



International Cessna 120/140 Association

P.O. Box 830092
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ISSUE 327

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2005

In This Issue....

Rural Impressions II Our Resident Artist, Member Tom Jones has submitted another installment of Rural Impressions.

I Can Fly That! It is amazing what you hear when you eavesdrop! Member Ken Morris tells us what he heard while listening in on some 'professional aviators'!

The Beginnings of the 140 Club by Tom Teegarden. A look at the beginnings of our club by one of our founding members.

Tech Talk - Stress Reliever by Victor Grahn. Another very useful article by our resident Technical Advisor!

Zen and the Art of Pumpkin Bombing by Paul Berge. An amusing look at the Midwest sense of fun in the fall by Guest Contributor Paul Berge.

Aircraft Hardware 101 - Aluminum Guest Contributor Buck Wyndam has supplied us with the latest Aircraft Hardware chapter!

Artist/Member Tom Jones
has graciously allowed us
to reprint his watercolor
'Lunch at the Spruce Goose'



Thomas Williams Jones 8/5/04

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From the Left & Right Seats

It's YOUR Newsletter! Special thanks to those of you who have taken the time to recognize the great job that Lorraine, Victor, Joy, Neal and a growing number of contributors are doing to help make YOUR Newsletter valuable, fun-to-read, and loaded with useable information. Remember: *It is your Newsletter* - so, be sure to communicate with Lorraine or any of your Association officers (names/email/phone #s are on front inside cover) with ideas and requests for information and articles that you would like to see published. Drop Neal Wright an email (cougarnfw@aol.com) with questions and queries for his wonderful, unique "library" of ongoing research and willing, enthusiastic experience sharing. And, finally, personally submit your own articles, photos, and experiences regarding flying, mods and maintenance issues - your fellow members truly want to read all about them!!

Fuel Selector - False Indication. We learned of a 140 recently returned from annual inspection that had the fuel selector valve handle 90 degrees out of position. What could have been disastrous turned out to be annoying, as this one just "quit" while taxiing. There has been at least one serious accident due to this same error in placing the handle on the valve, so it bears repeating that we all need to carefully check and double check to be absolutely sure that our selector handles are installed properly, especially after maintenance that may have required handle R & R.

Type Clubs, Forums @ AirVenture & Sun'N Fun. The great folks of EAA/VAA and Sun'N Fun do such a great job and service in providing a tent, tables and a prominent location for your Association each year. A very special salute to John Berendt, VAA's Type Club Tent Chairman for the hospitality and comfortable facilities at Oshkosh, and to Sharon Trembley, Sun'N Fun's Type Club Chairman, for the super location and treatment down there. While we normally make a small contribution to these worthy organizations, you should know that there is absolutely no other cost to display and utilize the type club HQs for a great meeting place at both events. Likewise, there is no cost to the Association for the "prime time" & excellent facilities provided for our forums at both OSH & Sun'N Fun. Yep, a very special salute is in order to John, Sharon, EAA/VAA and Sun'N Fun!

"Old Fashioned" Fly-In @ Whiteside. With forums, workshops, fly-market, camping, exhibitors, air rally, awards & lots of food, the North Central EAA Old Fashioned Fly-In will be held at the Whiteside County (SQI) Airport, Rock Falls, IL on September 18th and 19th. Contact Gregg Erickson @ 630-543-6743 or website www.nceaa.org for more information/updates. *This is a good one!*

It's Gonna Be Jam-Packed...(Or, Maybe Not).

Omaha Convention Hosts Ward & Judy Combs have put together some outstanding events and venues that will enable attendees to be just as busy as they want to be! At the same time, there are plenty of places and times to rest and relax - it's to be truly a "do as you please" kind of convention, with plenty to do...or, *not* do. And, pleased you will be!! Highlights include a very special up close and personal tour of the Strategic Air & Space Museum on Friday. Then, there are *optional* "side trips" during the convention to a number of unique and extremely interesting area attractions of all kinds. If you haven't already, be sure to phone the HQ Hotel, the Crown Plaza (800-227-6963) and make your reservations right away. It's getting close...and, this IS going to be a great one, folks! Do plan to "Come Find The Good Life" @ Omaha, Nebraska!

Annual Membership Meeting - Sept. 23.

A reminder that the annual membership meeting is to be held at the Omaha North Airport on Friday evening of "Convention Week". Elections for Association offices to be filled will be held - please review the list of candidates submitted by your Nominating Committee in the June/July Newsletter. Qualified nominations may also be made at the meeting by any member in good standing...and, any member in good standing who does not attend the meeting may vote by proxy (see related instructions on page 53 of your 2005 Membership Directory, or contact one of your officers with questions). "Routine" Association business items such as the Treasurer's Report will be presented at the meeting and, while no other major topics are anticipated at this time, an agenda will be published and distributed prior to the meeting. All members are invited to join us there!

