

International Cessna 120/140 Association

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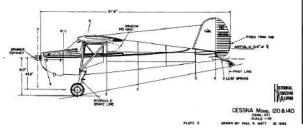


Delivery of 1863V

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1967 Ice Bowl Aerial Photos



Matt's Alaska Trip (part 2 - home)



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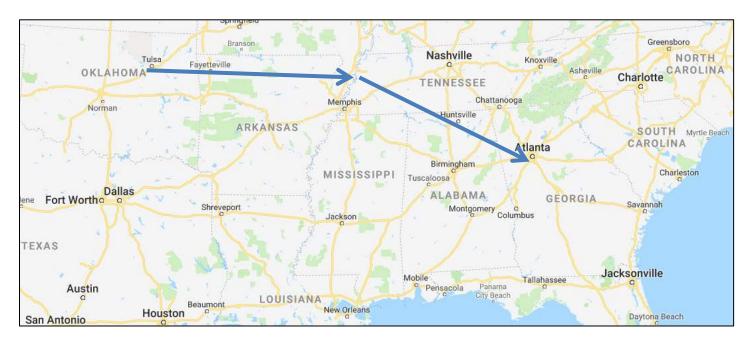
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Delivery of 1863V

...by Christian Vehrs

Since I am still officially in mourning from the sale of our airplane, I was very excited to receive a phone call from a friend of mine who had just purchased an aircraft from an estate auction. My friend needed someone with an A&P license and minimum of 500 hours taildragger time to bring his new purchase back to the Atlanta area from Tulsa Oklahoma. Could it be true — a chance to fly a beautiful Cessna 140 cross country? This is almost as good as flying to the convention. What could be better than that?



The trip was to be made in late August, just weeks before our convention in Dyersburg. Since I planned to fly a commercial airline out to Tulsa, I figured I could only get about 4 hours good flying in on the first day. As I plotted my intended course, I discovered that the midway point for an overnight stop on my trip was Dyersburg, the location for our 2018 convention. This keeps getting better and better ©

The estate auction was to liquidate a collection of very nice airplanes from wonderful elderly man (I use that term carefully these days). The airplanes were spread out in three large hangars, and had not been flown for a few years, although it was reported that they all had been run regularly every few months. The terms of the sale necessitated that the airplanes all be removed during a specific week, and the hangars would be open on a Wednesday and Thursday. My only glitch was that my day job made it only possible to be available on Wednesday, then back to work on Thursday.

So the plan was to hop a flight out to Tulsa, rent a car for the day to get down to Riverside airport on the south side of the city. I would change oil, filters and any other required maintenance activity to ensure a safe flight home. I would secure the airplane for a few days, and then return to work Thursday. On Friday I would scoot back out to Tulsa and make the first leg of the return flight, stopping overnight in Dyersburg. I contacted our convention host in Dyersburg, Bad Haslett, to gather advice for hangar parking during the return flight, and anything else he might be able to provide. Brad came through in spades, offering his hangar and his personal car for the evening. Thank you Brad!!

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The first trip to Tulsa went perfectly and I arrived at the hangar in Riverside airport without a hitch. The collection included a Cabin Waco, and Waco UPF, Ryan PT-22, two Stearmans, and several others that I could not see in the other hangars.

Now, which one of these airplanes am I supposed to take?





I met Morris, the gentleman selling his collection. I tried to imagine what it must be like for him to be watching strangers come into his hangars and fly his treasures away. He was very helpful, although I soon discovered that he could not provide all the help I needed that day.



The airplane was so beautiful that I didn't want to remove the cowling for fear of scratching something. But, duty overcame fear and I began my tasks. I began my planned work of changing oil and filters, as well as draining the old fuel out. I stopped by the local FBO and purchased the new oil, as well as stopping by Walmart for a couple of 5 gallon cans for the fuel.



Morris questioned why I was draining the fuel since he had been careful to run these airplanes on a regular basis. He also stated that 100 LL doesn't degrade over time like auto fuel does. I guess that could be a question for our tech forum. I simply told him that I could not confirm how long the fuel had been in there, and I had a wife and two children that were expecting me home safe.

You know how we always tell each other, "be safe"? Well today, being safe looked like draining fuel that might be good, might be bad — who knows.



After all the maintenance that I had planned, we pushed her outside to do the run-up. I discovered a frozen primer, but that would be a simple fix back in Atlanta and wouldn't hinder the trip home. The engine fired right up after a couple of pumps on the throttle and ran smoothly. According to the logbooks, the 0-200 had only a few hundred hours since a major overhaul and it was running like a top. A quick mag check and ground run, and I would be certain that 63V could make the trip home.

Ah, the mag check. A distinct 300 RPM drop on the lower mag, and a rough running, stumbling engine. Rats. I didn't pack any large tools with me since I was informed that Morris had a huge toolbox in the hangar. I figured pulling the spark plugs and cleaning them would be easy enough. However, the auction had cleaned out all is tools, and I found myself sitting there contemplating my next move. I was aware of the time that had passed, and returning the rental car and catching the last flight home started to cut into the time I had left.

As I sat there, I noticed the Waco UPF had been pulled out of the adjacent hangar. Two guys from Minnesota had flown down in a Cessna 182 with a good supply of tools. They were trying to get the radial engine to fire, but all I heard was a starter spinning away and a failing battery. They quickly discovered no spark from their mags.



Then I noticed that the cabin Waco was out with its chase plane. Two guys had come from Louisiana and were planning to fly home with their new purchase. But as they taxied out, a brake line ruptured and they had to return to the hangar and regroup as well.

Well, huh. I guess we are all in the same boat. I needed a 7/8 deep well socket, and my bargaining chip was that I was the only one with a rental car. The wisdom of a planned maintenance day was beginning to work in my favor.

The UPF guys lent me their 7/8 socket and I had the lower plugs out, cleaned and reinstalled in no time. However, simply cleaning the plugs did not yield the outcome I hoped for. Still a 300 RPM drop. I ran back to the local FBO and purchased four new plugs. I threw the keys to the car to the UPF guys and they made a parts run while I installed the new plugs. Success! The 0-200 was running perfectly for an extremely long ground run and leak check. I cowled it up and waited for my car to return so I could get back for the last flight to Atlanta.



