

CPA FLIGHT LINES

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Rudy Knievel with Concerning Learning Author Dean Jaros

*It is important to take time to learn
about the early days of flying before the people with stories to tell,
are unable to share their knowledge.*



www.ColoradoPilots.org

President's Message, by CPA President Bart Jones



So often, I utilize this monthly space to reflect on the fun and adventure of flying to

different places, and doing interesting things, such as participating in the Colorado Pilot's Association sponsored fly-ins. I do that because these are the things I really enjoy. However, there is much more to our organization than fly-ins. Behind the scenes we have knowledgeable, and dedicated committee chairpersons and members committed to staying informed on the latest events affecting general aviation and acting on our behalf to represent our interests.

While their work may not be as visible as some of our flying activities, they are, nevertheless, vitally important. Over the years, our Airspace Committee has challenged the construction of a number of tall towers that we believed represented a flight hazard. Our Safety Committee has coordinated a number of

seminars and events to bring insight and knowledge into the latest safety issues. Our Education Committee provides outreach to young people to kindle an interest in aviation. Our Public Affairs committee monitors and provides testimony on aviation related actions in our legislature. We maintain representation with the AOPA, which keeps us abreast of national issues. We work closely with the Colorado Aeronautics Board to assist and support statewide aviation projects such as the establishment of Colorado's mountain AWOS system. This is just a short list of our behind the scenes activities but you get the idea.

I am proud to tell you that your CPA is a respected and credible voice in aviation matters that is taken seriously by other members of the aviation community. It is your support and committee participation in this organization that makes the benefit of this representation possible for all of us. Thank you for that support.

Bart

See page 20 for CPA's 4 primary objectives.

"Concerning Learning"

FREE LUNCH and possible **FREE 1 YEAR 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 CPA *Flight Lines*, your membership in CPA will be extended and free for one year.

E-mail Dean at jarosd@digis.net or call him 970 686-1233

That First Loop, I Had My Share OF Luck by Bill Bredar

During the latter part of WWII, the Naval Aviation Cadet program consisted of several stages, each occurring at a different location. The third stage in my case was WTS (War Training Service), a difficult title to understand, no reference to flying.

At WTS, cadets received their first taste of flying. The aircraft utilized varied by base. At the University of Tennessee Junior College at Martin, TN where I went, we flew J-3 Cubs off of Martin's grass surface airport. The Cubs were furnished by Bill Colbert, who presently operates the very successful modification facility near Nashville.

We received about 70 hours of flying over a three month period and went through the usual curriculum equivalent to today's private license training. The instructors were civilians and there was one Naval Officer Pilot on board who gave check rides. Stalls and spins were part of the training and we took to that form of aerobatics like hogs at the feed trough. We loved it. But for 19-year olds, spins were not fulfilling enough for future would-be-hot pilots. There's lots of testosterone in 19-year old young men.

Back at the dormitory at night, after flying half a day, someone would say, "I did a loop out there today

and it was a piece of cake." Loops, split-Ss and the like were not taught, although J-3 Cubs could do them. Not to be outdone, I was not to be left a virgin when it came to trying something a little more daring while flying.

One day I was out solo, practicing S turns over a road and of course some stalls and spins when I thought I'll try a loop; you just dive her down, pull back, and go over the top.

After climbing to a safe altitude, I pointed her down wide open, then went straight up, pulled it over and down the other side. I did a loop – it was great!

There I was at 3000' AGL feeling pretty good, but the thought occurred to me that some instructor flying in the area may have seen the loop, so I'd better get the heck out of the area pronto. The Cub is no racehorse, so I couldn't get very far very fast horizontally, so I thought, lose altitude fast. I pulled it up, stalled and did a two turn spin to lose altitude quickly. I recovered from the spin easily as always but what's this! That propeller wasn't going around, the engine had quit.

In doing the loop, not having had any instruction, I went straight up too long before I pulled it over, thereby starving

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the engine of fuel. (Those Cubs had a gravity fuel system; a proper loop benefits from centrifugal force to keep the fuel flowing.)

I could have put the cub into a dive to get the propeller turning, creating an in-air start possibly, but I didn't know how to do that, and my only thought was where as I going to put this baby down in one piece so I don't get tossed out of the program.

Luckily, that part of rural Tennessee is flat, so pick out a nice plowed field. I think they advised a plowed field to avoid any stumps. Of course I didn't consider the risk of flipping the plane.

At 3000', with the plane's good glide ratio, I had some time and so I kept circling while losing altitude looking for the right field. I picked out a good one and began an approach. Don't get too low, you're a glider now. I didn't in fact I was too darn high, and even slipping to lose altitude, I sailed right over my neat plowed field and had no choice but to land in whatever lay ahead.

It was a smooth grass pasture, with a tree right in the middle, but plenty of room, on either side. I rolled to a stop, got out and walked to the farmhouse nearby. I borrowed the phone, called the Base giving my location and telling them that I had had an engine failure after doing a spin but landed okay in a farm field. "You stay there, Cadet, we'll be there shortly, don't get any ideas about flying the plane

off," I wasn't about to.

A station wagon arrived with two guys, one being an instructor who said, "I'll fly this thing out of here, you go back in the car," which I did. The instructor flew it off, no problem, and the case was closed, no reprimand, no nothing.

But not the end of the story, three months later at Navy Pre-flight at the University of Georgia, the story continued.

Our Platoon leader was a tough Lieutenant, after formation one day, pulling me aside, he said, "Bredar, 'been reading your Flight Jacket and noticed you had a forced landing while at TWS." "Yes, Sir," I said, wondering what was coming. "Just wanted you to know what the record says. It says 'While flying solo, Cadet lost engine after performing a spin. Cadet used good judgment in choosing a field in which he made a safe forced landing.'"

The Lieutenant added, "Nice going, keep up the good work." That is the end of the story.

Some days the Gods are with you. You had to have some luck to make it through at that time, especially as the war in the Pacific was being won and the need for pilots was fast diminishing. I had my share of luck.

