

International Cessna 120/140 Association Issue 398 Spring 2016 Feb/Mar/Apr



Luis (iBU) Alvarado and his wife Pat - Palo Alto, Boquete, Chiriquí República de Panamá



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See you at Sun-N-Fun 2016 !



Virgil Warren - President

I remember my first visit to Sun 'n Fun in 2005. Hannah and I were in Tampa and drove over to Lakeland for the day. As we approached Lakeland Linder airport, the sky was filled with the noise of ultralights buzzing and darting over the road, which lay just underneath their approach pattern into the separate, ultralight area. But once we were parked and on the grounds, the real experience began! We became a part of what now is termed "the second largest gathering of general aviation enthusiasts in the United States."

In 1974, the Lakeland EAA chapter decided to hold a fly-in for sport aviation enthusiasts. They were joined by the Southeastern Sport Aviation Council and the Florida Sport Antique and Classic Aircraft Association. The first weekend fly-in (dubbed Mid-Winter SUN 'n FUN) was held in January of 1975 and—although the attendance was limited to pilots and members of the sponsoring groups—more than 365 aircraft and nearly 2,000 folks showed up.

The event was expanded to a full week in 1976 when the city of Lakeland approved the lease for the event site on the southwest quadrant of the airport. The public was invited on a limited basis (crowd control near moving aircraft was a concern) and 6,168 attendees from thirty-eight states, Canada, Australia and Holland attended. Twelve hundred aircraft, two hundred including homebuilts, one hundred eighty antiques, two hundred sixty classics and twenty eight warbirds were on the field. By 1980, the event grew to a new attendance high of ten thousand one hundred visitors from throughout the United States and ten foreign countries. That year the FAA estimated more than four thousand aircraft made appearances throughout the week.

During the 1980's growth continued with permanent buildings being constructed on the event campus to provide exhibit space and educational venues for the many skills workshops and informational forums that were a part of the week's activities. By the 1990's Sun 'n Fun had grown to become an independent event, no longer associated with the EAA but run with hundreds of volunteers and a small permanent staff. Recognized as a 501(c)3 non-profit organization, the air museum held its grand opening in 1992, land holdings for the event campus were increased, and the campground was enlarged to accommodate more visitors.

By the time Hannah and I arrived in 2005, the FAA logged 61,696 aircraft movements during the week's event and the campus continued to evolve into a year-round aviation venue with the construction of additional permanent buildings. The Central Florida Aerospace Academy opened in 2011. This was also the year that a small tornado crossed the vendor area, seriously damaging more than 40 aircraft but sparing the many visitors that had sought shelter in the hangars.





So if you come to Sun 'n Fun, what can you expect? This year's theme will feature examples of seventyfive years of military aviation. You'll have a chance to meet many of our association members who make this trip an annual event. We'll have a table set up in the type club area and are planning an informal dinner one night during the event. I'll be there all week and hope to meet many new members as they visit. You'll be treated to daily air shows, and have the opportunity to stroll the flight line looking at hundreds of general aviation aircraft. The vendor area is full of static displays from almost every general aviation manufacturer and the hangars are turned into a huge retail site for folks selling equipment, and aviation-related services. Each day there are seminars and demonstrations, many conducted by volunteers that allow you to add to your aviation knowledge. The Florida Air Museum is a must see while you are there.

Sun'n Fun has a dedicated website that provides a wealth of important information for visitors, especially those who have never before attended the event. On that site you can identify lodging opportunities and also download the required information for flying in. If you're not up to landing at Linder, there are a number of less busy airports nearby that welcome overflow pilots.

So plan to be in Lakeland April 5-10 to enjoy some spring-time weather and spend time with thousands of aviation enthusiasts. I'll hope to see you there. While at Sun-N-Fun, join us for dinner at Hallback's Bar and Grill. (Formally Earhart's Runway Grill) We have reservations for 6:30 pm on Thursday April 7th. Just mention Cessna 120/140 Association





Same location – new owner

3900 Don Emerson Dr #201, Lakeland, FL 33811 (Off of Drane Field road on the North side of the airport) 863-937-8900

Incident in the corn

by James Rhoades



In the last issue of our newsletter, dated September/November 2015, we mentioned that Jack Hooker bestowed his Hooker Harness Test Pilot award to James Rhoades during the Tullahoma convention. James has graciously provided us with his account of the incident for this issue.



