

# CASCADE FLYER



Website: <http://co-opa.rellim.com/>

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## *President's Message:*

Our speaker this month will travel just a bit further than most, but he is surely well known to most of you. Don Mobley will be our guest.

It is not possible to relate in a short item all that Don means to local aviation. His time as a Naval Aviator is just the start; he is currently the Madras Airport manager as well as running the FBO there. Many of you have also met Don while he is wearing the hat of the only FAA Designated Examiner in the area. That is enough work for any one man so Buford Throckmorton, his alter ego, is in charge of the aerial comedy routine.

Don is a great guy and is always entertaining. One thing sure to be discussed is the upcoming Madras Airshow on the 27th of August.

There is more info on the airshow at:  
<http://www.centraloregonairshow.org/>

Christian Boris from Z21 was our scheduled speaker for last month. The forecast showed thunderstorms in the area and Christian had to stay at the station to provide updates. Luckily, Ted Zarras, the weekend weatherman, was able to help us out at the very last minute. Ted really knows his weather and the meeting was filled with energy as we discussed our common love for the subject. Along the way we all learned a bit more how Z21 puts together their Local Alert Weather.

As part of the presentation Ted walked us through some of his favorite web sites for current weather. I would have expected that they would use some expensive private service, but Z21 starts out at weather.gov just like the rest of us. From there they may head to the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR) for more:

<http://www.rap.ucar.edu/>.

One of Ted's favorites was the weather site of his Alma Mater at: <http://vortex.plymouth.edu/>.

While there he introduced us to the mysteries of the Skew-T Log-P diagram while helping us forecast the weather for the next weekend's flyout. How can we convince Ted to give us personalized forecast like that every weekend?

There are a million aviation stories waiting to be told in Bend, if you have one, drop a dime and I will try to line them up from the group.

## *Calendar:*

18 August -	Monthly Meeting
20 August -	Monthly Flyout
27 August -	Madras Airshow
9-11 September	Hillsborough Airshow
13-15 September	CAF B-24 & B29 at RDM
15 September -	Monthly Meeting
17 September -	Monthly Flyout
20 October -	Monthly Meeting
22 October -	Monthly Flyout
17 June 2006 -	Bend Airport open house

## *Web doings:*

Ted's favorite web weather pages are now at the top of our links page.

As always, the CO-OPA website contains recent newsletters and other goodies.

<http://co-opa.rellim.com>

To access the members only areas the username is "S07" and the password is "123.0".

## ***My Inbox:***

Lot's of things are happening in Oregon in the next month. The Commemorative Air Force (CAF) will be bringing a B-24 and a B-29 to Redmond the 13th to the 15th of September.

John Taylor is looking for donations of time, money, gas and lodging to help make it happen. You can reach John at 318-3833.

There will be two great airshows too. The Madras Airshow on the 27<sup>th</sup> of August and the Hillsborough Airshow from the 9th to the 11th of September.

The City of Bend is looking for a name for the new road on the east side of the airport. This is the new road that leads to the new Epic Aircraft building and potential new development on the East side. Contact Greg Phillips, our airport manager, if you have comments.

## ***Random Thoughts:***

One of the joys of owning a "complex" airplane is the complex failure modes it exhibits. This time it was the turbo controller. My engine was performing like a normally aspirated one instead of a turbo-supercharged one, so it was off to the shop again. At press time the problem seemed mostly resolved, but getting the system adjusted just right will take a few more test flights. Difficult work but I'll just have to find time to do it!

That leads to another joy of flying, or in this case not flying, in a complex airplane. This meant I could grab backseat rides with other pilots. Sometimes it really is more fun to leave the flying to others.

When landing at an airport the pilot's mind is pleasantly occupied with Gas, Undercarriage, Mixture, Prop and Flaps (GUMPF) as well as scanning for traffic, announcing position, keeping square in the pattern and other chores.

As a passenger I can leisurely spend my time gazing out the window, taking pictures, and watching the pilot, or pilots, coax the airplane on to the ground. Since I spend most of my time in the air doing things my way, in my plane, it is a real treat to watch how a different pilot handles a different machine.

