

# CASCADE FLYER



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

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## ***President's Message:***

At times it seemed like our attempts to host a Wings Seminar were cursed. Last month Mike Benedict was sick, so rather than postpone again he authorized Lloyd Swenson at the last moment to conduct the event. Many thanks to Lloyd for doing a great job on no notice.

We watched some good videos, had some good discussions, and earned the ground study certificate portion of the Wings Program while having a good time. There was also a special part of the program. Bill Witt was awarded The Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award. This award is given to pilots with 50 consecutive years of safe flying. Congratulations Bill!

This month our meeting will return to its normal schedule. Meet at the Flight Services building at 6pm for some hanger flying, at 6:30pm our famous pot luck and then our formal meeting at 7pm. Ed tells me there has been a last minute shake-up in the program so details on that will be emailed as soon as we have them.

## ***Calendar:***

19 April - Monthly Meeting  
21 April - Monthly Flyout

17 May - Monthly Meeting  
19 May - Monthly Flyout

16 June - Bend Municipal Airport Open House  
21 June - Monthly Meeting  
23 June - Monthly Flyout

19 July - Monthly Meeting  
21 July - Monthly Flyout

16 August - Monthly Meeting  
18 August - Monthly Flyout

## ***Web doings:***

You can find out more about The Wright Brothers Award on the FAA website:

[http://www.faa.gov/safety/awards/wright\\_bros/](http://www.faa.gov/safety/awards/wright_bros/)

That link is also in the links section of our website. The CO-OPA website also contains recent newsletters and other goodies.

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

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

## ***My Inbox:***

This year's Bend Airport Open House, set for June 16th this year, has hit a snag. Incredible Events was unable to sign a lead sponsor for the event and has pulled out as event manager. Having professional help would have been great but we'll just have to soldier on without it. Stay tuned for more information as we firm up the details for this year.

Don Wilfong reports that he has been recently upgraded with a bovine replacement heart valve. No word yet on the sex of the organ donor. Don is back home and will be back in the bullring in no time.

## ***Random Thoughts:***

Sometimes you just have to wing it.

Roger Vesely was my primary flight instructor when I was working on my private pilot's license at Reed-Hillview airport. At the start Roger had me plan out everything in advance on flight planning sheets. All the courses, radio frequencies, distance and times to checkpoints, fuel consumption and more.

## ***Random Thoughts - continued***

As I slowly built up my piloting skills it became a comfort to know that I could successfully plan a flight and then execute that flight exactly as planned. At least when the winds were as forecast.

Then Roger slowly started to pull the rug out from under me. Partway through a flight he would change plans, breaking my stride and forcing me to fly the airplane and recalculate the flight plan simultaneously. That pushed flight training up another notch.

Near the end of my training Roger would not even bother to tell me our route in advance but would instead spring it on me during our climb out.

This taught me that while it is great to have a plan in advance it is even better to know that you have the skills to create a new plan on the fly when circumstances require it.

Sometimes the weather is not as forecast, ATC reroutes us, or any of a multitude of things requires a change in plans in flight. Being flexible allows us to make a good new plan as circumstances change.

Sometimes our plans on the ground go awry too. Our recent Wings Seminar is a classic case. A few things that had been well planned in advance just were not working. The speaker became sick at the last minute and the classroom was double scheduled. Luckily, Lloyd Swensen was a confident and proficient pilot. He adjusted his plans on the fly and the result was a fun and productive Wings Seminar for all those that attended.

Thanks Lloyd for making it happen. Thanks also for showing again that having a plan is good but being flexible in achieving your goals is even better.

## ***Gary E. Miller***



**Brakes?**

## ***March CO-OPA Group Fly-out***

What a beautiful morning March 17th was for a group fly-out! Pilots started drifting in before 8:30 AM and the excitement and anticipation was building.

Three planes and 7 people launched for a great trip to Klamath Falls for brunch at the second floor restaurant with a wall of glass overlooking commercial, military, and GA traffic.

We had most welcome guests from the 99s organization. Scott and Stephanie Hartung with their beautiful Cessna 182, Skylane 3-tripple zero Quebec (great call sign). Nancy Morris also of the 99s joined them for the trip. This is a really great liaison of flyers that results in sharing of experience and expertise!!!