It was fun watching the ground go by at 500 MPH knowing that I would retrace the same path at 100 MPH in a couple of days after completing the work week at my day job

In less than 48 hours, I was back in Tulsa to bring 63V back home. Riverside airport is on the southern edge of Tulsa International and has some very friendly tower folks.



They were able to guide me safety out of the Tulsa airspace, and confirm that my radios and transponder were working perfectly. They also confirmed my ground speed of 134 MPH.

Wow, I had never flown an 0-200 powered Cessna 140 before. What great performance!

A quick check with the local AWOS confirmed my suspicion, a 20 MPH tailwind. What could be better than this? Blue skies and a tailwind for a trip home.



My first planned stop would be Huntsville, Arkansas, a simple one hour leg. That would be a good place to land and check everything out before making longer legs to Tennessee. However, that 20 MPH tailwind became a 20 MPH crosswind at Huntsville.

To make matters worse, Huntsville airport was created by scraping the top off a mountain. The wind was being tunneled through the surrounding hills, making a landing there a tricky proposition.

You know how we always tell each other, "be safe"? Well today, being safe looked like an alternate airport. Marshall was just a slight deviation from my planned route, and a simple 45 minutes away with a runway perfectly lined up for the prevailing winds.



On the ground at Marshall, I discovered that the 0-200 burns more fuel than the C-85 that I am accustomed to. But, with fuel topped off, and a nice place to rest, I was a happy camper. I confirmed no oil burn for the first 1 hour and 45

minutes. Pretty nice.



Back in the air, I enjoyed the scenery of the Ozark Mountains, and pretty soon I was approaching the mighty Mississippi with Dyersburg in sight. I had planned an overnight at Dyersburg, the upcoming convention site for September 2018.



The Mississippi River creates the border of Western Tennessee.



Brad was a busy man that day and I didn't get a chance to see him, but he left instructions for the airport personnel to get 63V into a hangar for the night. I took his car to the hotel and had a wonderful dinner and good rest.



Back in the air for day two, the haze from the previous day gave way to clearer skies and white puffy clouds, although I had picked up a slight headwind.



I reached Courtland Alabama just in time to wave to a river barge before landing at my last fuel stop. The airport started life in 1942 as an Army Air base. The airport property is so huge that farmers are cultivating cotton all around the runways and taxiways.







The base was initially used for basic flight training using BT-13's and then upgraded training for the B-24's. It has (4) 5,000 ft runways.



It was pretty easy to find a runway that faced the wind, so I was fueled up & back in the air.



The skies got bluer and the clouds got puffier as I entered Georgia. So I decided to climb up to 6,500 ft to cool off and enjoy the last leg of this beautiful trip.



Back on the familiar sod of GA2, I taxied up to the restaurant and called Dad for the lift back to the house. 1863V was delivered and I had a bunch of fun doing it.



All in all, it took 7 hours of flying to get home. The 0-200 didn't use any oil for the whole trip. She is as straight as any airplane I have ever flown and looks as good as she flies. I'm sure she will get a yearning for grits, gravy and sweet tea pretty soon.



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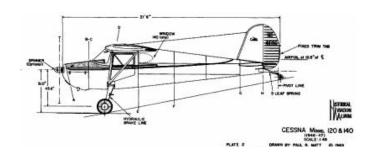
Tech Talk by Victor Grahn

The Speed Quest,

Who doesn't want to go faster? Can a Cessna 120 or 140 be fast? I seldom think too much about it. After all, our aircraft are really post war trainers and weren't designed to be speed demons. Truthfully, even while wishing I had Mooney speed out of my 120, I never considered trying to make it any faster. In fact, it wasn't until 2010 and a small incident following the Spearfish Convention that I ever gave it much thought.

So as I'm leaving Spearfish, she's shut down and no one even has a tool in their hand yet. Fast forward to 900 miles later and around Chicago she has caught and passed me. We talked later, and with the same number of fuel stops (and neither of us stopping for lunch or anything long term during a fuel stop, ok I might have been a bit slower) even though I had a 50 minute head start, towards the end of our days flying, I'm being left in the dust.....er "contrails??"

So how does this happen? Our aircraft are somewhat similar, both C-120's, have Scott 3200 tail wheels, not a bunch of "extra's" weighing the airplane down, she has a C-85 with the 0-200 Crank STC, I have the 0-200......other considerations, we were both single occupant, neither of us "firewalling" the engine, we maintained an approximate percent of power output, almost identical heading and altitude (thus negating any head/tail wind advantage). When all the factors add up, her aircraft has to be noticeably faster to overcome a 50 minute head start......and then catch me.



So what's the secret? I wish I knew....... Nitrous Oxide? Turbo Boost?

While you can't call up LoPresti and order a kit for the 120/140 consisting of speed fairings, slimline cowlings, wing root fairings etc, there are things you can to speed up, or at least "clean up" your aircraft. And conversely there are items that inherently rob you of speed, or shall we say, "cause drag".

Let's start with the basics.

- A. Is the airplane flying straight? Is the ball in the center at cruise power? Does the aircraft fly straight or is it in a flat turn left or right? Are the yolks tilted to one side? Are both ailerons even with the wing or is one up or down?
- B. Is your aircraft heavy? Even though you may have W&B sheets that indicate you have an empty weight of 890lbs, has the airplane actually been weighed in the last 5-10 years. Long years of mathematical W&B computations lead to errors, and usually not in your favor! Airplanes, like people gain weight over time......it just "happens".
- C. Do one or both ailerons or flaps hang down into the slip stream?
- D. Do **you load your aircraft** towards the front CG or the aft?

E. Wheel pants?

All of these are particularly important and added together if they are "off" from what they should be, they can really add up to additional drag, robbing you of speed.

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Let's start with the airframe. A clean straight, damage free airframe is a great starting point.

