

CPA FLIGHT LINES



Mike Arbuthnot

On the Ramp at Pogosa Springs.



Unusual Attitudes

By Marty Brophy, CPA President

Hot summer days are with us! Single engine planes are sluggish in climb and slow to stop, especially when heavy. Living in Colorado, we are more familiar than flatlanders with density altitude, but it can still be a concern. The AOPA Air Safety Institute has a good refresher on this topic at [The Triple H Effect video](#) for anyone interested. And fly early for lower temperatures and to avoid the customary Colorado afternoon convective activity, though this odd weather year we are seeing that throughout the day lately. Waking up to rain is kind of a new experience for me here!



I have only been flying for 6 years, so as a relatively new pilot I am very much attuned to continued aviation education. There is an almost overwhelming number of aviation websites, videos, courses, and the like on the internet. Several of them have been represented in our Zoom seminar series, started this year by CPA Safety Committee chair Michael Koscielniak and Dominic Pena. Those take place on the third Monday of each month, so watch your e-mail for notices about them and call in! Never stop learning! And if you would like to give a seminar, we would welcome that, too! Just contact Mike or Dominic about that at flightsafety@coloradopilots.org.

One of my favorite web providers of aviation information is Pilot Workshops. They have a great “VFR Mastery” monthly lesson where a scenario is presented where you chose what you would do and then get expert opinions from a panel of CFI’s. I never fail to learn something from that every month! And those planning to go to our Angel Fire Fly-in in August should check out the May episode of that feature which is called “Angel Fire Departure” and is directly applicable to that airport and summer flying at high altitudes.

A reminder – please check your privacy settings on the website very soon if you wish to exclude some information from publication in this year’s roster. All members should have received an e-mail from our webmaster Brian Garrett about this on June 21 with periodic reminders to follow. Or you can login to the members only part of the webpage, click on your name, select “profile”, then click on “Social Links and Bio” to get a pull-down menu to select privacy settings. Then make sure to click on “Save” at the bottom of the page to save your changes.

The CPA exists for its members and is run by volunteer members. We are always looking for members to help! If you would like to get involved in the organization, contact me at president@coloradopilots.org and tell me what you might like to do, and we can discuss.



Dying to Get There

By Bill Marvel, the RV-14A guy

Back on May 11, 2018, many residents in the Denver area learned of a tragic aircraft accident involving a Cirrus SR-22 that crashed into a residential neighborhood. The person who lost his life in that accident was Bob Marquis, a Grand Junction, CO veterinarian, pilot, aircraft owner and a friend to many of us pilots and pet owners out here on the western slope. What led to that accident is by no means new and will be repeated to take more lives again in the future. Whether you fly a Cessna or a Lear Jet, your goal should be to avoid becoming one of them.



Bob Marquis performs surgery on a dog while a future veterinarian observes.

Although the shock of Bob's death has long since worn off, I can write dispassionately about it because I have lost many friends over the years to airplanes. Two classmates died in T-37s in pilot training, and another in a T-38 lost in the depths of the Pacific off the west coast. Two more vanished over Laos on separate F-4 missions in 1971 and no trace of either aircraft has been found. A former roommate was killed when his B-52 was shot down over Hanoi on December 20, 1972. All of these events plus the SR-22 have one thing in common. They are all past tense.

But it is the SR-22 loss that comes to mind for this article, both because it is the most recent, and in a way the most tragic because it was preceded by numerous warning flags that both its pilot and everyone reading this should know well. Dying to get there is not a new phenomenon and yet that is the gist of what happened in Denver nearly three years ago.

The official accident report and the recorded pilot/controller audio give ample explanation as to what happened. The more important issue, how it could have been prevented, should be of interest to all of us. The following two links tell the story, but I suggest you read the rest of this article before opening them.

[Bob Marquis Accident Report](#)

[Pilot/Controller Audio](#)



“Get There I’tis” is simply too common in general aviation not to be pointed out again and again. At some time prior to one of these accidents occurring, yellow and red caution flags start waving in the wind. At first that wind is just a whisper, then a slight breeze but then it becomes a stiff breeze and eventually the flags may be standing straight out from the pole in a full gale. If at any point along the way the pilot, a passenger, a friend, relative or almost anyone stood up to question the wisdom of going, it could stop the sequence of events from occurring. One of my most vivid observations has been television coverage of light aircraft crashes where investigators are walking around the crash site in bright sunlight the day after an airplane was lost in poor weather. It is far more important to get to your destination alive a day late instead of not getting there at all because you died being on time...

