

CPA FLIGHT LINES



Neil Ulevich

A Starfire Firebolt approaches Runway 15 at Crosson Field, Sterling, Colorado after a competition run.



Unusual Attitudes

By Marty Brophy, CPA President

I am writing this the day after our annual meeting on Saturday November 6. We had a good turnout of members in the Mount Evans room (second floor of the terminal at KBJC) on an absolutely beautiful Fall day. The bright blue skies and snowy mountain peaks visible out the window made us all wish we were up in the air! The board members were very pleased to present a plaque and gift to Terry Barbo who has been our membership services chair for something like 40 years! What a great contribution and now she is passing the torch to Joanne Brown, who has a hard act to follow! The three incumbent officers running for re-election were unopposed, so not surprisingly they were voted back in with a very small number of members voting. The search for a VP for next year continues.

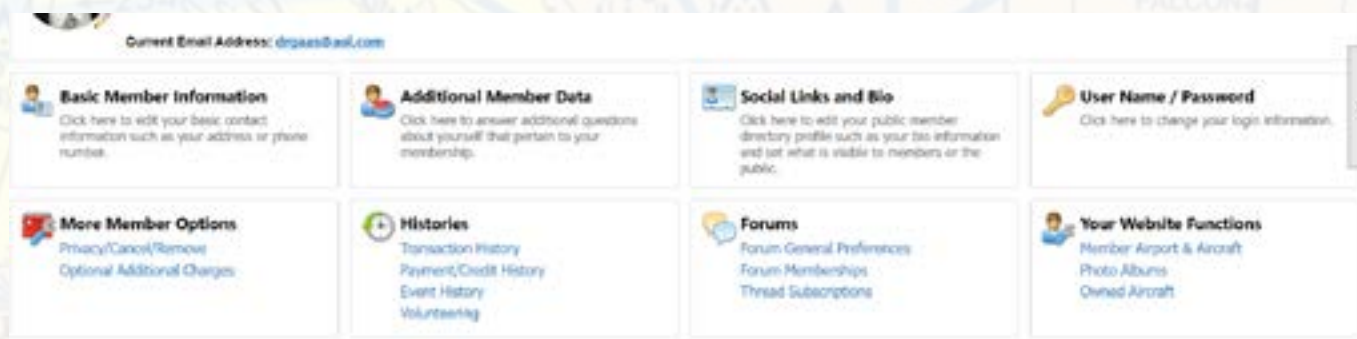
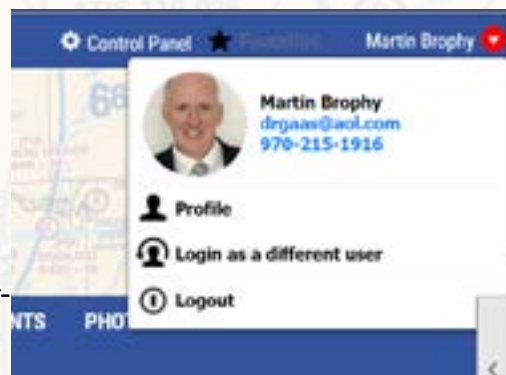


After the business part of the meeting, Dave Ulane, the Aeronautics Director for the Colorado Department of Transportation gave us an interesting and informative talk on how they operate and what the future holds for general and commercial aviation in Colorado. As with our monthly Zoom seminars, we recorded his talk, and it will be on our website in a week or so. CPA members can access it (and all our Zoom seminars for this year) after logging into the CPA website by clicking on “CPA Member Benefits” then on “CPA Presents.”

Meanwhile, in the category of “better late than never,” I have finally completed the various pieces required to get our 2021 roster out the door. We have 696 active members (as of mid-October) and sent out 575 rosters. Thanks to the 121 members who indicated they did not need paper copies, saving some money for our scholarship awards!

I had a lot of editing work to correct obvious errors in our member database, so for next year would very much appreciate everyone updating your member info. To do that, log in to the website and click on to the red triangle next to your name (see picture to the right). If you then click on “Profile” you get the screen below where you can edit the information in the database. In particular, it is useful for the roster to include what every member’s home airport (if any) is so other pilots at your airport can find you!

Wishing you all safe, turbulence-free flying and a Happy Thanksgiving!