Most single engine planes operate similarly, but the idiosyncrasies are hard to spot until you watch a pilot with a lot of time in type handle the machine. One way to stay safe is to develop a rigorous routine and stick to it. Watching other pilots perform their routines is a good way to pick up better ways to handle an airplane. It is also a reminder that many different routines can work well, what is important is the consistency so that nothing is missed.

One thing does stay the same when the pilot becomes passenger. That is scanning for traffic. When Seattle Center calls out traffic for you, everyone on the cockpit has a serious desire to spot it as soon as possible. When two small airplanes are converging at almost 300 miles an hour, that can be quite difficult.

That assumes that you even have radar contact and a controller to call out your traffic. Central Oregon is one of the last places in the lower 48 without radar. Recent news reports indicate that Central Oregon will have to wait longer for radar. There will likely not be money in the federal transportation budget to install the radar system that Redmond already owns. There is \$226M in the budget for a bridge to 50 people in Alaska, but none for our radar.

It seems that many people would rather spend money on fancy new technologies like ADS-B, while ignoring the tried and true technologies like radar. Even support for our radar project within the Oregon pilot community is mixed. Radar helps every pilot with a working radio and transponder; ADS-B only helps those with expensive new avionics.

*It may be too late for this year, but every voice counts, so call or write anyone that you think may help our cause.*

Gary Miller

## ***... more ATC stories ...***

A student became lost during a solo cross-country flight. While attempting to locate the aircraft on radar, ATC asked, "What was your last known position?" Student: "When I was number one for takeoff."

## *Nothing is easy in Africa ...*

*The following was an email sent by a friend of Gary Miller's brother:*

Hi there ...

Hope all's well ... sorry to have been out of touch for a while ... nothing is easy in Africa. A few days ago I had a little lesson in just how difficult this place can be ... for the most part we fly around in reasonable weather down here...no fog...no high winds (outside of a thunderstorm anyway....very little icing, which in any case can be got rid of easily by flying a bit lower... so to suddenly find myself looking down at water contemplating a river landing was a new experience.

I had to fly up-river to Impfondo and from there on to Libenge, about 1 hour 20 minutes further on...the whole trip is about 600 miles...Libenge is a dirt strip that at one time (back in the '50's) had been a large airport but since then the jungle has reclaimed almost all of it...By the time I arrived the Cb's were building with a vengeance and joining up to become a large, serious weather system....the ITCZ has been moving north over the past couple of months and the northern half of the country has been getting more and more difficult to fly through...Anyway, within 10 miles of Libenge we started taking a serious hammering...not just uncomfortable but a pounding that made controlling the aircraft almost impossible. It was so bad and so extensive that there was no point in even trying and so I made a quick decision to fly the short distance to Bangui (capital of Central African Republic), land there and re-fuel....well, that was the plan anyway....

Pointing the a/c toward Bangui we saw a huge red blaze on the weather radar that indicated a no through road as far as we were concerned....ATC at Bangui told us that an approach from the north would have a better chance so we set off in that direction. Unfortunately the weather system was building faster and more aggressively than we could fly and we were being pushed further and further from the airport while routing around it...the only alternate from Bangui is Mbandaka about 250 miles behind us and the weather radar showed that that was now largely cut off....anyway we kept flying around to the north expecting to find a route through but each time we tried to penetrate the system the a/c became uncontrollable and the passengers very unhappy...By the time we were almost north of the field ( we hadn't been able to get closer than about 60 miles all the way around ) ATC announced that all approaches to the airport were now cut off due to the weather system....our radar was showing no break in any direction other than north...and there are no airfields to the north for 180 miles.. and then only a rough airstrip unsuitable for our aircraft and in the middle of nowhere with no possibility of getting fuel...Mbandaka was just within range assuming we could fly a straight line to it but the weather system was going to make that impossible....

Fortunately when coming up to this area I've got into the habit of taking a big amount of fuel even though it means taking off a good bit overweight but we had by now been circling and flying around for one and a half hours more than the trip should have taken and the fuel gauges were dropping ever more quickly as they got lower.....



