

CPA FLIGHT LINES



Paul Gordon

Landing at Centennial Airport



‘Tis The Season

Adrian Nye, CPA President

I am privileged to take over as President from Martin Brophy who did such a fine job the past few years. For those that don't know me yet, I'm a lifelong aviation nut starting from model airplanes and I've been a GA pilot for 25 years. I've been a writer, engineer, kayaker, musician, and software developer. I'm now an active CFII and chief pilot for Bell Ornithopters which is a flying club at KBJC.

I'd also like to welcome Brian Brieske as our new Vice President. Brian has been involved in the Mountain Flying program and has been active in attending fly-ins. Brian is a lawyer and works at a regional airline.

One of the best things about being President is I feel the organization would run just fine without me! That is the mark of a strong organization or business - the staff can run it without a head honcho micro-managing everything.

I have always been impressed by the quality and dedication of the volunteers in CPA. A lot is getting done and done well. The Mountain Flying program, the Fly-in program, and the website come to mind as three of the strongest areas. We have growth areas such as CPA Presents and Backcountry flying. We are very lucky to have so many volunteers who are passionate about flying and provide a service to our members, the state, and the nation.

December is the month where we can pause and consider how we could do even better.

What else can we do to serve our members? It's a time to brainstorm and start coming to agreement on any changes we want to make or new projects we want to start. All we need is a good idea and the volunteer power to make it happen. If you have an idea or time to dedicate, please let me know! I can be reached at president@coloradopilots.org. What can we do to serve you better?

Not to say that what we are doing is not enough or not good enough. It's great! But I believe in Kaizen - the Japanese concept of continuous improvement. There are always pain points. There is always room for improvement. Our strong points now were once just a gleam in someone's eye. Why not think about what in 10 years could be another strong point of this organization?

Wishing you happy holidays, but if we don't get a White Christmas, then at least a sunny December with perfect flying days!



Nick Samaco



55 Years of Flying Adventures... And Still Counting

(Part 3 of 11)

By Bill Marvel, the RV-14A guy



Crossing the Pacific at 110 knots and 6000 feet via Honolulu, Majuro, Truk, Yap and Palau to Taipei, Taiwan. You have no idea how large the Pacific Ocean is...

What would later become a 17-year adventure with Denny began in 1984 with a Brittain Norman Islander he was taking from Vacaville, CA to Taipei, Taiwan. Refuel/overnight stops were planned for Honolulu, Majuro, Truk, Yap, Palau and eventually, Taipei. I suspect some readers have never even heard of all those locations. If you have, wait until Africa... Long story short, that first leg to Honolulu was 20 hours and 15 minutes and we had to be in the air for 8 hours to burn off enough fuel just to be down to full certified gross weight. And we hand flew it all the way, as it had no autopilot.

On route to Hawaii, still in darkness about 3 AM, we saw an extremely fast-moving aircraft at high altitude in front of us, eastbound, with an intensely bright light on its nose. It was at least supersonic, if not more. We couldn't decide what it might be, so I called

Oakland Oceanic Control on HF radio to query what that aircraft ahead was. As it clearly streaked toward us with that insanely bright light on and pulling a contrail, the response came back from Oakland – no airplanes were out there but us... Two weeks later, I saw a magazine photo taken from Hawaii of the exact same thing we saw. It was the space shuttle Challenger, returning from orbit and heading down through the atmosphere to its alternate landing site in California. We were lucky to be two of only a few people who have actually seen a space shuttle returning to Earth while glowing from the heat of atmospheric entry. Mystery solved.

Later on, still droning toward Honolulu, one vacuum pump and then one alternator failed. And the left engine oil pressure occasionally read zero, a gauge problem. But that's the way it was in the ferry business – stuff happens and you deal with it. The adventure had begun. And I liked it.