A Solemn Crash Site Reunion – 63 Years Later

By Bill Marvel, the RV-14A guy

I wrote the following article in August 2007. Today is August 9, 2021, and is a special day each year in my life. No, it is not my birthday, but in a very strange and roundabout way, it really is...

The article was written for a small ranch land newspaper here in Colorado. It has subsequently been widely disseminated because of the incredible true aviation story it tells about some very good people. This year I thought those of you reading Flight Lines would enjoy it as much as others have. You may well know some of the people in it.

My wife Marti and I are thankfully both in good health, very active and leading vibrant lives. But a couple of months ago I stamped 75 years in the time clock of life and realized it does not take much wisdom to look at the calendar and see we have a lot more days behind us than ahead. And in my case specifically, I have a total stranger to thank for all those days, both past and future and he only lived to age 24. That is what the article is about. It involves an airplane that met its demise on this very day, exactly 77 years ago here in Colorado.

Enjoy.

June 6, 1944 is remembered by most as D-Day, the start of the invasion of Europe. But outside of the Pueblo Army Air Base in Pueblo, Colorado, it was also the meeting date of two people who later wed and became my parents. It was on that night while listening to the president's report of the invasion that Sgt. Chuck Marvel and Val Pritekel were introduced to each other. The person making the introduction was Chuck's good friend and barracks roommate, Sgt. Harold Humphrey, "Humpy" to his friends. Both Chuck and Harold were Air Corps combat veterans, from the South Pacific and European theaters respectively, and served as radio operator instructors in Pueblo for new B-24 bomber crews in training.

Two months later, on August 9, 1944, Humpy's B-24 failed to return to the Pueblo base after a routine training mission. The next day it was learned that the aircraft crashed in an open area southeast of Denver and that the entire 10-man crew had perished. War time secrecy and the urgency of training left the accident, one of hundreds across the country during this time frame, as just another quickly forgotten event in history. Chuck asked to be a part of the six-member honor guard that was assigned to escort his friend's body to his home in New York by train for burial. Harold was an only child and his family was heartbroken. Afterwards, Chuck and Humpy's parents, as well as Humpy's favorite uncle, corresponded for years until their deaths.

Less than a year later, on May 1, 1945 Chuck and Val were married in Denver and in a few years my brother and I were born in Kansas City after dad left the Air Corps following the war. As children we knew little of his war exploits but heard the story of how he and mom met. We knew the nickname "Humpy" even though we never had any contact with this deceased airman and no knowledge of his appearance or personality. As we grew up, we learned more of dad's WWII experiences and actually once saw the foundation of his old barracks while making one of our annual trips to Pueblo to visit our many aunts, uncles and cousins from mom's side of the family. In the late 1990s and early 2000s, dad became involved with the Pueblo Air Museum which is at the old air base, now Pueblo airport, and which has a large collection of WWII aviation related memorabilia. In the process of talking about the history of the base, dad mentioned the crash that had killed his friend. No one at the museum had any record of it. The museum staff contacted Larry Carpenter of Estes Park, an "aviation researcher" who has made WWII aircraft accidents in Colorado his hobby for the past 15 years. Larry has extensive knowledge and records but he also knew nothing of this particular accident. Through his contacts in the USAF and with information dad provided, Larry was able to acquire, in 2006, the 15-page accident report on this crash. It revealed that the incident was caused by a fire on the right outboard engine (number 4) and that the right wing failed in flight as a result of that fire. The crew was unable to bail out of the spinning aircraft which impacted in a field "four miles south and four miles east" of the small town of Kiowa, Colorado.



Dad sent me a copy of the report and I wondered where the site was and if there was anyone still alive who could identify it. But as with many things on my desk, it just ended up in another pile of papers.