We were now about 100 miles from Libenge, our original destination and had about 30 minutes of fuel remaining after starting with 5 hours of fuel from Kinshasa....flying low looking for a way through was soaking up fuel at a phenomenal rate... Time to start thinking about a river landing... Working our way back around the system there was a gap between two cells that looked as though we might push through and be within a few miles of Libenge and so went for it. It was a miserable 20 minutes or so but we could keep control, which was something ( what DID you guys do without weather radar ?), eventually arriving for a short, sharp arrival at Libenge....The passengers reacted as though they'd just won the lottery ....which in a way they had .... As one engine burns fuel at a higher rate than the other we were down to around 5 minutes on the right engine and ten to 15 min on the left ... not much after almost 3 hours in the air. (It's not possible to cross-feed on this model King Air...)

There's no fuel to be had at Libenge so we were stuck for the night, slept on the floor of a 'guest house' as no accommodation was available. The next day we had to arrange for fuel to be driven from Bangui in drums to the Ubenge river, where it was ferried across...sounds easy enough, but this is Africa



## *Africa - continued*

....the trip took the whole day and we were only just in time to get the fuel into the aircraft and fly to Bangui....narrowly avoiding another huge storm which broke 15 minutes after landing.....



A night in Bangui and then back to Kinshasa...I'd worn the same shirt for 3 days and smelt like Gunga Din's Jock-strap...

In all an eventful trip and a salutary lesson in flying in remote corners of Africa ... I've thought a lot about all the decisions we took, fuel carried, etc., but cannot find any serious flaw in our strategy ... We could have turned around and headed straight back to Mbandaka at the first hint of a storm, but if we adopted that policy we'd hardly ever complete a trip ... most storms are relatively isolated and move on after 30 min or so ... this one built into a system covering around 300 miles and remained over the north eastern Congo effectively cutting us off ...without the very large amount of extra fuel I was lucky enough to have it could have been a very different ending ... probably not fatal but certainly seriously damaging the aircraft...

Other than that, life continues here much as it's done for the past 2 million years.

Best wishes ... G :)

Aoccdrnig to rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mittaer in what oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoetnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be at the rghit pclae.

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Amzanig, huh?

## **CO-OPA SAFETY CORNER:**

Joel Prenselaar is on vacation for a few weeks but left us this real-life riveting story-within-a-story ...

### **HEY KID .....**

I was denied further sleep; never the less, I remained in bed mulling over the question put before me after dinner last night. Jim had turned to me and asked, "Joel, you've been flying for over sixty years, how did you ever get started?" I rolled over and my mind, now a time machine, rolled with me back to a Sunday in August of 1936.

A vivid picture of the sequence of events that occurred on that August (or is that "au · 'gust" ?) day flickered like an old movie of that period. I could see myself as a 16-year-old standing on the roof of an apartment building. My rubber raincoat glistened from the rain bathing the sooty city. I am apart and yet a part of that adolescent scanning the leaden sky for a break in the low overcast, my concern grew. The summer was waning and I had precious little daylight remaining after work for flying. Too soon, school would start and my free time would be reduced to Sundays only. I work Saturdays.

Work! Depression! Everyone had to do his bit. I reflected on the fact that when I wasn't shining shoes or selling newspapers at a subway entrance, I was riding the subways selling "Liberty" magazines. Why was this recollection so important to me? My thoughts took me back to my fragmented work pattern of the time; delivering and picking up garments, sweeping floors, and occasionally pressing clothes for a dry cleaning establishment. Free time was spent at the airport laboring at general flunky tasks such as washing airplanes, sopping up oily drip pans from under leaky aircraft engines, and sweeping hangar floors in exchange for flight time.

My arm went to sleep - - pins and needles. I'd been lying on it. I wriggled into a new position and, like coming out of a dream, I tried to recapture my young self.

Ah yes, it's 1936 again and I'm standing on the rooftop. I'm wet but my spirit is not dampened. My mind is made up. I will go to the airport. Ever the optimist, I hauled out my bike and started pedaling the six miles to Flushing Airport. A Model "A" Ford passed me honking his horn. I conjured up the image of a goose trying to land on the street puddles. Land on the street puddles he did - - with a splash. Oh well, I couldn't get any wetter. Waving an apology, the driver disappeared in a rooster tail spray.