Let’s talk about a few specifics involved here:

1. The airplane was just out of an annual inspection. It is frequently said that the first flight afterwards is the most dangerous one of the year. And that is likely true because a perfectly functional aircraft has been greatly disassembled, probed and poked and then reassembled. Don’t make that first flight at night or in marginal weather for obvious reasons.
2. Being instrument rated but flying VFR in marginal weather is a poor bet that has to do with mindset. It is one thing to depart in IMC with a filed flight plan, the route specified, clearance received, the nav aids set and your mental gears focused on the task at hand. That is entirely different from having an IFR ticket in your wallet but poking around marginal weather in near darkness with no plan except to keep trying to see outside when it becomes difficult or impossible to do so.
3. The purpose of this trip was to attend a family event in Las Vegas after an overnight stop in Grand Junction, CO. This required flying over the mountains VFR at night in a just-out-of-annual airplane in marginal weather. Really? Is it that important to be there today when tomorrow is only a few hours away? Out here in the west, weather systems tend to be fast moving and short lived. Only a few hours in the future, low overcast and poor visibility frequently morph into clear and unrestricted. Don’t we all know that yet?
4. It seems from both the audio and the flight path that Bob was not clearly aware of which side of the runway extended center line he was on. Maintaining control of an airplane in marginal weather when VFR is challenge enough, let alone trying to navigate per ATC instructions. Having the localizer frequency set up, tuned in and identified may (or may not) have helped prevent this accident. Getting overloaded (task saturation) comes at different points for different people. One pilot’s no big deal is another pilot’s end of mental bandwidth. Especially in marginal weather for VFR flight, having enough set up and readily available on the panel to provide situational awareness lets a bit more of that limited mental bandwidth focus on keeping the airplane pointed where it should be and at the correct altitude and attitude.

The above observations are not intended to criticize a pilot who is no longer with us. Truth is, I have made my own mistakes flying – almost every pilot has -- but not to the degree of becoming a fatality. The difference is that I have read enough of these accident reports to realize risk is out there hovering forever over my head and just waiting for the right time to pounce on me. I am not immune and am ever mindful that just thinking about the possibility that today is not the right day is sometimes enough to put a stop to a dangerous chain of events. First flight after an annual in anything but good daylight weather? Nope. Marginal VFR when I am instrument rated and equipped? Nope. Absolutely have to be there on time even if it kills me to do so? A really big nope.

The solution? Keep the name Bob Marquis in mind and think of him the next time that little creature on your shoulder whispers into your ear that maybe, just maybe, today is not the day to fly. Remember that those aircraft accident investigators who tomorrow will be walking through your crash site will be casting shadows on the ground as a result of bright sun glaring from the clear sky above.



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CPA Members!

Check out the Scholarship page for the Emily Howell Warner Scholarship.

There is still time to apply.

Check the CPA Discussion & Classifieds forums for “Rides to Oshkosh” section under the Fly-ins area.

This can be found at https://coloradopilots.org/content.aspx?page_id=2154&-club_id=612720&item_id=25787



Ask the CFI

by Tammy Raines

I have read that the first notch of flaps primarily gives more lift, but subsequent notches of flaps are almost all drag. Is that true? If so, why is that, it seems kind of counter intuitive to me.



Flap extension during landings provides several advantages by:

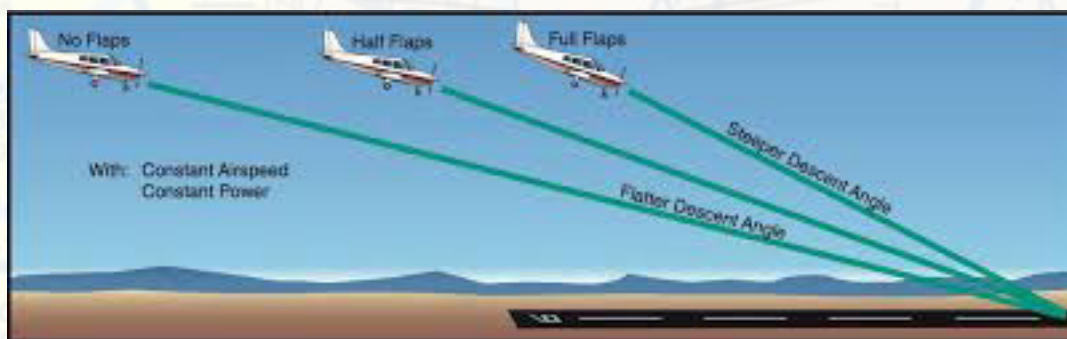
- Producing greater lift and permitting lower landing speed.
- Producing greater drag, permitting a steep descent angle without airspeed increase.
- Reducing the length of the landing roll.

Flap extension has a definite effect on the airplane's pitch behavior. The increased camber from flap deflection produces lift primarily on the rear portion of the wing, producing a nose-down force. This pitch behavior varies on different airplane designs. In general, though:

- Flap deflection of up to 15° primarily produces lift with minimal drag. The airplane has a tendency to balloon up with initial flap deflection because of the lift increase. The nose down pitching moment, however, tends to offset the balloon.
- Flap deflection beyond 15° produces a large increase in drag. In high-wing airplanes, a significant nose up pitching moment can occur because the resulting downwash increases the airflow over the horizontal tail.

When the flaps are lowered, the airspeed will decrease unless the power is increased or the pitch attitude lowered. On final approach, therefore, you must estimate where the airplane will land through discerning judgment of the descent angle. If it appears that the airplane is going to overshoot the desired landing spot, use more flaps, reduce power, and lower pitch attitude for a steeper approach.

If the desired landing spot is being undershot, shallow the approach by increasing power and pitch to readjust the descent angle. Never retract the flaps to correct for an undershoot, since that will suddenly decrease the lift and cause the airplane to sink even more rapidly.



Ed. Note: The following email was written by CPA member Bill Marvel to Vince Otto, a fellow member who is new to flying, to owning an airplane, and especially to Colorado. It addresses Bill's thoughts about a recent fatal accident that occurred east of Aspen on July 3.

Hi Vince:

Don't know if you were aware of this July 3 accident out of Aspen or not. Below in red is the article about it from the Grand Junction newspaper. It is one of many examples of violating what I consider the first rule of mountain flying -- "get to your cruise altitude and cruise airspeed before you get to terrain you have to cross." As a new pilot in general and one not at all used to mountain flying, you should definitely take CPA's mountain flying course. In addition, I still intend to take you on a high-country round robin trip in a week or so to give you a feel for what this is all about. Now back to the accident.

If you look up the aircraft (N36JJ) on flightaware.com, you will see they properly circled Aspen several times while climbing but never reached a safe cruising altitude (like 13,500) and speed before approaching the mountains east of Aspen, which are some of the highest in the state. The pass they were trying to cross is at 11,800 MSL and they were still climbing toward it when the ADS-B readout stopped at an altitude of 10,950 with their ground speed basically unchanged from the earlier part of the climb. In other words, they were still climbing and nowhere near a safe cruise speed and altitude when everything came to grief. This was 100% avoidable!

Now let's look at the larger issue -- the dynamics of what was taking place here.

First, they left at about 4:30 PM, in the heat of the day. That is dangerous to begin with as it makes high density altitude just that much higher. Early departures are the norm in the mountains for good reason.

Second, they obviously did not reach cruise altitude and speed before reaching high terrain, but more needs to be said about why that is important. Old high school geometry says a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and it is. That's how we normally fly. And understandably, they were doing the same thing. But when terrain intervenes, one has to climb over it. Initially, they probably climbed around V_y , or best rate speed. That puts the airplane nose high and at a much lower speed than cruise. But at some point, eyeballing terrain ahead, the next step would have been to use V_x , best angle of climb speed, to gain more altitude in less distance to top the obstacle in the windshield. The nose comes up higher, the speed lowers more and the normally aspirated engine in this aircraft continues to lose power with every foot of altitude. A pilot will frequently make this pitch increase instinctively, as the goal is to climb and you do that by raising the nose at your full-throttle power setting. The airplane is now in a low energy state, flying with low airspeed and low power, unable to speed up without descending. And the altitude above terrain continues to decrease. It is at this moment one has to make the right decision with sufficient altitude remaining, or crash. (NOTE: The best alternative is to never get into this situation in the first place. You do this by knowing it exists and then avoiding it).