A couple of other things came to mind regarding that Taipei trip. We left Honolulu not long after midnight for our 17-hour jaunt to Majuro. The departure time was set to assure that we landed in daylight. Our air traffic control clearance to "cruise 6000" remains the only time I have ever received a cruise clearance, so rare that most pilots have never heard of it. That allowed us to descend to any lower altitude and to make an approach and landing at Majuro, with no further approval needed. And at that point we still had about 16 hours of flying time ahead of us. You would correctly surmise there is little air traffic into Majuro. How many people have even heard of it?

After refueling, dinner and a night in the simple hotel on Majuro, it was off to Truk island the following morning. Truk is a scuba diver's paradise due to some 40 Japanese ships that were sunk in the harbor there during WWII by the U.S. Navy. The next morning, we took off and headed for Yap, a planned refueling and overnight stop but there we ran into a problem. Authorities were concerned about some disease and we did not have the proper paperwork showing us as disease free. They allowed us to refuel but we had to leave immediately – no food or overnight stay allowed. Denny and I threw together a flight plan and a police officer drove me to the satellite center on the island where I could file it for our flight to Koror, Palau. Then he drove me back to the airplane to make sure we left, as we were being



unceremoniously evicted. With no other option, we did just that. Fortunately, the flight was only a few hours and allowed us to arrive before it got dark.

Our departure from Koror the following morning was the last leg to the destination in Taipei, where we would deliver the keys and the airplane to Formosa Airlines. Like all the rest, the route was entirely over water, this one off the east coast of the Philippines. The planned arrival time in Taipei before the close of business necessitated a 3 AM departure from Koror, which like most airports in small island nations has no electrical power on at night. That means no parking lot lights, no terminal building lights and to be sure, no runway or taxiway lights. The place was locked up tight. We asked the taxi driver to point his headlights at the airport fence we had to crawl over and I went first, followed by Denny after he threw our bags over it for me to catch. We started and taxied out using our landing lights since the rest of the airport was dark. I'll never forget the strange feeling of taking off and looking back at the airport to see absolutely nothing but blackness. It was only a few miles away but might as well have been a million.

Sometimes I flew back-to-back trips with Denny and sometimes it was many months between them. It all depended on the airplane he had and my schedule. Later on, in addition to many overseas trips, I flew a bunch of airplanes for him in the U.S. so he could take them to distant nations from wherever I had left them for tanking. He'd seen me fly enough that he trusted me to do this for him even though I had never flown most of the airplanes involved. It was the norm for me to study the Pilots Operating Handbook for a couple of days ahead of time and then launch off on my own with no checkout of any sort. It's questionable whether I was even insured in all of them but that was long ago when insurance was not nearly as restrictive as it is now. Plus, I had no intention of having any insurance claims... Today, there's no way I could make my first flight in a pressurized Piper Malibu, for instance, with no time in type and be insured for anything.

Speaking of which, that Malibu was the airplane that caused me to file my first and only NASA report when I left Salt Lake City International headed for Oakland, CA. Since I'd never flown one before, I was busy running the last checklist items just prior to being cleared into position and hold on runway 17 at SLC. While stopped there on the runway waiting, I heard a huge roar overhead. It was a business jet that was sucking up the gear as it passed right over me for the same runway, aborting its approach and climbing away. When I asked the tower what the devil was going on regarding this event that was never supposed to happen, they just said, "cleared for takeoff." I asked again and took the hint to drop my query when they slowly repeated the takeoff clearance. Someone up there in the tower cab had some "splainin" to do, but they weren't going to talk with me about it. I dutifully filed a NASA report afterwards, just in case I had done something wrong, but never heard anything more.

Once I had to pick up a Piper Navajo from Santa Paula, CA and fly it to San Jose. The right engine had been worked on, so as I accelerated down the fairly short runway, I was paying great attention to its performance instruments. When it looked like it was about time to rotate, I glanced for the first time at my airspeed indicator, only to find it sitting defiantly on zero. With no runway left for any sort of Plan B, I rotated the nose to a normal pitch attitude and then looked at the right-side airspeed indicator to see it about where it should be. Moments later, the one on my side began working. It was one of many experiences I had over the years that ferrying unfamiliar used airplanes frequently revealed surprises one did not expect. More were coming.



