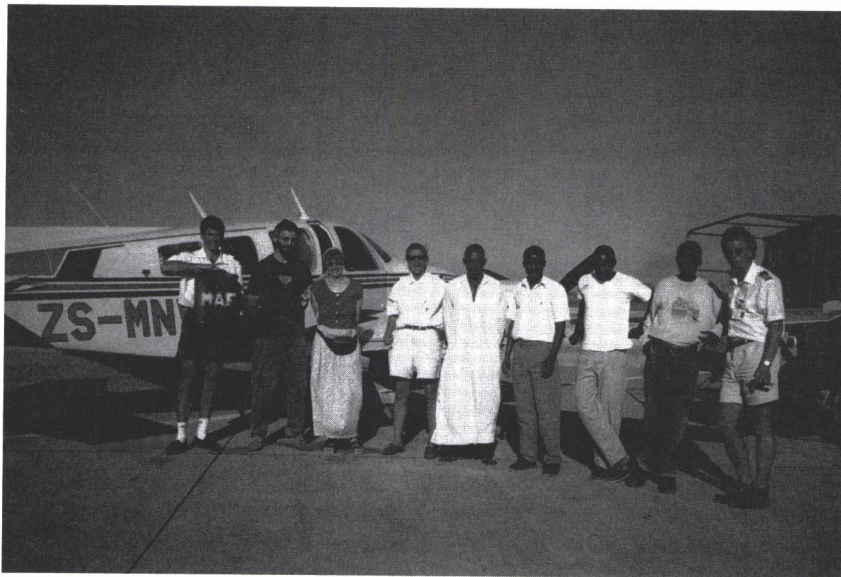


CPA FLIGHT LINES

Volume 16, No. 2

March 1999



CPA members, Sarah and Will Barclay and Donald Woods, stand with their friends in Wajir, Kenya after an unusual fuel stop. Read about their flight from Durban, South Africa to Boulder, Colorado in a pressurized Beechcraft Baron.

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President's Message

Spring is in the air. Actually, as I sit in my office writing this, visibility at Boulder Municipal is down to about 1/4 mile in snow. The plows are just starting on the runways, no one is flying.

But spring is definitely coming. As this issue goes to press the 5th annual Rocky Mountain Air Fair is becoming history. I hope that most of you made time to attend this wonderful event. The passage of another Air Fair means that the pancake breakfasts, the fly-ins, and the good weather cannot be far behind. If you have access to the Internet, take a moment to visit the CPA website at airbase1.com/cpa. Your site includes a calendar of aviation events for 1999. Plan to attend the upcoming quarterly CPA meeting at Boulder on the 27th of this month and discuss other upcoming events with fellow CPA members. 1999 looks like a great year!

After you are done visiting the CPA website, check out a new site dedicated to restricting operations at Jeffco. A group called ATMAN (alliance to Mitigate Aircraft Noise) maintains a website at <http://www.h2net.net/p/knapp/Default.htm>. The site describes aircraft as disrupting sleep, harming children, destroying quiet enjoyment of homes and yards, and intrinsically irritating. These misguided people seem to be well organized and may impact YOU. I was upset enough after a brief review of the site to send the following email (as a private individual rather than president of CPA):

"There are bumper stickers available which say "Airplane Noise - The Sound of Freedom". I have always thought that this is

kind of one sided. In addition to these bumper stickers, we should have another available for those who take the opposite viewpoint. It might say something like this - "Stamp Out Airplane Noise - Stamp Out Freedom"

I am not just another inconsiderate pilot as it might be convenient for you to believe. I recently purchased a house within 300 yards of the main runway at a busy local airport. The noise associated with aircraft operations is music to me but I understand that it might not be to all. When I sit in my backyard on a quiet night and hear the noise from busy highways MILES away, I sometimes think that it would be nice if that noise were absent, but I won't ask you to stop driving your car.

There is a real problem here, but it is a minor one and the real solution is not more regulation, restriction, and rules brought about by whiners as seems to be becoming the new "American Way".