Earlier this year, mom died of cancer in Kansas City a few months before their 62nd anniversary. Dad came out to Grand Junction, Colorado to visit my wife and me in May and then was here a second time in August after attending a family reunion with us near Pueblo. A couple of days before he was to leave and drive back to his home in Kansas City, I asked him what route he was going to take on the return trip. He said he would drive on Interstate 70 because he wanted to go by Kiowa to see if he could find out where Humpy's plane had crashed. I was taken aback by this not only because I had never heard of that goal but also because dad is now 85, needs a cane or walker to get around following heart bypass and knee replacement surgery and most important, had no clue where this crash site was except “four miles south and four miles east” of Kiowa. I surmised that mom's death had triggered this latent desire in my dad to locate the site where his friend who introduced him to my mom had died. Marti and I have a home-built RV-8A aircraft that we fly all over the country so I immediately said we would help him. Although the crash site was a 6-hour drive east from Grand Junction, it was only a little over an hour flight for us. We could fly there, help out in the search and then fly back all in the same day. Nice thought, but enter reality. Who would we contact? Were there roads that could take us to the general location of the accident site? Was it a populated residential area, a farm, open range land or what? How would we find the site? If we did find it, was there anything there to confirm it as a place an aircraft had crashed? And most important to me, where was I going to land the plane to meet my dad and his car? But then I looked at my calendar and realized something that motivated me to press on to a solution to all of these problems. In three days it would be August 9, 2007 – exactly 63 years to the day that Humpy died in that crash. In a very real way, his life of 24 years was the basis of mine and my brother's. Had he not been alive on D-Day to introduce our parents to each other we would not exist. The odds were slim but the timing and the significance of the event were important. I would try my best, realizing that this was a very, very long shot. But what I did not realize then and could not have known was that in the next few days we would meet and be helped by some of the most wonderful people on this planet.

I started by looking at the Denver sectional aviation chart to plot the approximate crash site. I wanted to be able to fly overhead and find the nearest house and a route to drive to it. My initial thinking was that the owner of the land “four miles south and four miles east” of Kiowa may know of the crash site and be able to direct us to it. At least it was a start. But the problem was that even though I could easily do this from the air, I had to land somewhere to meet dad so we could drive to the house I had identified. The sectional chart showed some unpaved runways in the area but my little plane really needed something paved. The only paved runway was at a private strip called Kelly airpark, but this was about 15 miles from the crash site. I had never been to Kelly (or even heard of it) and knew no one there but the Air Nav web site listed a contact name of Frank Niehus. I called Frank and left a message on an answering machine regarding what we wanted to do. A little later, he called back and said we most certainly could land at their private airpark. Furthermore, he said that although he might not be there on August 9, I could call his friend Dick Merring who also lived at the airpark. I had to tie down the airplane somewhere and since there is no transient parking area at Kelly, we needed a home owner who would provide a place to leave the plane. Dick was also very accommodating and explained to me how to taxi to his house and hangar. But the most important question remained. Who knew where the plane crash site was? Neither Dick nor Frank had ever heard of it but they had not lived there that long either. Airparks in general, and this one in particular, did not exist in 1944. But they sensed the significance of our mission and said they were willing to help out if they would be in town. Unknown to me at the time, both had other plans but elected to change those plans to accommodate my goal of helping dad find the location where his friend Harold Humphrey had died exactly 63 years previously.

At some point in a subsequent call I asked Frank the obvious question – was he aware of anyone in the area who lived there in 1944 and thus might have known of the crash. Frank said there was one neighbor on a farm not too far from Kelly Airpark who was “in his 80s” and who was born in the same house where he currently lived. His name was Bryce Gresham and if I could not find his number with the information operator,



he would be happy to give it to me when he was back in his house after doing some outside landscaping. Information had a number for Bryce and I called him. When I did, I was glad I have a strong heart at age 61 because what he said would have floored me otherwise. Bryce is now 80 and distinctly recalls the accident. He was building a silo in 1944 at age 17 and saw the aircraft crash. He was one of the first on the scene and pulled deceased crew members out of the wreckage so their bodies would not burn. Sharp as a tack and still farming every day, he told me very matter of factly, “I can take you to within 100 feet of the crash site.” He also told me that he would be retiring from farming at some future date when he got old! In less than 24 hours I had gone from not having any idea that dad wanted to find the location of Humpy’s final moment of life to locating a man who could take us to the exact spot. But that wasn’t the end of it.

Bryce also told me that the two friends who accompanied him to the crash site, brothers Walt and Marv Maul, also lived in the area and would help us with the search. Keep in mind that not one of these people was a person I knew and this event occurred 63 years ago. All were total strangers to me but every one of them wanted to take part in this effort to help my dad find the crash site and close out a most important question in his life – where is the site where the person who introduced him to his now deceased wife had died? With any luck, we would soon find the answer.