Wing rigging is very important. Generally speaking to make the airplane go faster, start by lowering the angle of incidence (shortening the front strut, or lengthening the rear strut) a little (or a lot) this will speed you up. At this point the wing isn't "lifting as much" and also won't require the tail to work as hard to counter act the lift (losing a little drag). Going right along with this is putting your heavy items in the baggage compartment to bring the CG a little aft, also assuring that the tail doesn't have to work so hard.

A small item would be to shorten the front strut rod end as much as practical to take out a little dihedral. While you lose a little stability, it does help you go a little faster.

NOTE: if you do opt to change or "adjust" your wing rigging, there is a good chance your ailerons and/or aileron cable tension will require adjusting as well.

Ensuring the airplane is flying straight is critical. Other factors are;

Multiple service manuals instruct you to set up the ailerons with a little droop, so that once airborne the ailerons become level with the trailing edge of the wing. While this may be accurate as the industry standard (or the maintenance manual) evidence proves that if you want to go faster, you want to set up your ailerons to "fly" a little. (i.e. lift up into the slower air above the wing, rather than stay down in the faster air under the wing.......and cause drag) the same with the flaps.

Within W&B parameters, load your aircraft towards the aft CG.

Tire size matters. I run 7:00X 6's because I fly into grass strips a lot. These tires are heavier, larger and cause more drag than a 6:00 X 6 tire. This is probably a major difference between Teri's aircraft and mine.

Evidence seems to indicate that wheel pants, while sexy looking actually slows you down a little (the Cessna wheel pants)

Is your airplane heavy? Added weight means you have to work harder to get the airplane through the air.

While the 0-200 engine has more horse power, the C-85 with the O-200 Crank STC or a C-90 engine will be more efficient, simply because they swing a larger prop at a slower RPM. (if you would like to see this taken to extremes, re-visit any of the WWI aircraft with their huge diameter propellers turning at a slow RPM, their climb rates were out of this world compared to a similar powered modern aircraft, swinging a much shorter propeller)and airframes with Much! More drag.

Other factors to consider;

Cowling lip on the bottom of the cowling for added cooling will slow you down.



Added cowling lip for increased cooling adds to drag.





1946 Cowling

1947-51 Cowling

In the photos above, the 1946 cowling extends much lower to accommodate the exhaust pipes just in front of the firewall.

The 1947 and later cowlings are slightly cleaner aerodynamically. Besides the tighter fit on the lower lip for the 1947 and later, the 1946 cowling has a slightly larger frontal area.

Wing/strut cuffs will aid slightly in decreasing drag.



Installing wing strut cuffs are an easy way to reduce drag.

The pattern for making them yourself can be found on our website in the "members only" section.

Installing one of the smaller Scott, Maule or Lang Tailwheels, as opposed to having the larger Scott 3200 can shave off drag as well as reduce weight.

Removing that double venturi on the side of the fuselage is an easy way to reduce drag.



The old NARCO antennas on the top of the cabin are pretty cool and beautifully vintage, but they increase drag compared to a later style antenna.



I've probably missed a few items and no doubt someone else has a different take on the speed issue for our aircraft, after all this is a subject covered by "hangar talk" and countless magazine articles over the years, but for anyone that wants to "speed things up a bit", I've outlined a few items specific to our airframe. We'll see you at the next convention and see who can get home the fastest!



Photo courtesy of John Kliewer

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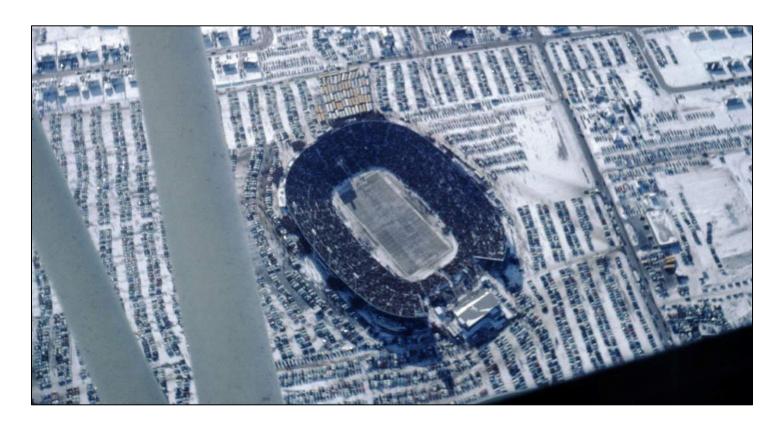
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From our Members...

The Only Known Aerial Photos to Exist of the 1967 Ice Bowl.

I want to be really careful to give plenty of credit where it is due because this article is a collection of stories and photos from various sources. It began when one of our members (Carole Rybarczyk) sent us as a clipping out of her local newspaper written by Gary D'Amato of the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel.



If those wing struts look familiar, it is because these photos were taken from a Cessna 140 owned and flown by the late Richard Jerow. The photos were taken by Judy Michelson Ambelang, who was the passenger on this historic flight more than 50 years ago. Judy stored these photos until recently, when she sent them to Bonnie Jerow, Richard's daughter. The rest, as they say, is history.

Richard Jerow served as a pilot in the Marine Air Corps during WWII, and at one time was assigned as a navigator in an observation plane that flew over Japan after the atom bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. After the war, he returned to Wisconsin and worked as a railroad switchman.

Prior to 1973, games were not televised inside a 75 mile radius of the team's home city. Richard wanted to see what a NFL Championship game looked like from the air. He offered the right seat to his daughter Bonnie who was a first year school teacher in Menomonee Falls. She declined, preferring to listen to the game on the radio, but Bonnie's visiting friend Judy took the offer. Judy grabbed her little Instamatic camera as the two took off from Austin Straubel Airport in Green Bay. The temperature on the field was 17 degrees below zero with wind chill factors hovering around 33 degree below zero.



Richard and Judy made only a couple of passes over Lambeau Field on December 31, 1967 before the windshield stared to fog up. The entire flight lasted just an hour, but Judy remembers being half frozen when they got back on the ground. Green Bay defeated the Dallas Cowboys 24-17 that day.