I promise to read your website thoroughly. I am sure that you have some valid points. I am sure that I will learn something and be able to be a more considerate pilot. I will give you some more feedback along the way. I hope that you have the guts to learn and be more considerate too."

You can email ATMAN at noise@emarc.color. Please let them know considerately but firmly how you feel. Lets not sit quietly and let them restrict flying needlessly.

---Will Barclay



First Fly-in of season to Ute Mountain Tribal Park

Come and join us on our first fly-in of 1999! This trip will be on April 24 and will be a fly-in to Cortez, Colorado to visit the Ute Mountain Tribal Park. We will land at Cortez Municipal Airport (a 7,205 x 100' landing strip) after a 2 - 2.5 hour flight from the Denver Metropolitan Area. We will have a box lunch at the airport between 11:00 am and 12:00 noon. Those persons arriving early may grade the landings of those arriving later. At 12:30 pm we will take rental cars to the visitors center at the Ute Mountain Tribal Park where we will be met by our Indian guide. The tour of the park will take until approximately 4:30 pm and will include scenic lands, Ute pictographs, ancestral Pueblo petroglyphs, and cliff dwellings. All areas will be within easy walking distance from the road.

After the tour we will check in at the Anasazi Inn and have a happy hour in one of the rooms (Please BYOB and a snack to

share.) For those spending the night, we can have dinner at the Inn as a group, do some hanger flying, and plan the activities for Sunday. On Sunday, groups can visit the Cortez CU Center, Mesa Verde, or other areas of local interest. The gambling facilities at the Ute Reservation are also available.

The cost of the trip will be \$17.00 for the tour of the Tribal Park (50% deposit NOT refundable in case of bad weather), \$10.00 for rental cars to get us to the park, the motel, and for trips on Sunday. Lunch will be \$8.00 per person. The Anasazi Inn will provide rooms for \$50 per night for 2 persons if you mention Colorado Pilots Association.

For further questions please call John Martyny at 303-449-6875.

Next fly-in is May 22-23 to Pioneer Village, Minden, Nebraska. Details in the April issue of *Flightlines*.



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An African Journey

by Sarah and Will Barclay

What a journey! Over twelve thousand miles from Durban, South Africa to Boulder, Colorado in a light plane, via the east coast of Africa, Europe and the North Atlantic, in winter, warrants that old title, "journey of a lifetime." Our journey has left us forever changed holding tenaciously to the memories of our adventure.

All told, we intrepid pilots and our trusty plane flew 75 hours, landed in 15 countries, and crossed a dozen seas and oceans. We endured temperature variations of over 100 degrees, suffered minor stomach ailments, saw giraffes on final, fires of the Masai, pyramids, deserts and pack ice. We fought headwinds like a salmon swimming upstream all the way home.

We were somewhat familiar with aviation "journeys", having purchased a piston twin fifteen months prior in Slovakia and then flying it transatlantic back to Boulder. But Africa? Neither of us had ever been to Africa. Our knowledge of the continent was limited to fifth grade geography, The Covenant by James Michner, and media coverage of African conflicts. As aircraft dealers, these buying trips come up quickly for us. We had a week to get everything together.

The travel doctor in Boulder was the first stop. Several shots and prescriptions later we were as ready as anyone can be for malaria, typhoid, yellow fever, cholera, or hepatitis. "Refuse all injections or transfusions, and make sure your first aid kit contains sterile syringes," advised our doctor.

Our 200 pounds of baggage included desert and arctic survival gear, three cases of energy bars, fifty pounds of charts, an extensive first aid kit, tools, minimal clothes, two GPSs, a camera, extra headsets, film, batteries, and a few novels. We needed to go light! Insurance was secured by Avemco through Lloyds of London. Over-flight

permissions would be obtained upon our arrival in Africa. Being gone for three to four weeks required some logistical arrangements for our company, home, and pets, but these things fell into place quickly.

