

This is an interesting route. My flight plan showed we were to leave Corona (AJO) at the top of this chart image, and head down to French Valley airport (F70) where it shows \$6.68 for fuel. This keeps us away from the two airports that had active sky diving operations in process. Then we were to head more to the east to an FAA published waypoint (a place on the earth for flight planning) named GAZOO. This led us into a V shaped valley which would let us gradually descend 5000 feet to the desert floor below instead of us topping a ridge and then trying to fall like a brick to get down in time for landing at Borrego Springs airport.

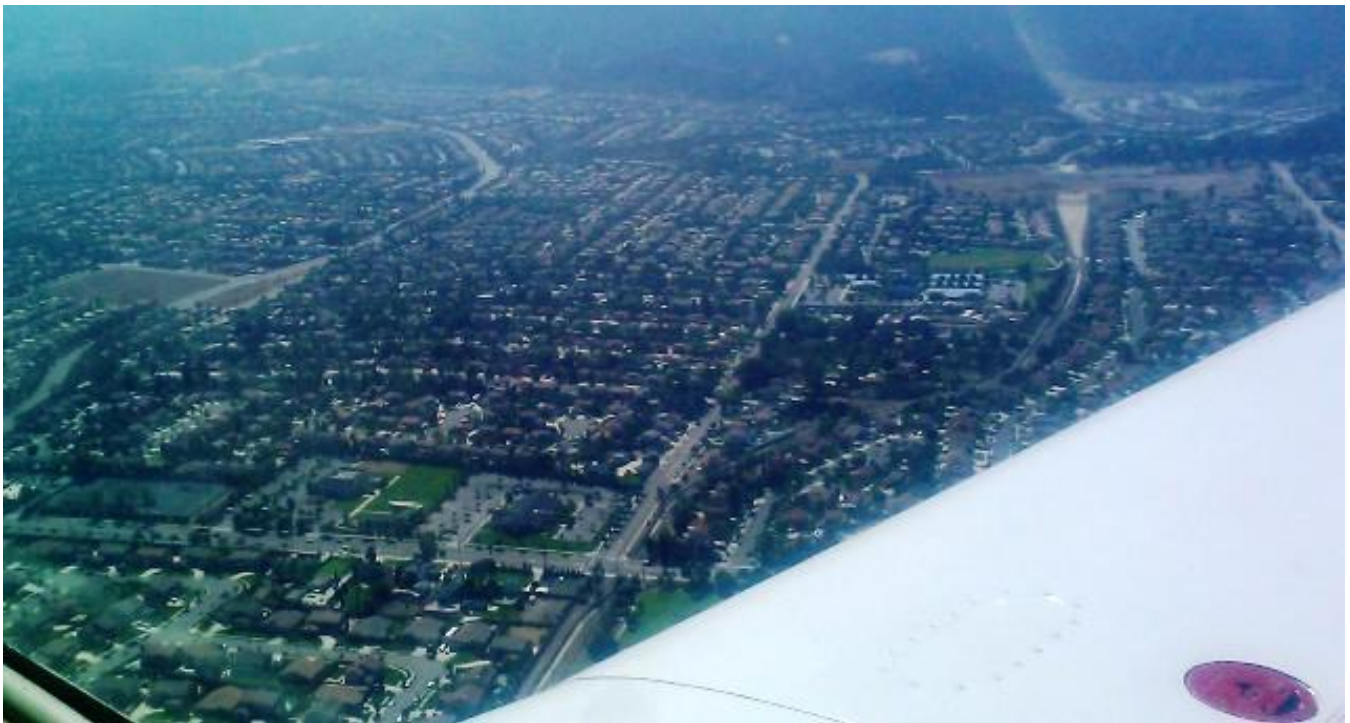
We fly-in 3 dimensions and we plan in 4 dimensions including the time enroute. As the time enroute determines the total fuel burn, we need to always be sure we have enough avgas so we don't wind up in a stupid newspaper story written by someone who knows nothing about airplanes and who always gets the facts wrong.



Oscar took this of us before startup



As we taxied out to the runway Oscar snapped a picture of some planes tied down.