Incident in the corn, 2013 by James Rhoades

The flight that morning started like every other flight. I checked the weather for my flight home and I had no conflicts. I preformed a normal preflight, no issues. I rechecked the AWOS for KCWI - 1333Z - 06007 - 10 - CLR - 19/14 -3009, still good. Programed the GPS for the flight home, check. Preformed a normal run up, no issues.

As I turned onto runway 3 and pushed the throttle forward, I didn't have a care in the world. It was a beautiful day and I got to go flying again!

My takeoff roll and initial climb out were perfectly normal. I trimmed her up for 75mph as I started thinking back about all the fun I had and the new friends I had made during the 150/152 convention in Clinton. At about 400' AGL, I turned onto my heading home. As I continued my climb, I reset my GPS so I was back on the course line. Just as I reached about 500' AGL, EVERYTHING changed!! All of a sudden, that comforting hum in front of me stopped! The engine went from full power to somewhere around 500 rpm.

The first thing I did was push the nose down. Since I was trimmed for 75 MPH, I rolled in some nose up trim. I knew I needed to keep my airspeed around 60 to 65mph for my best glide and I did not want to have to manage my airspeed with the yoke while trying to restart the engine. This was part of my engine out training and I did it without even thinking about it.

I than went through one complete cycle of trying to restart the engine with no luck.

I started my scan for a place to put my C120 back on the ground. I looked out my left window and seen the end of RNY 14. It looked SO close and inviting, I could almost touch it!!!

As I made my left turn towards RNY 14, I made my first radio call. "Clinton area traffic, Cessna 1773N making an emergency landing on RNY 14, I have an engine out, Clinton" As soon as I finished my turn, I went right back to trying to restart the engine. Carb heat on, fuel on the fullest tank, cycle mags (prop was still turning), pump the throttle, a shot or two of the primer...... Nothing worked It was at this point that I was getting really low and gave up on the engine. I was going to have to put it down without the engine.

Incident in the corn

by James Rhoades



As I glided in, I had gut wrenching realization. I was not going to make it. As much as I wanted to pull back on the yoke to extend my glide, I knew I couldn't. The last thing I wanted to do was stall it so close to the ground.

As I decended towards runway 14, I looked like I may clip the top of the corn and land in the bean field short of the runway, than I seen the Barb-wire tipped airport perimeter fence.....

I made a split-second decision. I decided that landing in the corn field was better than catching the fence with my landing gear and ending up on my back. At about 30' AGL, I made a left turn to avoid the fence and to land in the corn. As I was making my turn, I made another radio call. "Clinton area traffic, 73N, I am not going to make it, I am going in the corn North of 14, I am going in the corn, north of 14"

As soon as I levelled the wings, the tires started hitting the top of the corn. I gently pulled back on the yoke, just like I would on any normal landing. I basically did a full stall landing on the top of the corn.

I am going to be honest with everyone. I have never felt more fear in my life than when that corn started hitting the airplane. I am a Iraq Combat Veteran and I have been in situations where I have been shot at, mortared, and road side bombed. None of that compared to how I felt at that moment. At that point, I had done everything I could do. It was out of my hands. My choices put me where I was and I had no more control of the outcome.



The "landing" happened pretty fast. I was in a slight left skid from my turn so my left main hit the ground first and drug through dirt. It finally caught and put the airplane on its nose and slammed the right wingtip into the ground. I was thrown forward and to the right and I was stopped by the Hooker shoulder harness.

When everything stopped moving, the airplane was resting on its nose and right wingtip. Almost everything that was in the baggage compartment was now laying on the windshield and on me. The impact of going up on the nose was pretty violent.

As I was hanging in the shoulder harness, I looked out the windshield. All I could see was fresh 100LL pouring down the windshield and onto the engine!! I got out of the airplane so quick, I didn't even think to take off my headset. It was ripped off my head as I jumped out.

I ran about 10 yards away and realized that I never turned off the master. I ran back, turned off the master, and than got away again.

Incident in the corn

by James Rhoades



As I was collecting my thoughts, I realized that I had a handheld radio in the plane. I decided that I may need it to let everyone know that I was ok so I went back, grabbed it, and got it away from the airplane again. By the time I fired up the radio, there were people yelling for me through corn.