## HEY KID - continued

As I approached the field, I could see the wind sock hanging limp. I propped my bike against the hangar wall and entered the flight office. The room was half office and half lounge. The walls were covered with aeronautical charts and airplane pictures. Cigarette smoke and the aroma of coffee greeted me. Cigarettes and coffee were the staples of airport loungers.

Walt Chambliss, an ace of The Great War, was holding court as usual. His twisting hands were held aloft as story telling pilots are wont to do. The cigar clamped tightly between his lips bounced fiercely as he talked through the side of his mouth. I fixated on the cigar's long ash. Defying all laws of physics, it clung tenaciously to the tip of the cigar as though to life itself. Would it ever fall? Without the slightest change in the cadence of his words or the motion of his hands, he managed to acknowledge my arrival with a sharp nod of his head. Still, the cigar ash held. His red hair, graying at the temples, capped a crimson face that was not the result of a sunburn, embarrassment, or effort. While I wondered about that at the time, it was later in life that I learned that those frequently under the "alcofluence of incohol" manifested such a complexion. His feet were propped up on a '30s ice cream parlor table revealing high-topped lace and hook boots crested with battered leather puttees that overlapped the cuffs of whipcord breeches, the sides of which looked like the doors of an old time western saloon. His khaki shirt, open at the collar, sported epaulettes, each of which featured a major's oak leaf. Judging from his garment's condition, it could be concluded that they were vestiges of his Great War uniform. In contrast to his disheveled wear, the shiny silver wings on his breast evinced a reverent regard for flying. He was, however, a vanishing breed - a barnstormer.

Although he must have told this story a hundred times, his eyes glowed with excitement as he savored the experience he was relating. Slowly guiding his hands around the sky he continued his tale.

*"It took no less than 20 minutes of maneuvering to position myself up sun of the Boche. I was at least 3,000 feet above him. The black formée crosses on his wings defeated its camouflage. I was able to follow his every move. I looked around to make sure that he was not a decoy. I thumbed out the sun. I was alone with the Hun. You can bet I was excited. Getting this Heinie would make me an ace. Whispering, I told myself to relax. That seemed to work and I settled down to the business at hand. I charged up my twin Vickers machine guns. Just a bit longer, just a l-i-t-t-l-e b-i-t l-o-n-g-e-r, --- NOW! Diving out of the sun my Spad and I became as identical twins. My scream harmonized with that of the flying wires as we plummeted falcon-like upon our prey. Closing on the enemy, I could more clearly define the outline of my target.*

*It was a Rumpler observation plane. Intent upon the ground situation, the pilot was leaning to one side to see around the mass of the engine, radiator, and exhaust stack looming before him."*

*Pausing to suck on his cigar and blow blue smoke rings, the major artfully created the effect he desired. Oh, he was a masterful story teller. Leaning forward in their chairs, one or two of his now captive audience blurted out, "Go on, go on!" Smiling with satisfaction, took a sip of coffee, grimaced at it for now it was cold, looked up and continued.*

*"My shadow alerted the observer. Dropping his camera to the floor of the cockpit, he pounded on the shoulder of the pilot twice. Through my gunsight, I could see his Spandau Maxim machine gun slide along its Parabellum mount toward me. I had closed to 300 feet. Squeezing off a long burst, I watched my bullets stitch a pattern of holes along the fuselage, through the gunner, and into the engine. The body of the gunner spared the pilot. The gunner fell backward onto the pilot who, while grappling with the controls, pushed him aside. The gunner hung limply over the side flapping in the airstream like a rag doll. Breaking off the pass I exchanged speed for altitude to position myself for another attack.*

*"The Rumpler was now trailing smoke. The pilot guided the crippled plane toward a clearing behind our lines. He was mine. Closing to point blank range, I could clearly see stark terror register on his face. I pointed to the clearing. Nodding vigorously he turned his crippled plane toward it. Yes, we were the last of chivalrous combatants. In fact, they dubbed us 'Knights of the Air.'*