Michigan 99s



The <u>Ninety-Nines</u> is the international organization of women pilots that promotes advancement of aviation through education, scholarships, and mutual support while honoring our unique history and sharing our passion for flight.

Nicki Acker was awarded the Michigan Chapter 99s' traveling trophy at their October meeting. The trophy is given to the member who has had the most interesting flying adventure since the last meeting: Nicki and her husband Dick flew their C-120 to the Cessna 120-140 convention in Dyersburg, TN.



Nicki Acker

For many pilots, is seems that flying has always been a lifelong dream. Not so for me. For a long time I was content to be a passenger and a navigator. I wasn't afraid of flying, I just didn't want to be a pilot—that was too much responsibility and pilots had to know too much! Then in 1997 I took the Pinch Hitter course offered by Greater Detroit Area Chapter of the 99s and it changed my life. Until then I had never even touched the controls (or wanted to), but because I often flew right seat with my husband, Dick, taking the course seemed like a good idea. After that, I was much more of a participant when we flew.

In 2000 I decided to go for a second dose of Pinch Hitter, this time along with two other women from our airport. I still didn't think I wanted to be a pilot. But sometime during that weekend—I'm not sure when it happened—I started thinking, "Maybe I could do this pilot thing after all." On the ride home, Becky Smith and I talked ourselves into trying one hour of flight instruction, this time in the *left* seat, "just to see if we liked it." After that first hour, I never once thought I would <u>not</u> get my license, and quitting never crossed my mind.



That's how my roller coaster ride of learning to fly began. Luckily, there were more highs than lows! I do believe that I had some advantages over many student pilots: we owned the airplane, we live only about six miles from the airport, and a top-notch instructor (Courtney Bauer) was available any time I wanted to fly. My boss even let me come in late on mornings when the weather was nice so I could fly before work.

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But the two biggest pluses were Becky and Dick. I was very fortunate to have a good friend learning to fly at the same time and with the same instructor. It was invaluable to have someone else there who was going through the very same things I was. Becky and I even soloed on the same day! Dick was (and still is) 100% supportive and it was so nice to have my very own, in-house aviation consultant! I could wake him from a sound sleep and ask questions about pitot static systems, airspace, or to practice "tower talk." Believe me, we did have some strange 4:00 a.m. conversations! I passed my check ride on March 16, 2001. I can honestly say it was the most satisfying feeling of accomplishment I've ever experienced.



Patty Wagstaff Airshows

There was a quote by Patty Wagstaff in the October 2000 issue of *AOPA Flight Training* that was my mantra:

"I'm impressed with anyone who sticks with it to get the private license...that's a big accomplishment. There aren't too many people who can walk around and say, 'I'm a pilot', it's a big deal".

Dick and I do most of our flying in our 1946 Cessna 120. We have taken it on trips all over the U.S. and Canada, and to twenty Cessna 120/140 Association Conventions.

We joke about allowing time for the "geezer factor" when we travel (a phrase borrowed from Rinker Buck in *Flight of Passage*)—wherever we go, the "old guys" always have to come out and admire the airplane and talk about the one just like it that they used to fly or the one they learned in, etc.

Some non-aviation bits of information about me.....l am:

 a Yooper, originally from Manistique, Michigan



- a bachelor's and master's graduate of Central Michigan University where I was employed for almost 30 years before I retired in 2008
- an alto clarinetist in the Central Michigan Area Concert Band, Gateway Community Band, and AirVenture Concert Band, and I also play the ukulele.
- married to Dick since 1989 (we met on a blind date)
- a chocoholic
- a future Jeopardy contestant (or at least I fantasize about it!)



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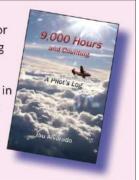
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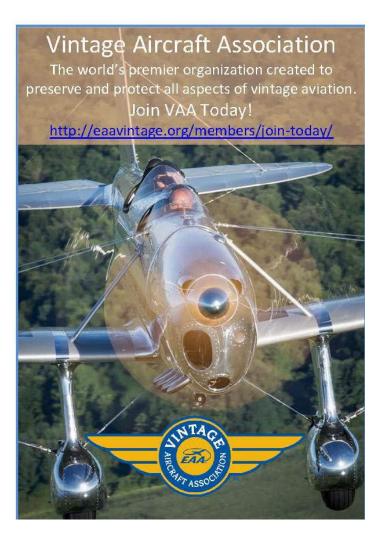
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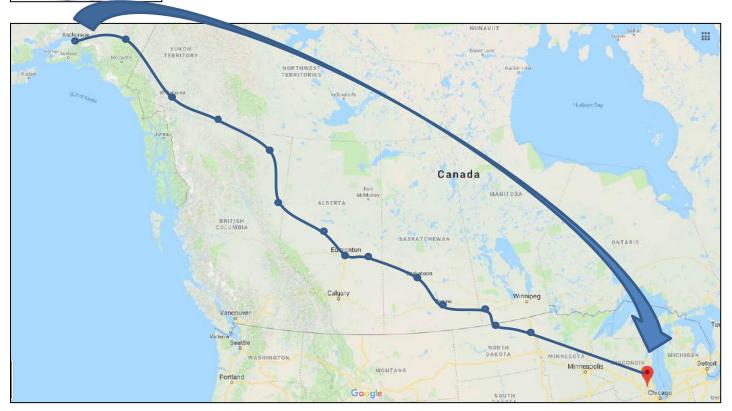
Look forward to our 2019 Summer issue for the discovery of Cessna 140A Serial number 15200 the first A model produced.





Matt Rybarczyk's Alaska Trip

Part 2 (the trip home)
See Fall 2018 issue for part 1





The Adventure Continues (Trip Home)

6/24/18 After all the sightseeing adventures, the plane is back in Tok, AK and I was able to change oil for return trip home. I checked weather and it's a 50-50 chance to get out tomorrow.

6-25-18, Got up about 5:30 AM this morning. I wanted to get an early start from Tok to Northway and then on to Whitehorse. I called flight service for a weather briefing. The weather looked good except I could expect to see a few light rain showers leaving Northway for about 60 or 70 miles southeast and then it was forecast to be clear.