Author Bill Bredar is a longtime CPA member, frequent FLIGHT LINES contributor, and was inducted into the Colorado Aviation Hall of Fame in 2002. Bill

A Bit of Ice

Concerning Learning by Tracy Perry

December of 1977 brought lots of moisture into the mountains of Oregon and Washington. From the Pacific Coast inland to the Idaho border, cloud bases were barely above the terrain and the tops were in the low teens. Scud running was out of the question.

From our base in southern Idaho, I had taken a Cessna 182 to Pasco, Washington, where I dropped off three passengers. There had been a light accumulation of ice on the descent into Pasco, but the forecast indicated that I would miss most of it on the return trip. So I set out immediately. I filed IFR to Twin Falls and climbed out, looking for some indication of the tops. The weather had not improved. In fact, the PIREPS I had filed on the inbound trip were reported back to me and they were still accurate!

After leveling off, I could not see any sunlight through the clouds. By the time I approached Baker, Oregon, I had started to accumulate ice. The main gear tires were frosted and the leading edges of the struts were packing a half-inch of the stuff. I remember thinking that ice was for Scotch not airplanes. I requested lower.

I applied carburetor heat and pulled off a couple of inches of manifold pressure. As I picked up speed in the descent, I pulled a little back-pressure and rolled in some nose-up trim. The result was a big surprise. Instead of

rising, the nose tucked and the speed increased dramatically! Naturally, I pulled back on the yoke. Another surprise, it wouldn't budge. I pulled back some more and then quit because it felt like I was about to break something. Though the 182 was in fine condition, I couldn't help thinking that the elevator cables were fifteen years old.

I reversed the trim and added power just as I broke out of the clouds. The airplane leveled off. I had Baker in sight. Should I declare an emergency? I decided against it. From years of experience as an air traffic controller, I knew that declaration of an emergency would likely cause a great deal of excitement, and I was quite sure that excitement would not help me one bit. I cancelled IFR but I stayed on Seattle Center's frequency in case I needed them.

I gathered my thoughts and looked around to see what was jamming the elevator. When I peered over my left shoulder at the tail, I found the problem. The accumulation of ice had frozen along the leading edge of the horizontal stabilizer and across the forward part of the elevator which contains the weights. The entire stabilizer and elevator was now one solid unit. In this condition, the trim tab itself had become a tiny "elevator," but of course it worked in reverse! When the tab rolled down, it raised the

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tail and dropped the nose instead of raising the elevator to raise the nose.

Now I was a test pilot. If I was to get back on the ground in one piece, I had to find the right combination of trim (elevator), power, and flaps that would give me the most control. At about twelve inches of manifold pressure, the sink rate was controllable, but I knew that the airplane would have to be “planted” on the runway, as a flare was completely out of the question. Just as I had it almost all figured out, just as the crucial moment approached, the temperature warmed up enough to break the ice free. Amazing! The controls again worked normally. I landed without any further problems, shut down, and just enjoyed the quiet for awhile.

This adventure taught me several lessons. First and most obvious, I stayed in the icing condition too long. If I had taken action at the first sign of serious icing, this whole incident would never have happened. I have been more careful since.

Second, I had never encountered elevator icing before and it was an eye-opener. Now I know ice can occur in unexpected places. Moreover, the effect of ice on the flying surfaces is usually that it modifies the airfoil. In my case, airfoil change was not the issue — it was control movement instead. Ice is somewhat unpredictable, and I have become more aware of that.

Finally, there is the old adage, in an emergency, remain calm. Though this is almost a cliché, it is something we should try to keep in mind. Panic would have been possible, but I forced myself to think clearly. Control reversal, though very uncommon, does occur under a variety of aerodynamic conditions. Fortunately, I had been taught that moving a control and experiencing an unusual result called for reversing the movement. If this leads to stability, then one can contemplate the actual cause. I was thankful for a good instructor!

Tracy

April 2006 Factoid Question:

Air shows are immensely popular. The spectacular performances probably generate a lot of good will for aviation. The public, responding to the drama and excitement, admires air show pilots and respects air show planes. Some of this positive feeling rubs off on the rest of the aviation enterprise. Over the last 100 years, however, the nexus between air shows and the public has taken several different forms, some of them negative.

What is some of this history? How did it happen that we have arrived at such a favorable condition today?

To find the answer see page 22.

Expect the Unexpected *continued from March Flight Lines* *Concerning Learning by George Meshko as told to Dean Jaros* © 2005 Dean Jaros

One of my last DC-3 flights for Frontier, with Frank Hoffman as co-pilot, on a clear, cold morning, was from Omaha to Denver — with scheduled intermediate stops at Hastings, Grand Island, Kearny, and McCook. Handling the DC-3 on the ground was always a challenge, but as both taxiway and runway were icy, we were especially on our toes. The fifteen-foot dike at the end of the runway, holding back the Missouri river, also forced itself into our attention.

We had just lifted off and Frank was retracting the landing gear. With a tremendous “bang,” the right engine simply blew up. With remarkable calm, Frank said, “The cowling is gone and fire is sweeping back over the wing!” Putting it back on the ground was out of the question: even if we could get the wheels down again, there would be non-existent braking action on the ice. There was no over-run — only the dike, off the end of the runway.

This was not just loss of power — the engine had violently self-destructed. Later, we learned that the master connecting rod had failed and two cylinders were blown away. An airline check-pilot was a right side passenger, and he later told us that at the time he did not think we would survive.

“Feather it, Frank,” I yelled. But he was a step ahead. “I am, I am,” he replied. Frank and I were a good team — which is another way of saying that we had both learned to expect the unexpected. He shut off the fuel (as a result we had no serious fire) and he worked on feathering the right prop. I concentrated on flying the airplane. It was heavily loaded and I was barely able to keep it flying at about 80 mph. We had maybe 200 ft. of altitude and we weren’t gaining any more.

