

# CASCADE FLYER



Banner Photo: Jack Kobler

CENTRAL OREGON • OREGON PILOTS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

July 2003 Issue



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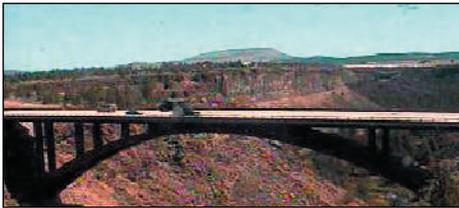
## JULY MEETING

This months meeting will be on Thursday, July 17th, 6:00pm at the Bend Airport (S07) in the Flight Services building (The Flight Shop). ✈

## INVITE TO DEDICATION

by Nancy Lecklider

We have received an invitation to attend the dedication of the [Rex T. Barber Veterans Memorial Bridge](#).



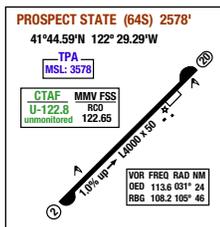
Saturday, August 9, 2003, at 10:00 a.m. The dedication will take place at the, Peter Skene Ogden State Park, 10 miles north of Redmond, on Hwy 97. The sponsors of the event have asked for us to "RSVP", so I will bring the invitation to the meeting next Thursday and we can see how many are interested in attending. If you cannot be at the meeting, send me an e-mail if you wish to attend the dedication and I will include you in the count. It would be great if we had a good turn out for this.. ✈

Editors Note: *Redmond tower uses this bridge as a local checkpoint known as "High Bridge".*

## JULY FLY-OUT!!!

by Don Wilfong

July 19 & 20, the 14th annual fly-in at Prospect State Airport (64S)



Sponsored by the Prospect Unit, Jackson County Search and Rescue (The folks who come looking for you when you "land off-airport"). Open air BBQ

*continued page 3 column A*

## PREVIOUS FLY-OUTS !!



by Don Wilfong

MAY FLY-OUT.. Took us to Pendleton for their air show and dedication of the static displayed B-25. It was B-25 Bombers that flew off an aircraft carrier in World War II and dropped bombs on Tokyo, Japan. Pendleton is where the crews trained for this mission.

There was lots to see with quite a few military aircraft including a flying B-25, a couple of F-15 jet fighters and quite a few other interesting birds.



There was a breakfast served and also there were food and beverage stands avail-

able. They provided transportation with "people movers" which were wagons, with bales of hay to sit on, being pulled by antique tractors. They had a military tank that ran over some cars and a school bus....you wouldn't want one of these after you.

There were several planes from Bend. Nancy & Bob Lecklider in their Cessna 182, Gary Miller, with his daughter Allison, in his Cessna Turbo 210, Ken and Marie-Louise Sandine in their Bonanza, Jerry Rozelle in his Cessna 195 and Don & Norma Wilfong in their Cessna 182. Ed Endsley hooked a ride with one of this group. That was back in May and senior moments may have caused me to forget



*All together on the ramp at Pendleton*

someone. We had a really good time and just made it home before we had a thunder bumper and heavy rain storm.

*continued page 2 column A*

## 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 Part 1 was in the previous issue, now here's the Conclusion.*

HEY KID - continued from Part 1...

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

*continued page 2 column B*



*Previous Fly Outs from page 1*

JUNE FLY-OUT...Was planned to head to the valley with a possible stop at the Flying M Ranch for breakfast and then a short hop over to McMinnville to visit the Air Museum (some of us have already been there once) and see the Spruce Goose and the SR-71 which is fairly new on display. I for one was anxious to see the SR-71 Blackbird....but....wea ther did not cooperate so we headed on down to Chiloquin, walked across the highway to Melita's (the most dangerous part of the trip) and had a re-



*"Hangar Talk and Great Breakfast", doesn't get any better...*

ally good breakfast and a lot of hangar talk. The planes that went were Nancy & Bob Lecklider in their Cessna 182, Gary Miller in his Turbo Cessna 210, Ken & Marie Louise Sandine in their Bonanza and Don & Norma Wilfong in their Cessna 182...Ed



*Tie-down at Chiloquin Airport (2S7)*



*Psyching-Up for the Hwy 97 crossing at Chiloquin*



*Everyone successfully made it to Melita's*

Endsley rode down with one of the group. We all kinda took our own routes home with Gary climbing out and going over Crater Lake.