If the airplane is heading directly to the pass, it may have to do a 180 degree turn to reach lower terrain. Making any turn requires a bank and that bank uses some lift to make the turn at the expense of using it to maintain altitude. The airplane will descend and how much room it has below to do this will determine the outcome. This is the third item that comes into play here. By approaching the pass-containing ridge at a 45-degree angle instead of straight on, the pilot can fly into lowering terrain with only a 90 degree turn instead of a 180. The shorter turning angle allows for less altitude loss. If the situation reaches this point and is not handled correctly, the airplane typically stalls and hits the ground out of control. None of these dynamics occur if one abides by the rule of reaching cruise altitude and cruise speed before reaching terrain one has to cross.

Do I know for certain this is what happened? No. But this scenario is so common out here in the high country that it is almost predictable when looking at similar scenarios. Just last October, a V-tail Bonanza from FL crashed outside of Telluride, again following a late afternoon departure and trying to climb toward increasing



terrain. There are dozens of examples.

Bill

2 men from N.Y. die in plane crash near Aspen

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

ASPEN — Two men from New York were found dead in a small plane that crashed near Aspen, authorities said Sunday.

The bodies of Ruben Cohen and David Zara were found in a Beechcraft Bonanza in the Midway Pass area after a search, the Pitkin County Sheriff's Office said.

The search was launched Sunday after a friend of one the men on board reported that their plane had taken off from Aspen the day before but never arrived in Des Moines, Iowa, as planned.

After the search area was identified near Midway Pass, about 9 miles east of Aspen, volunteers from Mountain Rescue Aspen looked for the plane on the ground with help from a helicopter from the Colorado Army National Guard High-Altitude ARNG Aviation Training Site in Gypsum, the Sheriff's Office said.

The wreckage was spotted about 5:30 p.m. The helicopter was able to land at the crash site, and the bodies were recovered, the Sheriff's Office said.

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Are you Social?

The CPA is looking for folks to help with their online presence in the social media space. The purpose of this role (or if done individually) is to help further the online presence of the Colorado Pilots Association and provide a path of communication of what is going on within the CPA itself. Right now we need help with all of the social media aspects, Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, LinkedIn and if you're a budding videographer, we'd love to get into the YouTube space a bit more. These are volunteer positions helping to move aviation in Colorado forward.

So if you are savvy in one or more of these areas, please let us know at webmaster@coloradopilots.org and we'll be happy to chat with you.





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Colorado Airport Facts

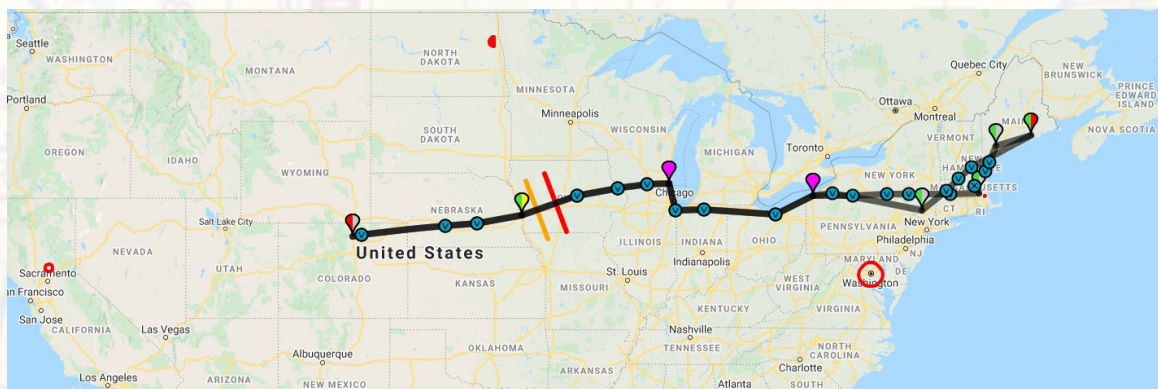
Lake County Airport (also known as Leadville Airport) sits 9,934 feet above mean sea level. That gives the airport the distinction of being North America's highest airport.