Sport Pilot Notes. With the flurry of "news" regarding the many new sport planes on the market making so much noise, you should know that David Lowe, your Association officers, EAA and even some FAA representatives continue to focus and work on achieving an "exemption" to the rule that excludes our 120s/140s/140As for being flown by a Sport Pilot utilizing the Lowe STC. While the lack of quick resolution is frustrating, we remain confident that there will be positive results. Count on us to keep you posted, and feel free to call or write with questions, thoughts, and ideas.

See you all @ Omaha!!

From The Left & Right Seats,
We See Positive Traffic @ 12:00!

Mac & Donna

I Can Fly That! - by Ken Morris

I was on a layover last month in Colorado Springs, CO, and heard an interesting exchange by two airline pilots at the table next to me. First of all, for the non-airline types in the reading audience, a layover is where we go to different hotels in our route system to rest, then get up and go flying again. Contrary to popular belief, it is not a wild party... usually. The rooms can be hot/cold, the bed is hard/soft, the pillow is hard/soft and the shower can be just cold.

Anyway, the conversation reminded me of a time when my dad was visiting me in Texas. My friend, Randy, had just purchased a L-4 (Cub) with his buddy who had no tail wheel time. My dad, having nothing better to do, offered to give this guy some tail wheel dual. Randy was spewing my dad's qualifications, explaining excitedly that 'He's a DC-10 Captain!' To which my dad said "What the hell does that have to do with flying a cub?" Indeed!

But I digress...

Here were two professional aviators and their conversation as I remember it went like this:

FO (First Officer/Co-Pilot): I've been thinking about getting into some sort of ½ interest in a little airplane of some sort. Just to fly around.

Captain: Have you ever flown with old Joe Blow? *[not his real name]* He's got a little 140. I think he wants to sell ½ of it.

FO: What's that, like a Piper or something?

Capt: No, I think it's a Cessna. It has a tailwheel.

FO: What's something like that go for?

Capt: I Dunno, I bet you could get ½ for a couple of grand. It's really little.

FO: Does it cost much to operate?

Capt: Nah. Probably burns about 3 ½ gallons an hour, and since it's not for hire, it only has to be inspected once a year. Ever flown anything like that?

FO: I had primary in the Tweet. *[Cessna T-37; it's a jet!]*

Capt: You'd probably need an hour or two to get used to it. Give old Joe Blow *[Not his real name]* a call.

About that time my burrito came and it was the size of a 140! (Piper)

So, in summary: We can all buy a 140 for about four thousand dollars that burns 3 ½ gallons an hour, that only has to be inspected once a year and we can fly it in one or two hours of time, never having flown a tail wheel. What a country!

It just goes to show, a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing.

From: Flying Dentist Association
Dr. David C. Camp, Member Chairman

I think it might be of interest to some members in your organization that there is a Flying Dentist Association. The group was founded in 1960 and has approximately 300 members who are both pilots and dentists. There is also a pharmacist and an eye surgeon. The members plan fly-ins with continuing education courses available almost every month in interesting locations in all areas of the United States. They also plan a Scuba diving fly-in, a Skiing fly-in, a Canada fishing trip fly-in and a National Convention at a great fly-in vacation area every summer. The group also has many members who fly to remote locations and provide mission dentistry. For anyone in you organization who would like more information about the Flying Dentist Associaiton, the web site is www.flyingdentists.org

Please contact me if the FDA can be of any assistance to your organization.

The Beginnings of the Cessna 120/140 Association

by Tom Teegarden

(This article was originally written about 1988)

In the Spring of 1976 what has evolved into the International Cessna 120/140 Association was born.

For two or three years, Glenn Usher, Garland Haskell and I were "tie-down neighbors" at Dallas North Airport.

I met Glenn and Garland shortly after I brought in my first 140. I'd bought this sadly neglected poor little bird in from Tulsa, ostensibly to clean it up, make it pretty, and sell it - something to do to escape the boredom of TV.

Stripping three layers of paint, outside, in Texas 100 degree weather brought sympathy, empathy, and advice from my two new friends. Glenn had a 120 and had done all his own work on stripping, re-painting, and a complete major engine overhaul. Garland's 140 was in perfect maintenance condition, as he was an A&P (and still is) at what is now AVIALL.

Both were quiet and unassuming. They were very knowledgeable and only 'got involved' when they saw me fumbling with a mechanical problem. We became fast friends very quickly.