*"Knowing that it was fire that caused his fear, I resolved to gun him down the instant a fire started. Understanding my purpose, the pilot waved gratefully clearly preferring the coup de grâce I would deliver to the horror of fire. The doped fabric covering made all aircraft of that period a potential incinerator. Parachutes were not standard equipment those days.*

*"The German set about the business of landing his craft. He was doing a good job of it, sideslipping to keep the smoldering engine from igniting the rest of the plane. After the landing, the pilot leaped out of his machine before it stopped rolling. Pilotless, the plane ground looped and burst into flames. As the pilot got to his feet, a group of Tommies watching the whole episode surrounded him. The Brits waved to me ardently; the Jerry was waving too. I returned the salute with equal enthusiasm. Five Krauts had fallen to my guns. At last I had earned the title 'Ace'."*

As a final gesture of satisfaction, he inhaled deeply of his cigar. He then took a long draught of the cold coffee - - I could see his Adam's apple bob - - and then exhaled the cigar smoke. Great stunt! I was impressed. Only then did I notice that some time in the telling of the story, the

## *HEY KID - continued*

ash had dropped from his cigar leaving a snail-like gray trail down his shirt but, I observed, not on those shiny silver wings.

Feigning modesty, my mentor smiled and held up his hand against a flood of questions and excused himself. Great theatrics! Watching this man, my father's age, rise majestically from his chair and saunter (swagger?) from the room was a treat in itself. I had recently seen a movie in which a panther rose from its haunches to stalk its prey - - pure poetry of motion. Walt Chambliss was that cat personified. I was awe struck. I had been in Mr. Chambliss' company a large share of the summer; still, I was awe struck.

Later, I found myself alone with my hero. His demeanor confirmed what I had suspected earlier. He was an entirely different person one-on-one, at least with me. I recall that on that occasion he spoke to me in a serious mien.

"Have you thought about what I told you last week, Kid?"

He knew my name but had, as yet, to use it. Everyone else had a name, but to him I was "Kid." I knew exactly what he meant but, - - kid like - - I responded, "Gee, we talked about so much I don't know what you mean."

He nodded knowingly showing only a trace of a smile. "You do know," he said. "It's about that business of flying for the Spanish Loyalists. Do you remember that?"

I looked directly into his eyes. The business was about flying for the Spanish Loyalists for \$2,000 a kill and subsistence. One kill would give me twice the money my father earned in a year working six days a week. He had reminded me that I only had a couple of hundred flight hours and that I'd be pitted against seasoned Nazi pilots flying the best airplanes in the world.

I answered respectfully. "Yes, I remember. I told my parents about the offer and what you said about it. I admit that when I left you last week I wasn't the least bit discouraged about going. But, after talking to my parents and thinking more about what you said, I decided not to go."

Mr. Chambliss then confided, "I have to tell you that I was going to ask you to barnstorm with me. You know that Phil quit and I need someone to fly the second plane." I could tell that these words were hard for him. He was such a loner.

"I would have asked you today but your parents are right," He continued. "Get an education. I had a good education but here I am, a flying hobo.

Some day I'll tell you why this is so; but, later - - later. It's a whole other story."

He got up and with that slinking walk of his went to the window and looked into the southwestern sky.

"Mm," he said, offering me some hope for a flight, "It looks as though we might get to fly in an hour or so. It surely does. I have several customers lined up. Time for another cup of mud."

With a steaming cup of coffee in each hand, he sat down facing me and passed a cup to me. I thanked him with a grin. I always grin when I am touched and too full of words to speak.

"Tell me Kid," he asked, "How did you get started flying at such an early age?"

Pleased with his interest in me, I cheerfully told him about Uncle Morris. "Uncle Morris isn't my blood relative." I said. "He is my aunt's husband. When I was about eight years old and since he had no children, he gave me special attention and told me exciting stories about his dogfights of the Great War. He was in a pursuit squadron."

Slouching in his chair, Mr. Chambliss held his cup in both hands slowly sipping his coffee. Watching his face through a thin veil of mist, I could tell that he was deeply interested in my answer. Barely removing his lips from the cup, he peered over it and asked. "What is his last name?"

