary winds kicked up and prevailed to modify my choice of preferred parking place.

Once inside the warmth factor shot up. No, I am not praising or complaining about the temperature in the building, I am enjoying the memories of my lunch with some of the neat Corona Pilots Association members. The warmth factor refers to how these people treated us at lunch. There were two seats open and we sat down. To be honest, I knew less than half of these people when we sat down.



And I think Charles knew just me at that time. I sat at the foot of the table way down there.

Foxy's Landing really is a cool place

I mentioned that we were a lot of people for just three airplanes, when I was corrected. There were four airplanes. As we got there last, I didn't know that until we were seated around the table

After lunch we got up and stretched and mingled in the lobby area. Remember, that we are an otherwise intelligent flock of Corona airport neighbors who just happened to think that going nearly 200 miles round trip for a sandwich with friends is an acceptable and appropriate thing to do. No wonder there were not 20 airplanes signed up in this poor economy.



As Denise took the next picture, I want to present her pretty face to you right here



Today's CPA fly-in attendees were from left, Robert Vaughn, Steve (one of the most entertaining people around the lunch table) and Sue Cogswell, Glen and Denise's two sons, Jim and Margaret Nunally, me, Wally Lucett, a pretty red Coca Cola machine, and Glen Whetzel. I have no idea where Charles was then.



Mass exodus. They trudged to their mighty steeds, mine sits quietly off to the right



After we arrived home in Corona, ahead of all of the slower airplanes that departed Fox Field ahead of us, Charles chose to have a stare down contest. My Mooney won. All of the comments on airnav.com about Foxy's Landing are true and the restrooms are clean as well. Charles had a bowl of chili and he said it was great and mostly meat. I had a Reuben sandwich and it melted in my mouth. Foxy's is a repeat treat.



Glen and Denise

Ed Shreffler
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eshreffler@sbcglobal.net