Even flying in jumbo jets with 200 knot tailwinds, South Africa is a long way from Colorado. Including one stop in London, it took two days to reach Johannesburg, South Africa. The seller picked us up in ZS-MNV, a 1976 pressurized Baron and flew us back to Durban. What a welcome to the southern hemisphere. We flew low and fast over the Valley of One Thousand Hills, getting a taste for South African lushness and mountain villages, as well as the capabilities of the Baron!

An ocean breeze off the Indian Ocean at Virginia Airport, Durban's small, general aviation airport, and cold Lion Lager, "the pride of beers," greeted us upon our arrival. We were encouraged to put on our "swimming costumes" and relax in the pool, but Will was keen to finish the pre-purchase of the Baron and correct some of the "snags" as squawks are referred to in South Africa.

A friend and fellow pilot from Colorado, Don Woods, joined us in Durban where the sellers graciously took us into their home for five days as we readied ZS-MNV for her journey. By day we were "engineers" and trip planners; working on the plane, securing over flight permission, and buying supplies. By night we listened to stories about trips to the bush, African politics, or catching butterflies. We took a short inaugural trip into the bush "just to make sure everything worked." Phinda, meaning "the return", is a private game reserve with its own strip. A low, fast fly-by alerts the Land Rover that you are there and clears the strip of any elephants or lions that may be lounging on the runway! Armed with two naturalists, a rifle, and plenty of cold drinks, we were off on our first

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sortie into the bush. In less than an hour we had seen three of the big five; lion, cape buffalo, and rhinoceros. Add to the list hippo, zebra, giraffe, impala, warthogs, jackals, and baboons. All this before lunch!

A few days behind schedule, Will was getting antsy to start the trip. Our short list in hand, we planned a morning departure. Our hostess helped us procure our "flight crew" badges at the office supply store. Dressed in white crew shirts with captain bars, we had passport photos taken and laminated on a badge with company name, pilot and passport information. These uniforms allowed us VIP treatment and expedited processing throughout Africa as "aircrew in transit" as opposed to tourists. In our opinion uniforms and badges should be standard issue for anyone planning to fly in Africa.

Flying just about anywhere outside of the United States and most definitely in Africa requires the following: file a flight plan even if you are flying VFR, await flight plan approval, request engine start, request taxi, request and read back clearance, "line up and wait", then fly. This takes upwards of an hour so one learns to be patient and appreciative of general aviation in the United States. With first clearance in hand, our new friends waved us off as ZS-MNV climbed towards Zimbabwe. We could not help wonder what lay ahead for us on this epic journey. Despite remnants of apartheid, blistering heat, and things taking longer than expected, South Africa had become our home away from home with kind people, ATM machines, comfortable beds, and safe drinking water.

First stop: Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe. Monkeys, cattle, street vendors, and runners added an excitement to the lush landscape as our taxi drove us to the internationally renowned Victoria Falls Hotel which began receiving guests in 1904. Travelers from around the world visit the falls - a ferocious wall of water over a mile wide that plunges into the gorge of the Zambezi River. Post war times even saw flying boat service from London to South Africa with travelers landing on the Zambezi River and staying overnight at

the hotel. Having been warned about the malaria carrying "mozzies", we sprayed our room with the recommended spray called Doom and were off for an excursion to the Falls and dinner. We couldn't wait to go to bed - our first time sleeping under mosquito nets!

Morning came early as pilot in command Will woke us up at 5:30-6:00am to start each day. Our daily routine in Africa started in the control tower filing a flight plan and waiting for clearance. Trying to obtain weather was tough. Usually the Met (meteorological) office would consist of a 1940's radar that did not work, a recording barometer, and a faded wind chart at least three days old. We relied on the weather from the day before; typically sunny with thunderstorms in the afternoon. When controllers learned we were flying ZS-MNV to the United States they went out of their way to grant us permission to fly over things, and usually agreed to have their picture taken with our "well dressed" flight crew. Our fee schedule started in earnest in Zimbabwe. Typical fees included navigation, landing, visa, runway lights, flight plan, met services, parking, fuel surcharges, and usually totaled \$75 a day. Pumping fuel took a while. In most places 100LL was pulled out on a cart and pumped by hand!