Frank saved the day. At first, the prop wouldn’t stay feathered. Pitch is controlled by engine oil pressure driven to the propeller hub by a pump. When the feather button is pushed, high-pressure pumped oil moves the blades to the proper position and then a limit-switch stops the process. But our wildly thrashing engine had caused a lot of damage. The pitch system did not stop at full feather; instead, it just kept cycling, to full feather, to full flat pitch, and back again. By over-controlling the feather button, Frank was able to interrupt the cycle at just the right moment and the prop finally stopped for good!

The right engine, with no cowling and heavy damage, was creating a huge amount of drag at this very

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low airspeed. This was definitely not the type of engine-out situation that we usually practiced. I had to maintain full rudder against the dead engine, so turning was a problem, but I found that back-pressure caused a right turn while relaxing that pressure moved us to the left. I did a very wide go-around and landed on the same runway from which I had taken off.

We didn't even try to taxi. With only one engine and ice on the ground, the DC-3 would have been impossible. But this was a small matter. The emergency vehicles and transfer busses came to us. We all breathed a sigh of relief.

Both Frank and I carried standard emergency procedures in our heads. In this way, as good pilots, we had expected the unexpected. But Frank went one beyond. The feathering mechanism did not behave as expected. Expecting as much, he had the initiative to deal with it. Our damaged plane exhibited some unexpected flying characteristics. I was not really surprised by this and with a little luck got the DC-3 back on the ground.

Neither Frank nor I did anything particularly difficult or heroic. In fact, any experienced DC-3 crew would have done the same thing. Further, any pilot in any airplane, then or now, can do as well simply by expecting the unexpected. Dean

A United Parcel Service DC-8 reported smoke in the cockpit.

Provided by Bill Linenberger, Safety Committee Chair

Fire erupted after landing or while enroute to KPHL. February 7, 2006. Flight originated from KATL.



Farm Flying, the Fabulous Forties and Fifties

The adventures of Rudy Knievel
© 2006 Jerry Knievel

Late in 1945, a World War II training pilot named Byron Appleby came from Blair, NE to West Point, NE in order to find students for flying lessons in his J-3 Piper Cub. His first stop was at the farm of Leo Knievel. Leo suggested names of other potential students. Byron ultimately found five students in West Point: Harvey Ellis, Leo Knievel, Rudy Knievel, Spencer Taylor and Al Weitzenkamp. Leo and Byron flew from Leo's airstrip 5 miles East of West Point. The others learned to fly from a field of cut oats on a farm owned by Joe Meyer (along Highway 9 two miles East of West Point). Rudy flew with Byron about once a week. He was the first of the group to solo on November 17, 1945 after only 12 hours of flight. Rudy at age 33 was also the first of the group to get a pilot's license.

Harvey Ellis, Spencer Taylor and Rudy pooled financial resources to purchase a new Piper Cub PA-12 Super Cruiser from Byron Appleby for about \$3500. Since Rudy had a license, he was designated to pick up the airplane at the Piper Aircraft factory in Lock Haven, PA. Rudy and Harvey Ellis boarded a train to Lock Haven for a 40 hour ride. When they arrived at the factory they were shown the new airplane, which was a yellow



and red, three passenger version of the venerated Piper Cub. It had 100 horsepower and a cruise speed of 105 miles per hour. The back seat was extra wide to accommodate two small persons. The pilot sat alone in the front seat.

Rudy and Harvey started their flight home from Lock Haven late in the day. They had gone only about 210 miles when it became too dark to see the terrain. Rudy felt uncomfortable flying and made an emergency landing in Akron, OH. He taxied to the hangar of the Piper Aircraft dealer on the field. Shortly thereafter the tower controller made a phone call to the Piper dealer to ask Rudy why he had landed there without radio contact. Rudy explained that he did not wish to fly after dark and that he had not used the radio because he was accustomed to watching for signal lights. The controller was satisfied with the explanation that Rudy had erred on the side of caution.

The new airplane was parked for the night in a hangar close to the dirigible hangar. The next morning they found oil on the floor of the hangar under the plane. An oil return hose from one of the cylinders had broken loose. The Piper dealer fixed it with no charge. Rudy then asked the dealer if he would test fly it. The dealer looked at his mechanic and asked "Are you willing to fly it?" After some discussion the dealer and the mechanic both climbed aboard and test flew the plane. Rudy felt that the engine was lacking the advertised power but he and Harvey decided to continue the flight home. This flying day also had a late start because of the required repairs. The return trip to West Point was about 1800 airline miles requiring one more overnight stay.

The airplane was to be hangared and flown from the farm of Harvey Ellis, one mile South of West Point. Rudy and Harvey landed early in the day. Harvey's hired man, Rolley Drew, was at the farm to welcome them. Rolley asked Rudy to give him a ride in the new airplane. Half way through take off roll, Rudy decided to abort take off because the engine was too weak for them to clear the trees at the end of the short farm strip. When the owners group complained to Byron Appleby about the power, he took it to Omaha where the Piper dealer fixed the problem by replacing the carburetor.

Byron Appleby operated the FBO (Fixed Base Operator) in Blair,

Nebraska where he had a flight school, a business office and a repair shop. Walking through the front door revealed a sight that delighted and amazed aviation enthusiasts. Hanging from the ceiling by strings were black rubber model airplanes ranging from 3 to 10 inches long representing warbirds of all nations involved with the combat of W.W.II. More models were scattered around on counter tops. The models were made to train airmen to identify other flying aircraft as friend or foe. Byron probably obtained them from the surplus market that flourished after the war. On the wall hung aircraft identification posters, air navigation charts and one home made poster on which Byron had pasted two inch square pieces of cloth taken from the shirt tails or neckties of student pilots at the time of their first solo. Each square was identified with the student's name and the date of the first solo flight. In the attached hangar were Piper aircraft in different stages of disassembly and repair. The air coming from the hangar was saturated with the smell of Banana Oil. It was the solvent that evaporated from the bright yellow dope being sprayed on the muslin cloth that formed the skins of Piper aircraft. Dope tightened the cloth as well as coloring it.