6-25-18, The Flight Service Station in Northway opens at 8:15 AM. I wanted to land in Northway about 8:00 AM, put my jury can of gas in the airplane, go to flight service call customs to let them know of my arrival in Whitehorse and file a flight plan from Northway to Whitehorse.

I made the one mile walk from the Motel to the airport packed and pre-flighted the airplane. I got in and took off for Northway. I was about 10 or 15 miles down the road when I tuned in the ATIS at Northway. To my surprise Northway ATIS was reporting a quarter mile visibility in fog and rain. I did a 180 degree turn and flew back and landed in Tok.

Before I left, I had filed my eAPIS manifest expecting to depart Northway about 9:00 AM. I had been checking the weather about every half hour but it became clear I was not going to make the times I had proposed. I decided I should update my eAPIS manifest but there was no wi-fi at the Tok airport. Across the Alaska highway there is a restaurant called Fast Eddies that does have wi-fi. I walked to the restaurant and asked if I could use their wi-fi and got the password.

I could not figure out how to modify the existing eAPIS manifest I previously submitted so decided to submit a new one with updated times. Up to this point the weather in Northway was slowly but gradually improving and it looked like I'd be able to be on my way by late morning. However, by noon the weather hadn't improved enough and had actually deteriorated some. I called the border protection people and explained my predicament and that the times on my eAPIS manifest were not accurate. The guy I spoke with said they are very lenient when it comes to weather delays. He didn't say it in so many words but gave the impression not to worry about it. I was preparing myself for another night in Tok when all of a sudden at about 4:00 PM the weather broke and became VFR.

Now I had to make a decision. It was late in the day and if I left now it would be about 8:00 PM when I got to Whitehorse.

The sun would still be high in the sky and Whitehorse has 24-hour customs service so I decided to go. I left Tok on the way to Northway. In route I ran into a couple of pretty heavy rain showers but could see through them so was not a problem.

I landed in Northway and since there is no fuel there, I put all the fuel I had in my jury can into the wing tank I used to get to Northway. This is the longest leg of the trip so wanted all the fuel I could get in the wings. I checked weather and filed a flight plan to Whitehorse. I already had my eAPIS manifest filed even though the departure and arrival times weren't right. I then called customs to alert them of my arrival in Whitehorse.



This is where I got the biggest run around on the entire trip. The lady I was talking to didn't know what she was doing. I know this because I could hear her taking to someone in the back ground and asking questions about what to do. She was very concerned I had a fire arm on board and needed to know every detail of it including the model and serial number. She wanted to charge me another \$25 dollars to bring the fire arm into Canada.

I told her I had already paid my \$25. She asked if I had a confirmation number. I gave it to her and she put me on hold for about five minutes. When she came back, she said she couldn't find that number. So, she charged me another \$25. I thought that's OK I need to get going and when I get to Whitehorse, I will explain the dilemma and show my firearm declaration to the customs agent who meets me and maybe we can get it straightened out. By now I had been on the phone for about an hour when she finally gave me a confirmation number and a phone number to call when I got to Whitehorse.



Flying across Klaune Lake on the way to Whitehorse

So, at around 5:00 PM Northway time which was 6:00 PM Whitehorse time I was finally able to get airborne. The flight was good though a bit rough at times. Made good time due to a slight tail wind. Landed in Whitehorse at 9:00 PM. The sun was still shinning bright. When I landed, I told ground control I needed to clear customs. I also asked if there were a motel close by. He gave me taxi instructions to the Canpass building, which was no bigger than and reminded me of a small tool shed for a lawn mower. The ground controller said there were two motels across the highway from the airport and told me where the main gate was to get off the airport.

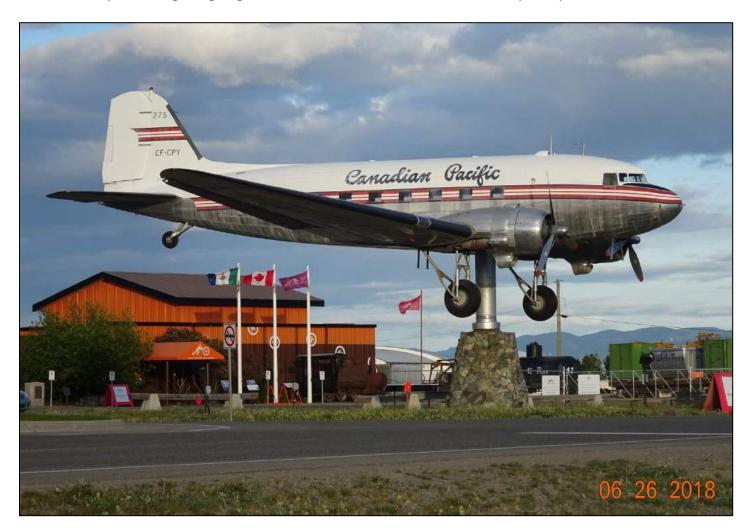
There was no one in the Canpass building so I sat in the airplane. I had read you're not supposed to get out of the airplane until a customs agent comes to meet you and tells you to get out, I called the phone number I was given before leaving Northway. Got another lady, don't know if it was the same one. I told her I was on the ramp in front of the Canpass building. She said OK and told me to stand by. It only took two or three minutes when she came back with another confirmation number and said I was good to go. I asked her if anyone has to come out and meet me. She said no, you are good to go. I didn't even get out of the plane and never did get to question anyone about the extra \$25 they charged me for my firearm.

I restarted the airplane and called ground control for taxi instructions to the fuel pump. Fueled the plane and tied it down for the night. I then walked to the main gate to go across the highway to one of the motels the controller told me about. I walked to each one and both were full. There was nothing going on in town that would create a large demand for motel rooms.

I walked back to the main gate, which was right next to the fire station. I entered and the two guys in the fire station saw me and let me in. I told them of my dilemma and they offered to make some phone calls for me. The very last motel they called, The Family Motel, had one room left. I told them I would take it. It was some distance away so had to call a taxi. Had I not gotten this room I would have had to make the best of it and spend the night in the airplane. There is a 24-hour McDonald's just around the corner from the Family Motel.