To leave no stone unturned I contacted Larry Carpenter, the aviation researcher who had acquired the crash report initially in his work with the Pueblo Air Museum. When I told Larry what we were doing, he was excited about it and said he was going to try to alter his own schedule to participate. But he did offer a note of caution that dimmed my growing optimism. It turns out that Larry had contacted Walt Maul on his own last year and had been taken by Walt to the site. Larry had a metal detector and was unable to locate any sign of an aircraft crash. Walt believed the military had completely removed all traces of the wreckage, as did the current owner of the property, Russ McIntyre. The site was in a hay field and had been cultivated many times in the six plus decades since the crash occurred. My hopes were dimmed that dad would be able to take a piece of Harold’s aircraft home with him but we were still going to try. At least we would be in the immediate vicinity of the accident and that would bring a degree of closure to my father.

August 9 dawned bright, clear and calm in one of those classic Colorado days of deep blue skies and unlimited visibility. Marti and I rolled down runway 22 at Grand Junction and climbed to 13,500 feet, passing overhead Aspen and Leadville on the way to our agreed upon 9 AM arrival at Kelly Airpark. When I called in on the unicom frequency, Dick Merring was on the air with his handheld radio and directed me to his home after I landed. Dad had left the prior day and spent the night in Castle Rock. He had a good map showing how to get to Kelly airpark and we were to meet Bryce there also. Shortly after we parked the plane and met Dick Merring, things just started to fall into place. Dad’s car was coming down the road, followed by Bryce’s. Frank Niehus and his wife Lynn pulled in also. We had agreed to meet Larry Carpenter at the ranch owned by Russ McIntyre since Larry had been there before and knew the route to that location. We were right on schedule and departed the airpark for the crash site. Along the way Frank and Lynn pointed out some of the sights in the open, rolling hills complete with beautiful rock outcroppings. They showed us Bryce Gresham’s farm, where he sleeps in the same bedroom where he was born 80 years ago. We saw the silo that Bryce was building when he watched that burning B-24 lose its right wing and spin into the ground several miles to the east. I had a sense that this was going to be a very good day.

When we pulled into the long drive way that led to the McIntyre farm Marti and I were stunned at all the cars and people there. Seven cars and 13 individuals comprised our group, which also included three metal detectors. Aside from my dad, Marti and me were Frank and Lynn Niehus and Dick Meering from the airpark. The land owner, Russ McIntyre was there, as were Bryce Gresham and brothers Walt and Marv Maul along with Marv’s wife Nancy. Again, Bryce, Walt and Marv were first responders after the crash, braving the flames and explosions to pull several of the deceased crew members out of the plane. In addition, aviation researcher Larry Carpenter and his wife Vi were also there, having driven over two hours from Estes Park to search an area they had already searched unsuccessfully last year. In only a few days we had gone from a seemingly crazy



idea to a group of motivated and excited people now all assembled at the same place and at the same time to help total strangers bring about closure for my dad on this quest.

With Russ's permission to drive into the hay field, we packed into as few cars as possible to minimize damage and drove to a spot near where Bryce recalled the plane being. Bryce drove even closer to reduce the distance my dad had to walk. With no real organization we moved around the general area, both visually looking for any evidence of the crash and using the three metal detectors to scan the ground. Now and then a metal detector would go off but all we found was some old barbed wire and a few rusty nails. We fooled ourselves at one spot thinking there was a large mass of metal in the ground because all three metal detectors were going crazy. After a little experimenting, we realized that the detectors were sensing the other nearby detectors, not aircraft wreckage. During our search, on three occasions different participants pulled me off to the side to thank me for doing this and for letting them be involved. Imagine that – they were there on their own time helping us find this airplane and were thanking me!

Bryce, Marv and Walt had some differences in recollection as to exactly where the plane had come down but none had been there for 63 years so this was not surprising. They pointed out where they first saw it, the direction it was heading, and where some components that came off the plane as it broke up were found along the flight path. But still, we had no evidence of the plane and after an hour it was pretty clear we were not going to find any. Little by little all of the team members gradually moved back to the starting point, thus quietly signaling that our vaunted effort was not going to be rewarded. The last one out in the field was Larry Carpenter, who with his wife Vi had searched unsuccessfully for the plane before.

Not enough can be said in praise of these two. Although neither is a pilot, they use their own time and money to research past crash sites and have amassed an incredible amount of information on accident locations, causes and personnel lost. In some cases they have made contact with relatives of those who perished. If they wish, Larry guides family members who want to close that chapter in their lives to the scene of the crash that killed their loved ones. He and Vi also spend their own money to have bronze plaques made up to mark the date, type of aircraft lost and the names of crew members. For a large crew, these plaques can cost \$1000 to have made and installed at the crash site.