In the middle of the floor in the office stood a Link Trainer, which Byron utilized to teach instrument flying. It looked like the cockpit of a single seat airplane with tiny stubby wings and a small abbreviated tail. It had single

seat with a control stick, rudder pedals and a throttle. It had a blackened windscreen and an instrument panel with the basic six-pack of instruments including the gyros needed to fly in the fog and clouds. This cockpit sat on a pedestal with gimbals that allowed it to rotate 360 degrees horizontally as well as rock side to side and back and forth.

Rudy went to Blair to use the Link Trainer to brush up on his night flying skills. He took his son Jerry with him. When Rudy entered the trainer and closed the side door, Byron stood outside giving instructions in a loud voice so that they could be heard through the walls of the closed cabin. Jerry stood outside watching the tiny cockpit rotate and rock as Rudy pretended to fly through a black sky. Hissing sounds and the sounds of an electric motor used to run a vacuum pump emanated from the trainer. The motion mechanism and the instruments were operated by vacuum.

In the summer of 1946 there was an airshow at the airport in Oakland, NE about 12 miles east of West Point. Rudy volunteered to be a clown. He wore heavy face paint and was dressed in a clown suit with large, brightly colored polka dots that he had fashioned from a pair of long underwear and scraps of cloth. Byron Appleby had furnished a clown painted airplane that was incapable of flight. It had a single seat open cockpit fuselage with half length wings, a full sized tail and 60 horsepower

Continental aircraft engine with a small propeller. Rudy would perform antics to fill time between airshow events. Part of the time he was in the seat controlling the machine and some of the time he spent chasing after the empty but erratically moving airplane. Often Rudy was running away from the seemingly pursuant airplane. Hidden inside the plane was Delbert Livermore, Byron Appleby's mechanic. Delbert was lying prone on the floor controlling the seemingly willful airplane while looking for obstacles through the transparent floor of the cockpit. Rudy decided, after a close encounter with the propeller, that he would fall to the ground whenever the airplane was dangerously near.

Rudy and his brother Leo Knievel wanted to attend the Nebraska State Fair in Lincoln. Leo wanted to fly his new Luscombe. The two boarded the plane for an uneventful flight to Lincoln. The distance from West Point is 75 statute miles as the crow flies. During the return trip, however, they encountered a thunder storm. Lightning as well as updrafts and downdrafts associated with it made it a bumpy and terrifying ride.

Rudy and his brother in law, Joe Watson, flew the PA-12 from West Point to Springfield, IL (380 miles) to find out if the Black Angus Society wished to hire Joe. Their navigation was dependent on comparing features on the ground with those on aeronautical chart. They encountered a rain storm. The visibility was so poor that

Farm Flying continued
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they got lost. They landed 50 miles short of Springfield in a muddy Red Clover field next to a farm house. They had to wait 20 minutes in the airplane for the rain to quit. A lady living in the farm house told them they could get to Springfield by following the railroad tracks for about 50 miles. The field was too mushy for the propeller to pull them. so Joe jumped out and rocked the wings and bounced the wheels until the airplane was rolling. He then ran along the side of the airplane and jumped in the back seat as Rudy began the take off roll. In Springfield, Joe was offered the position, but refused because he would be far away from his old friends.

About three years after they purchased the PA-12 Appleby found a customer for it and persuaded the group to trade the red and yellow three-seat PA-12 for a brown PA-14 Family Cruiser. The new airplane had 115 horsepower, a controllable pitch propeller, four-seats and cruised at 110 miles per hour. It was delivered to them in West Point.

On one occasion Albert Luebbert asked Rudy to take Albert and his son to Breckenridge, MO for the funeral of a relative. It was mid summer and the days were long. The three set out early in the morning for a funeral at ten a.m. They decided to stop for fuel at St.



Piper PA-12 "Super Cruiser, photo courtesy of Aerofiles.

Joseph, MO about 50 miles west of the funeral site. A thunderstorm had just passed St. Joseph. The power grid was damaged so the fuel pump did not work. The three decided to fly to the funeral and return for fuel on the flight home. They had flown about 25 miles when they were enveloped in a dense fog. Rudy was unable to see anything. He immediately began a 180 degree turn, listening to the speed of the engine to determine whether he was climbing or diving and using the turn coordinator to keep the wings level. Rudy estimated that it took ten minutes to regain visual reference to the ground. They returned to St. Joseph, where the power had been restored and they were able to get fuel. When the weather cleared and they finally arrived at Breckenridge the funeral was over. Albert and his son attended the funeral reception to visit with relatives then returned to the airport for an uneventful return flight to West Point.

Rudy owned an Allis Chalmers Tractor dealership. He usually had three or four employees. Virgil Buerman worked as a tractor mechanic for Rudy for many years. While in the army Virgil had earned a

AI aircraft mechanic and inspector rating from the FAA. Virgil did the mechanical work including annual inspections on the Piper airplanes owned by the group. He was also active in the army reserves where he performed duties as a mechanic.

In 1951, Rudy was hospitalized with pneumonia. About a month later, even though he was still weak, he decided he needed to fly. In an attempt to land the PA-14 on Leo's farm he landed long carrying a little power instead of having it at idle. As soon as he recognized the problem, Rudy applied full power in an attempt to take off. The power was inadequate and the airplane ground looped damaging a wing as it struck the ground. The outer two feet of the left wing was bent-up at about a 45 degree angle. The wing had an aluminum spar that would bend instead of breaking. Rudy arranged for the FBO at Wayne, NE to send someone to pick up the damaged craft. When the mechanic examined the damage, he grabbed the bent wing and pulled the end down to its normal position. He then boarded the plane and flew it to the repair shop in Wayne. Rudy sent Virgil Buerman to Wayne to assist in rebuilding the wing. Rudy paid the mechanics in Wayne \$500 for the repair.