It was still daylight but 11:00 PM and the only place open to get something to eat. So, walked over and got a burger and a large coke. Then walked back to the motel and went to bed.

6-26-18, Got up around 6:00 AM. As usual the first thing I do is to call flight service and check weather. The weather today was not good going east to Watson Lake. So, decided not to fly today.



There is a Transportation Museum basically right on the airport. Had a leisurely breakfast and called a cab to the museum. Spent most of the day there. It was a good museum so was a good day. Walked across the highway and found a restaurant. Had a couple beers and a burger and fries. Called a cab to get back to the motel and called home then went to bed.

6-27-18, Got an early start this morning out of Whitehorse. Left Whitehorse at 8:30 AM and flew to Watson Lake. At Watson Lake I had a hard time with the fuel pump. Took me four or five tries before I got it to work. They were having problems with the card reader and we had to use a house card to get the pump to work. At about 10:30 AM I called to check weather. It did not look good for the leg to Ft. Nelson. The briefer told me to call back after 1:00 PM. They would have updated weather then. I was concerned about this next leg because it is about 300 miles long and goes through some very high mountains. This is the roughest terrain on the entire trip. I decided to wait in Watson Lake until about 4:00 PM because the forecast was for the wind to diminish to about 5 to 10 knots by 7:00 PM. So, by leaving Watson Lake at around 4:00 PM with a three-hour flight would put me in Ft. Nelson around 7:00 PM when the wind would be light.

Something that almost never happens is to have a good tail wind. On this leg I had a good tail wind and made, what I thought would be about a three-hour flight, in just a little over two hours. This put me in Ft. Nelson sooner than expected. I landed on runway 26 with the wind blowing 290 degrees at 14 with gusts to 20 knots. Made for a stiff cross wind but the landing was good.

This time though there was a helicopter sitting right in the middle of the transit parking area. I did not want to park next to it or even close. The tie downs at Ft. Nelson are old tires filled with cement. I asked if we could move some tie downs as far away from the helicopter as possible in case he decided to leave before me. The lineman was very accommodating and helped me roll some tie downs across the parking area so I could be as far from the helicopter as possible. Got the 120 secured for the night called a motel that was recommended and settled in.

6-28-18, While I was preparing to leave Tok for my trip back to the lower 48, I met a couple flying their Cessna 172 back to Florida. They are flying the same route that I have been. They are faster than I am in the 120 but we managed to end up in the same place for the last three nights. We rode together in the motel shuttle out to the airport this morning. Our airplanes were parked far apart from each other because they did not want to park in the transit parking area with the helicopter. They instead parked somewhere in a grassy area and used their own tie downs to secure their airplane.

My first leg today was from Ft. Nelson to Ft. St. John British Columbia. At Ft. St. John I fueled up checked weather, filed a new flight plan and departed for Whitecourt, Alberta. Landed in Whitecourt about 3:00 PM. Lost another hour due to time zone changes. Sunset here this day would be about 10:30 PM. So, plenty of day light left. I wanted to make one more leg today to Lloydminster, Saskatchewan.



Oil wells on the leg from Whitecourt to Lloyminister

The weather report for this next leg was not very good. It was probably flyable but I had promised myself and family I would not push weather. For quite some time I mulled over the decision to go or stay. I finally decided to stay due to the weather forecast and the fact if I departed now, I'd be arriving in Lloydminster after 5:00 PM when there would be no one around. I'd been through that before and did not want to go through it again. The Airport at Whitecourt is some distance from downtown but called a cab and got an expensive ride into town to the Holiday Inn.

6-29-18, Got airborne out of Whitecourt at 8:30 AM. Had a nice flight to Lloydminster about 250 miles. Landed and had to call to get someone out to fuel me. Called flight service for weather briefing and to file a flight plan for Saskatoon Saskatchewan. The weather briefer told me there was a notam that no fuel was available after 12:00 noon today. I had landed just before noon, I told him I had just gotten topped off but the guy who came out and did it did say he would be gone the rest of the day. So, I lucked out and got there just in time or I would have been in Lloydminster for the night.



Got airborn again for a short flight to Saskatoon. Landed there and got topped off again. This time when I called for my weather briefing it didn't look so good getting to Regina Saskatchewan, my next stop. The weather briefer said the system was moving Northeast at about 20 knots. He told me to call back in a couple hours and it might be better then.

Called back in a couple hours and found the weather to be much improved. Not perfect but flyable. Filed my flight plan and departed for Regina Saskatchewan.

Was given a left turn after departure. I would have preferred a right turn. Had some difficulty finding which highway I needed to follow to get to Regina. Had some help from the control tower to get me on the right track.

Made it to Regina fine. Flew through one rain shower right after departing Saskatoon but otherwise clear though quite bumpy. Landed in Regina with no problem other than the tower controller told me to exit the runway as fast as possible. The wind was gusty though not as bad as it was on the trip North. I taxied as fast as I thought was safe but it wasn't good enough for this controller. The controller had to tell someone to go around because I hadn't crossed the hold short line on the taxiway yet, then told me to do a better job of it next time. I acknowledged by saying Roger that and let it be. Taxied to the general aviation ramp, got topped off with fuel and secured the airplane for the night. Then got the shuttle to the Days Inn for the night.

6-30-18, My next leg will put me in International Peace Garden Airport where I will have to go through customs again for the last time. Before I had gone to bed last night, I had tried filling out my electronic passenger manifest (eAPIS) form using the Flashpass program the guys from California helped load onto my iPad. For some reason it would not accept S28, the identifier for International Peace Garden Airport.

I knew there was a computer in the flight planning room at Regina airport. So, I gave up and decided I would have to try filling out the eAPIS form manually again when I got to the airport. I got on the computer and started filling out the eAPIS form manually and it too would not accept S28 for International Peace Garden Airport.