The zero airspeed Navajo at Santa Paula.

The only time I've ever flown a Cessna P-210 was from Hayward, CA to Bangor, Maine for Denny to deliver later to some location in Europe. As usual, I'd read the POH the night before and don't recall the details now, but somehow setting the cabin pressurization in that airplane was different from other pressurized airplanes I had flown. It had a large,



aluminum ferry fuel tank next to me where the front passenger seat was supposed to be. That tank was about half full since I had filed for 17,000 feet only to Kansas City to stay overnight with my parents. I would continue the next day to Bangor. On climb out from the Bay area I was on wing fuel, planning to switch over to the ferry tank once I reached cruise altitude. Somewhere around 15,000 feet in the climb over the Sierra Nevada mountains, I glanced over at my right seat "passenger", only to see it getting fatter by the second! It was beginning to look like a partially inflated square balloon. I wasn't sure what was going on but had never experienced that before. I briefly pondered a welded seam splitting and spilling massive amounts of fuel in the cockpit, turning me into toast long before the airplane hit the ground. I surmised the problem had to do with tank venting and cabin pressure, so I slowly opened the tank filler cap. A big woosh sound occurred as the tank dumped its excess pressure into the cabin and went back to normal size. I still wasn't sure what had happened but since cabin pressure was holding and I could keep the ferry tank from getting bloated by periodically opening the cap, I wrote it up as a vent problem to be solved by someone in Bangor. No further difficulties. One thing Denny appreciated about this arrangement with me was that I would write up a detailed "squawk sheet" on each airplane so he had a good idea of what worked and what didn't, how it performed and so on when he finally got to flying it. There are enough surprises ferrying strange airplanes as it is without piling on even more that could have been discovered ahead of time.

Next – An Aerostar, jets, an expensive door handle, a cold beer in the Congo and "That's Africa, Baby."

Still time to get your favorite Pilot some Colorado Pilots Association Gear

**Visit Lands' End for all your CPA apparel. Perfect for pilots
and non-pilots alike. Head on over and get your Colorado
Pilots Association Sway today.**



Welcome to 2023!

By Bill Marvel, Fly-in committee chairman

OK, I admit it's a bit premature if referring to the calendar but not so if you're looking at CPA's upcoming year of flying adventures.

The ideas behind our exciting slate of annual aviation outings begin well ahead of New Year's Day each year and culminate at the annual Fly-in Planning Meeting. **That meeting will occur on January 7, 2023 at the BJC terminal building meeting room. Arrive at 8:30 for a start time of 9 AM.** Food and drink are a part of the merriment, so bring an appetite and wear a smile!

In between reading this article in the December issue of Flight Lines and the meeting date, you will receive an email reminder from the webmaster. But get ahead of it right now and mark your calendars to set aside that time. This is the meeting where the flying events of 2023 are presented and scheduled, and all members are invited to participate. Yep, that means you!

Old hats at this realize these trips may go anywhere from the Atlantic to Pacific and from Mexico to Canada. While it's not likely all four of those limits will be approached, two might be! But more realistically, here in the mountain west there is plenty to see and do, hundreds of airports to serve us and distances within comfortable reach of most of our airplanes for a weekend event. In fact, our home state of Colorado offers some of the most spectacular scenery in the country and I suspect we'll have an event or two right here.

Aside from planning events for the coming year, this January get together also acts as a sounding board for those who are not planning a specific Fly-in but can offer their thoughts and suggestions as to destinations they would like to see scheduled in the future. It's amazing what a bunch of motivated CPA members can come up with when prompted by a little back and forth with others!