Our fearless, faithful fellow flyer, and President, Gary Miller, was accompanied by Gary Meier in Pres. Millers' forever faithful flivver, Centurion 57 Romeo, another great call sign, especially when announced in Gary's mellifluous professional ATC style. I understand that Gary's poodle pilot Paige was heard barking in the background; so much for Active Noise Attenuation Headsets.



Terry Pickering joined us with his sleek Cardinal, N20174, Now, there's a Sudoku puzzle call sign. I, Ed Endsley, flew with Terry as PIC so Terry could be airborne during the medical wars. It was a good thing he was along since HE had a handheld radio; more about that later.

## ***March Fly-out ---- continued***

Saturday morning was gorgeous. So smooth and clear that it seemed like Hawaii was a short hop away. Somehow the Hartungs and Nancy Morris got away fast and led the group. After Terry and Gary got fuel we all set off in hot pursuit. We took pictures of each other but never saw the speedy stealthy triple zero Q until we arrived late at the party in Klamath Falls. Oh well, as the rest of us know, the 99s are very fast women and are known for racing.



Our arrival at Kingsley Field was interesting in interfacing with a P3 Orion from Whidbey Island that was shooting touch and goes; a big lumbering contraption that occupies a lot of airspace. We speculated on the cost of each circuit and how many landings they get out of each set of tires. It provided entertainment throughout lunch as we conjectured about performance parameters. Perched pilots pontificating, ie. hangar flying.

Lunch added copiously to our gross weight and provided interesting weight and balance considerations for the return flight. It was great! We all recommend the destination. However remember the gate code off the GA ramp. With the added weight it would be a little tough to climb over the barbed wire and it might alarm the local law enforcement.

The trip back started with the 99s off the ground and disappearing into the distance again before the rest of us were through looking at the classic planes for sale. Terry and I were next out with information Yankee and ground clearance to 14 with westbound departure. Ready to launch, the Tower couldn't hear us. We could hear the Tower, the P3 Orion, and ground traffic behind us including Gary Miller but we were incommunicado. Rather disappointing since the Cardinal was just out of the avionics shop. We kept trying and trying with all comms, but every attempt at transmission was useless. The Tower knew where we wanted to go so they finally got tired of saying "unreadable" and cleared us off and on course. We jumped sky high at the opportunity.

The communications failure somewhat dampened the camaraderie on the return but we could hear everyone else. Terry's handheld provided the critical communications. Back to the shop again! Of course back at Bend, everything was working just fine again.

The return over Crater Lake was spectacular as usual.



It's one of my favorite aerial views and is always astonishingly beautiful. We are so lucky. I'm also really happy the volcano didn't erupt again.

We all look forward to our next fly-out and it would be great if you were there too, bring your friends. Put Thursday 4-19 on your calendar for the potluck meeting and Saturday 4-21 for the fly-out!!!

## ***Ed Endsley***

### **Piloting the Peril**

The incessant ringing slowly started to sound less like a trolley car and more like an alarm clock. Once I'd made that connection I remembered it was 3 AM and it was time to go meet the helicopter. For a sixteen year old teenager getting up at three was a much larger trick than going to bed at three. After I marshaled the brainpower to get my pants on the right way around and chewed some breakfast I had at least awakened enough to find my car keys.

This wasn't the most auspicious way to accomplish this task but there was no turning back now. Herb expected me to be there so I hopped in my Triumph convertible sports car and went tearing off across the Willamette Valley farm country to meet Herb Henderson of Henderson Aviation for a morning of helicopter aerial application.

Nineteen sixty-three and I was about to have my first real work experience. I had taken this job in trade for flying lessons. I was about to find out why Herb would hire someone as green as I was. I was inexperienced and didn't know what was coming. As I found out, being a dust boy and loader for an aerial applicator was almost as dangerous as flying the helicopter.

The first order of business was to find a farm airstrip somewhere near Halsey and pick up a 1937 war surplus Chevy tank truck full of water and drive it to the rendezvous.