In the Canadian Supplement there is a phone number for U.S. Customs at International Peace Garden Airport. I called that number and a lady answered. I explained the issue I was having and she said try KS28. I tried that and the computer accepted that. Because it's so much easier to use the Flashpass program than it is to fill out the government eAPIS form manually I decided to try putting KS28 into my iPad. It accepted it. So now I was good to go in that regard.

At this point I was in a hurry to get out of Regina. I walked out onto the ramp and prepared the airplane for departure. When all was ready, I checked weather and filed a flight plan and departed. I was glad to be on my way and was looking forward to being back in the lower 48.

I was climbing to my cruising altitude of 5500 feet when passing through 4500 feet I remembered I had forgotten to make my phone call to customs notifying them of my arrival in International Peace Garden Airport. I tried my phone but the airplane noise was so loud I couldn't hear it. So now what do I do? I didn't want to return to Regina if I could help it. I decided to call Winnipeg Radio and ask if they would make a phone call for me. I explained the situation and gave the lady who answered the phone number for International Peace Garden Customs. She said they normally don't call customs but she would do it for me this time. In about five minutes she came back on the air and said my message had been delivered to customs. I thanked her profusely and continued on my way.

The flight from Regina to International Peace Garden Airport took about two hours and fifteen minutes. When I arrived at International Peace Garden Airport the wind was quite gusty but pretty close to right down the runway. Even so I still made a bad landing.



I taxied to the ramp and sat there about 10 minutes trying to get one of my phones to work, when a customs officer came walking up the ramp to me. He was an older gentleman but very friendly. He asked if I was the one who had trouble making a phone call to notify them of my arrival. I told him the story of how the eAPIS form would not accept S28 as the airport identifier. I told him I called the customs office here and the lady said try KS28. He laughed a little and said yes KS28 is right but who would know that. I started to like this guy right away because he seemed to have some common sense. He was very thorough and asked for all of my documents including aircraft registration. We then proceeded to walk down the stairs to the customs building. He even asked if I had a customs and border protection decal on my airplane. Due to neither of my phones working at the border he let me use a land line phone in the customs building to close my flight plan and then told me to have a seat.

I sat there for about a half hour when he finally returned. He gave back all my documents and told me I was all done. I made it through customs OK four times. All I can say is that it was an awesome trip but it sure felt good to be back in the lower 48. Not saying I wouldn't do this trip again because I know now what to do and how to do it, but I wouldn't do it alone again.

In preparation for this trip I saw a picture of a border marker at International Peace Garden Airport. I did not get a picture of it on the way up and I wanted a picture. I told the gentleman I would like a picture of it but my camera was up in my airplane. He really didn't seem to know what I was talking about. He said do you mean that pile of rocks out there. I said no the border marker is what I want a picture of. It didn't seem to mean anything to him, but he said he would let the others know because they get concerned when they see someone walking around out there.



I went back to my airplane, got my camera and came back and got some pictures. After getting the pictures I wanted I went back to my airplane and prepared for the short 20-mile flight to Rolla North Dakota. My original plan was to get to Rolla fuel up and be on my way. The flight from International Peace Garden Airport to Rolla was very rough. I made a decent landing but not a very pretty one. The wind was about 45 degrees to the runway and gusting to over 20 knots.

Around 3:00 PM I called flight service to check on the wind and see if it was forecasted to diminish. The briefer said not until about 7:00 or 8:00 PM. By that time, it would be too late to make another leg, so elected to stay in Rolla for the night. Got a room at the Bilmar motel, the only one in town. The room was nothing fancy but did appear clean. That's good enough for me.

The population of Rolla were beginning their 4th of July celebration with a parade, flea market, old car show, art show etc. I walked the length of main street taking it all in. Stopped in the local saloon for a couple beers. Got to talking to a local about hunting. Here in North Dakota they hunt Mountain Lion, Elk, Deer, Rabbits and I'm sure other game as well. Had my first popcorn with my beer since I left home. Tasted pretty good.

7-1-18, Got up about 5:00 AM. Checked weather and found it to be real good VFR except for possibly the last 50 miles into Park Rapids MN. There may be some light rain for the last 50 miles.

Took off at 7:50 AM into clear blue skies. Got as far as Northwood ND when the sky became overcast. The air was smooth so pressed on toward Park Rapids MN. About 50 miles out I ran into light rain. I still had good visibility so continued on into Park Rapids MN. Landed in light rain and taxied to the fuel pump. I had picked Park Rapids due to it being a larger airport and I thought would have someone on duty on a Sunday. I first called flight service to cancel my flight plan then got out of the airplane and walked to the FBO. I needed the rest room and also wanted to find out how to get to a motel should I have to remain here overnight. The FBO was locked up tight and not a soul around. Walked back to the airplane, put on my rain coat and fueled my airplane in light rain. Thank goodness the fuel pump was a self-serve credit card pump, then found a place to tie the airplane down. Because everything was locked up tight, I sat in the airplane and laid out the next leg of my flight. I can't make it home nonstop from here so will have to pick a fuel stop somewhere. I could stop in Osceola again when I enter Wisconsin or I could press on the Rusk Co. airport in Ladysmith. I have an Aunt who lives in Hawkins I wouldn't mind seeing and could stay with her overnight. I decided I would fly to Ladysmith and spend the night with my Aunt. The forecast for the rest of the day going East was not good. I would have to spend the night in Park Rapids.

There is a small entryway to the FBO which was open. There was a sign that there was no courtesy car and no taxi service. None of the motels had a shuttle and the police don't answer their phone. I kept thinking; how does one get from the airport to a motel in this town. There was a computer in the entryway. I got on it and went to Air-Nav to check weather and in doing so found a list of all the motels in the area and the distance to them. There was an Americann that said 1.8 miles from the airport. I called and asked if they had a room. The lady said they did. I asked if they had a shuttle and the lady said no, I told her I was at the airport and if she could give me directions so I could walk to the motel. She said wait a minute. A short while later she came back on the phone and said their house keeper would be willing to drive to the airport and get me. I said that would be great but I would also need to get back here in the morning. She said I don't know what to tell you but we will try to work something out. She said just stand outside and look for a gray Jeep. While I was standing outside a guy in a brand new shiny black pickup stopped and asked if I need a ride somewhere. I told him someone from the motel was on their way to get me. He said why don't you just take the courtesy car. I said there is a sign inside that says the airport does not have a courtesy car. He said yes, we do it is that silver Ford Taurus over there. He said the keys are under the floor mat. Just then the lady from the motel pulled up in the gray Jeep. She said I'm here to pick up a pilot I said that would be me but they just gave me a courtesy car to use. I offered to pay her something for her efforts but she would not take it. I got my bags into the car and followed her to the motel. It was a lot more than 1.8 miles. Glad I didn't start walking. Just hope I can find my way back to the airport in the morning without too much trouble.