I told him, but he slowly moved his head from side to side. "What was his squadron's number?"

"The 95th Aero Squadron", I answered.

At this he bolted upright and I feared for his coffee.

"That was my squadron." he said abruptly. "I don't recognize his name. Do you happen to have a picture of him?"

"Sure," I replied. "We had our picture taken together in front of the Curtiss Robin a couple of weeks ago. I carry it with me all of the time."

I removed the photo from my wallet and passed it to him. Putting his cup down, he positioned himself for better lighting and squinted at it with extended arms. His eyebrows almost merged as he concentrated on Uncle Morris.

He spoke in a slow metered and low voice. "I know this man but I'm having trouble placing him. Yes, he was in my squadron but I just can't place him."

Staring at him as he studied the photograph for what seemed an eternity to me, a remarkable transformation

## *HEY KID - continued*

took place. His lips opened, his eyebrows were no longer knitted and a smile was beginning to form. The smile expanded until he was laughing, positively roaring. His eyes were watering. Reaching for a handkerchief in his back pocket, he was now out of control, almost convulsing. It scared me. I was totally confused. The decline of his laughter was interspersed with outbursts of what can only be described as cackles. Gradually regaining his composure, he finally had sufficient control to wipe his eyes. A sound like coal pouring down a metal chute was generated as he blew his nose.

Himself again, Mr. Chambliss spoke apologetically. "I'm sorry. I'm so very sorry about my behavior and for what I must tell you. The whole thing is so ludicrous I simply lost control. I did need that laugh though. I was getting pretty low."

Leaning forward and again resting his arms on his legs, he locked his hands together and looked directly into my eyes. I sat there transfixed. He started to say something, stopped, wet his lips and began anew.

"Kid," he said, "There are times in life when heroes fall and when it's your hero, it hurts. It hurts like hell. I have to tell you - - your uncle was in my squadron in France all right. Your uncle told you genuine air combat stories, no doubt, but - - -" He looked away only an instant and then continued. "Uncle Morris, you see, never took part in air engagements. He heard those stories in the Officer's Mess. He was the officer's cook and server."

Pausing, he studied my reaction and correctly read the chagrin and anger I openly displayed.

"Kid," he said ever so softly, "you have a choice to make. You can either confront him with this and destroy his dignity and his affection for you, or you can be thankful to him for starting you on your career and continue to enjoy his favor. It really isn't my business, but I'd like to know what your decision is. It's important to me too."

The enigmatic last words of his statement so occupied me that my anger was quenched. I rose from my seat and slowly made my way out and onto the tarmac to swallow the lump in my throat and to hide the tears I knew would come. For a long time I stared at the sky. It was brighter. Sort of an omen I thought. I knew that I had just received a profound message, but what was it? Gradually it dawned on me that I was at a cross road in my young life. In another few months I would finish school and would, according to my long-range plan, try to fly for the U.S. Navy. The navy's recruiting posters state that the navy needs good men. Men, that was the key. Physically I'd be a man. Sure, that's the message. I'd look like an adult but I must also behave like one.

I almost ran back to the office. Mr. Chambliss was standing at the door watching.

"Well, made up your mind have you?" He asked.

I almost sobbed. "Yes, I understand what you tried to tell me. I'll never tell him."

Walt Chambliss smiled benevolently and said, "Joel, I'm proud of you."

*He called me Joel.*

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## *Memaloose ... request for help ...*

Joe Spence Aviation  
Enterprise, Oregon  
spencefly@bmi.net

Hi Joe,

Mel Cross out of Baker suggested I contact you regarding having a work party at Memaloose. I'm the McCall chapter president of the Idaho Aviation Association and I thought that since Memaloose airstrip is deteriorating rapidly I would try to schedule a work party for it, even though it's not in Idaho.

I'd like to get some help from the Oregon Pilot's Association or some folks who use the strip. Typically we show up with hand tools and a new windsock and dig up rocks and fill holes and generally clean up as much of the strip as a few guys with hand tools can in a few hours. Some of us camp overnight and go home the next day.