Our plan of flying low and slow over the Zambezi River towards Nairobi was nixed due to low ceilings. It was up to 21,000 feet to make time. Next fuel stop was Lilongwe, Malawi with clean air, flowering trees, and rich farm land. Groupings of round thatched homes with villagers in brightly colored robes greeted us on final. The hand pumpers fueled us, we signed forms and paid fees. We were in the groove.

We arrived five minutes before quitting time in Dodoma, Tanzania. It was our quickest turn in Africa. Everyone wanted to go home, some already had. Local boys rounded up the fuel pumpers and in five minutes they were pushing the Air BP cart to our plane. Dodoma is an impoverished city, but as with most of the people we met in Africa, we found the people have dignity,

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are genuinely kind and wanted to help us on our journey. Whenever possible, we handed out trinkets of pilot pins, baseball caps, candy, or small model airplanes. These giveaways should also become a part of every African aviator's equipment list.

Darkness and thunderstorms were coming quickly to the Serengeti. We knew our opportunity to see the great plains and Kilimanjaro was over. In the twilight we made out a few Masai dwellings marked with stick cattle enclosures. The Masai tribes still spend much of their life as nomads tending their cattle. As we navigated towards Nairobi in the darkness, with our trusty autopilot and radar leading the way around the thunderstorms and past 19,000 foot high Mt. Kilimanjaro, the small fires of the Masai dotted the countryside as far as the eye could see. It was comforting to know we were not the only ones in that dark landscape.

Most of the local nav aids were inoperative, but our multiple GPSs did an outstanding job getting us to Nairobi, Kenya. There we discovered that the general aviation airport where we intended to land, Nairobi Wilson, would be closed upon our arrival. Jomo Kenyatta, the international airport named after the revolutionary who fought to secure Kenyan independence from England, would be our final destination that night. It hardly seemed an international airport. Runway lights appeared to operate with candles and although we were told it was a very secure airport, we were ushered outside to our awaiting ride through a gate marked "air crew" without showing our passports to a single customs official. Welcome to Nairobi, a city of 4 million people, very few traffic lights, and delightful chaos.

Our agent in Nairobi, Arvin, who was a friend of a friend of a friend, took us under his wing and helped us obtain over flight and landing permissions for the rest of our journey through Africa. Landing permission included Djibouti, a pea size country on the Red Sea; possibly Saudi Arabia, Eritrea, and Egypt. Overflight included Ethiopia and Somalia. Arvin and his girlfriend made sure

we had good accommodations, local transportation, and necessary supplies. Although we were eager to get through the Kenyan bureaucracy ourselves, our agent insisted he facilitate this so we were not charged unfairly. We learned that much of the corruption experienced in Africa is driven more by survival than greed. Charging the traveler for everything along the way is "just the way it is."

Nairobi became our home for four days but not by choice. Lack of 100LL, limited airport operating hours, over flight permissions, all took longer than expected. It was good bonding time for the three of us. We drove about the city gathering supplies and readying ZS-MNV for one of the toughest legs of our trip. Sarah buried herself in Beryl Markham's book *West with the Night*; her story about growing up in East Africa in the 30's and being the first female pilot to fly in Africa for hire. Her stories about journeys from Nairobi to London in an open cockpit Leopard Moth lessened the trepidation Sarah often had about our journey. "If she could do it in the 30's in an open cockpit bi-plane, we can easily do it in a pressurized, turbo-charged Baron." Finally, we were ready to leave for Djibouti. Although we had heard Djibouti was the hottest city in the world, one of the most expensive, one of the poorest, and according to some, a country "to be avoided" we could not wait to get there. Not only would it represent a third of the way home but it meant only four more stops until we were in Europe.