The advantage of having an all metal airplane that's all in one piece is that you can strip paint til you're tired or bored, then jump in and fly around. Beverly, my wife, Glenn and Garland, and I did a lot of week-end flying around North Central Texas. We had all the airport restaurants spotted and would tinker on the planes, then blast off airport hopping.

By 1976 (and my third 140), we had talked to every 120/140 owner in the area. The common question was, "Is there a 120/140 Association? - if not, there ought to be!" Everyone made the same comment, "There ought to be one!" Some thought there had been, or still was one in Illinois to whom some had sent money and received only a decal. The person at that address never responded.

We wrote to every publication and organization asking if there was such an Association. The replies were all negative.

It then became apparent that if there was to be one it was up to us. Garland, a quiet, shy "Downeasterner" from Maine, pointed to me and said "You're the salesman - this thing's got to be sold." Glenn was a construction superintendent, and traveled to out of town jobs and worked 50-60 hours a week. He also pointed to me.

I went to San Antonio to talk to the founder of the Cessna 170 Association, John Benham. John gave me a lot of pointers and a copy of their by-laws.

Beverly and I had an office for our business (a manufacturer's representative agency) and that became "home base" for the beginning of the Cessna 120/140 Association. We placed ads in Trade-A-Plane and other publications enticing 120/140 owners to join the new organization.

Our company had a small subsidiary, O.E.M. Parts Co. which used box 92, Richardson, Texas 75080. Since the box did not have heavy use, we also used it for our new

120/140 Association.

The four of us were still doing our week-end airport hopping, talking to all 120/140 owners possible. We tried to sell \$10 memberships to all.

IT WAS A TOUGH SELL!

Some had been burned once and were leery. Although I wrote a monthly newsletter, we had only a few month's history. Glenn and Garland supplied me with most of the technical/mechanical information, I wrote it, Beverly typed, folded, and mailed them. She was also the first correspondent, secretary, treasurer, and assistant sales manager.

Now that we have over a dozen years of longevity and memberships in the thousands, it's hard to believe how difficult it was to get 120/140 owners to part with \$10. (Have you ever tried to sell encyclopedias? - about the same, I'd imagine).

I started planning for the big July 1976 Fly-In. The only airport that would have us was at Lancaster, Texas, a Dallas suburb to the South. Since there was only a handful of "paid members" it was necessary for our company to subsidize advertising, postage, printing, etc. for this, the newsletter, phones, etc.

It hadn't rained for two months, and it never rains in North Central Texas in July, but it was pouring and scary looking on arrival day. Dallas Morning News had a beautiful three plane formation on the front page. The local ABC Television affiliate had their crew at the airport. Spectators were there waiting to see the Cessnas they'd been reading about in the paper. P.T. Barnum couldn't have done better. The only thing it, there were no 120's or 140's. I gave up and drove back home.

Later that evening, I got a call from two couples who had somehow made it around, through, or under the scud. The Rittersbachers from Kansas City area, and the Poppenhagers from Illinois. Weather improved a little the next day and more of us were able to make it. I remember it as about 16 planes. We had a "rump" meeting. I was appointed president and we listened to all suggestions. We were encouraged to continue the work.

At this first "annual" Fly-In, I solicited donations/prizes from all aircraft products manufacturers and retailers who might benefit from future sales to our members. I believe I asked for \$25 or a prize of some sort. Cessna replied that their "budget had been set for the year and they could not afford to contribute". Airtex and Univair sent prizes, and/or money immediately. I still thank Don Stretch of Airtex and Steve at Univair when I see them, for their faith I the beginning and their continued support over the years. Many parts suppliers are on the bandwagon, now, with prizes, but Airtex and Univair have always been with us.

Most members wanted decals, tee-shirts, patches, etc. I agreed, but showed them the arithmetic that the few

bers we had couldn't afford the art-work set up charges.

After our "giant" first Fly-In, I received a phone call from California quizzing me about our organization. I gave him a sales pitch, at the conclusion of which he stated he had started the West Coast Cessna 120/140 Club a few months earlier. He said "This is too XXX much work for both of us, we'll throw in with you and you can run it." I agreed about the work, but they had 80 members and we had about 19. I wasn't sure we could survive. Their 80 members seemed big, solid, and wonderful to me. I tried to get him to drop the words "West Coast" and merge ours into theirs. He wanted no more work load. So we both continued, cooperating when possible.

They had already paid for artwork for a decal and had a source. The printer could make only a minor adjustment in the type, run our new ones with theirs (West Coast Club) and give us the quantity price. This is the way we "poor boyed" our first item for sale.