Memaloose could use some heavy equipment, but we have no way of getting any there. We have tentatively scheduled the Memaloose work party for September 10th of this year. I still need to contact the USFS to get their approval.

Any help you could offer would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Bill Nikkel

208-634-1504

## ***JULY FLY-OUT WAS FUN....***

There was quite a bit of concern about flying to the FLYING M RANCH...as it is a "ONE WAY" strip near the Yamhill River, with tall trees and a mountain on the west end...a number of people pointed out that a 172 with a student and an instructor crashed recently and two people were killed....this is tragic...but....if you read the report it is obvious that it was not a plane problem or an airport problem....it was a PILOT PROBLEM...

Well Sat. morning came and we gathered at the flight shop to count noses (and spinners)...we had eight noses and four spinners (Curt and Jackie Turner have an Apache Twin) so we had three planes on the Fly-out....Curt & Jackie Turner had their Apache, Mike and Ann Bond had their Cardinal RG and Don & Norma Wilfong had their Skylane....We had two more people Gary Miller (his plane was in the shop) and Ed Endsley....Gary had never flown in a Cardinal so he rode with the Bonds to the Flying M and Ed rode with the Wilfongs.. Mike and Ann had to get their plane out of the hangar and add some fuel so they got off the ground a little later than the other two planes...

We had a very smooth ride all the way over...the Apache was a little faster than the Skylane so Curt dropped the power back a notch and we flew together all the way....Curt had never been to the Flying M so he was a little nervous, he said he would take a look and if he felt uncomfortable he would not land....well upon seeing the airport, the wide open approach and all he followed the Skylane in...he had to add power to taxi up to the parking area....he said "I sure don't know what all the fuss was about... this is a great airport"



**Ed on (near) runway during short final**

Ed grabbed his camera and headed down to the approach end of the strip to get some shots of the Cardinal coming in.....I understand he got right close and personal and got some really great shots...



**Ed's shot of Cardinal touchdown**

We were all hungry by then so we trooped inside the beautiful and rustic log lodge...you can sit at your table and watch the planes come and go...The entry foyer is guarded by a mounted Cougar and there are trophy heads adorning the walls....in the bar there is a buggy hanging from the ceiling and the bar is made from a giant log flattened on one side and it appears to be hung by huge logging hooks that were originally used to move logs....Norma & I spent the night one time so we could participate in the evening dining and dancing....



We all sat together and hashed and rehashed flying, the worlds problems and anything else that came to mind. We really enjoyed our meals and conversation....After a while it was time to move on so.....Mike, Ann and Ed all climbed into the Cardinal and headed back to Bend...Curt and Jackie had not seen the Museum at Tillamook so they headed there and Don, Norma and Gary followed in the Skylane....





The Museum is located in one of the huge blimp hangars from World War II and it is worth seeing even without the collection. We spent a bunch of time looking over the collection of Planes and memorabilia before deciding it was time to move on...



By then Curt and Jackie decided to head for home...Tillamook was reporting winds gusting to 30 knots as we taxied out...we back taxied on runway 19 to the intersection with 31...We (in the Skylane) made an intersection take off and headed for Pacific City and the Apache back taxied to the end of 31 and took off and headed back to Bend....



The wind was strong and gusting a Pacific City but it was right down the runway...We landed without incident just in time to see them loading a Hawk XP onto a trailer...the pilot had landed hard on the nose gear several days earlier and buckled the firewall....



I guess no one was hurt but it did a number on the plane and they had pulled the wings off and were hauling it somewhere for repair ...it is sad to see a perfectly good airplane damaged like that....

We (Gary, Norma & Don) wandered around and looked in the little shops, Gary treated us to lunch at the deli (nice place less than a block from the runway) so after eating and checking things out we all climbed in the Skylane and headed for home....We were not quite through having fun so we landed at PILOT BUTTE INTERNATIONAL, had a beer, visited some more and I then drove Gary back to the Flight Shop to pick up his car....

All in all we had a great time and we hope next time more people will be able to go along....

Don Wilfong



This was also a lot of fun, attended by a large Bend contingent ... will have reports and pictures next month ... here are two of the Bend airplanes with an earlier crosswind 'victim' behind ...