If only we had made it to Djibouti. Desert headwinds pounded us along our entire route. Radio coverage was terrible at best. We finally made contact with Ethiopian Air Traffic Control 150 miles inside their airspace. The controller told us we did not have permission to fly over their country and to turn around. When we read back our permission number we were asked to stand by. Some minutes later we were given a revised clearance that added many miles to the trip. Fuel reserves were starting to be an issue. A few minutes with the fuel computer and the GPS told us that we

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Relics abound in Africa. This DC-3 flew into Nairobi Wilson Airport 20 years ago and never paid its landing fees. It has been there ever since. Most of the usable parts have been pirated over the years.

would fall from the sky in Somalia 50 miles short of our goal. When the controller told us we should land in Mogadishu, Somalia for fuel we turned the plane around and headed back towards Nairobi. A few more minutes calculating fuel told us that, despite favorable tailwinds, we were not going to make it to Nairobi. The hunt was on for a new alternate. Top criteria was an airport with a runway good enough and long enough so we could walk away from the landing. We preferred not to land in Somalia or Ethiopia due to current political situations. Fuel would be a bonus. Earlier, we had flown over a few runways and a dirt strip at a game reserve. We studied the options for a few minutes and headed for the only runway in range we knew could safely handle the airplane. We headed for Wajir, Kenya. Even if Wajir didn't have fuel, it was a long strip on a very hot day. For over half an hour we called Wajir's frequency but to no avail. Circling the runway for a good look, we saw seven giraffes on final, several goats on the runway, locals tending cattle in the desert, but not a single sign of human life at the airport despite a

control tower. The rotating military radar in this deserted place was a mystery.

A young goat herder in the shade at the end of the runway told us there was usually someone at the tower. The only life in the tower was a few desert eagles and vultures flying freely in and out of the broken windows and a few beetles the size of quarters crawling about in the 110 degree heat. Moments later, a gentleman came out of the bush wearing a robe and sandals and asked us why we landed at their military base without calling. "We tried to call because of low fuel. But due to being rerouted over Ethiopia, we didn't have enough fuel to get back to Nairobi Wilson. We had to land." The guard explained the radio had been down and unfortunately they had no fuel to sell us. When we explained that our plight was due to the Ethiopian air traffic controllers, he became very sympathetic to our predicament. Tensions ran high between his unit and the Ethiopian military across the border. Our new friend instructed us to stay put and strode off into the shimmering heat in

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search of his commanding officer. Thirty minutes later, a team of officers returned in their Land Rover and said we may be in luck. They would be back in about thirty more minutes. Two hours passed. The vultures continued to soar over head. The silence of the desert was mysteriously loud. That silence was broken with the arrival of two Land Rovers; one with a 50 gallon drum of avgas. Our soldiers had knocked on the door of a missionary couple from Germany who worked for Mission Aviation Fellowship. They had the only drum of 100LL in the region. It was our lucky day! Two hundred liters easily took us back to Nairobi.

As long as the headwinds continued there was no way we could make the 1,000 nautical miles from Nairobi to Djibouti without a fuel stop. With fuel unavailable along our route and no opportunity for other routes, there was only one solution. Carry extra fuel, land again at Wajir and refuel. We left ten full jerry jugs of avgas tied safely inside the cabin overnight, hoping there would be no fume or leak issue. Without a hint of fuel smell the next morning, we filed our flight plan, listing Wajir as a technical stop so we could top off our tanks. Our plan worked like a charm and carried us safely over the barren desert of Ethiopia and Somalia to Djibouti.

True to its reputation, Djibouti was oppressively hot. Tethered goats abounded. There were wild dogs and a constant stream of US military aircraft on the runway. It was nice to see our first Americans, but what was going on out there that we didn't know about? When we asked a C-130 crew where they were going, they said they were "flying around." As a precaution, we checked in with the heavily guarded US Embassy, introduced ourselves and our plans. Our travels sounded okay to them so we headed back to town and explored the basket district. This is a dusty side street where Eritrean refugee woman make baskets out of reeds and sleep on the streets. We purchased the biggest basket that would fit in MNV, big enough to hide in, and tried to get back to our hotel without being noticed!