The total elapsed time from the loss of engine power to landing in the corn was less than 90 seconds. I know a minute and a half seems like a long time but it really was not. Everything happened so fast but yet it still seems like it happened in slow motion. I cannot remember what happened last week at work but I can remember every detail of that 90 seconds that happened two and a half years ago...

I look back at it now and realize that I could have made better decisions that day. I could have/should have gone for an open field or road in front of me. I wasted precious altitude making the turn to RNY 14. I should have taken in to account the current wind conditions before turning. It was not in my favor. There are a lot of things I could have done differently that day. The bottom line is that I walked away and the airplane will be repaired.

I am guessing that everyone wants to know why the engine quit that day. Well, it turns out that it never actually quit, it was flooded. There was an EDM 700 installed in the plane that recorded everything. There was a fuel flow spike at the time I lost power. Right after the fuel flow spike, the RPM dropped. The engine maintained around 500 RPM all the way to the ground and my fuel flow was about the same as full power.

What caused the fuel flow spike and engine flooding? The carb heat flapper. It decided to separate from the shaft and get sucked up tight to the bottom of the carb. It had the same effect of pulling the choke out on your lawnmower when you are running it at full power. There was NOTHING I could have done to regain power. As long as the prop was turning, there was enough vacuum to hold the flapper tight to the bottom of the carb.

What did I learn from this incident?

1. Never get complacent. An engine failure can happen at any time and you need to be ready for it. Train, train, train!

2. Keep calm and do not panic, remember your training. Aviate, navigate, communicate, in that order.

3. Just because there is a runway in your area, it may not be your best option. You lose precious altitude making turns.

4. Shoulder harness, shoulder harness, shoulder harness!! I cannot thank Jack Hooker enough for his harnesses that were installed in 73N!

5. Airplanes are expendable, human life is not. Do not try to save the airplane, fly it to the ground and save yourself.



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Tech Talk



by guest author Robert Kachergius - the Stromberg Carburetor Specialist



ANNUAL INSPECTION ITEMS OVERLOOKED AND/OR MISSED:

An annual inspection is performed to assure the legality and safety to fly the aircraft for 12 months from the date the "annual" is signed off... It appears that TWO very important and critical issues are often missed or overlooked when the annual is performed. These two critical items, when "overlooked", can cause you to NOT be legally in annual, and thus "un-insurable" when this situation exists. Learn about and then DO something about it.

Issue number one; The type certificate issued to an aircraft clearly states which equipment is legal to operate on that aircraft by type and part number (example – engine series, props, magnetos and so on).

If a "non-standard" part is installed not covered by the type certificate, it must be on a "Supplemental Type Certificate" (STC), or must have an FAA "field approval" accomplished. Nothing else is legal. Now with regard to the Stromberg NA-S3 series carburetor installed on your engine, you would not believe how many carbs I get in for overhaul that have the W R O N G part number mounted to that engine "illegally". There are two series Strombergs (NA-S3A1 and NA-S3B) with 19 different and separate part numbers on them. Yes, an A65 carb will fit and run on a C85, but not L E G A L L Y..... Unlike all other engine components which have an aluminum data plate riveted to them stating part type, model and serial number, Strombergs neither have that data plate or a serial number on any of them.

Most A&P's and IA's, being unaware of this, wrongfully assume that all Strombergs are the same... N O T T R U E... They go ahead and end up signing off the annual not knowing the problems that they cause should an accident or incident occur.



There are two numbers mechanically stamped on the lower carburetor flange that attaches to the air box. One number is the Stromberg factory part number (example: # 380167-2 which ONLY fits a C85 with a "gravity" fuel system).

Tech Talk



by guest author Robert Kachergius - the Stromberg Carburetor Specialist



The second stamped number which is the Continental in-house reference number (example" # 40590 which is for the C85 also). Again, there is NO aluminum data plate or serial number (except for just a very few of the real early ones) on A N Y Stromberg NA-S3 carburetor. Often, those numbers are obscured by paint or dirt and grime but they ARE THERE. Seriously, identify them to stay legal.

Now, where do you find a list of those important numbers and references? EASY... Go to my website, THE STROMBERG SPECIALIST.COM and look up the article I wrote which is "The Numbers Game, It's All In The Numbers"...Make a copy and give it to your mechanic and IA to stay legal (and insurable).