Shortly after the wing bending



Piper PA-14 "Family Cruiser," photo courtesy of Aerofiles.

incident, the partners decided to sell the PA-14. One day Rudy was in Sioux City, IA on business, when a man approached him on the street asking him if he wanted to sell his airplane. The partners agreed to sell the PA-14 for \$3000. This essentially ended their flying experiences.

In 2001, Rudy's son Jerry Knievel completed a home built airplane (RV-6A). Rudy has flown in this airplane several times, including a trip from Fort Collins, CO to the EAA Airventure Fly-In at Oshkosh, WI and to West Point, NE for the Cuming County Fair in 2002. In 2003 they flew to Spearfish, SD to survey property owned by his daughter Jackie Knievel in order to design a cabin.

In 2004 Byron's son Jimmy mailed the shirt tail that was cut on the day Rudy soloed along with Leo Knievels' shirt tail to Jerry Knievel via a mutual friend Frank Hoffmann. This event inspired the telling of this story Rudy kept his pilot's licenses in his wallet for 59 years until 2004 (age 92). When requested to do so, he allowed them to be placed on display.

Jerry

WWII Air Transport Command, Slow & Simple - 1945, *Flying in the Real World #16* Wounded Soldiers, Guam to the USA

by Vern Foster

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WWII Air Transport Command, this article is a follow-up on #15 which appeared several months ago.

At approx. 08:30 we arrived at the C-54 which was at the end of the large ramp. Ross Kinkle and I lead the way up the ladder to the flight deck and took our seats. "I will be the "driver" to Kwajalein today so I get the left seat," said Vic Nelson, our Flight Engineer, while he began the pre-flight inspection. "Sparky", the radio operator, and "Crazy Jack", the navigator, stowed our flight bags, luggage, enroute food and of course our ever present 45 caliber pistols and ammo belts. At the same time Ross and I were adjusting our seats, making a final review of the load manifest, the fuel load, and getting check lists and charts ready. The mood now is very serious as we contemplate the extra responsibility of the upcoming mission. The G.I. ambulances began to arrive with the wounded service men we were to transport toward the good old USA.

The ambulance conversion, of the C-54, was the cargo configuration with notable additions. Each C-54 carried a ambulance kit onboard so that this conversion could be made readily when needed. This kit consisted of webbing straps secured at ceiling and

floor so that litters could be secured one above the other and in "sets" up both sides of the cabin. Total about 35-40 litters could be carried.

The litters were removed from the ground ambulances by 2 husky G.I.'s who lifted each litter up to two more G.I.'s standing on a large platform about 4 ft. above the ground. The litters were next passed on to another pair of soldiers in the big doorway of the C-54. The cabin crew consisted of 2 Army nurses and one male orderly. They were provided with aft facing passenger seats located at the front of the cabin. On board was a large portable cabinet of supplies, bandages, medications and portable oxygen apparatus. The very hot temperatures were dealt with by removing all the emergency windows in the cabin, opening the cabin to cockpit door and having the cockpit side windows open – all for any circulation, which might be available. There was no air conditioning available, and it was 95 degrees Fahrenheit.

We will expedite the departure and the climb to 9,000ft. to get some cool air through the cabin for the comfort of our passengers. This was before in flight A/C or cabin pressurization.

When Vic announced that all was ship shape in the cabin we started the engines, and soon we were taxiing with me flying, while Ross got our Oceanic Airways clearance. During the taxiing I remember wanting to be so very easy on the nose wheel steering so that the cabin ride would be smooth for our precious passengers — each of them in bad condition. We rolled smoothly to the run-up area and completed the run-up and checklists. The tower cleared us for takeoff. I powered up and we accelerated smartly down the bumpy coral runway. The takeoff roll continued to about 105 IAS – then lift off. The 4 trusty Pratt & Whitney radials propelled that big iron bird, with 10 tons of fuel, passengers and crew into the bright Pacific sky. They were heading for home!

The flight to Kwajalein was routine at a bit less than 9 hours. Everything worked well so that upon landing we could turn a "good airplane" over to the next United crew who would fly it to Honolulu. There still another crew would go on to Hamilton Field, California, where this military contract operation was based, unload and ferry the plane to the United Airlines Maintenance Base Ramp on San Francisco Int'l. Airport.

After shut down at the fueling ramp, on Kwajalein, Red Cross workers appeared with cheerful greetings and ice cream for each of these wounded soldiers! You can imagine the smiles

and grateful words from those G.I.'s — having a taste of ice cream after all they had been through. It was difficult to hold back the tears.

The drill was to again open all emergency exits, windows and doors to provide some air circulation. We were still near the equator where it was very hot under a scorching sun. *God bless America and all the military personnel who fought and died for our freedoms!*

Our crew exited the cockpit by the forward cockpit door and down the ladder. The outbound crew was waiting at the bottom of the ladder. Their flight engineer had already begun his pre-flight inspection while the fueling was in progress. Our layover was routine for a Kwajalein stop. The next day we would fly another C-54 to HNL, have a layover there then return to Guam. Thereafter we would turn around and fly the 3 trip legs back to San Francisco. Each trip required 21 consecutive days and about 105 hours of flying. Then 10 days off — and do it again!

Back home, in San Mateo, (I was young and single at the time) I would take one day to rest up, get a hair cut and send out my laundry. I would then spend the next 9 days, as one of the CFI's at the Al Norton Flying Service in Belmont, CA. Their dirt strip was 4 miles south of San Mateo. I instructed and flew passenger hops, in a variety of planes; a Stearman, a Ryan PT-22 –

WWII #16 continued from page 16

both open cockpits and WWII types. Others were Luscombe, J-3 Cub, Aeronca, Rearwing Skyranger, Culver Cadet and a junkie old Taylorcraft. The war time restrictions on general aviation flying were lifted earlier in the year. Al had grabbed every airplane he could get his hands on. "Anything that will stagger into the air" he proudly stated. The volume of business was overwhelming. From 08:30 until dark every day! The mild weather allowed one of the girls to have a card table outside for scheduling and collecting money. When a CFI completed a flight he

was introduced to the next in a long line of waiting customers. He selected an airplane, from what was on the ramp, and departed. This hectic routine was repeated day after day. During these layovers, our F/E Vic Nelson, acquired his Private License. I was his instructor. Lots and lots of flying!