Craig-Moffat Airport once hosted a MD-80 by mistake. In 2001, a Trans World Airlines mistakenly landed at the airport during a snow shower. TWA Flight 641 from St. Louis was scheduled to land at nearby Yampa Valley Airport. There were no injuries sustained by the 122 people on board; however, the jet became stuck in the mud as it attempted to negotiate the taxiway following the landing.



Our most ambitious trip (so far) – 3,588 Miles – 31.5 Flying Hours – 5 Destinations All in 8 days!

Off the ground at Fort Collins at 4:00 AM. Here's the plan:



First leg, 3-hour flight to Omaha, Nebraska, (wake up co-pilot) land and take on fuel. Second leg, fly east and land at Kenosha, Wisconsin. (First choice would have been somewhere along the lakeshore near Chicago but as with all things Illinois, the fuel and landing fees are RIDICULOUS!) So, Kenosha it is, no landing fees at all and reasonable fuel and rental car prices.

First stop after buttoning up the plane, the Civil War Museum in Kenosha. Upon entering, we're met by this guy who apparently died some time ago.

GREAT museum that tells the story of the role of the Midwest in the Civil War. Dinner that night with our GREAT friend from UL, Tom Walker where we had a fabulous (of course, Italian) meal and, among other things, discussed the merits of various single-malt scotches. When I first got my pilot's license, Tom was eagerly one of my very first passengers. Some have suggested that he was either very trusting of me as a pilot or very foolhardy. He admits to a little of both.

The next morning, off the ground at 6:00 AM, fly down the lakeshore past Chicago, hang a left and head east. Of course, there's always an option to head directly across Lake Michigan; 118 miles over water. My very first instructor and just a fabulous pilot, instructor and friend once asked me, "How well do you swim? I answered; Uh, pretty well. He replied; Let me rephrase. How well do you swim in frigid water while wrapped in aluminum?" Since then, I always take the somewhat longer way around. Either way, you're rewarded with this view:



First stop that morning, Erie Pennsylvania for fuel. I’ve landed at Erie many times and each time the weather is worse than the time before. Seems they never have good weather. Oh well. As you’re nearing the airport in rain, the tower controller cheerfully says, “November 179 X-ray Papa (us) Clear to land!” Here’s what you see out the front. If you look REAL carefully, you can see two faint parallel lines. One’s the runway and one’s the taxiway. Don’t mix them up or you’ll be there a while. BTW, the co-pilot was WIDE awake for this one.



Quick turn. Fuel, pee, back in the air. Once you climb through the rain and clouds, you’re rewarded with this view.



Land in Norwood, Massachusetts, just south of Boston button up the plane and drive to Michelle’s house. BTW, have you EVER seen so many marathon medals??? So far, she’s run 59 marathons, several 100-mile races and countless 5 and 10 k’s.



Thanks to Michelle, lunch was outdoors at an oyster farm where we polished off our fill of the freshest, best tasting oysters you can imagine (and one or two "adult beverages"). Then, it was off for a 4-mile guided walking (Jolene called it endurance run) around the medical area of Boston. The highlight was seeing Michelle's new office. She has a corner office on the 8th floor of the Beth Israel Medical Center offices overlooking the Boston "Emerald Necklace Riverway" and the Boston skyline. Dinner was at a great restaurant on the fishing docks in New Bedford.

The next morning, we flew to Lewiston, Maine to have lunch with our great friends, Dave and Ellie Ward. Michelle met Dave and Ellie while attending Bates College. Michelle volunteered at the Lewiston Hospital for 4 years and Dave and Ellie, also hospital volunteers took her under their wing. Dave, besides being a great friend, is just a fascinating man. His job was as a Master hunting and fishing guide for the state of Maine. By his estimation, he hasn't bought meat in over 50 years.

When we'd visit them, we'd always return with a cooler of moose, venison, bear or other wild game.

After lunch, it was back in the air and flying to Bar Harbor, Maine. My first visit to Bar Harbor was camping when I was in college. When Jolene and I first married, we camped there and climbed Cadillac Mountain, the highest mountain on the east coast. Before climbing Cadillac, Jolene wanted an "introductory hike" so we planned to climb South Bubble (the mountain on the right, below). Unfortunately, we got off the trail and wound up descending a crazy steep path that involved iron handholds and dropping your body length from one shelf to the next and then scrambling over a 200-yard field of boulders.