Just realized that now since I'm back in the lower 48 I can again see weather radar on my iPad. This helps a lot with flight planning and I had forgotten about that. Nothing was open yet in Rolla ND when I left this morning so was not even able to get a cup of coffee. So as soon as I got into my motel room, I made a cup of coffee and sat there in the quiet and out of the rain. It sure hit the spot.

7-2-18, Got up a little later than normal. Took my time and had the continental breakfast at the motel. Drove the courtesy car back to the airport. Called flight service for a weather briefing. Weather looked good for a flight east bound to Rusk county. Ladysmith WI. Filed a flight plan and departed Park Rapids MN about 8:30 AM. Had a nice flight to Rusk Co. It was smooth until I crossed the Mississippi river. By then the cumulonimbus clouds started building and the last part of the flight was a little rough. Had called ahead to my aunt who lives in Hawkins and she was waiting at the airport for me in Rusk Co. when I landed. We hugged each other and had a nice chat about each of our trips on the way back into Hawkins. She had just been on a trip to Germany with her sister and I to Alaska.

That evening we went to a local bar for a burger and beer. The bar was very busy for some reason that evening and had run out of hamburger. So, we settled for a small steak instead. While waiting for our food, we got to talking to a couple guys at the next table. My aunt told them I had just returned from a trip to Alaska in my own private airplane. They said they had just recently been in Alaska also and asked if I had been to Soldotna. They said they had done some Salmon fishing there. I told them I had been there and had planned on fishing but due to heavy rain and high-water fishing was not allowed the day I was there. We had a nice chat about each of our trips. Talk about a small world. My aunt and I could hardly believe the coincidence of meeting a couple of guys in a small-town bar far from nowhere who had just recently been in Alaska and had some oof the same experiences I had had.

7-3-18, Got up rather early. Didn't sleep well last night. Called flight service for a weather briefing. Rain was on its' way and was already at the Mississippi river but looked real good going southeast toward home. Without appearing to anxious to get going I explained the situation to my aunt and said I needed to get on my way soon before the rain got here. She understood and got dressed and drove me to the airport. She waited while I pre-flighted the airplane and filed my flight plan then watched me take off. The wind was already blowing about 15 knots but was almost straight down the runway. I was planning on a rather rough ride home. I took off and headed southeast and was surprised as I passed through 2500' the air became glass smooth and remained that way all the way home.

Carole was waiting for me at East Troy airport when I arrived. I couldn't just land after a trip like this so made a low approach over runway 8 then circled to land on runway 18. I taxied back to our hangar and was home at last. It was an incredible trip but it sure felt good to be home.



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2019 INETERNATIONAL CESSNA 120/140 CONVENTION (KFWB) BRANSON, MISSOURI SEPTEMBER 3-7, 2019

Primary hotel:

Chateau on the Lake Resort. (888) 333-5253 (417) 334-1161

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A block of 40 rooms is reserved – please make your reservations soon.

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

Transportation from Airport: Arrangements are pending...



CAR RENTALS:

Enterprise Rent A Car: (417) 336-2000

Tuesday September 3rd — Arrival day Dinner at the hotel



Wednesday September 4th

Fly-out to Game Composites
(http://www.gamecomposites.com/)
Tour of the facility at Louise Thaden Field –
KVBT – back by 3:30pm

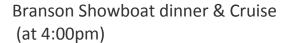
Lunch at the restaurant "Louise" – in the FBO facility at KVBT Dixie Stampede Dinner & Show (at 5:30pm)



Game Composites GameBird GB1
303 HP 10G +/-

Thursday September 5th — Tech Forum

Fly-out to Gastons White River Resort for early lunch (30 minute flight) – back by 2:00pm





Gaston's White River Resort (runway on left)



Branson Showboat Dinner Cruise

Friday September 6th

First Timers Breakfast – at the hotel

Maintenance forum – at the airport – KFWB

Catered Lunch – at the airport – KFWB

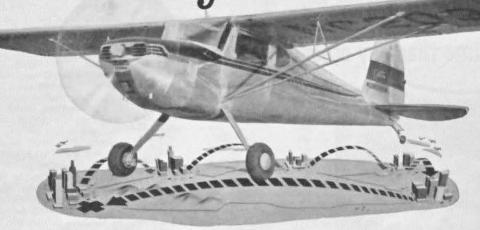
Flying games at KFWB Banquet

Saturday September 7th Farewell Breakfast at the hotel Departure Day





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The 120 is essentially the same as the 140 pictured above but has an 85-h.p. engine, less luxurious interior and is not equipped with starter, generator, battery and flaps. Both are rugged all-metal-structure airplanes with ranges of over 450 miles. See your Cessna dealer.

Also see the new Cessna 195 and 190: Practical, 4-5 place personal and company airliners! All metal, Every safety and comfort feature! Cruising speed—over 160 m. p. h. Range—over 700 miles! Famous Cessna cantilever wing construction. See them now!



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Upcoming Events...

Vintage Days June 1st 2019 Alexander Memorial Airport (GA2)

Our name has changed, but the times (vintage) are still the same!

Our Georgia State Representative invites everyone to join the fun for the Vintage Days celebration at our home airport. Alexander Memorial (GA2) is the home of Candler Field Museum, Barnstormer's Workshop and Barnstormer's Grill. What could be better than that? Each year proves to be a great time to see a wide range of vintage vehicles, as well as visit our friends from around Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and the Carolinas.

See you there! Christian Vehrs









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