Have you noticed that the same people are the ones enjoying these fly-outs most of the time?? It is really too bad that more of you are not able to break away and join us...we really do have a great time. ✈

*Hangar Flying from page 1*

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 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."

*continued page 3 column B*



*July Fly-Out from page 1*

dinner 7/19 at the airport, breakfast 7/20 in Prospect. Free shuttle provided (\$15.00, \$10.00 ages 6-12) covers both meals. Dry camp at the airport or check the Prospect Hotel/Motel for accommodations (1-800-944-6490 for hotel info only). Contact 541-560-3647 for more information regarding the fly-in. This event attracts between 60-70 aircraft and feeds 250-300. Big event. Plan to attend. Some will go down Saturday for the overnite and some will go down Sunday for the breakfast.

## AUG. FLY-OUT DESTINATIONS BEING CONSIDERED:

Aug. 16... Kingsley Field (Klamath Falls) "Sentry Eagles" airshow. F-15 demonstrations plus other activities.

Aug. 16-17-18... McMinnville "Northwest Antique Fly-in" we could also go see the SR-71, Spruce Goose and other aircraft at the museum.

Aug. 16... Baker City "2003 Fly-in" featuring huckleberry pancakes plus Durkee Grange outdoor steak feed (for overnights) in addition to many other activities.

Aug. 23-24... An overnight camp-out at an easy access Idaho backcountry airport.

LET ME KNOW YOUR OPINION ON THESE POSSIBLE OPTIONS FOR AUGUST.

SEE YOU AT THE POTLUCK/MEETING THURS. EVE. 7/17 AT THE FLIGHT SHOP. ✈

**TAKES A VILLAGE**

Don Wilfong found this article on the AVWeb site. It provides some excellent advice, even for the local pilots situation with the Bend City Council. If you haven't had a chance to review this article, read,

["It Takes A Village To Raise An Airport"](#).

One could almost get the impression this article was talking indirectly about the Bend Airport situation.

Thanks Don, for sharing this great article. ✈

*Hangar Flying from page 2*

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 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. ✈



ADDITIONAL PICTURES

From the Bend Air Show



Gary, Ed, Don and Ruth enjoying the pancake breakfast.

From the Bend Air Show



Nancy, Ed and Dale were enjoying the Air Show, seen here in the airconditioned Flight Shop..

From the Bend Air Show



Parker Jobstone was providing aerobatic rides for a \$10.00 donation to the Youth Choir of Central Oregon.

From the May Fly-Out



I love this plane, so I decided to include it in the pictures from the Pendleton fly-out.

From the Bend Air Show



Tom Ellsberg demonstrated an inverted flyby during his aerobatic performance.

From the May Fly-Out



Nancy Lecklider and Norma Wilfong taking a rest during the Pendleton Air Show.

From the Bend Air Show



Even at the end of the Air Show David Sailors and Don Wilfong were still going strong.

From the June Fly-Out



Everyone is gathered at the Chiloquin Airport for a fly-in breakfast.



CHECK THIS OUT

by Jack Kohler

Having a substantial amount of changes occurring all at once pretty much describes the last few months of my life. It has been quite the challenge to get back to a normal routine and resume the "Cascade Flyer" newsletter. Although, during



This is my new temporary desk. As you see, there's plenty of room for improvement.

this turmoil I have attempted to continue flying and keep pursuing my Instrument Rating. I'm sure I'll have plenty of topics to share as I progress towards this new rating and additional endorsements. I'm glad to be back. ✈

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PLEASE REMEMBER TO FLY FRIENDLY