The town square came alive at dusk. We wandered over to the expatriate bar on the square to join a few French Foreign Legionnaires, a couple of Germans, and a lonely Aussie drinking beer and listening to Cher singing her latest hit on MTV. Djiboutian children, dressed in their finest, tried to sell us chewing gum or beg for a hand out until they were chased away by the proprietor. We befriended the Aussie and invited him to dinner at the meager French restaurant at our hotel. He regaled us with stories of his five month "walkabout" from South Africa to Djibouti. Although flying was expensive, we were glad to have a plane!

Luxor, Egypt was our next stop but our intended air route through, Eritrea, the country north of Djibouti, was closed due to an active border conflict. Sudan was out of the question for US citizens. Five hundred dollars of phone calls later (about \$15 a minute) we had permission to go to Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. Across the Red Sea, and past Mecca we touched down on a ten thousand foot runway and were whisked into air conditioning and given cold drinks and sandwiches. The absence of anything alive or green outside was peculiar. Oil and money allow cities and people to prosper in Saudi Arabia but the oil dependent infrastructure seems fragile and hardly sustainable.

The Saudi customer service was excellent and we were sure it was going to be expensive. But 800 dollars! Our sources told us to expect similar charges in Egypt. Upon arrival in Luxor our plane was surrounded by at least eight handling agents before our engines were even turned off! If you refuse handling in Egypt it can cost dearly in time and money, so we decided to accept handling and negotiate the price as much as possible. We waited in a small airport office with a fax machine, phone, ragtag desk, and a couple of broken chairs. When the airport manager came in for a visit we suspected even higher landing fees. As it turned out, the manager had visited the States and was interested in talking about football, snow, and the new

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Not known for their flattery, immersion suits are the preferred dress of choice over the North Atlantic.

airport in Colorado. He liked us; 200 dollars was taken off our "basic handling fee."

Our agent insisted he drive us to our hotel. When we drove by a 5,000 year old Egyptian temple it dawned on us we were not in an ordinary city. Luxor, considered the cradle of civilization, is home of the Karnak Temple, a ruin three thousand years older than the Forum in Rome. As a city, Luxor is alive with an energy all its own. Outdoor tea and smoke shops line the city streets. Older men with brightly colored turbans wrapped around from water pipes that stand four feet tall. Vendors sell lentils, couscous, sesame, tea, live chickens, and fresh whole lamb. Donkeys pull ancient carts down streets too narrow for cars. A ten year old boy sold plastic chairs and buckets from an alley street shop at eleven o'clock at night. We found dinner at a local kabob shop. No English was

spoken, there was no menu and it was the best meal in days. We left early the next morning as the sunrise peeked over the tops of the mosques as far as we could see. A young man rode no hands down the street on his bicycle tying his turban as he went off to work in the sugar cane fields that line the Nile.

Our departure route took us down the Nile at low level towards Alexandria on the Mediterranean. We reported "Giza" on the airway to Cairo control and were routed a bit to the west and directly over the great pyramids!

As we left the African continent behind us and flew over the Mediterranean towards Iraklion, Greece, we looked forward to officially toasting "Out of Africa" and being more than halfway home. On the other hand, the inexplicable hold that Africa took on us in

two short weeks made us already nostalgic for our time there and longing for more.

Now our stressers changed from "Third World" to weather. Every twenty five years or so a cold front from Siberia envelops southern Italy. This was the twenty fifth year. We landed in Brindisi, Italy in wet, heavy snow by flying the ILS to minimums. It was Saturday afternoon in Brindisi which meant the one business that pumped 100LL had gone home. For an extra fee we had the small flight school come back and pump our last cash (no credit cards taken here) into ZS-MNV. We filed our flight plan, distributed several pilot pins, having made several new friends, and departed towards Genova in northern Italy.