Then, after the "fun" 10 days off — I would get into a clean uniform and do it all over again until my 12 month assignment was completed. It was an experience which I will cherish forever.

It was just one more year of flying in the real world!

Vern

Lighting Change At Front Range Airport

Airport pilot controlled lighting has been switched to 120.2 (CTAF)
UNICOM frequency is 122.95

Laura Shewmaker, *Customer Service Manager, Front Range Airport*
lshewmaker@ftg-airport.com, 303-261-9100 www.ftg-airport.com

Tied Down?

T-HANGAR AVAILABLE

At Platte Valley (18V) \$220/Mo.
Concrete Floor, Bi-fold Door, 20 Amp Service
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Selling Your Baby! *by Ed Huber,*

There can be many reasons for you to consider selling your plane. For example, your flying requirements/needs have changed – want to go faster, have more useful load, want to reduce your flying cost (fuel, maintenance, and insurance), just want something different and so on. All owners need to make their decision while the plane is still worth something – receiving regular maintenance and flying often. If you let the plane set for weeks and months then your valuable asset is going to start depreciating.

It is always easy to shop the market for something new but it can be an emotional decision to part with your Baby. Remember it can be a valuable asset, and is not a family member. If it is a family member because you have given it a name then you have to deal with this emotion yourself. Sure they all have some sentimental value. I had my plane, first and only one, for almost 16-years. It served me well and I had lots of fun flying it.

However, I made the decision to change my flying requirements to more cross-country flying. Once I reached this point it was easy and I have not regretted parting with it. Here is how I sold my Baby!

First I got serious by looking at the same make and models presently on the market. I knew what I wanted as my asking price but I wanted to see what my competition was. I primarily looked at the Internet sites that were in my previous article (March 2006 Flightline) – How to Find Your Baby! I determined that finding the value of your plane and not your personal value takes some homework. There are two evaluation services that I also use for reference/starting point for determining my asking price: AOPA (members only): <http://www.aopa.org/members/vref/default.cfm> TAP (need to subscribe): <http://www.trade-a-plane.com/protected/static/naaa.html> Additionally, if the plane is in demand, excellent condition, no damage history,

Selling Your Baby continued from page 17

current avionics, complete records and the economy is good, then you can ask more. If not then you should expect to get less even though you may have more invested in the plane. If this is the case, you either didn't do your homework when you bought the plane, and paid too much or you didn't take care of your investment. Remember that buyers are looking for a good trouble free plane to buy, and if you don't have that, then you need to adjust your price.

Most owners feel that they have a good and airworthy plane. If there are any major problems with the plane you should consider tell that right up front. You can either fix them or discount the price; because a good pre-buy inspection will probably find it and you will have to fix it anyway. So be honest and earn the respect of the prospective buyer or lose the sale! A recent overhaul, upgrades to the paint, interior and avionics are all items that you can get some return back on your investment, and usually help with the sale. However, avionics depreciate faster than other items, and after 1-year are approximately worth one-half the purchase price. So my advice is don't perform an avionics upgrade just to improve your chances of selling the plane or just before you try to sell it. I recently saw a plane that was for sale that had comm/nav equipment that could have been put in a museum. It was so old that I couldn't even call it avionics. However, some friends of mine were looking at it and commented about the old comm/nav. I told them sometimes it is better to buy a plane this way because then you can replace it all and put in what you

want and not have to settle with what the previous owner selected. But the selling price needs to reflect the outdated stuff!

I have talked to several owners that have tried to sell their planes without success. After a few questions I soon found out that they didn't want to spend any money advertising their plane. You either want to sell your plane or you don't! Remember that as you are trying to sell your plane you are continuing to pay for insurance, parking space and maintenance, and you may no longer want the plane. My plane was on the market, in Trade-A-Plane (TAP), for 7-months and cost me about \$800 for the printed version and the Internet with 5-photos. I also listed it on some club classified web pages. I had 99-percent of my leads from TAP.

Make sure your plane and paperwork are ready before you advertise it. The buyer's first impression and your planes appearance are very important. Spend a little time and money so your plane shows well. Wash and wax the exterior. Include the tires, windows, and belly, removing bugs, oil and exhaust stains. The interior should be cleaned including dusting the instrument panel and avionic stack. You need to do this if you are a serious seller. If you don't have time then pay a detailer to do it. You either pay now or discount the price later because of neglect. If the plane doesn't look good, why should a buyer believe you have performed good maintenance? Also, remember that your vehicle and hangar also give clues to the buyer on how you take care of your assets. If you say one thing about how well you took care of your maintenance, but the buyer

sees something else then the trust in what you say may be gone. Have your logs (airframe, engine, prop, STCs, 337 and so on) organized and ready for the buyer's initial inspection, and the pre-buy inspection. Make sure the title is clear and there are no previous liens that have not been removed from the title. Recently I went along with some guys that were doing a pre-buy on a plane. Everything looked good, a purchase contract was signed, a deposit was put on the plane, and the only thing remaining was the title search. The title search turned up a loan that was never removed from the plane two owners before. This delayed the selling of the plane because that bank had to be contacted to remove the lien.