Larry had given up on the use of the metal detector and was merely looking at the ground. He had seen many airplane crash sites and knew that it is almost impossible to remove all evidence. He also had the advantage of knowing where he had looked without success previously, and was further away from the starting point than the rest of us. A shout, "here it is!" came from Larry's direction and we all moved there, about 100 yards from where we had started. The unmistakable evidence of small aircraft parts littered the ground, making the metal detectors unnecessary. Riveted pieces of aluminum, broken segments of heavy cast metal, Plexiglas, parachute snap fasteners, a part of a magneto coil, melted globs of metal and other small pieces of debris were scattered around the area. Since the plane came down in a spin and was not moving horizontally at impact, most of the wreckage was in a small location, a fact confirmed by our three members who had been there 63 years to the day previously. Larry had small colored flags to place at each spot where we found parts, and eventually we placed many of them in a little pile so dad could take what he wanted. He has a photo of his friend Humpy and will have that photo and some parts framed when he returns to Kansas City. Larry also brought a small American flag which we placed in the ground near the components and at his suggestion, held a moment of silence in memory of the 10 men who had died on that very spot in their B-24 so long ago. Dad and his friend had, in a way, found each other on that calm and clear Colorado morning.

Afterwards some of the team had to return home but many joined us for lunch (at dad's expense!) in nearby Kiowa. We then went our separate ways, but only after I had phone numbers and addresses for everyone. I will be visiting the Pueblo Air Museum to buy B-24 T-shirts for all of the participants and dad will be sending them a copy of his photo of Humpy. With those two tangible mementos and the memory of the occasion, we will all share in the knowledge that we succeeded in doing a really good thing against tremendous odds.





Left to right: Larry Carpenter, Bryce Gresham, dad, Walt Maul and Marv Maul at the crash site. Bryce, Walt and Marv were there shortly after the crash occurred and pulled bodies of the deceased crew out of the burning wreckage.



At the crash site, dad holding a piece of the airplane in which his friend Harold Humphrey had died exactly 63 years to the day earlier.



The monument we dedicated at the crash site exactly a year later on August 9, 2008. It is maintained by several local ranchers.



The display dad made up of some of the memorabilia from the crash site





My father is on the far right in the white T shirt. This photo was taken of his B-17 crew in training at Mareeba, Australia before shipping out to the war zone in New Guinea. It was taken on April 23, 1942 and he had just turned 20. He had signed up after Pearl Harbor, took a train from his home in Grand Island, NE to NYC, sailed on a troop ship from there to Melbourne, Australia via the Panama Canal, and was never told where they were going until arrival. Note the guy on his tip toes. That was the aircraft commander, who wanted to be taller than everyone else! He survived the war only to be killed later in a B-25 crash in Texas. His co-pilot, fourth from the left, was later lost with another crew when their B-17 was shot down over the ocean by Japanese fighters.



When dad left his small town in Nebraska at age 19, he had never flown in any airplane. He came back a year and a half later, barely 21, with 43 missions flown against heavily defended targets in places like Wewak, and Lae, New Guinea and Rabaul, New Britain, all Japanese held areas. He had been awarded the Purple Heart, Distinguished Flying Cross and Silver Star. When he married my mom on May 1, 1945 in Denver, he had just turned 23.

Learn more about Colorado Aviation History by visting Colorado Aviation Historical Society at <http://www.coloradoaviationhistoricalsociety.org/>



CPA Board Position Openings

Marketing Committee Chair

This position is responsible for recruiting and leading a small team to improve our efforts to increase membership by more effectively reaching out to Colorado pilots and Aviation Professionals. Suggest improved member benefits and policies, such as improving advertising, on-line marketing, and social media presence.

Membership Retention Chair

This chair, with a small team as needed and working with Membership Services, would create strategies to remind members when they need to renew and encourage them to do so. Determine why members do not renew and develop strategies for improving retention of current members.

Please Contact Marty Brophy at President@coloradopilots.org if interested or know someone who might be.

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.

Colorado Pilots Association Apparel
Get your order in now and get your Christmas Shopping
done early!
Design your own CPA wardrobe and accessories.

