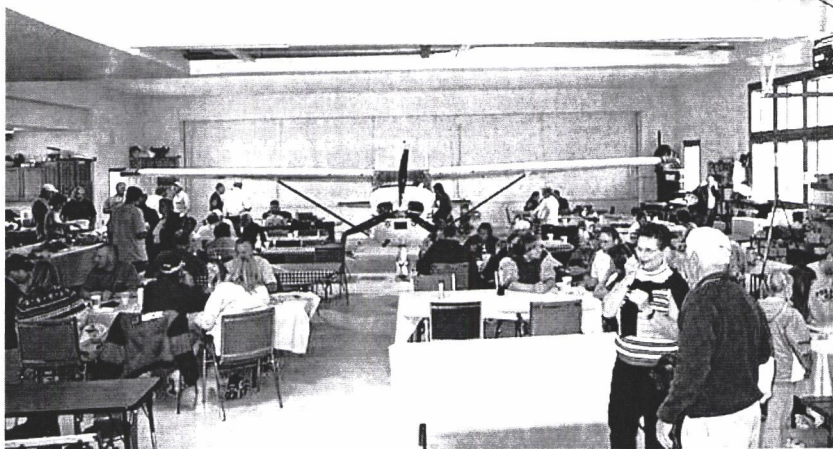


CPA FLIGHT LINES

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Kelly airpark fly in breakfast - indoors. *Photo by Ed Huber*

CPA WEB SITE
www.coloradopilots.org



President's Message - *John Martyny*

OSHKOSH

As I write this message, I have just returned from Oshkosh, Wisconsin where I attended the 2004 EAA Fly-in experience known to all pilots simply as Oshkosh. Attending this one-of-a-kind fly-in is something that all pilots should be able to do at least once during their flying experiences.

I have attended 4 or 5 times I believe and I have piloted an aircraft into the fly-in twice. It is quite an experience to see how so many airplanes can get into one place at one time without touching metal. The air traffic controllers must all be on Valium in order to have so many different airplanes, with so many different pilots, in the same airspace at the same time. Somehow they seem to get the job done with great efficiency.

For those of you that have not been to Oshkosh, it is more an experience than a fly-in. We usually camp under the wing of my Cessna 210 (one good reason to have a high wing airplane) in the airplane camping area. Once you get the airplane parked, the

neighbors begin to introduce themselves. This year one neighbor was a retired school superintendent from Canada that flew in with a C-152. Neighbors on the other side came in a Bonanza from Iowa, and another neighbor came in a C-182 from Texas. All of our neighbors were extremely friendly (as are most pilots) and friendships were quickly formed. Coffee was cooked in the morning and talk about airplanes was fast and furious. As my wife would say, I was in 7th Heaven talking about airplanes for 18 hours a day.

One of the greatest Oshkosh experiences is being able to see what is new in the aviation field all in one place. This year there were many different weather systems, glass panels, new engines (diesel even), interiors, flight planning programs, etc. All of these items were for sale and plastic was flying faster than the Concord. I myself was on a mission to see if I could max out my credit cards in less than three days and I surely succeeded. It is truly amazing how many items you can buy for your airplane that have always been absolutely necessary - you just did not

know it prior to going to Oshkosh.

As well as things to buy, there are also things to see. Many of the government agencies with which we interact (FAA, Customs, Fish and Wildlife, NTSB, Border Patrol, etc.) are on hand to show you how that interaction can be positive. Literature was available from most of these agencies regarding how the agency interacts with pilots and what we can expect from them. New airplanes were on show as well as many old airplanes. The restored WWII aircraft were overwhelming. P51's were everywhere as were T-6's, Corsairs, Mitchell bombers, DC-3's, etc. The condition of these old warbirds showed a love between them and their owners that was inspiring. Polished propellers, gleaming aluminum, spotless paint jobs, and great nose art were common on the old warbirds.

The airshow that was conducted everyday was also awe inspiring. I saw people do things with airplanes that I thought only birds could do. Aerobatics, dog fights, fly-by's, and precision landings were commonplace. The pyrotechnics used at some of the demonstrations were spectacular and made one feel that they were actually in the fight. Jets, warbirds, bombers, and aerobatic aircraft were all part of the demonstrations.

Of course, one of the greatest attractions at Oshkosh were the thousands of homebuilt aircraft on the flight line. There were amphibians, RV's, and many other airplanes that I had not even heard of. It was great to see everyone's personal signature on their own airplane in that one-of-a-kind paint job, design, etc. The number of homebuilt aircraft with turbine engines was amazing to me as well as the care that had been taken with most of the homebuilts.

Oshkosh is a spectacular event that I hope all CPA'ers have the opportunity to attend at some time. If you get the chance, take it and see what great experiences are present at that spectacular event simply known as "OSHKOSH"!!

Concerning Learning, Sept/Oct 2004

Heavy Hauler

*By an anonymous contributor as told to
Dean Jaros*

I was the newest, greenest pilot at Statewide Airlines. This small commuter operation flew Cessna Conquests from several small towns to Metropolis International (MET). I had been hired as first officer mostly to work the 200 NM flights to and from Corn City (CRC). Not a very big company, not a very big airplane, and not a very long route-but it was my very first job after graduating and I was happy. I was dedicated to doing a good job and to forming a good relationship with my new colleagues.

