



CASCADE FLYER

Banner Photo: Gary Miller

CENTRAL OREGON • OREGON PILOTS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2003 Issue



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MARCH MEETING

This month's meeting will be on Thursday, March 20th, 6:00pm at the Bend Airport (S07) in the Flight Services building (The Flight Shop). ✈

GUEST SPEAKER

by Clay Trenz

This month local businessman Steve Hill will be introducing JetPorter Inc. to our group. Steve is the founder & president of this Bend, OR based aircraft tug company. Locally, they design and manufacture a variety of tugs to service commercial and corporate aircraft.



Jp-2...100,000 lb. capacity tug

Also, Steve is an accomplished aerobatic pilot. Hopefully, he will share some of those experiences with the group. To find more information visit http://www.jetporter.com/jp_2.html ✈

MARCH FLY-OUT!!!

by Don Wilfong

Yakima, Washington (YKM). Meet at the Flight shop at 08:30 Sat. morning March 22 for departure by 09:00. This should be a pleasant flight to a towered airport.

The Flight Deck Rest. is on the field and it has been reported to me to be a good place to eat and watch planes come and go at the same time. If we can't go North then the alternate is to go to Chiloquin where we can just walk across the highway to Melita's (I have never had a bad meal at Melita's). See you there. ✈

FEBRUARY'S FLY-OUT !!



by Don Wilfong

Sat. Morning, Feb. 22, Norma and I flew from Pilot Butte Airport out to Bend to meet the others who wanted to go on the fly-out. We were joined by Ed Endsley, Bob Nash, Bob's daughter Piper and Ross Morrison, a new member that flies a Turbo Seneca.

We waited around for a while and Mike and Ann Bond showed up to let us know they had planned to go but Ann didn't feel up to making the trip. We appreciated them coming out and letting us know.

Bob and Piper loaded in our Skylane and Ed went with Ross in the Seneca. We got quite a head start as they needed to get fuel so we actually beat them to Caldwell where we met and all had a great breakfast at the little café on the field. We then hopped on over to Nampa and went through the War Hawk Air Museum. It was really very interesting as they had quite a few airplanes and a lot of other military items on display.

We then fueled up (100LL was \$2.28 a gallon) and

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OPA AND THE CHAMBER

by Dale Evans

The Central Oregon Chapter's decision to join the Bend Chamber of Commerce seems likely to pay dividends through heightened awareness by the regional business community that general aviation is an important gear in the economic engine driving Central Oregon.

It was at the Chamber's Government Affairs Council breakfast meeting March 14 that I decided the best avenue towards improving the public's understanding of the important contributions that GA makes to the social and economic well being of a community is simply by adding more examples, or specific "for instances," to our information base.

In conversations at the breakfast meeting I was told I was preaching to the choir when I extolled the im-

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HANGAR FLYING



by Joel Premselaar

Editor's Note: *Joel has put to words a very interesting autobiography entitled "Hey Kid". This story is considerably longer than our standard articles and will be presented in multiple parts starting with the following...*

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

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OPA and the Chamber from page 1

portance of the municipal airport. But interest was heightened when specifics about present economic output and the potential for job growth at the airport was described. And, these are the folks who probably have more conversations with city officials than do most pilots.

We will have an excellent opportunity to heighten the GA awareness of the business community at the OPA/Bend Chamber Ribbon Cutting, April 17, at 4:00 PM, at the Flight Shop. Note that this is our Chapter meeting date, so instead of a pot luck that evening, bring lots of hearty hors d'oeuvres and enthusiasm for general aviation to share with our guests. I expect about 20 Chamber members from town, the usual OPA turnout, and as many from the airport businesses as we can attract.

We will have an airport information sheet as a handout to distribute that afternoon. This will be posted earlier on our Chapter web site, so you might want to be familiar with it prior to the Ribbon Cutting in order to expand on it with your own specifics. ✈

Hangar Flying from page 1

coming out of a dream, I tried to recapture my young self.

Ah yes, it's 1936 again and I'm standing on the roof top. 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.

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 evidenced 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...
(to be continued).

CHECK THIS OUT

by Jack Kohler

During my instrument training I was able to participate in a Mercy Flight that was to originate in Redmond fly to Medford, pick up the patient, and on to Boeing Field in Washington, returning Redmond. The flight was cut short due to icing conditions being encountered south of Portland. The patient was then driven to their destination and their trip was successfully completed.

I experienced actual IMC conditions and was able to apply the information I had learned regarding our IFR flight. It was a flight I'll always remember. ✈

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PLEASE REMEMBER TO FLY FRIENDLY

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headed home. The Seneca took off last but passed us before we got to Bend and we were still several miles out when we heard him landing.

It was a small group this time but we had a good time anyway. If you get over that way be sure and eat at the little café at Caldwell, they have a ham steak that is huge, two eggs, hash browns and toast for \$5.00. The museum, in Nampa, is certainly worth going to see also.

See You next time, ✈



left to right Ed Endsley, Ross Morrison, Don, Norma, Piper Nash & Bob Nash

PICTURES FROM THE NAMPA FLY-OUT

by Don Wilfong



Warhawk



Don's Skylane and Ross Morrisons Senaca



left to right Piper Nash, Bob Nash, Norma Wilfong, Don Wilfong, Ross Morrison & Ed Endsley at the cafe at Caldwell, ID airport.