Now you are ready to advertise! Think of what a prospective buyer wants to know because you are paying for the ad by the word. Emphasize the positives but be ready to discuss the negatives. Times are important: engine since overhaul, airframe and prop. The date of recent paint and interior upgrades are important. Include any options: STOL, high-end GPS, high-performance prop, HSI, autopilot, IFR

certified and so on. If you have damage history then I would not suggest having it in the ad but be prepared to discuss it with a buyer. Damage history may not be an issue to the buyer if it was documented and repaired correctly. Where the plane is based and if it is hangared may be something you want to consider in the ad. Good pictures are very important – exterior, interior, panel, and engine compartment. Pictures help sell planes – kind of like instrument flying under the hood where a peek is worth a 100 cross-checks. Try to put several in the ad or have the capability to send them electronically. I had most of my contact by e-mail and usually respond back initially that way. If you have been around the flying business for a while, you know which publications get the most visibility and that is where you want your advertisement. However, there are several free locations and you might as well use them too. If you are an AOPA member you can advertise for free: www.aopa.org/classifieds/index.cfm.

I hope I have given you some ideas to make the sale of your Baby as painless to you as possible. Happy flying! Ed



John Unruh

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CPA Supports Aviation & Aviation In Colorado

The Colorado Pilots Association Has 4 Primary Objectives:

#1 Encourage Safety in General Aviation Flying

- Sponsor aviation safety symposiums, meetings, and safety clinics as a forum to educate on pilot and aircraft safety
- Support pilot safety programs initiated by others including the FAA, CAP, and various pilots' associations and organizations
- Contribute to an awareness of aviation safety by use of the CPA FLIGHT LINES to publicize safety information and as a forum for accident prevention articles.
- Counsel federal, state and local organizations on safety implications of aviation related programs.

#2 Promote the Growth of General Aviation in Colorado

- Support aviation education programs as a means of providing understanding, support, and advancement of aviation interests.
- Support AOPA, EAA, and other aviation groups and organizations in programs to foster growth in aviation.
- Provide leadership and support efforts of others in removing barriers to effective growth and the economic health of aviation.
- Give recognition to significant activities and accomplishments in aviation through actions such as testimonials, awards, and letters of recognition or appreciation.
- Support State aviation historical organizations in preserving the record of aviation in Colorado.
- Support legislation favorable to the growth of general aviation at the Federal, State and local level.
- Encourage the construction and improvement of aviation facilities in the State.
- Support policies, practices and technological changes in aviation, which have the effect of minimizing or reducing costs of general aviation flying.
- Sponsor, encourage and support fly-ins to promote increased use of aircraft and increased esprit-de-corps between pilots and the aviation community.

#3 Assist Federal, State and Local Governments on Matters Affecting General Aviation

- Provide advice to Federal, State and local governments on programs and plans which affect the aviation community.
- Participate in advisory committees and panels to provide information and further the interests of general aviation.

#4 Guard and Protect the Rights of Pilots

- Oppose actions which would unreasonably limit general aviation access to airports.
- Seek removal of burdensome regulations and support programs and policies which would have the effect of improving rights of pilots.

Fly Mart



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Heated Hanger Space at Meadowlake Airport in Colorado Springs. Up to 40x70 foot available.

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$\frac{1}{4}$ Share 1972 Turbo 210. Hangered at Jeffco.

New Millennium TSIO-520R engine (310 hp ~440 hrs).

All new engine accessories (turbo, controller, mags, vacuum, etc). New paint, carpet, leather and glass. Garmin 430, S-TEC 50 autopilot with alt hold, JPI 700, oxygen.

\$22,000 plus $\frac{1}{4}$ of the loan payment (\$250 each).

John or Tony 719-481-1400. eandjfagan@earthlink.net

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"T- Hangar for rent at Front Range.

Give Lothar Klingmuller a call at (303) 922-2329

For Sale 1980 Cessna 172N

Dual Nav/Comms including King KLX-135A VFR GPS with moving map, Loc/GS, ADF, MB, and 4 place intercom. 160HP Lycoming engine with 2434 hours since factory overhaul. Compressions 78/74/76/78 - runs solid. Airframe has 4554 total hours. Blue/white exterior is a '9' and blue interior is an '8' on a scale of '10'. Asking \$49,900. Must sell because 3V5 airport is closing. Contact Mike or Maria Myshatyn at (970) 219-1560.

Insight GEM-602, 6-Cylinder Graphic Engine Monitor

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Please call Kent Wolcott at (719) 548-9193



Fly Mart is a free service provided only for CPA members.

If you have a personal AVIATION related item to list, please submit the ad to the *Flight Lines* editors:

Beverly or Carl Boecher, via email to N34552@wisptel.net.

Deadline is the 15th of each month, to appear in the following month. Your ad will run only once unless you contact an editor prior to the 15th of the following month and request the ad to run again.

April 2006 Factoid Answer:

In its earliest years, aviation was not of much commercial or practical importance. Instead, it developed as a popular entertainment medium and a spectator sport. The public was anxious to view the new phenomenon of flight and was prepared to pay money to do so. Entrepreneurs sought to meet this demand by staging air shows. Inevitably, with the passage of time, the trend was to make these shows more and more spectacular. This led to truly tragic developments.

The world's first air show was held at Riems, France, in August of 1909. But even at this early date, many of the spectators had seen airplanes before and thus demanded something more dramatic. So Eugene Lefebvre, thus arguably the world's first aerobatic pilot, entertained the crowd with dives and steep turns close to the ground. Lefebvre also started another air show tradition — pilots' short life spans. Again performing for a crowd, he was killed in a crash in September of the same year.

Showmanship quickly became intoxicating to pilots as well. In 1913, Adolphe Pegoud was hired to do stability tests on Louis Bleriot's new monoplane. Deciding to push the envelope, Pegoud for the first time achieved true inverted flight and he also performed what many consider to be the world's first loop. The latter honor, however, may really belong to Petr Nestorov, a Russian Army lieutenant. Also in 1913, he likewise sought the limits of performance and in the process looped his small, biplane fighter. At first, Nestorov was arrested and court-martialed for endangering government property. But once it was clear that he was doing something spectacular that people loved to watch, he was rehabilitated and promoted to captain.