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Ask the CFI

By Tammy Raines CFI



THE BASIC SCIENCE OF AIRCRAFT ICING.

To understand aircraft icing, you need to know a few basic things about how ice forms.

While you often hear that “water freezes at 32 degrees F,” that’s not true in many cases. The water that you put in an ice-cube tray and stick in the freezer turns to ice at close to 32 degrees F, but smaller amounts of water, such as the drops of water in a cloud, can stay liquid until the temperature drops as low as minus 40 degrees F. Coincidentally, 40 degrees F is also 40 degrees Celsius. It’s the temperature at which Fahrenheit and Celsius scales meet. This is a coincidence; the two scales were designed separately and before anyone knew small amounts of water can remain liquid to 40 degrees F or C.

While pilots flying in clouds on an instrument flight plan are the most likely to run into supercooled liquid drops, a pilot flying under visual meteorological conditions who is staying well clear of clouds and who has at least three-mile visibility can encounter supercooled liquid water. If light drizzle or rain is falling, the visibility can remain above visual flight rules (VFR) limitations. The rain or drizzle could be supercooled and deposit enough ice to cause problems. Also, freezing rain could surprise a VFR pilot who hasn’t obtained updated weather information.

The lesson is: When temperatures are frigid you need to be aware of the danger of ice, beginning with frost that might have formed on your airplane overnight.

6 Reasons Why Taking Off With Frost On Your Wings Is A Bad Idea

- 1 - Frost the size of a grain of salt, distributed as sparsely as one per square centimeter over a wing’s surface, can destroy enough lift to prevent your plane from taking off.
- 2 - Small patches of ice or frost on your wings can result in asymmetrical stalls, resulting in roll control problems during takeoff
- 3 - Frost can reduce your wing’s max lift by 30 percent or more.
- 4 - It can also reduce your wing’s critical angle-of-attack by several degrees.
- 5 - Because frost disrupts airflow over your entire aircraft, it can increase drag by up to 40%
- 6 - In the past 10 years, there have been over 30 general aviation accidents related to aircraft taking off with frost. The FAA says it’s likely that each accident could have been prevented by removing frost from the airplane.



Send your questions to Ask the CFI.



2022 FLY-IN PLANNING MEETING!

By Bob Kinney, Fly-in Chairman

What: Colorado Pilots Association’s annual fly-in planning meeting.
When: Saturday, January 15, 2022 9:00 a.m. (Snacks @ 8:30 a.m.)
Where: 170 Cessna Drive
Erie, Colorado 80516
(CPA member Larry Earnshaw’s hangar)

Okay, Okay, Okay! Here we are, one more time, making plans for our annual planning meeting following two disappointing fly-in seasons ruined by a worldwide pandemic, snotty weather, and putrid wildfire smoke. On the bright side, we’ve encountered no devastating volcanic eruptions, no massive meteorite strikes, and there’s been no biblical plague of locusts on our side of this blue ball in space. We’re making headway. In two flying seasons we’re fortunate to have squeezed in a total of four CPA-sponsored fly-ins. That is going to change! In a normal flying season we can see as many as ten or twelve CPA fly-in events. Let’s get down to business and make this happen. Seriously, let’s do it!

From the backcountry, to hundreds of feet underground, from the nation’s aviation museums, to its national parks and monuments, you’ll find us there. We hike. We bike. We ride mountaintop gondolas. We drive ATVs,UTVs, and Razors. We even ride horses.

The CPA fly-in program is one of the primary reasons many Colorado aviators have chosen to be members of the CPA. . .one of America’s finest aviation-related associations. Despite so few fly-in events in 2020 & 2021, we’ve seen the numbers of new attendees increasing and mixing with the “core” group who have flown to destinations throughout the western United States for years. The per-event attendance numbers have been impressive.



One of the best ways for an aviator to retain flying skills is to fly. Members now have a reason to spend more time in the air. Last year we introduced the term “fly-in groopie”. Groopies are the ones who regularly attend CPA-hosted fly-ins and have done so for years. They’re great people, and they love new members in the group. We’d love for you to become a fly-in groopie. We enjoyed the company of a number of new pilot friends in 2021, several who are part of the upcoming new generation of pilots and a number who are from “the old school”, having flown for many years.