All was perfectly normal for the first three weeks of my new career. Regular flights to busy MET built my confidence. Then I happened to draw as captain the oldest and most experienced pilot at Statewide-let's call him Ned. He had spent most of his career as a corporate jet pilot and was now marking time until retirement. Although Ned was downwardly mobile and on his way out, he was still an impressive figure. He had lots of hours and was type-rated in a whole bunch of planes. Not only that, Ned was a very gruff, intimidating sort of guy. Perhaps some of us newcomers, in addition to respecting him, were just a bit afraid of Ned.

This day we had a full flight from CRC and there was a lot of baggage. The pre-flight paperwork had fallen to me and I calculated that if we loaded it all we would be over-gross-in fact way over-gross. 800 lbs to be exact. Of course I reported this to Ned. I was surprised at his response, "Oh, that's nothing. Our bird can easily handle it." I did not like this situation one bit-but it is hard for the new greenhorn to challenge experience and wisdom. Ned had many hours in Conquests and knew the plane thoroughly. So I kept my tongue.

Ned did the take-off and as soon as we were airborne a look of dismay spread over his face. The plane was wallowing and just barely able to climb. "We got trouble," exclaimed Ned. "Something serious is wrong with the plane!"

I was scared stiff-I had never been in an airplane that seemed so close to going down. But I managed to squeak out, "Captain, maybe it's the 800 lbs. over-gross."

"800 lbs.!" he shouted, "I thought you said 'a hundred pounds'." Although I thought I had spoken clearly and distinctly, he had heard 'a' for 'eight.' I thought he was going to start yelling at me for not communicating clearly, but instead Ned became very calm. I was impressed at his cool response to this semi-emergency. After all, experience does count for something! In a very moderate voice he said, "We are way over maximum landing weight. I think it is safer to continue than to try to put this thing on the ground."

Having picked up on Ned's confident

demeanor, I agreed. We went on our way to MET, relaxing slightly as we lightened up by burning off fuel. We talked pleasantly about many things-but not our little miscue.

We were still about 100 lbs over maximum landing weight when we arrived, but there were no problems. No one else ever knew that we had been too heavy. Although Ned and I occasionally flew together over the next several months, by mutual silent consent we never mentioned this flight again. Ned was always the picture of kindness and collegiality. I was courteous and business-like. I think we both felt a little guilty over what had happened.

Though I have never spoken of it before, all this had a profound effect on me. First, I learned to work hard at clarity of communications. Did I really say "eight" clearly and distinctly that day? I can never be absolutely sure. Now, in conversations with crew, controllers, or even passengers, I am extra-careful to be clear. I repeat things and whenever possible I ask for confirmation.

Second, and perhaps more important, I have never again deferred to rank, experience, or presumed wisdom at the expense of safety. Years later, I was first officer on a DC-9 charter flight. Ritchie Cashdollar, the wealthy business tycoon, had arranged for no fewer than five airliners to fly more than 400 guests from all over the US to his wedding in Resortville (RSO).

Our flight was to be from Fastbuck Regional Airport (FSB) and Ritchie was to be aboard. FSB has a short runway with obstructions off the end and we had

a 90 degree crosswind at 35 knots. I did not begin to worry, however, until I saw the luggage bins-stuffed with largest bags Gucci ever made. Then the caterer began loading huge mounds of food, cases of wine, and full sets of china and silver. It was to be a five course gourmet meal. The party atmosphere was pervasive-not only the guests, but the crew were swept up in the happy excitement of it all. Except for me.

Although on paper we were still within weight limitations, I knew that under the prevailing conditions, a takeoff would be unsafe--the Cessna Conquest adventure of so many years ago was very much on my mind. We should pump off fuel, I thought. And this of course would mean a refueling stop en route to RSO.

But a fuel stop would delay Ritchie's carefully planned schedule for his \$40K per guest party. The pressure to defer to wealth and position was enormous. The captain, let's call him Bill, was appalled at the thought of Ritchie's anger. But I was not about to back down. Actually, it was straightforward to convince Bill that we were dangerously heavy. I neither wheedled nor challenged: I just took him around to see the bulging luggage bins. Hard evidence is often very persuasive.

Even with a smaller fuel load, the take off was nearly a disaster. I swear we cleared the REIL lights by no more than five feet. I could tell by the fear etched into Bill's face that he believed, as did I, that with any additional weight, we would have crashed and burned.

(Happily, we were spared Ritchie's ire.

Weather conditions improved. More favorable winds and cancellation of the alternate destination requirement allowed us to make RSO non-stop after all).

As I moved up the professional ladder, I have tried to view these experiences from a different perspective. Now, as a captain for a major airline, I fly with numerous first officers. Whenever I encounter a new face, I sit down and explain that I not only allow comments, but expect them if I seem to be doing anything wrong. This surprises some, but I explain that in exchange if I think they are doing something wrong, I will be sure to let them know. Once the idea sinks in, this sort of reciprocity seems to go over well—it seems to create a very positive cockpit atmosphere.

