

CASCADE FLYER



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

President's Message:

Yes, Hunting Season is in full swing, but it is cold a wet out there, so you really want to attend our monthly CO-OPA meeting. This month Third Thursday is on October 20th. On that date, come out to the Professional Air waiting room in the KBDN Flight Services Building. Make your ETA to be around 6 pm. Chow down at our 6:30pm potluck, and stay for the usual 'formal' meeting at 7pm.

Hard to predict the weather this time of year, but those that try think this Saturday will be a good day to fly. Some clouds, highs in the 50's, light winds from the south, building to 5 to 9 mph in the late afternoon. This could be our warmest fly-out for many months come come...

BTW, several of us flew out to the Jordan Chicken Dinner on Gillette field the day after out Fly-out. Great food, lots of cool airplanes and cars. A good time was had by all, be sure to try it next year if you can.

Calendar:

20 October – Monthly Meeting
22 October – Monthly Fly-Out

17 November – Monthly Meeting
19 November – Monthly Fly-out

14 December – EAA Xmas Dinner
15 December – Monthly Meeting

October 2016, Vol. 16, Issue 10

September Fly-out:

Fall was already in progress, at least in the Willamette Valley. That limited out Fly-out options to the east side of the Cascades. So we headed down to Chiloquin (2S7) for our fly-out.

On the way down we could see the new Highway 97 railroad overpass being built. But not so low that we could see evidence of their recent accident. What was very obvious was the high mountain reservoirs were almost empty. If you get the chance, be sure to do a Snow Dance for a wet winter.

On approach to 2S7 I was wondering why that other guy had such a lousy radio. But a quick check of my ammeter showed the problem was on my side. A quick check on landing showed that my alternator belt had departed the aircraft. And yes, before you ask, I had checked the alternator belt tension within the last month.

Nothing to be done about it, except to share a nice brunch at Melita's. Luckily the battery was strong enough to start the engine, and I had my hand held radio for the trip back.

My Inbox:

Oh, my. EAA 1345 (KBDN) is already planning their 2016 Christmas Dinner. Wasn't it summer just a few weeks ago? Bah, humbug. The party starts on December 14, at 5:30pm, in the back room of the Black Bear Diner. Not the one in Madras, the one on 3rd Street in Bend.

RSVP's to <maxfly55@gmail.com>, or call Thomas Phy at 510-306-1500.

Newsletter Inputs:

Send your newsletter tidbits to:

[<gem@rellim.com>](mailto:gem@rellim.com)

Web doings:

Check out current and past CO-OPA newsletters, view our membership list and view hot aviation links on our website at:

co-opa.com

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

HANGAR FLYING

Your editor was digging in the archives, and found this great 200 article by Joel Premselaar. Enjoy!

We were 12 budding Naval Aviators assigned to our first solo night flight. Snoopy would be proud of us for it was a dark, cold, and monacles night. We would generate our own stormy situation. We mustered in the ready Air Station was located in Millington about 15 miles north of Memphis has some significance in this tale. The Chief Flight Instructor began briefing by dividing us into two flights. Flight one, to which I was assigned, was to take off first, climb to 2,000 ft, and set up an orbit within gliding distance of the field. The second flight was directed to take off second, remain the the traffic pattern, and shoot "touch and go" landings (for student pilots it was termed "crash and dash"), i.e., land and immediately takeoff. A green light (our aircraft had no radios) from the tower signaled, "cleared for taxi and takeoff." A green flare fired from the tower meant that the flights were to exchange places. A red flare fired from the tower was the recall signal for all aircraft to land, ending the exercise. Firing a red flare from an aircraft meant that it was experiencing an emergency and all other aircraft were to clear the landing pattern. That was it! Sounding like the voice of doom, the Chief flight Instructor's next

words were "All right Men (we were barely over twenty), man your aircraft.

It wasn't easy climbing into an open cockpit, fabric covered biplane while garbed in heavy winter flight gear. I couldn't strap myself in wearing thick and stiff leather gloves, so I had to do it with numb hare hands. I stuffed the tails of my white silk scarf into my jacket, donned a navy blue woolen face mask (I think it was cut out of some swabby's navy blue uniform), and finally put on my helmet, goggles, and gloves, I felt like a knight preparing for a joust.