Issue number two; A really important issue is that carburetor dripping fuel after engine shutdown. ILLEGAL, ILLEGAL. The "assumed fix" is to shut off the fuel selector which stops that hazardous fuel drip. Yes, that stops the fuel drip but it is NOT LEGAL....

Reference FAA" 43-13-1A, section 712 paragraph B EXTERNAL FUEL LEAKAGE... Re; fuel crossfeed, firewall shutoff and fuel selector valves... It states "external leakage from these units can result in a serious fire hazard, especially if the unit is located under the cabin floor or within a similarly confined area. Correct the cause of ANY fuel stains associated with fuel leakage"... ANY fuel leakage also pertains to the carburetor which is down stream of the fuel valve.

The cure is GET THE LEAK FIXED AND STOPPED...There are many out there which doubt the validity of what I have stated in the above paragraphs. Getting the correct answer is really simple. Call the local FAA FSDO and your insurance carrier and ask them, "can I legally be in annual and insured if I have the wrong carburetor part number on my plane that has a fuel leak after I shut the engine down"? I think you all know what the answer will be.

Any questions, I can be reached at 708-267-7111. Bob Kachergius / The Stromberg Specialist



Editor's note;

Robert provided us with the part number list mentioned in the article. I have printed it on the next page for reference.

Tech Talk



by guest author Robert Kachergius- the Stromberg Carburetor Specialist



CARB MODEL ENGINE MFGR ENGINE MFGR ENGINE MODEL HORSEPOWER FUEL FEED SETTING NUMBER **NA-S3A1** series carburetors WITH mixture control A18033A -or- B CONT 3628 A-65 65 GRAVITY A-75 75 GRAVITY A-80 80 GRAVITY A30177 CONT A-75 (Stinson) 75 GRAVITY 4631 50" HEAD 380162 CONT 40059 C-75 75 GRAVITY 380167 CONT 40590 C-85 85 GRAVITY C-75 PRESSURE <u>380171</u> CONT 36019 75 <u>380172</u> CONT C-85 PRESSURE 40636 85 380174 CONT 24716 C-75-12 75 GRAVITY 380231-3 CONT C-9012F 90 GRAVITY 90 <u>380231</u> CONT C-90 PRESSURE <u>391090</u> CONT C-90 90 GRAVITY 90 <u>391156</u> CONT C-90 GRAVITY 391229-1-2 CONT 531126 C-90-14F 90 GRAVITY 391257 CONT 531157 C-90-14F 90 GRAVITY CONT PRESSURE 391716-1 A-50 50 n 3 PSI / A-65 65 u A-75 75 .048" FLOAT " A-80 80 DROP CONT <u>392458</u> 4805 80 GRAVITY A-80 NA-SO3A1 **Rarely Seen** 380168 CONT 50335 A-100 100 GRAVITY 380175 CONT 36020 100 PRESSURE A-100 NA-S3B with NO mixture control 380155 CONT 35885 A-50 50 GRAVITY A-65 65 380205 CONT 36109 PRESSURE A-65 65 A-75 75 380206 CONT 36109 PRESSURE A-65-8 65

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Spring 2016 February/March/April

El Charlie by Luis (iBU) Alvarado K.



Luis (iBU) Alvarado K. Apartado 0413-00110 Palo Alto, Boquete, Chiriquí República de Panamá



I was born in a workshop in Wichita, Kansas in 1951 and registered with Serial Number 15695. Right after my test flight, my new owners, who had ordered me a few months before, took me on my first cross-country flight over the states of Oklahoma and Texas and across the Río Grande into Mexico. I spent three days flying over the eastern coast of Mexico, struggled over the lowest part of the Sierra Madre mountain range at 10,000 msl in south-central Mexico and onward to the western coast to the border town of Tapachula.



The next day we took off for Guatemala along the Pacific coast where I saw my first of many sights of Central American volcanoes, the Volcan Agua.



What a sight. Three hours after takeoff, we landed in Ilopango International Airport, El Salvador, my new home, and my registration changed to YS 85P.



My new masters were members of the Salvadorian Air Force Flying Club that operated adjacent to the international airport in Ilopango at an elevation of 2,000 msl. The instructors were Pilot Instructors from the Air Base and the students were their dependents.