Often I reflect on why gruff, intimidating Ned did not get on my case for the "a-eight" confusion. My guess is that despite his exterior harsh demeanor, he realized that he too had feet (or ears) of clay. Medicals, even first class, do not require hearing tests. Did Ned know that his hearing was slipping? Was he embarrassed that he had misheard what I had said? I will never know, but I hope that he too learned something from this experience. In any event, there were no mishaps in the remainder of his career.

We pilots are only human. We want to advance professionally. We want to avoid responsibility by deferring to experience. We want to believe that proficiency or medical exams insulate us from trouble. Though very natural, these feelings can be dangerous.

Sometimes it takes a scary adventure to make this lesson sink in. ###

"Cessna Conquest in airline livery.
Photo by Misha Popov."



"Concerning Learning"

FREE LUNCH—FREE MEMBERSHIP. Do you have a flying story with a lesson?

Tell it to interviewer Dean Jaros over lunch or a late afternoon drink (Dean picks up the tab). If the story is accepted for publication in **FLIGHTLINES**, your membership in CPA will be extended for one year, free. Contact Dean at jarosd@lamar.colostate.edu or 970 686-1233."

PHOTO ID???

Question: I'm aware that we as pilots have to carry a photo ID along with our pilot certificates. Is it true that the FAA is the only agency we have to show our certificate and photo ID to if we are asked?

Answer: No, FAR 61.3 (L) (1,2,3,and 4) states that "each person holding an airman certificate, medical certificate, authorization, or license required by this part must present it and their photo ID when requested from the [FAA] administrator, an authorized representative of the NTSB, any federal, state, or local law enforcement officer, or an authorized representative from the Transportation Security Administration [TSA]." *from Bill Linenberger*



FLY-IN BREAKFAST

(Pancakes & Sausage)

September 18, 2004

8:00 - 11:00 a.m.

Hastings Municipal
Airport (HSI) Nebraska

Sponsored by Nebraska
Pilots Association &
Abbott Aviation, LLC

PIC - Free; Others -
\$3.00

Unicom: 122.80

ASOS: 120.525

Additional Info: 402/463-
5151



Hannelore Klingmuller, parade gal, & Kathleen Bennett at Nucla's 4th of July water festival. *photo by L. Klingmuller*



Queen of Water at 4th of July parade at water festival in Nucla Colorado. Flyin party there was special. *photo by Lothar Klingmuller.*

See story on p. 16 &
17

Factoid-Sept/Oct 2004
A cautious approach to jets.

Question: In the 1940s the jet age was dawning. Of course, many US aircraft designers rushed to take full advantage of the new technology. Others, though they could not ignore the potential of jets, were more conservative. The idea of "mixed power" developed among the latter. What is this concept? Where was it centered? What were some of the "mixed power" designs?####



KELLY AIRPARK flyin turned into a glorious hanger party thanks to Lynn and Frank Niehaus. Weather was awful, but the breakfast was outstanding! *photo from Ed Huber*

KELLY AIRPARK FLYIN
fby Ed Huber

Kelly Airpark had their annual pancake breakfast July 24. On Friday evening, as the residents were preparing for the breakfast, they were getting concerned about the rain fall and aircraft parking. An alternate parking plan was made - park only on paved areas at resident's hangars. After the hangar was prepared for the breakfast, the workers enjoyed pizza and refreshments. We thought that might make us relax a little -- because it was still raining. Then someone had to bring even more bad news: the forecast for Saturday morning was rain, fog and low clouds. Everyone retired for the night wishing for the best - good weather. As the residents/workers started arriving at the hangar around 6 a.m., it was obvious that the only good things that were going to happen did not include the weather. Our plan now was to make good pancakes and enjoy the friendship of those that would drive to the breakfast. How bad was the weather? Well, usually someone at the airpark will taxi out, take off and at least get the wheels off the runway, and then taxi back. But that didn't even happen. Finally, about 125 brave people showed up for the breakfast and everyone seemed to take the time this year to relax, talk and have fun. What else was there to do on a crummy day like this? See you next year!

YELLOWSTONE FLYIN - WOW!

What a camp trip! Camp West Yellowstone came off without a hitch. Camp counselors Buffalo Bob & Straight Shootin Shawn Kinney says that, other than a brief, pre-BBQ rain shower, things couldn't have been better.

Arriving pilots were greeted with a spot landing contest hosted by R.J. & Sandy of West Yellowstone Aviation. Being witness to many great landings, very few of which were even close to the targeted landing zone, the final arrival--Bart Jones--showed us all up by placing his tail wheel directly on the target line. The 10 gallons of fuel he won went a long way toward getting him home. Mark Greksa thought the goal of a landing contest was to make as many landings in the length of a runway as possible--and to that end he succeeded. Sorry Mark, just had to mention that.

Following camp set up and a box lunch the group enjoyed a fantastic tour of the Forest Service smoke jumper base including considerable time in their jump plane. What a great bunch of young Americans! We should all be in that physical shape.

Following dinner on Friday night in town we all laughed to the Playmill Theatre's production of "The Foreigner."