I was the fourth plane to enter the upper pattern. Now six strong, we circled the field, each following the navigation lights of the other. A line from Mac Beth flashed through my mind - "this place is too cold for hell!" I didn't know that the south could get this cold. My breath froze my woolen mask into a rigid shield hard enough to deflect a lance. Even though my goggles overlay it, the mask remained fixed in space. Unless I held the mask to my face, whenever I moved my head, my eyes would be displaced from the mask's eye opening, the consequences of this is clear to see - - NOT! To compound the problem, I couldn't feel the rudder pedals through my thick flight boots, to say nothing of the control stick in my hand. I was not a happy bird.

Suddenly I realized that the lights of the air base were they should be. There was darkness below and the occasional lights of vehicles on the back roads. I was not the typical student naval aviator. I was a student because I had to learn the Navy's way and a good thing that was. I had more flight time than several of the flight instructors, consequently, I felt compelled to seize the initiative and lead the flight back to the field. Noting what I thought was a large gap between two of the circling aircraft, I headed for it confident that the sheep behind me would follow what ultimately turned out to be a Judas Goat - - me.

Hanger Flying (Cont.)

Holding my mask, I twisted and turned to look for traffic when one tail of my scarf escaped from within my flight jacket. The slipstream captured the wayward tail of the scarf, which rose up and covered my face. Holding the stick between my knees, I alternately fought with the scarf and the mask. It became a game of peekaboo. Gasping with effort, my goggles frosted and I was forced to raise them out of the way. SPIT (oh you clever er devil, you caught that euphemism, didn't you). Consternation amplified - - now my eyes were tearing. It's a good thing tears are salty or my eyes would have iced up.

I finally got everything under control, but where were my companions in misery? "Nuts," I told myself. Forget this initiative stuff. Latch onto the first set of navigation light you see and become a sheep to survive." Then, to my relief, slightly below and to one side I saw a white tail light with a green light to its starboard and a red on to its port. I eased the throttle to its stop and tailed in behind my new leader.

Gradually I became aware that it was getting lighter, and then reality struck like a bolt of lightning. I was over the outskirts of Memphis. This time it was Oh Spit SPIT! Silhouetted against the now bright background was the aircraft I was pursuing. It was an R4D (in mufti, a DC-3 commercial transport) approaching Memphis Airport for a landing. It would be a gross understatement to say that I was flabbergasted and if one could read the smoke signals coming from my mouth, I would be embarrassed. Oh well, At least I knew where I was geographically.

I devised a plan for a surreptitious reentry into the upper flight pattern over the Naval Base. I would turn off my lights and turn them on again once safely ensconced in the pattern - non would be the wiser for it. Even as I reached for the light switch, I looked back as every good pilot should do before turning. I

experienced yet another shock for there, strung out behind me were five sets of lights. The entire upper circle flight followed me to Memphis! Boldly I left the lights on and led my stray sheep home. The Base was easy to find because the area was clearly marked with series of red flares fired from the tower. The now frantic Chief Flight Instructor wanted no mistakes made in recognizing the recall signal.

We entered the lower pattern in response to the recall signal. Spooked by an almost continuous stream of red flares, many aircraft in the landing pattern aborted their landings as many novices are apt to do when stressed. Interpreting the aborts as a continuation of "touch and goes," the Chief Flight Instructor (these are not typos) was in an apoplectic frenzy and continued to shoot red flares until I thought he's set the Base On fire. The two flights were now a confused mixture of randomly bouncing up and down aircraft. Our Maker must have shut his eyes and prayed that we would not exchange paint with each other while airborne. Miraculously we all made it back to the flight line in one piece. This led me to wonder - - to who does our Maker pray when he prays?

Fast forward to the ready room for the debriefing. I can't describe the Chief Flight Instructor's state. You wouldn't believe me if I did. His mail question was, "Who led the upper Flight toward Memphis?" We All looked at each other, then to our esteemed Instructor and shrugged our shoulders in eloquent silence. Our chagrined and completely defeated Chief Flight Instructor aped our gesture and, no longer the erect image of authority, shambled out of the room all the while shaking his head in disbelief.

Mindful that our all-knowing Maker is cognizant of the truth of my incredible blunder, I write this in deference to my surviving fellow airmen and to clear my conscience. Those who reside above already know the truth and I don't care about those sweating in the lower reaches!