Nightfall came quickly along with ice inside our windows. Radios became intermittent as antennas iced up. Outside air temperature was minus 34 degrees Celsius. We were still running 50 weight oil and there was a small, but persistent hiccup in the right engine. Genova was over two hours away. Will feared ice in the fuel; we needed to get down. Roma control asked if we needed to declare an emergency. A serious situation rather than an emergency; we asked for immediate descent and vectors. Landing safely at Ciampino Aeroporti, our plane was met by security while engines were still running. Typically this airport needed 24 hours prior notice before landing. We were whisked off to the airport manager's office where we feared heavy bureaucracy. Needless to say we were quite surprised to hear "Welcome to Roma and would we care for a taxi!" The Siberian winds blew for two days, freezing fountains and keeping us grounded. Oh darn!

Too much ice and continued cold over the Alps had us flying over the Riviera and around the Alps with the Matterhorn out the right window and the Pyrenees out the left. Still better, the FBO in Troyes, France had a credit card fuel pump and sold local champagne. Although Europe seemed tame after Africa, the ease of traveling was welcome. We needed all available energy for crossing

the North Atlantic. The flight from Troyes to Wick, Scotland, our departure point for Iceland, was our longest non-stop leg, 835 miles. Like a beacon guiding us home, the cliffs of Dover were a welcome sight! Other than a two thousand feet a minute down draft over the Scottish Highlands, which our autopilot corrected for, the trip was pleasant and without incident. Landing in Wick was a homecoming of sorts, having been there a year and a half earlier when we departed on our first crossing. Within an hour after landing, the weather and wind blowing down from Iceland closed in for four days, sometimes blowing over 100 mph. Our plane, thankfully, was secure in the 50,000 square foot WWII hangar run by Andrew Bruce of Far North Aviation. His hangar and office, which is located in a WWII tower, were our home over the next few days. We changed oil, winterized the fuel and engines, checked weather, re-packed, checked systems, washed clothes, purchased supplies, and wrote postcards.

Winds finally abated, and we were off to Reykjavik. A simple three hour flight with an in flight lunch of tea, chocolate, fruit, and bread passed the time. The weather continued to improve as we neared Iceland. The coastline was discernible from several hundred miles away. Even though darkness was coming, the winter sun of the Arctic sets for hours making our flight an enjoyable sunset cruise. We flew along the coastline, over the island of Vestmannaeyjar, a small, volcanic, inhabited island complete with its own airstrip, and then over the final mountain pass into the city of Reykjavik. Another milestone leg; it was time to toast the first half of the North Atlantic crossing--dinner at the Hardrock Cafe.

The routine in Iceland is to arrive at Flight Services Ltd, owned by Sveinn Bjornsson, early in the morning. Along with a cup of coffee you receive your weather folder specific for your route; typically west or east across the Atlantic. Pilots from around the world, commanding a myriad of planes including warbirds, mili-

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tary aircraft, turbines, jets, and us little guys in pistons, create an exciting environment. The headwinds from Greenland were extremely strong, with temperatures at altitude around minus 20. Rechecking charts and routes, the pilots started making their go/no-go decisions. "We have never heard of a plane going all the way to Goose Bay in weather like this." This was the talk that kept us in Iceland that day. It was a hard day at the office for us. We drove to the Blue Lagoon, one of the world's largest, outdoor, natural geothermal pools and took a day off.

The next morning we left for Narssarssuaq, Greenland. The North Atlantic was a mill pond and the weather over the ice cap a perfect 10. Will flew low and slow down the fjord, setting up for an extra long final taking advantage of glacier, iceberg, and pack ice viewing. Oddly, Narssarssuaq was mild and we didn't even need coats. We had hoped for a quick turn to make Goose Bay by nightfall but again our nemesis, the wind, kept us in "town" for the night. Town, is an overstatement. No more than 150 people, all of whom work for the airport or the hotel, live in "Nars;" a far cry from the 4,000 that were stationed there during WWII. We struck up conversation with a pilot from Malaysia who had been stuck in town for 10 days ferrying a

new jet that had a fuel controller failure on take off. Mechanics were being flown in from Europe, but with only one incoming commercial flight a week, things were going to take a while.