Saturday morning dawned with a three hour, round trip hike up Hebgen Mountain through the most gorgeous wild flower display most of us had ever witnessed. After dodging the resident Grizzly's and pack of wolves, box lunches filled those tired, aching bodies while lying in 3' tall grass and flowers on top of the mountain. The view of Hebgen Lake, the surrounding mountain ranges and the Yellowstone Park cauldrea was wildly indescribable. Shoot, Scott Morse even had time to fly his kite on top of the mountain.

The ride home was highlighted with a brief visit to the site of the 1969 Yellowstone

earthquake which formed "Earthquake Lake." Finally, Walt Bell insisted we visit the infamous USS Happy Hour bar which is situated on the banks of Hebgen Lake. What a wild ride! Run by one of the roughest, toughest gals in the territory we had a time of it. Great beer and fun time. Shoot, we had a tough time keeping Dave Burke from having his picture taken topless to include on the wall of rather well endowed ladies. He darned near embarrassed us. Can't wait til next year to visit again and emblazon more memories.

A catered sunset BBQ in our campground rounded off the festivities. That Montana sky can hardly be beat. The weather was awesome. We do, however, suspect that the group recognizes our Colorado blue skies as the best, for the first thing Sunday morning the gaggle was airborne and winging back to colorful Colorado.

One final caveat. The next time you need to rent a car. Call Avis. Use the CPA number J790161. Not only will you get a great rate, but for every 20 car rental days (we're already up to 12), that are logged the CPA gets seven free rentals. What a way to support our organization.

If you're ever up in the West Yellowstone area stop in for a visit. R.J. and Sandy at West Yellowstone Aviation really put on a show. They had signs up welcoming us. They had flower pots out with a welcome sign right at the entrance to the campground and they met our every request. . .free ice, free firewood, free mountain bikes, etc. There's no end to their hospitality. They even gave away free hats, shirts and sweat-shirts in a pre-BBQ drawing.

With enough enthusiasm this could become an annual event. Was this the first annual West Yellowstone fly-in? We certainly hope so.

the Kinneys

Flying in the Real world

#14

By- Vern Foster

WWII Trans-Pacific Air Transport Command —Slow and Simple

At the end of the last installment (# 13), we had just completed the first hour of the Hamilton Field, CA to Honolulu leg of the trip. Before I begin, let me correct a mistake I made in the former article. I mentioned that the ultimate destination of the flight was Guam.

Not so. Upon reaching Guam this plane would turn around and back track to Honolulu. Next the plane would return to Guam then fly back to SFO via Kwajalein, Johnston Island Honolulu and Hamilton Field.

Our crew followed the same route—but when we stopped for a layover the plane continued on— flying day and night until it returned to SFO.

As a result, we flew a different C-54 on each leg of the trip sequence. We were “on the road” for 21 consecutive days and flew approx. 105 hours. At the

end of this schedule, we had 10 days off.

I used my days off to instruct at the Norton Flying Service at a dirt strip south of San Mateo. UAL operated 25 C-54's on this contract which involved 75 crews. American and TWA had similar operations across the Atlantic.

Now back to the question — how would we navigate when no sun or star shots were obtainable due to IFR weather conditions ?

The military implemented an ingenious scheme to handle that situation. The 2400 miles between the west coast and Honolulu was divided into 3 segments of 800 miles each.

A ship, with an ADF transmitter aboard, was located approx. 800 miles west of SFO and another identical ship/ADF station located 1600 miles from SFO.

The first ship west of SFO was identified as Station November and the second ship was Station December. The military and airline ADF receivers of that time were quite powerful. We would tune in the frequency of the

upcoming ADF facility when within approx. 125 miles of the station.

Soon the station ID was readable and followed by a lazy swinging of the tracking needle. This would continue until becoming steady at 75 to 90 miles from ADF transmitter.

At this point, the needle was providing a reliable track to the tuned station.

After passing over the ship/station, one could plot a back bearing on the station for some 90 miles. This would leave a bit more than 600 of the 800 mile leg for Dead Reckoning to the next facility.

Crazy Jack routinely had us within 3 miles of the course line at the time we had a solid ADF bearing on the station ahead. The Navy had thousands of ships on the Pacific at all times and many were taking hourly weather observations.

This info was fed into a central facility and disseminated to aircraft in a timely manner. Thus we always had up to date and reliable winds aloft which enhanced the accuracy of the dead reckoning.

In a bit less than 4 hours, we passed "Station November" where Sparky made a position report and received updated weather. These ships were kept "on station" with the aid of a navigator taking star and sun shots. The ship was then maneuvered as necessary to keep it within 5 miles of the desired location.

We busied ourselves by babysitting the 4 big radials, switching fuel tanks or cross feeding fuel, watching oil consumption, the hourly recording of all instrument readings etc.

Keeping awake was a chore. Vic Nelson, the F/E, was the volunteer cook and coffee maker. He used the onboard electric coffee maker to provide a steady supply of coffee. The hot coffee was good to have. About hour number 6, we ate the food put on board at Hamilton field. This consisted of a sandwich, cookies and an apple. Not gourmet but with a war going on it was adequate. Ah— coffee— lots and lots of coffee!