The third time I climbed Cadillac was with Jolene and Michelle. Unfortunately, that was a very hot day and by three-quarters of the way up, they had consumed all of their (and my) water. We got to the top and there's a snack bar. I suggested that they stay, get an ice cream while I run down the trail, get the car and pick them up. I proceeded to do this and the moment I reached the car, my cellphone rang and it was Jolene saying, "Well we finished our ice-cream, where are you?" Funny stuff.

This trip, we drove to the top. Suffice it to say, the views of the mountains and the ocean from the top of Cadillac are breathtaking. Dinner that night (lobster, of course) was at the beautiful Bar Harbor Inn overlooking the harbor.

The next day was spent hiking the various trails along the coastline in Acadia National Park. The next morning, off the ground and flew three hours west to Orange County airport in New York. Again, button up the plane, hop in the car and drove to Bethel Woods Center for the Arts, the site of the 1969 Woodstock Festival. WOW! What an experience! For anyone who was alive at the time, visiting this museum was being transported and immersed once again in the 1960's.

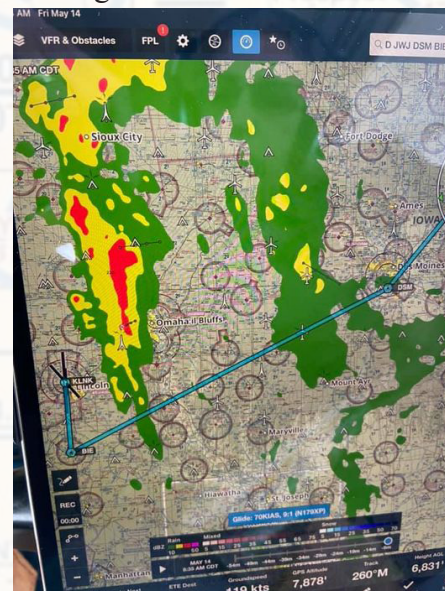
The picture is taken from the site of the stage and looking out where almost 500,000 people were assembled.

The next morning, back in the air, stop at Erie for fuel (which miraculously had good weather for a change) then pee, fuel, back in the air to land, once again at Kenosha. Dinner that night with our friends and former neighbors.



The next morning begin the flights back. So now, a break for our sponsor. In my experience (2,200+ flying hours) and training flying is all about decision making. AND, you always need to have at least three plans. Plan A is what you originally intended to do. Plan B is what you plan to do if that isn't working out and Plan C is land, NOW until you have things sorted out. So, our plan A was to fly from Kenosha to Omaha for fuel then on to Fort Collins. Part way to Omaha, we saw this on our on board NEXRAD (FYI, green is light to moderate rain, yellow is moderate to heavy rain and some turbulence, red has the potential to rip wings off and thrash you to the ground). We pulled up an alternate NEXRAD picture on our iPad which was essentially the same. Our Plan B was to circumvent the storms and divert and then proceed to Lincoln Nebraska (As shown)m instead of Omaha. We communicated with Air Traffic Control and they approved our reroute. This was about an hour out. Well, as we kept a close eye on the weather and began to approach a decision point, the weather had advanced and broken up and we again amended our flight plan and continued straight on to Omaha.

Now, though the current NEXRAD was showing light to moderate rain, the visibility wasn't great and our view out the windshield as we're preparing to land looked like this:



See the runway?

Well, we safely landed and three hours later were back home in Fort Collins.

Our most ambitious trip (so far) – 3,588 Miles – 31.5 Flying Hours – 5 Destinations

All in 8 days!

PS: A special shout out to my intrepid co-pilot, Jolene and our friends Dan, Barb and Therese at Morgan Stanley who make all of this possible!