## The Peril ---- continued

Herbs directions were from an aerial point of view, it was dark, and I'd never been there before. After creeping around in a haphazard way I found a building that resembled Herbs description. Sliding the hangar door open I found myself staring at a dilapidated old faded yellow wreck crouching in the corner. This must be the right place. I parked my new shiny convertible next to the truck and found the comparison startling. There were no lights so between my headlights and a flashlight I'd serendipitously brought along, I did a preflight of sorts. There was air in the tires although they looked as old as the truck. Starting this contraption was as unique as the vehicle itself. Turning on the park lights activated the ignition. It was a good thing I'd paid more than my usual amount of attention to Herbs briefing. Operating the starter was that old system of stretching your leg way over there to hit the Bendix gear button sort of like an organist reaching for the low C pedal. My low note just wasn't as melodious while the starter was grinding away. There was a choke lever and by a judicious jockeying of throttle I actually got it to fire and keep running before the six-volt battery gave out. I hoped it would warm up enough to move without dying before I died of fumes in the hangar. The headlights actually worked and there was a spotlight. Herb was an A&P mechanic after all.

Now I was proposing to drive this thing through Albany, across the Willamette River, and find some farmers field where I would meet Herb. It became apparent right off that this was to be a slow trip. With the load of water, this thing was heavy. Getting it moving in low gear went OK but trying to double clutch up a gear was a decidedly archaic affair. Certainly not like grabbing second and laying rubber in the Triumph. I'd heard about double clutching a square cut gear crash box without synchronizers but this was on the job training. It was sort of like standing up and stamping on the clutch pedal a couple of times while reaching over to the other side of the cockpit and at the appropriate moment, dancing with the gearshift lever; oh, and remember to steer. It was sort of like doing the Lindy Hop or the Twist with a recalcitrant partner. I'm sure I looked like a bad Vaudeville act. So with all deliberate haste I made my way to Albany where I could cross the river. There was no windshield in the truck and it was cold, at least at this speed the windblast (if I can use that word) wasn't very much. The little bit of traffic at that hour easily passed me but the incredulous looks were interesting. There's a traffic signal at the bridge in Albany and it was red. This bridge is one of those old arched spans that angle up at a startling angle and then drop down the other side and they're not very wide. I started out and got a run at it in first gear, revving until I thought the old engine had had enough and foolishly went for second gear. Well let's just say that the top end of first gear wasn't a speed that resulted in much uphill coasting while I sorted out the double clutch to second. Everything lurched to a stop whereupon the water in the tank came surging forward

and gushed out the filler hole. The filler hole was about ten inches in diameter and had no lid so a tremendous amount of water came cascading through the missing windshield and soaked everything in the cab including me. There I sat stuck on the uphill side of the bridge contemplating my newly baptized condition and wondering if I should just get out and walk away. Maybe, I could just drive it over the edge and drown, better than dying of embarrassment. First I had to get the engine started again and then I had to get it moving up that incline, there was traffic behind me now. There were quite a few ways this situation could rapidly deteriorate even further. Miraculously, we (the truck and I) started making a herky-jerky headway in the desired direction and I stayed in first gear for a long time.

It was actually looking like I might complete this mission if I could just find my destination. I was lost and cold and wet. I saw some kids up ahead waiting for the school bus so I pulled over and asked if they knew where the so and so place was. Needless to say they weren't sure whether they should talk to this weird bedraggled apparition. One brave soul finally pointed down the road and indicated the turn to the place. It was behind me. With a boldness unsubstantiated by the circumstances, I motored off into the distance. Low and behold I found the farmer out by the road waving me down and directing me to a suitable staging place. He'd done this before and probably knew I hadn't. Nice guy, he even enquired about why I was all wet.

Herb soon came helio whacketing in and almost looked surprised that I was there, maybe he was just amazed at my personal appearance. Thus commenced another type of hard labor. Every time Herb landed I'd heft a fifty-pound bag of pesticide to dump in the hopper, then fill 'er up with water and race to get ready for the next cycle. This went on until I could hardly move and when Herb was finally finished, he flew away and I herded the yellow bucket of bolts back to the hangar.