In due time, we reach the mid point of this trip—about 6:00 from Hamilton Field. Vic calculates that we have burned approx. 1550 to 1600 gallons of fuel which equates to a fuel burnout of some 9,000

lbs. The IAS has increased due to this reduction of weight. We gently reduce the manifold pressure to keep the IAS at 185. These power adjustments continue each hour during the remainder of the trip. The engines were merely sipping fuel as we began the descent into Honolulu. Long-range cruise is being utilized here!

Ross and I took turns napping in the crew bunk aft of the Navigators station. As the ADF, which is tuned to Honolulu, comes to life we begin preparing for the descent and landing. Each man puts on his Mae West life jacket, Crazy Jack puts his charts and magic books in place, Sparky makes a report to Honolulu Ops. with our ETA. The weather is clear with scattered clouds at 3,500 ft. Ross and I reviewed the approach chart for Hickam Field. The fuel system was set up tank to engine and all is made ready for the approach.

We swing around the south side of Diamond Head still descending and level out at 1,000 ft. as the power is reduced and the C-54 coasts down to gear extension speed. We continue on a westerly heading out over the bay passing south of Waikiki Beach, Downtown and Honolulu

International Airport. Now it is heads up as we contact the Hickam Tower. We are cleared to land to the northeast, on runway 3, as I recall. Shortly, the runway lights appear and Ross lines up on long final.

At the magic 1000ft. AGL and 3 miles out it is gear down, flaps for landing and run the landing checklist.

Run out the retractable landing lights, which are located in the bottom of the wings, and stand by to turn them on when called for. Make final adjustments to the cockpit lights so that Ross can make one of his greasers. Check around for any loose stuff on the flight deck and let that big mama slide down the chute. Landing lights on. At about 150 ft. AGL, the surf is seen running up onto the beach below and then the runway end lights are crossed with a nice smooth roll on. He makes it look so easy!

We taxi onto the ramp and are directed to a parking spot. Engines are shut down. Next, all cockpit lights are turned up to full brightness so we can fill out the log book, secure the code book, gather the flight bags and each man's ammo belt with 45 caliber

usually made to civilians flying unarmed transports into the war zones. Not us. We have awesome fire power and have been known to kill a beer bottle from 20 ft ! The cockpit side windows are rolled full aft and the smell of fresh cool night air permeates the cockpit. Our idle banter and stretching noises break the silence of the night as we disembark down the crew ladder. In about 2 hours, another UAL crew will depart flying this plane on to Johnston Island and Kwajalein.

We proceeded to the operations office where we greet the company agent on duty and deposited our clearances and other papers pertaining to our flight. Shortly, an army truck arrives. We load ourselves and our gear on board and head across town to the Ala Moana Hotel located on Kalakaua Ave. at Waikiki Beach. The sun is beginning to peek over the Pacific as we check in for the much needed rest.

In the next installment we will high-tail it through Johnston Island to Kwajalein and on to Guam all during daylight. Stay tuned and fly safely. *Vern*



West Yellowstone group photo after climbing a Montana mountain filled with most wild flowers have ever seen in one place! *photo by Lothar Klingmuller*



"FR-1. Photo courtesy Jets 45"

something, in 1946 developed the XF2R, "Dark Shark." This was nothing more

Answer: Mixed power is simply the use of piston engines AND jet engines on the same aircraft.

By the middle of WWII, the need for an allied response to German jets was clear for all to see. The Army opted for pure jet fighters, first the Bell P-59 and later the Lockheed P-80. But the Navy, apparently fearing that jet acceleration would be too slow for carrier operations, initially favored the mixed power solution.

In 1943, Admiral McCain requested designs for a piston/jet fighter from nine manufacturers. The most interesting response was the Ryan FR-1, "Fireball." It was designed for a Wright R1820 radial up front and an I-16 jet in the rear. It first flew in June, 1944, without its jet installed. Multiple problems postponed carrier trials until mid-1945 and the delays insured that the FR-1 would never see combat. Nonetheless, 166 copies were eventually delivered. Performance was acceptable for the time (all-out top speed 426 mph) but not outstanding.

After the war, the Navy lost interest. But Ryan, convinced that it was on to

than a FR-1 with a GE XT-31 turboprop in place of the radial. Though this greatly improved performance, the Navy by now had determined that pure jets were the right option for fighters.

Apparently damaged by these unprofitable efforts, Ryan never recovered as a producer of airplanes.

A similar Navy fighter design was hatched by Curtiss, the XF15C. Somewhat less conventional in appearance, it first flew in 1945-again initially without its jet engine installed. Eventually, the P&W R2800 was supplied



"XF15C. Photo courtesy Dave's Warbirds."

mented by a J-36 and desultory tests continued throughout 1946 when the project, mercifully, was killed. The XF15C was reported to reach a speed of 460 mph, but again this was much slower than newly emerging pure jet fighter designs. There was no production run. In these years Curtiss too was about to collapse as a producer of

airframes. The XF15C helped finish them off.