El Charlie by Luis (iBU) Alvarado K.





I had only been there a few months when a student wiped out my right gear leg, scrapped my wing tip and bent my prop. I was ground looped, but it wasn't my fault at all. Had the student just added more power to regain rudder control, we would have kept on flying for another try at approaching. That ground loop kept me out of commission for over 6 months. I really hated that...especially when my much bigger brothers, the Douglas C47s, were flying day-in and out carrying supplies and troops. The country was involved in a war against insurgents, I was told, but there was nothing I could do except sit on the ground and watch.

When the parts for my repairs arrived, they put me back together, and I joined the flight line again, but by now a cousin of mine had joined the roster, a Cessna 150. That little guy was very popular with the students. Only the regular C47 pilots would take me out to fly. I think it had something to do with that weird wheel under the nose 150's nose.

I heard a couple of students comment that it wouldn't "bite" them like I could. Hey, don't blame me; it's all in the footwork. Either you got it, or you don't. In 1962, I only flew 16 hours, so I believe that was the reason I was put up for sale. That same year, Bill came to the Club, kicked my tires, flew me around the pattern, and the next day we left Ilopango for good, to my new home: Gamboa, in the Canal Zone in Panama.



On that flight we hugged the Pacific coast of Central America nearly the whole way, past Nicaragua and Costa Rica, where we fueled up and continued to Gamboa. What a great trip, headwinds slowed us down, but it allowed us to enjoy the scenery: white sand beaches and turquoise waters, rain forests, and more volcanoes, San Vicente in El Salvador, Concepción in Nicaragua, Irazú in Costa Rica, and Barú in Panama, to name a few.

My new home was a 1500' grass strip, Bohio International Airport in Gamboa, which was also home to dozens of other airplanes, and it sat right on the banks of the Panama Canal. My registration changed again; now I became N9716F. When I wasn't flying, I would just sit and stare at ships from all parts of the world carrying passengers, grains, fuel, automobiles, and anything imaginable. I loved it! Weekends were my favorite, because most of my new buddy planes were taken out to fly, and when we'd land, everybody-pilots and planes-gathered for a big social encounter.

El Charlie by Luis (iBU) Alvarado K.

I flew several cross-country trips to strips in Panama's interior or over to the Atlantic end of the Canal, to France Field, where there was another flying club. France Field had been an Army Air Corps Base during WWII and had nice long concrete runways, but in all honesty, I preferred, and still do at my mature age of 64, the grass and dirt strips any day.

I see in my logbook that I also flew to the San Blas islands in the Caribbean, probably to go diving for lobsters, and to the Perlas Islands in the Pacific, probably to go snorkeling around the countless reefs. I even flew to the Darien, on the Colombian border, to an outlying Indian village, Sambú, on an orchid hunting expedition I was told.

I changed owners a couple of times and eventually was based in France Field, where I served as a trainer. Not much fun in that except when they took me in the required cross-country flights, which was not often enough for me. In 1977 Ed bought me and took me back to Gamboa. I was ecstatic, but that was before I realized I was to be a Hangar Queen (or King) for I spent more time tied down under a hot tin roofed hangar than in the air.

On one of those rare flights, we were flying over Gatun Lake, which is part of the Panama Canal. Suddenly I started to cough...I couldn't help it, I wasn't getting enough fuel in my carburetor. All of a sudden, silence. My motor, vital to flying as you well know, had stopped running. Now what!

Luckily Ed knew his way around and found me a treeless clearance on an island where we managed to put down without any damage to me, or him.



That same afternoon, Ed came back with a mechanic friend, a guy named Paul, and he found the problem. The carburetor fuel filter was full of sludge. I heard them say it was from a batch of bad gas. If you ask me, it was more like a lack of good 25-hour inspections and preflight checks. Again, not my fault...

They got me running and everything checked out okay, but the problem was how to get me off this small island in the middle of the lake. On Saturday, they came back with a couple of men with long machetes who proceeded to whack the tall grass in front and behind me. I assumed correctly that they wanted to make a strip long enough for me to roll on and take off. The island was about 300-350 feet long and had a drop of about 30 feet. They took off my wheel pants, the co-pilot's seat, and anything not necessary for the flight, including a couple of 5-gallon containers of fuel. The plan was to taxi to one end of the cleared path, add full power and literally just continue right off the island and descend until I could fly by ground effect over the water. I did not like the idea. Why not take my wings off and trailer me back to Gamboa? Oh right, I forgot, I was on an island about 30 feet above the lake and no ramp to roll me onto a barge, and no crane to hoist me down on it. That's why we were attempting this daredevil stunt.