We have many new members each year and these trips provide a great way to meet others. You'll see places you may possibly not visit on your own and do all of it with a group of fellow pilots who are there to help should something go awry, like a flat tire. And for new pilots, I cannot emphasize strongly enough how important flying to distant destinations is in developing your flying skills. Touch and goes are important but they don't get you anywhere but where you started. Dealing with weather, terrain, radio procedures, fuel reserves, unfamiliar airports and the like are all parts of the business we're in. Doing this in a group offers a degree of safety while learning that you simply cannot get when traveling on your own.

So mark January 7 on your calendars, cancel any conflicts and plan on being there. CPA Fly-ins are one of the premier events in the Association and every member should take advantage of them. It's what we do!

**Want to help your CPA? Got a great
idea that you just know will be awesome?
Let us know! Contact Adrian at:**

President@coloradopilots.org



Our Community Airport

By Carl Lawrence

The Boulder Municipal Airport started out as Hayden Field about a hundred years ago. In early entrepreneurial fashion, Silver Wing Aircraft Company, which was located near 28th and Pine streets, ran a pilot training facility and test flew their own aircraft design at the field. The Army Air Corp Civilian Pilot Training program trained Navy aviators on the field during World War II. In 1943 the City purchased the 36 acre airfield and renamed it Boulder Municipal Airport. Aviation thrived along the Front Range during those years, yet today about half of the early airfields are gone.

There is a saying that a mile of road can take you a mile, yet a mile of runway can take you everywhere. The Boulder airport is our local connection into the National Airspace System in a similar vein as highways 7, 36 and 119 are our local connections into the National Highway System. And, although these connections have issues of noise, pollution and safety, they directly link our community to our nationwide transportation networks. Freedom to travel doesn't always require driving thirty miles to wait for hours in a large airport before departing.

Our Boulder community airport not only provides training for aspiring commercial pilots, it also introduces pre-teens and teens to aviation. Volunteer pilots with the EAA (Experimental Aircraft Association) sponsored Young Eagles program provide free introductory flights to kids each month during the summer. The predicted long-term shortage of airline pilots will only be mitigated by young people getting the flying bug through programs like Young Eagles. Our airport also has an outdoor viewing area where little kids can spread their arms and pretend to fly down a miniature runway.

Not only does the Boulder airport house the usual aircraft services and training operations, it is also home to two unique companies. Scientific Aviation is an entrepreneurial success and world renowned leader in atmospheric gases measurements. NEON is the NSF funded National Ecological Observatory Network and is in Boulder because of our talented pool of scientists and engineers. Both of these companies show the importance of easily accessible, community based airports.

The Boulder airport has served our community well in emergencies. As a former Colorado Army National Guard Commander, I am very aware of the value of locally based resources during emergencies, having been deployed on two Colorado natural disasters decades ago. During the 2013 flood the hangar where my aircraft was stored was used to billet the military helicopter crews and support personnel who rescued hundreds of Coloradans from the mountains. During that flood emergency, the airport's terminal building was turned over to the military for the command center coordinating the flights.

During large wildfires the Rocky Mountain Metro airport in Broomfield handles the heavier fire-fighting aircraft, which require a longer runway than Boulder's. To alleviate aircraft congestion at Metro during these emergencies, smaller firefighting aircraft and helicopters use Boulder for fueling and crew services. The Boulder airport is a critical resource for our emergency response personnel as it provides immediate access to disaster sites by air. The Boulder Community Hospital Emergency helicopter is also serviced and fueled at our airport.

A couple of decades ago a friend invited me for a ride in his 1968 Cessna Cardinal. We departed the Boulder airport and headed over the Boulder Reservoir toward our neighborhood when I voiced my concern about what keeps airplanes in the air. Following the flight, my friend loaned me his two-inch thick pilot training book so that I could gain an understanding of flight. It all made sense after reading the book, so why waste this newly acquired knowledge? I soon started hands-on training fulfilling a dream from early childhood, yet now in what is considered my mid-life. Due to work loads and financial shortages, it took years, and more than a hand-full of instructors to prepare for my practical flight examination.