The Navy not only needed new fighters, but a new torpedo bomber as well. In late 1946 Grumman first flew the XTB3F, "Guardian." This creation likewise featured an R2800 in the nose and a jet, a J30, in the tail. The combination did



"XTB3F. Photo courtesy Jets 45"

not operate successfully.

In fact, it appears that the XTB3F never actually flew with both engines operating. This program was saved from disaster by re-engineering the airplane to piston power only. In this guise, two types went on to large production runs. The AF-2W and AF-2F enjoyed considerable success as the Guardian anti-submarine "hunter-killer" team. Though the modified design was eventually useful, the concept of "mixed power" had failed again.

In 1947, it appeared that high-altitude, carrier based, nuclear bombers might be an important part of the US cold war arsenal. North American responded with a 1948 design, the AJ "Savage," powered by two P&W R2800s-and a tail mounted J-33 jet engine. Although 55 AJ-1s were delivered, the craft was a huge disappointment. It could manage only 449 mph, making it a sitting duck for modern fighters. Its range of 1500 miles left it unable to perform the mission for which it had been designed. Some 70 AJ-2 copies were turned into a camera-laden reconnaissance planes and this variant enjoyed small success for a short time. Most AJ s ended their service lives converted into aerial fuelers-with the jet engine removed to make room for the tanks.

At times of rapidly changing technology, there are bound to be large numbers of failures. The "mixed power" idea, however, has to be one of the more spectacular mistakes of the early jet age.



"AJ-1. US Navy photo"

NUCLA'S JULY 4TH FLYIN

by Kathleen Bennett

"Where's NUCLA?" was my first thought when reading June's CPA Newsletter advertising a July 3/4 flyin at (6V6) Nucla, Colorado. Curiosity prompted me to phone Nucla's airport manager, Robert Johnson, who informed me that Nucla is 80 nm south of Grand Junction. Johnson's enthusiasm for the community's combined "100th anniversary" and July 4th celebration" plus the promise of a courtesy car convinced me to fly west July 3rd.

Departing from Greeley, my 2.5 hour route passed over Estes Park, where I could glimpse my home, before crossing Milner Pass, Eagle, Rifle, and, turning south, arriving to Nucla (Hopkins Field 6V6 elevation 5936, runway 5-23, 4600' x 75'). Planes from Durango had already filled many of the tiedown spaces by the time I arrived. A helpful gent named Ernie Williams offered to assist in pushing my plane into a space while reminding me he would be "jumping in the middle of town" very soon.

Festivities started with a pancake breakfast in the local elementary school. There I met up with CPA members, Lothar and Hannelore Klingmuller. Fortified with stacks of pancakes, eggs, juice and coffee, we headed outside to watch the parade through Nucla's main street. How did tiny Nucla ever find enough people, cars, and horses, to create a 3-mile parade? From floats, parade participants tossed candy to Nucla's children-who found Lothar a serious competitor when racing for their sweets!

Nucla's "downtown" consists of approximately 3 blocks housing a hardware store, restaurant, service station, grocery store, drug store, and book-gift store. In the middle of town is a square-block park where the noon barbeque was held. The 2-block lineup for meal tickets sent me in search of other interests such as the craft fair . . . and liquid refreshment booths.

What exactly was Nucla celebrating, July 4th weekend? It wasn't the town's founding as I'd suspected. Rather it was the completion of the ditch in late 1904. A little history will quickly clarify the significance of this historic event-

In 1894 a ditch company called the Colorado Cooperative Company was organized in Denver for the purpose of establishing a colony. A delegation selected a site north of Naturita in the San Miguel Basin. Colony members hoped this site would form the "nucleus of the socialist world" (hence, the derivation of Nucla), becoming a headquarters of conservative socialism.

The land was fertile, but arid, so the first project was to bring water 19 miles through a ditch from the San Miguel Canyon north-east of Norwood. By 1901, a nearby work camp at Pinon consisted of 50 buildings including school, library, post office, and a rooming house for men known as the "Beehive". By late 1904, the ditch was completed, and shortly thereafter, private ownership of property superseded the socialist ideals on which the community had been founded.

Today, the ditch diverts about 90 feet of water per second to 6,000 acres of land in Tabeguache Park. According to Wilson Rockwell (UNCOMPAHGRE COUNTRY, Western Reflections, Inc., 1999): "The Colorado Cooperative Ditch Company has 135 feet decreed to take care of future needs." In nearby Naturita, 4 miles south of Nucla, there's an interesting little museum about the area and memorabilia of the ditch-building camps.

Sidetrips to visit Uravan and the "hanging flume" some 20 miles outside Nucla were possible, thanks to the use of the airport's courtesy car. Uravan's fame derived from its production of uranium and vanadium from 1936 until 1984. Today Umetco Minerals Corporation is undertaking envi-

ronmental reclamation. About 5 miles further north one can peer over the Wingate Sandstone cliffs to view remains of the hanging flume some 100-150 feet above the Delores River Canyon. The 7 miles of wooden flume bolted to the canyon's wall once carried 23 million gallons of water daily to operate hydraulic mining equipment at the Bancroft Placer site. The project failed, and settlers were soon pulling wooden boards from the flume to build their cabins and shops.