El Charlie by Luis (iBU) Alvarado K.

Mercifully, Ed only weighed about 150 lbs., but the blades of cut grass scattered on the path would prove a hindrance, but these guys were oblivious to that fact. And, it was HOT!

Paul advised Ed to make a trial high-speed taxi to test the ground roll. Good call Paul. Ed took me to the end of the island and added full power with the brakes on, then he let them go. I sluggishly began to move, but the grass was like glue. We made it about halfway down when Ed shut me down and conferred with Paul.

They had FINALLY noticed the grass all over the ground path, and they decided to clear it, but then it was about 95°F so it was decided to wait till the next day when it would be cooler, and I could breathe easier. Early the next morning, we flew out just as planned, on ground effect over the water for about 200 ft. until I could pick up some speed to climb then we headed for home. Not your typical island vacation!



Ibu and his wife Pat

In 1981, Uliss, an elderly gentleman who decided he wanted to learn how to fly, bought me. He tore me apart to redo me.



Good intentions, but really... Anyway, I stayed like that for years until Ron bought me in 1989 and hauled me to Paitilla Airport in Panama City.

He started to put me together, then that December US troops invaded Panama, and I got my wings and flaps shot up that first night and then I was vandalized during the weeks of chaos that followed. I thought I was a goner, and then Ibu came along and saved me. His Cessna 180 had been shot up a lot worse and he was looking for a replacement. For the next two years he re-skinned me, overhauled my engine, bought me new radios, gave me a paint job and some new upholstery. And my biggest thrill was that I got a Panamanian registry: HP-875 and a nickname: *El Charlie*.



Since then, I've taken Ibu and his wife Pat all over Panama, but my favorite flights are our Sunday trips to the beach and the two-hour flights to the mountains. I've also been used to give tail dragger endorsements. I keep hearing Ibu say that we're going all the way to Alaska, but I don't know if that's going to happen. Anyway, I'm content: Good lodgings, good maintenance and good flights. So I'm good for another twenty years. CHARLIE



Make your plans for the 2016 International Cessna 120/140 Convention September 21-25 Faribault, Minnesota Hosts Bill and Carol Rhoades

Primary Convention Hotel Boarders Inn & Suites. \$85.00 per night. 507-334-9464

A block of 45 rooms is reserved until August 7th, 2016 – please make your reservations soon.





Boarders Lobby

Secondary hotels: GrandStay Suites. 507-334-2888

Days Inn Faribault. 507-334-6835

Regency Inn & Suites. 507-334-2051

Be sure to ask for the Cessna 120/140 convention rate when making reservations.

<u>CAR RENTALS:</u> Enterprise Rent A Car (on field) 507-455-1023 Faribault Municipal Airport offices: 507-332-0140



Boarders Breakfast area



Make your plans for the 2016 International Cessna 120/140 Convention September 21-25 Faribault, Minnesota Hosts Bill and Carol Rhoades



Double queen room





2 room king suite



Convention Airport – Faribault KFBL

If You Build a Mile of Runway... by Dick Acker

You are pretty sure it is not going to be a good day when the Canadian customs officer approaches your airplane and the first words out of her mouth are, "Oh, it's you again, eh?"

To explain I have to first present some history starting with a flying event called the Michigan Air Tour, hosted by the Michigan Aviation Association (MAA). <u>http://www.michiganairtour.org/</u>



Since 1929 there has been a Michigan Air Tour. This is an annual event where pilots and their airplanes gather for a few days and fly to several airports in the state. It is a big event. The city dignitaries are invited out to the airport, as well as state and local politicians, and of course the news media are encouraged to attend. During the airport visit, speeches are made, plaques and awards are presented and in general a huge spotlight is placed on the value the airport has for the surrounding community. After all, look at all the airplanes that have come to visit the airport during the tour. The MAA catch phrase is: "If you build a mile of road you can only go one mile. If you build a mile of runway you can go anywhere in the world."