I became a pretty good pilot of the yellow peril but I wouldn't say we ever became friends. Piloting it reminded me of the early Russian multiengine aircraft, you remember, with the promenade decks and cockpits that looked more like the bridge of a ship. The steering wheel (and I use the term loosely) must have been four feet across to give you enough leverage to have some power in steering. To operate it effectively required getting out of the permanent divot in the seat and winding it like a windlass and then anticipate when to quit and madly move to the other side of the "cockpit" and start winding it back the other way. But at about thirty miles an hour there was a certain stately progression to the procession. It does remind me of some of the airplanes I've "driven."

To be continued,

**Ed Endsley**



## **MARK YOUR CALENDAR!!!!**

August 25, OPA Convention in Albany, chaired by President-elect Joe Smith,

Here are a few facts to entice early commitments to attend: Held in the middle of the three-day Albany Art & Air Fair, the OPA convention will cost members very little. A package for the full day, Saturday August 25, will include breakfast, lunch and the evening banquet with a guest speaker. The package for members will be \$40, and banquet-only cost will be \$30. Advance registration will be required for the banquet. Tent camping with an aircraft will be free, along with free admission to all events including OPA forums, free entertainment, and free transportation around the airport and to the adjoining fairgrounds.

Mark your calendars now for a great event on August 25: the first OPA convention since 1992.

Dave Martin, President, OPA

**Ed Note:** This also the Madras Airshow weekend, which, incidentally, was 'in conflict' with a new, proposed Eugene event ... don't know how Eugene and Albany resolved that ....

## **A B-52 Incident**

January 10, 1964, started out as a typical day for the flight test group at Boeing's Wichita plant. Pilot Chuck Fisher took off in a B-52H with a three-man Boeing crew, flying a low-level profile to obtain structural data.

Over Colorado, cruising 500 feet above the mountainous terrain, the B-52 encountered some turbulence. Fisher climbed to 14,300 feet looking for smoother air. At this point the typical day ended. The bomber flew into clear-air turbulence. It felt as if the plane had been placed in a giant high-speed elevator, shoved up and down, and hit by a heavy blow on its right side.

Fisher told the crew to prepare to abandon the plane. He slowed the aircraft and dropped to about 5,000 feet to make it easier to bail out.

But then Fisher regained some control. He climbed slowly to 16,000 feet to put some safety room between the plane and the ground. He informed Wichita about what was happening. Although control was difficult, Fisher said he believed he could get the plane back in one piece.

Response to the situation at Wichita, and elsewhere, was immediate. An emergency control center was set up in the office of Wichita's director of flight test. Key Boeing engineers and other specialists were summoned to provide their expertise. Federal Aviation Administration air traffic control centers at Denver and Kansas City

cleared the air around the troubled plane. A Strategic Air Command B-52 in the area maintained radio contact with the crew of the Wichita B-52.

As Fisher got closer to Wichita, a Boeing chase plane flew up to meet him and to visually report the damage. When Dale Felix, flying an F-100 fighter, came alongside Fisher's B-52, he couldn't believe what he saw: The B-52's vertical tail was gone.



Felix broke the news to Fisher and those gathered in the control center. There was no panic. Everyone on the plane and in the control center knew they could be called upon at any time for just such a situation. In the emergency control center, the engineers began making calculations and suggesting the best way to get the plane down safely. The Air Force was also lending assistance. A B-52, just taking off for a routine flight, was used to test the various flight configurations suggested by the specialists before Fisher had to try them.

As high gusty winds rolled into Wichita, the decision was made to divert the B-52 to Blytheville Air Force Base in Northeastern Arkansas.

Boeing specialists from the emergency control center took off in a KC-135 and accompanied Fisher to Blytheville, serving as an airborne control center.

Six hours after the incident first occurred, Fisher and his crew brought in the damaged B-52 for a safe landing.

"I'm very proud of this crew and this airplane," Fisher said. "Also we had a lot people helping us, and we're very thankful for that."

The B-52, Fisher said, "Is the finest airplane I ever flew."

## **Ultimate put-down #2 ---**

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." Mark Twain

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