Nucla provided a fireworks show starting @ 9:30 p.m. on Saturday night, July 3rd, followed by two dances in town-the younger crowd dancing the night away in the town park, while the adults did similarly inside the local Lion's Club. However, this "party girl" turned in early, bedding down on the Airport Terminal's sofa as every motel room for miles around was taken.

Sunday morn, as I taxied for takeoff from Nucla, my C182's magnetic compass appeared to rotate in a decidedly tilting position. Where could I find a compass replacement on July 4th? Robert Johnson, Nucla's airport manager, suggested I fly over the ridge to Delta (Blake Field, 1V9) where he swore "Delta's FBO owner/mechanic never takes a day off!" Soon thereafter I landed at Delta; of course, the mechanic had taken July 4th weekend off! Still I managed to chat with him via cell phone. He contacted Mark of Smiling Aviation in Montrose who agreed to come out to the Montrose Airport to install a loaner-compass. A few minutes later I landed in Montrose, and the installation was completed. (Yes, I know; I could have easily flown back to GXY without a magnetic compass...but it is on the required equipment list. Besides, I would have missed a lot of fun and meeting some very helpful airport people!)

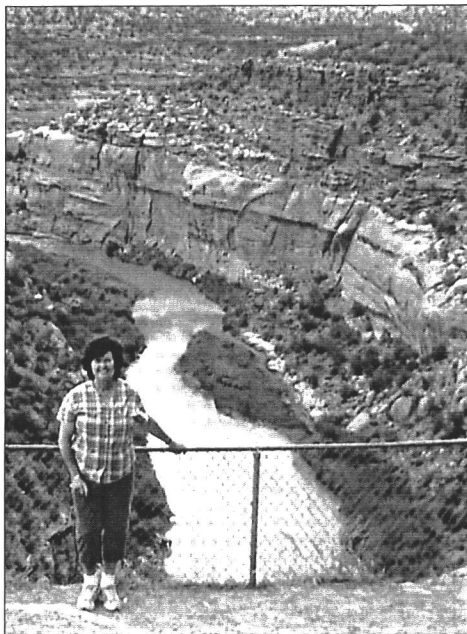
July 4th, I camped at the Black Canyon under a star-filled sky. From a mountainside there, I watched Montrose's evening firework show. Monday morn, I departed MTJ,

flying over Gunnison, Buena Vista, direct to the VFR route west of DIA. Denver Approach cleared me through Bravo airspace direct to Greeley where I landed in time for breakfast at the Gxy Terminal.

Now, I know where Nucla is, how it came to exist, and why the 100 year celebration of its ditch bears such importance for the area. The enrichment of traveling combined with the joy of flying-now there's a winning combination!

By the time this is published, Mary Jones and I will be hiking a 450-mile trail across northern Spain. Hopefully, our spirits will be soaring high, remembering Shanti's words: "It is a great feeling, the feeling to fly with your own wings in the open sky of life. It is a great joy, the joy to be yourself." See ya in October. ###

Kathleen Bennett and wooden flume by Nucla shown in photo below.



CPA Calendar 2004

NOV 19 - 21 **DEATH VALLEY FLY-IN**, CA (L06). Sponsored by CPA. This 2003 scheduled fly-in had promised to be one of the most popular fly-ins ever; however, California wildfires and weather forced cancellation. We're going to try to resurrect it by visiting the world famous Furnace Creek Resort & Ranch. Info: Bob or Shawn Kinney 303/288-7371 or twinlake1@aol.com

NOV 20 **CPA ANNUAL MEETING**, Location and time TBA. Info: Gloria Baltz 303/499-0833 or gbaltz@mindspring.com

DEC 3,4 &5 **SAN ANTONIO FLY-IN**, TX (SAT). Sponsored by CPA. See lighted boats float along the lighted and decorated River Walk; visit The Alamo; possible trips to San Antonio Missions National Historical Park, Mission Concepcion, Mission San Jose, or San Juan, or Espada; visit busy Market Square's many shops and Mexican market. Info: Homer or Joyce Lyle 303/755-3271

DEC 12 **CPA HOLIDAY DINNER**, DoubleTree Hotel, Aurora. Info: Gloria Baltz 303/499-0833 or gbaltz@mindspring.com

COLORADO CALENDAR OF AVIATION EVENTS is compiled by the Colorado Pilots Association for the benefit of its members, and in the interest of creating an awareness and support for aviation activities in the state of Colorado. NOTE: To ensure that an event date has not changed or has been canceled, please contact the event information person.

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SURPRISE!

No Visibility

Or

What They Don't Teach You About Mountain Flying

By Bill Bredar

I thought I couldn't be surprised very easily about flying in the Rockies but I was on this occasion. During the past 45 years I had flown between Durango and Denver, Colorado probably a hundred times in everything from C-180s to Dukes. Our engineering firm did work for municipalities throughout the West. Now retired, I hadn't flown the route for several years until recently.

Following a day of aerial photography at Eagle, Grand Junction, Montrose and Durango, including dodging ominous unexpected weather, I spent the night in Durango because of it . . . solid thunderstorms all the way to Denver on that Friday afternoon. I planned to be up early the next morning and back to Centennial Airport in Denver for a Saturday meeting.