In general, the airport management is thrilled to have a bunch of airplanes show up and put their airport in such a good light. The politicians get their name and picture put in the media with the airport in the background and the air tour pilots get to fly their airplanes. Win! Win!

In 2006 the MAA invited some of our neighbors from Canada to join us for the air tour. Three airplanes, pilots and passengers crossed the border and flew with us in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan for four days and enjoyed it immensely. The next year five airplanes from Canada joined the Michigan Air Tour and again had a wonderful time.

The Canadians decided to start their own Interprovincial Canada Air Tour. They graciously invited the Michigan pilots to join them. Nicki and I, and four other Michigan aircraft took them up on their offer. The airplanes included a Luscombe, a C-182, a Bonanza, a Seneca and our Cessna 120 NC77389.

The problems started with the registration number - NC77389. When I filed the flight plan for the border crossing I used the FAA recognized registration number "N77389" because the FAA does not recognize the "NC" as part of the number. So, in May of 2008 we made the border crossing into Canada and landed at North Bay, Ontario, Canada where the Interprovincial Canada Air Tour was to begin and also a port-of-entry where Canada customs was available. Nicki and I were very excited to be in Canada with our airplane and when we parked we saw several of our air tour friends from Michigan who were already there. We, of course, got out and went over to greet them and talk about how much we were looking forward to the tour.

If You Build a Mile of Runway... by Dick Acker

Suddenly two Canada customs officers appeared and asked, "Who owns this aircraft?" They were standing by our airplane, so I proudly admitted to owning the beautiful little Cessna 120.

I was sure they were admiring it and wanted me to tell them the history of the vintage aircraft and how it came to be in my possession. You know, the standard tale you tell to all the "geezers" that always come out to look at the airplane when you land at an airport. WRONG!

It seems when you land to clear customs you are required to "remain in the aircraft until cleared by the customs officer."

After we got that little infraction straightened out they then informed me that I had landed illegally without filing a flight plan for the arrival. I insisted that I had filed, but they explained that they could not find it in their computer. It turns out they were using the "N" number painted on the tail of "NC77389". So, I was able to tell them the history of the vintage aircraft after all. We were cleared into Canada.

The next year we again crossed into Canada to join the air tour. We arrived at North Bay to join up with some friends we had met the previous year. We parked the airplane and stayed in it. That was when the customs officer approached and greeted us with a smile and said, "Oh, it's you again, eh?" That was the start of another great 4-day air adventure in Canada.

The Interprovincial Canada Air Tour has been held every year since. Nicki and I have missed a couple of them but we have flown them whenever possible.





We have expanded our circle of friends and visited some fascinating places in both Ontario and Quebec. The tour group has zip-lined in Mont Laurier, toured the Nav Can facility in Cornwall, dinner-cruised several waterways, gone underground in Timmins and Val d' Or on gold mine tours, explored the old sections of Montreal and Quebec cities – as well as a variety of tours in other towns.

There have been other spin-offs from the Michigan air tour in Tennessee, and New Mexico. These events put the fun back in flying and get the positive side of general aviation back in the public's eye. If you want to consider having your state do an air tour, please contact me and I can provide more details on how to get involved.

Contact: Dick Acker

dnacker@gmail.com 989-339-1009



Upcoming events...



June 4th, 2016

http://www.peachstateaero.com/ See one of only 5 flying Jennys !



Georgia State Representative Christian Vehrs invites you to **Vintage Days** celebration/fly-in at Peach State Airport (GA2)



September 3./4. 2016

Many of you might remember the article from Germany in our August/September newsletter regarding the Cessna 120/140 fly in at the Wershofen Glider Club.

The **Wershofen Glider Club** announced their next Wershofen **Vintage Cessna Picnic**. We are invited to join in with a Cessna 120/140 Fly-In again. Check the website forum for more information.



Speaking of Oshkosh...Jeff Tourt

The 120 140 Association was approached from EAA to save a group parking area this year to showcase the 120-140's.

This is --NOT-- to be a group fly in.

From what I was told that is no longer approved by EAA or possibly FAA too.

I have been in touch with the parking coordinated and he is really excited to have us be part of the 70th anniversary of the 120 140's.

Upcoming events...

Oshkosh- cont.