Every year, CPA members gather in January to develop the fly-in schedule for the upcoming flying season. You’re invited to attend this half day planning meeting to help us plan our 2022 activities. Maybe you’d like to go one step further, and present a fly-in that you’d like to host. It’s not that difficult and the rewards are amazing. Remember, you can volunteer to host a fly-in, or just be involved in the selection process. It’s your choice and it’s sooo much fun!

To host, choose a destination you think CPA members would enjoy. Present the basic facts about your proposed fly-in at the meeting; including major activities, lodging, ground transportation, meals, and any date constraints that need to be considered in our planning process. Be an advocate for your fly-in. Tell us why it would be fun to go on your trip. Your fly-in can be somewhere in the State of Colorado or anywhere in the



western half of the U.S. It can be a one day outing or a multi-day affair. There are few limitations. Use your imagination. Please contact me if you'd like some input before the meeting. The fly-in committee and I have many years of experience planning and hosting these events. We'd love to help you do the same. Several members have hosted who had either, never been to a fly-in or had never hosted before. They did a fantastic job! You can too. My cell phone number is 303-887-3328 and email is flyins@coloradopilots.org or twinlake1@aol.com.

Want to learn more about hosting? Go to “Guidelines for a Successful Fly-In.” This document is on the CPA web-site under Fly-Events. Go to Fly-in Planning Documents. There are many helpful suggestions, not only about how to make a fly-in event turn out well, but to make it a smooth and easy process as well. This is an older document that I promise to update soon. (For crying out loud, drafted it almost 13 years ago).



Join us for a fun morning of “fly-in magic” on Saturday, January 15, 2022 at 9:00 a.m. in Larry Earnshaw’s hangar at Erie Airpark. We’ll even have some morning snacks and drinks if you arrive at 8:30.

Did you know?

During the annual meeting Mr. Jeff Hinkle announced an amazing year for scholarships:

The scholarship committee was very busy this year as we awarded two Private Pilot, two CFI, and two Emily Howell Warner scholarships this year. We had numerous applicants for each position, and the committee interviewed each candidate via Zoom. All the candidates were highly qualified. The Private Pilot awardees are Meya Luera of Western Air Flight Academy, and Sterling Smith of McAir Aviation. The CFI Awardees are Calvin Ringleberg of Western Air Flight Academy, and Sara Bauermeister of AIMS Community College. The Warner scholarship awardees are Laura Mendoza of McAir Aviation, and Amy White of Front Range Flight School.

AOPA flight training scholarships applications are now open through February 2022. Go to aopa.org/training-and-safety/students/flight-training-scholarships.

The other Education activities this year are virtual due to Covid protocols. The Douglas County Middle Schools career fair was October 25th and 26th, our excellent virtual booth presentation, created by former member Gabrielle Jordan, was on display. The Adams County career fair is November 16th and 17th. I need volunteers for the Zoom portions of the event, there are two 2 hour Zoom windows each day. You may volunteer for one or more of the four windows. We look forward to in person events in 2022, so we can re-introduce students to our Redbird Jay Velocity tabletop simulator.

If you'd like to help out reach out to Jeff at education@coloradopilots.org.



Be successful!

Be REALLY Successful

By: Frank Ladonne

Okay so after a year or so of lessons, studying, agonizing over the written, sweating during the oral and dreading the practical, you’ve done it! You are a pilot! You are one of a VERY elite group; just over one-half of one percent of individuals in the United States. You have the ability and the right to get into an airplane, launch into the sky and fly virtually anywhere you would like, whenever you want and all this without having to wait in line, take off your shoes and empty your pockets (unless you really want to).

So now what? What do you do with this very rare right and privilege?

Well, if you’re a member of the flying club that I belonged to, which is probably representative of much of the private pilot community, you sit around a table next to a window facing a runway. You drink the occasional “refreshment” and criticize the skills of other pilots AND, once a week, you all pile into various aged airplanes and you fly about 30 miles to have breakfast before flying back to the important job of ...sitting around a table and criticizing other pilots. After all, if there’s anything I’ve learned about pilots it is that the older they get, the better they were.

Let me suggest that this is probably not what you aspired to when you invested all that time and money and endured all that stress. Let me further suggest that there’s a better, infinitely more rewarding way to exercise your hard-won skills.

Many years ago, when my daughter was about four or five years old, we were sitting together in a recliner reading together and suddenly, she asked me, “So Dad, what does it take to be REALLY successful...like you are?”