The day dawned clear and chilly in Durango, a favorite town of mine, and I was up at 5:00 a.m. to be greeted with a clear forecast all the way to Denver. I was eager to get moving but the cab driver was in no hurry, poking along all the while expounding on his view of world affairs. It was a gorgeous crisp morning, the sun just breaking over the high peaks to the East. Draw a straight line from Durango to Denver and it's all mountains, high mountains, many above 12,000 feet.

Animas Air Park was quiet, dead actually. Del Gregg is now the FBO, taking over from his father Jim. Flying is in the family's blood. Del is the grandson of Floyd, whom I first met at the original Durango Airport in 1957. At the time Floyd was the proprietor of Gregg Flying Service. It's always comforting to see a business span several generations.

The A-36 started like a charm as it always has. I was off Runway 19 with a left turn to the northeast and then came the hint of what was to be. I was flying directly into that early morning sun and HAZE . . . lots of it. Not just thinly veiled condensation with truncated visibility, but thick stuff, made worse, of course, by looking directly into the now not so glorious sunrise. It really surprised me as the weather report had said nothing of reduced visibilities and there was no evidence of it until I was airborne.

I wasn't about to scrub the flight as I knew the route like the back of my hand - fly northeasterly out of Durango, over the town of Bayfield, Chimney Rock and then at Pagosa Springs hang a slight climbing left turn to clear the 10,500 foot Wolf Creek Pass by at least three thousand feet.

All the above is great for a VFR flight if you can see some landmarks. I saw nothing ahead out the windshield but thick haze and that ball of fire, Mr. Morning Sun. I needed to be near Pagosa, as a fix, in order to make the left turn to head up Wolf Creek but the Garmin 430 wouldn't receive it.

There were some plusses to the flight. I had oxygen, the air was smooth and cool,

helping the A-36 climb nicely. Being normally aspirated, it's no ball of fire at altitude, but certainly very adequate for VFR flight in the high mountain passes.

I was soon at 14,500 feet but all I could see was straight down at the high peaks around Wolf Creek Pass. Amazingly, I was not getting above the haze - it just got higher and higher. Somehow I was not over the pass that has a good highway going right past the ski area - it's always been a reliable fix. Actually, I was west of the pass where the terrain is very high. Knowing the lay of the land, I knew that an easterly heading would put me over the San Luis Valley and lower ground. I picked up the Alamosa VOR and turned right to head for it. Normally, I would head northeasterly and cross the Sangre de Christos at Hayden Pass, continuing on a straight route to Denver. But this morning, unable to see anything except straight down, I elected to go the more southerly route via Alamosa, then over La Veta Pass (9,500 feet) to the lower topography of the eastern plains.

I could have called Center and file to Denver direct, but they would want me at 16,000 to 17,000 feet and the A-36, with a service ceiling of 16,500 feet, isn't great up high. I certainly could have used one of my previous turbo-charged planes.

Arriving over the ALS VOR, I flew outbound on the airway for La Veta Pass. The visibility was still zilch. The giant Mount Blanca, the final resting place for more than a few aircraft, came up on my left, and then the Spanish Peaks on my right. It was comforting to know that, despite my visibility problems of the early morning, I was soon to be out of the hazards of mountain flying. I could start letting down, then continue on the airways northerly over Pueblo, Colorado Springs and on to Centennial, now a piece of cake and the pucker factor eased.

I had ignored the possibility of poor visibility in the early post dawn hours - I had no reason to question the "clear all the way to Denver" report. With no pilot reports early that morning, the weather forecasters obviously had no knowledge of restricted visibilities at altitude. I gave them one.

All pilots, even old higher time pilots, never stop learning in this wonderful game of flying - also it helps to have a clean, bug free windshield.

C'est la Guerre.

.....
Bill Bredar, a former Navy pilot, is a retired civil engineer. During his 54 years of flying he has accumulated most of his 8,000 hours flying out of Colorado on company business in C-180s, Bonanzas, Barons and Dukes. He is a long time CPA member and was inducted into the Colorado Aviation Hall of Fame in November, 2002.

Membership Renewals

Tim Roberts, Aurora	Darren O'Toole, Parker	Warren DeHaan, Boulder
Chet Jewell, Denver	Robert Moore, Parker	
Dana Haglin, Erie	Jim Carey, Pagosa Springs	Mark Anderson, Fort Collins
Dan Dunning, Strasburg	Bill Hamilton, Granby	Joel Kiester, Boulder
Dave Burke, Lakewood	Steve Dyer, Brighton	
Skip Hillegas, Salida	Ray Wells, Castle Rock	
Keith Hammond, Estes Park	Russell Ward, Wheat Ridge	<i>Note: Any renewals received after August 11 will appear in the next newsletter which will be the November issue. Terry Barbo, Membership Records.</i>
Stephen Brutscher, Fort Collins	Ken Wells, Brighton	
John Pohly, Berthoud	Raymond Miller, Colorado Springs	
Mike Forney, Steamboat Springs	John Holody, Colorado Springs	
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