As a serial entrepreneur I soon discovered some interesting opportunities in aviation. For a few years I purchased used aircraft and leased them to the flying school. The most exciting opportunity though was heading up the engineering team to build a battery powered aircraft. This fit quite well with my earlier experience of co-founding and leading an electric



vehicle battery manufacturing company. The work on the electric aircraft led to another opportunity - to design a unique electric motor for aircraft. Currently, I'm working toward the development of a safer, quieter and cleaner aircraft - an electric powered gyroplane.

A primary passion throughout my life has been energy and economic efficiencies. With this in mind, the Boulder airport offered another entrepreneurial opportunity. I found that I could design an aircraft hangar that maintained a reasonable internal temperature without any active heating or cooling systems. Temperatures stayed between 40° and 80°, suitable for aircraft storage, without any additional equipment or systems. Hangars offer this unique opportunity to continue refining designs and narrowing temperature variations on each successive hangar build. Energy efficiency concepts developed here can be incorporated in other commercial and residential buildings to cut their purchased energy costs by at least fifty percent.

The Boulder Municipal Airport is a community of entrepreneurs, scientists, students, small business owners, engineers, mechanics, service personnel and aviators. Monthly meetings include our own chapters of the Experimental Aircraft Association and the Antique Airplane Association. The airport hosts monthly Young Eagles events with help from the Boy Scouts and the Civil Air Patrol. If you or your kids have an interest in aviation, come on out and enjoy an event or two. Get involved. Everyone is welcome.



Nick Samaco



38th Annual Navajo Christmas Airlift

Richard and Dana Barclay

Thanks to a short article of the 38th Annual Navajo Christmas Airlift a few weeks ago, from CPA, I checked out the web site, talked to Dana about us participating and decided to move forward. We had a notice sent to CPA and our community, Kelly Air Park.

The Burlington Wed lunch fly in, provided the first donation from Marty Brophy. Neighbors started calling to indicate they would have great stuff to donate. Dana and I started searching our closets and cabinets for great stuff. We found games we had forgotten we had. Some had never been opened, like Party till you Puke. That one went to the trash can.

12 of our neighbors started delivering bags of great stuff. It got weighed, marked and placed in rows in the hangar according to weight. The tally reached 460 lbs, the volume was the big issue. We removed the rear seat and started packing.

The delivery dates were Nov. 10-12, so we had a great opportunity for picking weather days and winds aloft. I planned on the 11th, but the front range was blessed with snow. The winds aloft on the 12th were perfect. 5 knots headwind going and a little more tailwind on the return. The plane was stuffed to the backs of our seats, making it a contortionist act to get in the front seats. We were off the ground in the first third of our new 3800 long runway. The flight was smooth and we landed in 2hrs 15 min.

The ground crew was very efficient, and happy to see all the planes participate. They had us drop all our great stuff at the tail of the plane. Ground crews loaded it all into a pickup as fast as we could unload our plane. All of our great stuff filled a long bed pickup. A Piper taxied in to our right, turns out it was Scott Moudy, a CPA member and his son. Scott gets the award for longest traveled aircraft from Colo. to donate. There were 3 planes from Colo that made the trip this year.

Greg McColley, organizer of this event, sent out an email on Sunday indicating that 71 planes of all sizes participated and estimated, conservatively about 18k lbs of great stuff was delivered by aircraft and additional loads coming in by truck.

This is a great event. So sad that we have native Americans living in poverty. Hopefully next year we can get 10 planes out of Colo.

Your new AOPA magazine has a big article from past years, check it out.

Thanks to all the people that helped stuff our plane. Thanks to the people of Gallup for all their hard work in this, 38 year event





Paul Gordon

Heading home from Centennial.

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