In the US, the father of aerial showmanship is clearly Lincoln Beachy. His first crowd-pleasing exploit was to fly down into the Niagra Falls gorge—to within twenty feet of the water. His exited by flying under the bridge and down the river. Spectators on the banks and on the bridge were astonished. Later, he developed much more sophisticated and ever more elaborate routines.

Beachy was the first American popular hero of aviation. He was in nation-wide demand. In 1914, he completed a 126 city tour that dazzled crowds everywhere. Everyone loved the performances — even such personages as inventor Thomas Edison and poet Carl Sandburg became big air show fans.



Partridge-Keller biplane of the type flown by Lincoln Beachy, c. 1914. Image courtesy of Aerofiles.

Some aviation pioneers, however, scorned aerobatics and Beachy in particular. Orville Wright, for example, denounced his performances as mere optical illusions. As Beachy's bank account showed, this view was out of step with the times.

But Beachy's fame—or more accurately Beachy himself—did not last. True to form, in 1915 he planted his powerful Partridge Keller biplane in San Francisco Bay and drowned.

Following World War I, this air show tradition was greatly expanded. The public appetite for aerial shows, with seeming or actual danger, grew as a result of news coverage of the air war. In response, air show operations, often with the handle of “flying circus,” grew in profusion. Sometimes a flying circus was simply a few individual barnstormers who decided to pool their fortunes; sometimes it was a fairly sophisticated organization with considerable financial backing. But all were dedicated to performing stunts to amaze and thrill audiences, and to appeal to the morbid desire to see maiming or death. The focus on danger and potential crashes was deliberately cultivated. Indeed, air show pilots, in public appearances often wore big, visible bandages and fake casts to underscore the point.



Clyde Pangborn is injured in a failed air show stunt, 1920. Image copyright Harold A. Taylor Co.

Not only were air show performances made to seem dangerous, but they actually were. In 1920 Clyde



Bessie Coleman, c. 1925. Image Image courtesy of Bessie Coleman Web Site

Pangborn, famed for his low-level inverted flights among other maneuvers, was badly injured in a fall from a speeding car — from which he was attempting to ascend to a low-flying plane. In the same year, Ormer Locklear, manager of one of the largest and richest flying circuses, was killed performing his air show routine before Hollywood cameras. Bessie Coleman, the first black woman pilot, was thrown from her plane in a violent maneuver as she practiced for a 1926 air show.

Many less well known flying circus pilots met a similar fate. In 1928, the popular Gates Flying Circus preformed at Macon GA. In one act, pilot Buck Steele flew an aerobatic routine while his crew member Francis Ashcraft dropped loud, attention-getting “bombs” from the plane. Although these bombs were intended to detonate in the air well clear of the plane, one of the bombs caught in the brace wires. It exploded and blew off the wing. The plane

crashed into downtown Macon killing Steele and Ashcraft. People on the ground were also killed and others injured. Ashcraft's brother Jack was similarly a pilot for Gates. A year later he was working a big exhibition at Roosevelt Field in New York. Part of the act was an endurance flight featuring aerial refueling. Fog disrupted events. With no fuel, Ashcraft attempted a "blind" landing but managed to hit the only tall tree in the area, killing himself and seriously injuring a passenger.

By the late 1920s, the idea of air show mayhem began to lose public appeal. In addition, many in the aviation community began to oppose air shows. Airline pioneers and others interested in commercial applications of aviation needed an emphasis on safety and reliability, not death and dismemberment. These pressures led to a decline in traditional air show activity and moved aerial showmanship into less destructive channels.

By the early 1930s, serious, organized aerobatics began to emerge. The emphasis shifted to precision flight rather than defiance of death. Showmanship persisted, but the focus was on the skill required to perform structured maneuvers. Spectators came to admire the abilities of the aerobatic pilots and the performance capability of the airplanes. There was a growing appreciation of the inherent aesthetics of aerobatic routines. New aerobatics were incorporated into airshows. The result was much more sophisticated performances.

At about the same time, military tacticians began to realize that the extreme maneuvers of the barnstormer could be useful in combat situations. Eventually, systematic aerobatic training for fighter pilots became standard in many of the world's airforces. Exercises that once seemed to risk death were now seen as a way of staying alive.

In the end, organized aerobatics and military precision won out. Today we watch in awe as Christen Eagles, Extras, or Yaks perform sensational feats. US Air Force and Navy teams achieve the seemingly impossible right before our eyes.

Unlike in the past, we do not expect any of pilots to sustain injury or death nor do we lust for the destruction of airplanes. Attitudes toward aviation have indeed improved — just as has the air show safety record.

Dean



**Baseball Season
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per Travis Vallin, Colorado Aeronautics Director

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*Sad news, previous CPA president Don Walsh
passed away in March from medical complications
brought on by shoveling snow.*

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June 17, 2006

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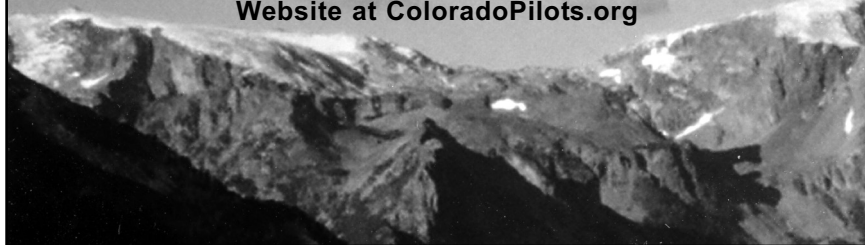
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CPA Fly-In Events**

May 19 - 20 Sturgis, SD

Visit the Dakota Arms Factory and ride the Mickelson bicycle trail, possible evening in Deadwood. CPA member Guy Evans owns the hotel, restaurant and bar. He will do much to ensure a great time. You don't have to own a Harley.

Info:

Bob and Shawn Kinney,
303/288-7371 or
twinlake@aol.com

Advertisement Rates

***CPA Flight
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