Luckily for us, ZS-MNV had been squawk free our entire trip and was ready to go the next morning with a promising weather forecast. Leaving on our last big leg felt pretty good, "We might finish this journey yet!" The barren, snow and ice covered wilderness of Labrador never looked so warm and welcoming. We started to see village life, snow mobile tracks and heard our first American English in four weeks. In Goose Bay we were greeted by minus 25 degrees and a vicious stinging wind but we had "done it" and everything else seemed inconsequential. Customs, fuel, phone calls, picture taking, and a bathroom pit stop were all we needed before we were off and pointing at the United States. We still had six hours of flying to Rhode Island and our final leg from Rhode Island to Colorado, but for us the journey was over. The elephants and pyramids were far behind but our African adventure had reshaped our world. As much as our home and families, hot baths, the latest movies, and the pile of work that would await us crept into our thoughts, nothing could displace our memories.

What is the chatter from your airport? Your friendly editor would love to know! Send news, pictures, stories to barclay@eazy.net. Thanks!





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Would like to purchase block time in a PA-28-180 or PA-28-200 for week day XC use. Glenn Harwell 303-804-9613 or gdharwell@prodigy.net. **Please be so kind-** and e-mail any changes or deletions for your Fly Mart ad to barclay@eazy.net. Thank you-ed.

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For sale- 1/5 share of Cessna 421B with all the goodies and two new engines under warranty. Call Will at 303-444-5560.

For Sale- Grumman American AA1 1970 2008TT. 150 HP engine, 1840 SMOH, audio panel with marker, Nav'Com with G/S, ADF, transponder/encoder Loran, \$19,200. Call 719/583-0739 or 719/542-2320.

For Sale- black leather 3rd bench seat for turbo 210. Excellent condition. Needs a good home and to be flying again. Call Bill or Penny Hamilton, 970/887-2101.

Interested in an Alaskan Adventure? CPA member Paul Buck has recently purchased a fishing lodge on Prince of Whales Island in South Eastern Alaska. For information and reservations call Paul at 303-221-6948.

For Sale- 1979 Cessna R172K Hawk XP, NDH, Full IFR panel, 438 SMOH Gold Seal engine, \$55,000. Douglas Tabor, 303-290-1752 or www.wright.com/~dtabor/n758fv.html.

David Clark headset- SoftComm ATC-4S, four place portable stereo intercom. I work within 10 minutes of GXY and with advance notice would be happy to bring equipment to airport for inspection. David Sharp, phone/fax 970-330-2291 or dave.man@juno.com.

Partner Wanted-S35 Bonanza- 2980 TT, 1923 SMOH, strong engine, 3 bladed prop, recent custom interior, nice red & black, on white paint, King IFR through DME plus Garmin 195 GPS and Century III autopilot. Hangared at Front Range. 1/2 interest \$36,000. Bill 303-337-9753.

Two Acre homesite- on Crawford Airport (99V) w/ water tap. Elec, tele, irrigation water to property line. Protective covenants apply, \$70,000. Jim Over (970) 921-5438.

Partnership Wanted- Glenwood Springs, Rifle, Eagle area. High performance desired. Call Bruce or Jessica (970) 947-1181, email: brucem@rof.net.

Fly Mart is a free service provided for CPA members only.
If you have a personal item to list, please submit the ad to the
Flight Lines editor, (address in the back of the newsletter).

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All articles & letters should be sent to:

Sarah Barclay
Editor - FLIGHT LINES
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(303) 444-5560
E-MAIL: barclay@eazy.net

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Colorado Pilots Association

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Phone (home) _____ Phone (work) _____
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☐ \$38 for 2 year membership
☐ \$55 for 3 year membership
☐ \$100 for corporate membership (includes 3 free 1/2 page ads)

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