Up a ways and looking down on the neighborhood

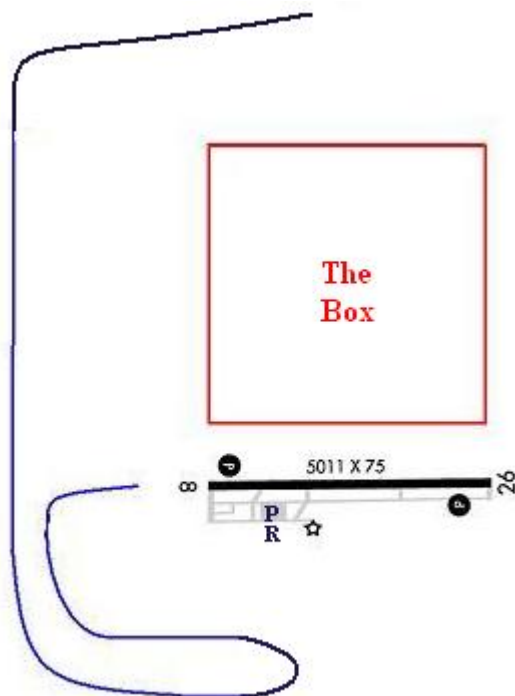


Following I-15 south by Lake Elsinore

These pictures were taken by Oscar, a first timer in a General Aviation airplane, and it is interesting to observe what was of interest to him.



As we descended down through that V shaped valley, we listened in to the pilots talking on 122.8 MHz and knew that everyone was using runway 8. Charles and I had both somehow assumed traffic would be westbound on 26 but it was not to be today. He was still flying and brought us around to the west of the airport to keep us clear of 'the box' Oscar captured the view out front on short final just as we came over the end of the runway.



The 'box' referred to is an area of airspace where pilots demonstrate their aerobatic skill, flying in all directions except straight and level, for competition purposes. They fly straight up, straight down, upside down, and are constantly weaving, looping, rolling, and doing their utmost to do well in competition. This red square shows the box which is a mile square and goes from the surface up to 5000 feet.

When it is being used, the 'box' is referred to as 'hot'. All other pilots are prohibited from flying into or through the box. So we just flew west of the box and the airport, turned south, turned east, doubled back to the west, and two right turns later, landed on runway 8 to follow standard protocol. As we taxied to parking at the west end of the ramp, we saw the competition judges in their effective blue tent-like shade covers and all of the beautiful sport planes that were there for the activities. I never found out the name of the organization that put this event on this weekend. I thought I might run into Brenda, a pilot from Riverside who was working the event but it didn't work out.

The *Assaggio Ristorante Italiano* on the field was a great lunch stop as always for me and my guests. I usually order Italian cuisine but today I just wanted a hamburger. They were out of hamburgers. Their salad and beef dip sandwich was awesome and I forgot about hamburgers quickly. After lunch, we sauntered back outside. Wonderful weather, sitting in the shade, looking up, and watching the competition was fantastic. These pilots were giving it their all and they were outstanding. Charles and Oscar walked the line checking out all of the sport planes assembled there. When they returned, it was time to get ready to go home. If you noticed fuel there was only \$5.10, that was an Internet typo but it was only \$5.30 and I wanted some. Oscar chose to walk down to the fuel pump and we met him there. I took on 23 gallons bringing it up to 50 - still safe for our weight.

The guys had traded places and now Oscar was sitting up front next to me. After I had climbed several thousand feet, he took the controls and started flying for the first time in his life. Just like everyone on their first time, he was all over the place at first. It is an unusual experience with no way to tell if the airplane is going straight, the plane soon starts turning. I had him concentrate on a ridge ahead of us and that fixed it. We went straight. ☺

That is until we had reached 6,500 feet above sea level. Then it was time to maintain that altitude as well as maintain straight flight. That is when many people get mentally overloaded. As soon as they concentrate on the up-down, the left-right gets forgotten. It takes a while to keep everything aligned. After a while he did get that Mooney tamed in a respectable manner. Soon it was time to start coming down to set up for the approach to Corona again. There was no special sensation looking out the windows even though we were doing 180 MPH then. We returned and I stopped at my hangar.



The guys backed 07T into the hangar and we chatted for a while, as always. As Oscar is a first time flyer in a General Aviation airplane, it is going to be my privilege to present him with an AOPA First Flight Certificate attesting to that fact. May many more good people follow in his footsteps.

Ed Shreffler
10/12/2013

Feel free to email me at: eshreffler@sbcglobal.net

More of my flying stories are on my Webpage at: <http://www.mooneyevents.com/shreffler.html>