WOW! My mind was racing with the implications of this question and how to answer it in a meaningful way.

What DOES it take to be really successful? What does “really successful” even mean? Finally, I answered and what I said was:

“Well Michelle, being really successful is not having the biggest car or the fanciest house or even having lots of money because, in my experience, when you have these things, you still want more. You will want a bigger car or a fancier house or even more money. No, in my experience, what it takes to be REALLY successful, what makes you feel really good and satisfied when you are all alone by yourself and thinking about it is; what have you done today to make someone else’s life just a little bit better.”

Funny thing, that little girl is now 30 years old and she never forgot that discussion. Even funnier, neither have I. And that discussion came back to me when I received my Private Pilot’s License. What can I do with this to help others less fortunate?



I found LifeLine Pilots. There are many such organizations across the US. LifeLine Pilots is located in the Midwest and it is a wonderful group of people dedicated to “...making someone else’s life just a little bit better.” LifeLine Pilots’ mission is to “...facilitate free air transportation through volunteer pilots for financially distressed passengers with medical and humanitarian needs.” Pilots donate their time, skills and the cost to operate their aircraft to help others in dire circumstances. We fly passengers, often little children and their parents, to or back home from cancer or other medical treatments. Sometimes we fly relief supplies to stricken areas. The first time I flew a “mission”, I thought it would be awkward. It’s anything but. These people are just like you and me except for circumstance. Often crushing medical bills leave them without the ability to get to essential treatment. What I did discover is that these folks are just the happiest, friendliest, most normal people you would ever want to meet, dealing with their situation as best they can. In fact, spending time with them gives real perspective. Suddenly all the minor annoyances and disappointments that we all face seem pretty trivial.

Thanks to LifeLine, I’ve had so many wonderful experiences; experiences I will never forget. Like the day I picked up little Andrew and his Mom Jodi from Newark, Ohio to take them to DuPage, Illinois. It was just CRAZY hot that day; 98 degrees, as I recall and, naturally, along with the heat, were the “bumps in the air”. Just before we took off, little Andrew asked if it would be okay if we waved to his Dad and brother standing by the side of the runway. You guessed it, we took off and I gave them a “wing wave”. Andrew laughed and laughed. So as to avoid the heat and the worst of the bumps, we climbed to 8,500 where the air was cool and smooth. We sat back and all enjoyed the ride. Finally, as we were nearing Gary, Indiana, I announced that we needed to begin our descent and it would get a lot hotter and bumpier before we landed but, as luck would have it, Du Page airport was on the ground and there was no avoiding the descent. Well, it did get hotter and the bumps were as predicted. While I concentrated on my approach, I quietly felt sorry for the ride they were getting. I made a nice landing and opened the windows. As we rolled to the FBO, I said, “Really sorry for all the bumps.” Little Andrew gleefully shouted, “Are you KIDDING! THAT was the best part!” I laughed and glanced back at his Mom, for her... not so much.

*Photos from the Great Colorado Airshow.
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more.*





From Member Neal Ulevich:

In January, 1973 I was at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport when a transport attracted my brief attention. I took it for a C-46, veteran of WWII. Only when I examined the negatives some hours later did I see my error: Four engines, not two. It was one of only 10 Boeing S307 airliners ever built, the first pressurized airliner. Howard Hughes bought one as his executive aircraft (his plan to fly it around the world in record time was short-circuited by WWII). Most of the 10 spent the war flying for the US military. And when the conflict ended various shadow entities bought, used, transferred and sold the rest. French registration F-BELX, was used as transport for the International Control Commission (ICI), an organization which made a fruitless effort to end the Indo-China conflict. This S307 in the poorly maintained service of Cambodia Air Commercial crashed on June 27, 1973 when three of four engines failed after take-off from Battambang. Nineteen of the 39 on board died. Only one S307 remains, an exhibit at the famed Smithsonian Udvar-Hazy Center at Washington Dulles International Airport. Photo by Neal Ulevich

Abandoned & Little Known Airfields of Colorado:

Check out http://www.airfields-freeman.com/CO/Airfields_CO.htm for a fantastic look at some aviation history. If you have any pictures from old airports or early flying here send them to newsletter@coloradopilots.org.





***F-16 from Colorado National Guard departing
Buckley Space Force Base.***

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