From what I was told they would like to know how many will attend so they can hold a group parking lot for us. Some of the exciting reasons to go will be of coarse our usual dinner but also they will have a spot for us at the vintage hangar for a showing and interviewing of a chosen aircraft and owner.

They also want us to participate in a multiple aircraft flying during airshow time with a knowledgeable announcer for us to describe the aircraft.

Also multiple media's will be there so maybe another great article on our little planes would be big news. Sounds BIG right?

Some things to think about; they would like us to fly in before the show starts. That means Fri.- Sun. there were no restrictions on leaving when you wanted.

Also camping or finding a place to stay you should plan now as we all know it gets crowded fast. My last question to him was how difficult would flying to OSH be? He assured me it was simple fun and easy read all the EAA flying to OSH instructions and NOTAMS and your there. I will be the contact between the Assoc. and EAA for our group number to fly in.

Please get the word out to as many as possibly also as soon as you can because it will be here before we know it. There are a lot of members that are not on the web so we will get this in the newsletter soon too. I will monitor as always the website for your response.

You can also e-mail us as were listed as the Merchandise Coordinators under "Contacts" at the top left of the home page .

Thanks Jeff

Just an idea...

How about a little photoshop magic? For all you creative types with time on your hands. Send me your photos and we'll have some fun (a) I'll get us started with my version of the retractable gear 140. Ha ha







Summer of Pancakes

In our last episode of <u>Summer of Pancakes</u>, we found our intrepid travelers in search of the most flying (and pancake breakfasts) that they could accomplish prior to Grandpa Vehrs selling the family Cessna 120. This month, Christian and Grandpa Al travel to Moontown Alabama (3M5). Some of you might remember Moontown as the home of *"Blake from Alabama"*, one of our previous newsletter editors, and current publisher of our year-end association calendar.

Moontown is situated east, and slightly north of Huntsville. What luck, since it affords another straight shot underneath the Atlanta Hartsfield runways.



The beautiful thing about fly-in breakfasts is the early morning departures. This most often provides some of the smoothest air, unmatched during other parts of the day. Flying north into the base of the Appalachian mountains always presents you with beautiful scenery, although these summer days around Atlanta often result in the classic "summer haze" that we are known for.



Flying over north Georgia often makes me glad that I am packing a good GPS. According to the U.S Forest Service, Georgia's 37 million acres of total land mass has 24.8 million acres of forest. And of those 24.8 million acres of forest, 24.4 million are available for commercial timber (the largest amount of any state in the union). And that makes for a lot of flying where it can be easy to get lost ⁽²⁾ As a matter of fact, Georgia's forest industry is the second largest industry in the state in terms of employment and wages. Each year, Georgia forests provide 108,112 jobs and \$23.6 billion into its economy. This comes from the 151 wood processing mills (12 paper, 85 lumber, and 54 other mills).



Crossing into Alabama, the Tenneessee river comes into view quickly, which cuts a nice valley through the hills. Most of us can hardly resist doing a little terrain following while in a big river valley.





Moontown airport is situated on a 5,000 ft grass runway. The smoothness of the turf is almost like a golf course. This day, we came in a little hot over the threshold, which is no big deal when you have 5,000 feet of sod to work with.



The pancakes at moontown are brought to us by the good folks at EAA chapter 190. There is plenty of seating inside and out, and the spread they put on makes the trip well worthwhile.





Moontown is blessed with large tracks of land which allows for ample parking and ease of movement around the buildings. In fact, the annual fly-in held in September of every year boasts 60+ airplanes. Parking is never a problem.

This day in August, a nice mix of classic, experimental and late model aircraft were in attendance.















One of the interesting sights was the Experimental category Lionheart. Modeled after the classic Beech Staggerwing, the Lionheart is an all composite kit that sports a turbocharged Pratt and Whitney 985, and seats six instead of four.



Only six kits were sold, and the owner tells me that this one is the only one flying to date.

Moontown is full of open tee hangars that beckon you to walk around and see what you can see.



I couldn't help but think of a couple of folks in our association who might be interested in this little gem (the airplane, not the washing machine). Of course, it needs a tailwheel.



All fueled up with gas, oil, coffee and pancakes, we headed back home and arrived just in time to catch the local lunch crowd at Peachstate (GA2).







Summer of Pancakes

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