For me, our most moving flight to date that has caused me to question; Perhaps Socrates Was Wrong

As an engineer, by schooling, by trade and by personality and as a collector of quotes, one of my very favorite for many, many years has been “The unexamined (un-analyzed) life is not worth living.” – Socrates. As we know, Socrates spent his life questioning, examining and analyzing EVERYTHING, taking nothing at face value. It was this very sentiment that caused me to be an engineer; why do things work the way they do. Everyone knows Mount Rushmore. We’ve flown there a few times (it’s one of our go to places, when people come to visit us) and, no question, it is impressive. This week, Jolene suggested we fly back to South Dakota area and visit the Crazy Horse Memorial that is still under construction. I went along (which is what (smart) married guys do) but I expected it to be a cheesy copy of Rushmore.

Flash back to 1937, the construction of Mount Rushmore, subsidized by the US government, is nearing completion. A Native American chief, Henry Standing Bear, wrote a letter to Korczak Ziolkowski, a sculptor who had just won an award for one of his sculptures displayed at the 1939 New York World’s Fair. Very simply, the letter said, “My fellow chiefs and I would like the white man to know that the red man has great heroes also.” In the letter, he entreated Ziolkowski to design and build a monument to a great Native American chief in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Henry Standing Bear’s request had to wait. War intervened. Ziolkowski’s military career took him to the landing at Normandy. Upon his return in 1948, Ziolkowski began work on the sculpture. When he started, he had \$174 in his pocket and an OLD second hand air compressor that frequently failed. As a result of his work, he sustained broken bones, back injuries, four spinal operations, contracted diabetes, became arthritic and suffered a heart attack necessitating quadruple bypass surgery. At age 74, a final heart attack claimed his life.

Certainly, the rational being, the engineer or even Socrates himself would have looked at this undertaking and its chance for success and would have declined and moved on to something more certain of realization. Ziolkowski and Ziolkowski’s family have worked on this monument to the red man for the past 67 years and, though the monument is breathtaking, the end is nowhere in sight. This man dedicated his entire life, as have his wife and children to this undertaking, knowing full well that he would never see it completed. This is not unlike the stone carvers of the great cathedrals of Europe who toiled on these monuments that took 3 or 4 generations of stone carvers to complete. What drives such people? In Ziolkowski’s words, “When the legends die, the dreams end; when the dreams end, there is no more greatness. Don’t forget your dreams.” “By carving Crazy Horse, if I can give back to the Indian some of his pride and create a means to keep alive his culture and heritage, my life will have been worthwhile.”

Here, in this picture, you can see the plaster model and, in the background, the mountain carving.



So, how does this compare to Mount Rushmore:

Crazy Horse Memorial when completed – 563 feet high by 641 feet long

Mount Rushmore – 60 feet high

Sphinx – 70 feet high

The pyramid at Giza – 481 feet high

The Washington Monument – 555 feet high

When it is completed, the Crazy Horse Memorial will be the largest sculpture on earth.

So how was Crazy Horse selected as a subject:

During his life he was a great leader to his people. He did not have an equal as a warrior or chief. He gave submissive allegiance to no man, White or Red, and claimed his inalienable rights as an Indian to wonder at will over the hunting grounds of his people. He wanted only peace and a way of living for his people without having to live in the Whiteman's reservations.

Crazy Horse defended his people and their way of life in the only manner he knew, but only after he saw the treaty of 1868 broken. This treaty, signed by the President of the United States said “As long as the rivers run and the grasses grow and trees bear leaves, Paha Sapa, the Black Hills, will forever and ever be the sacred land of the Indians.” He took to the warpath only after he saw his friend Conquering Bear killed; only after he saw the failure of the government agents to bring required treaty guarantees such as meat, clothing, tents and necessities for existence. He was killed when he was only 34 years of age, around midnight the morning of September 6, 1877. He was stabbed in the back by an American Indian soldier at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, while he was under a flag of truce.

The inspiration for the sculpture came from the words of Crazy Horse, himself. After his capture, he was derisively asked by a cavalry soldier, “So where are your lands now?”

Crazy Horse responded by pointing out over the Black Hills and said, “My lands are where my dead lie buried.” “One day I will be a part of this rock.”



Ziolkowski and his family have never accepted government money for their work. The memorial is entirely financed by private donations and revenue from the museum and gift shop.

God bless Korczak Ziolkowski and others like him. Socrates was wrong.

By Frank Ladonne





Ralph Forsythe

Cirrus SR-22 departing Lake County Airport

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Colorado Pilots Association
PO Box 200911
Denver, Co 80220-0911
(303) 367-0670