In these beginning years, we also had an agreement with the West Coast Club in that we wrote a note recommending them to any West Coast applicants and they recommended us to non-West Coast residents. This worked well in the beginning years. For some reason, it appears to have deteriorated into some sort of competition in later years.

We had a well attended "local" Fly-In at Lake Texoma Lodge (Oklahoma) with contests, a forum, and some works from an Oklahoma Aeronautical Commissioner.

The plans for the second "annual" Fly-In were made for Arrowhead Lodge in S.E. Oklahoma for summer of 1977. Glenn was laid up with medical problems, operations, hospital stays, etc. Garland was busy wooing his fiancée (now Mrs. Haskell), so Beverly and I did the P.R. and made the plans. The purpose for this event was to attract more members, and to elect a slate of officers who would carry on the work we had started. Attendance was pleasingly good. Some stayed only one day or a few hours, but some thirty new members signed up.

An awards banquet was arranged. Our goal was to have a very democratic Association, with no one "dictator, or King," no matter how benevolent. To this end, I had many, private discussions with capable members trying to line up at least two candidates for each office. Tom Norton agreed to be a candidate, along with Jack Poppenhager. Glenn and Frank Rittersbacher were the two V.P. candidates. Neither could attend, so I gave campaign speeches for both capable men. A newsletter editor volunteered: Mack Newsom of Ft. Worth. Frank Hancock became secretary-treasurer.

The second annual Fly-In was a huge success as far as I was concerned. A bona fide slate of officers had been duly elected, we'd had a nice turn out, a wonderful group of people had become friends and Beverly and I could relax and enjoy the benefits of the Association.

We tried to have local fly-ins every month and had a regular Sunday morning breakfast at Vicki's Vittles, on

Aero Valley Airport, North of Ft. Worth. Duane Johnson, of Paducah, Texas hosted a West Texas meet. Merle "Sandy" Sanders had us congregate at Horseshoe Bend, and we frequented the Oklahoma State lodges having airstrips, also.

Glenn and I encouraged Jack Poppenhager, the new president, to keep Box 92 in force. In my attempts to contact other "type clubs", I found that each new secretary changed the address, and it took several months to locate (and sometimes never) the correct address. Since Box 92 was midway between home and office, it was easy to monitor. We could answer questions directly, or pass them on to the appropriate officer. In the early days, each succeeding slate of officers discussed (and some wished strongly) to change the address. Glenn took a strong stand as he was then monitoring the box and Glenn became the "glue" that held everything together.

The Newsletter became a major problem. Mack Newsom was well intentioned when he volunteered to edit and publish. His wife was a journalism professor at T.C.U. and her students could assist. What Mack didn't realize was that with less than 100 members, there simply was no input. There was nothing to edit. All that we'd previously written was "creative writing." Members were grumbling as newsletters became further and further apart (to non-existence).

Glenn became quite upset, as our efforts to expedite publications produced no results. He announced that he would start writing a newsletter, immediately. Which he did. Any of you who have access to those old newsletters know that they were full of very good basic information for the 120/140 owners and mechanics. Glenn put the very most into the Newsletter for the rest of his life.

After Glenn had typed the monthly Newsletters (and the local Quik Print had run them off), he and Garland and his wife and Beverly and I would have a folding, stapling, addressing, and stamping "party." We did this until membership reached around 500, as I remember.

Glenn also began monitoring Box 92 at this point. Upon Glenn's death, we began checking the box again till we moved 60 miles away, at which point Ken Lifland began. Ken is a long time 120 owner, is a Texas Instruments Computer Programmer Supervisor, and has his A&P license. Ken answers many of the questions directly and passes on correspondence to the appropriate officer. Keeping Box 92, Richardson, Texas was never a "power play by the Texans" (as it has been suggested), but work done by a few dedicated members to assure International recognition, continuity, and longevity of our Association. O.E.M Parts gave way to the heavier 120/140 traffic three or four years ago. Many have asked "Why Box 92?" This is why.

Ray Johnson of Sulphur Springs, Texas was at our first Fly-In with his 140A. Ray is an attorney, and when a few years later, our leadership felt the need to incorporate, Glenn and I called upon Ray. Glenn and I borrowed from the 170 by-laws and revised them to be as democratic as

mempossible. Ray worked diligently to make the corporation more suitable to our needs. Having current officers in Illinois, Texas, and other states this was a chore in communication. Ray did all of this without charge. His practice became very heavy and he was unable to attend many Fly-Ins. Ray did enjoy our local flour bombing contests. The only way we were ever able to repay him was to have a plaque made for him for being "THE CHAMPION FLOUR BOMBER".

With Tom Norton's presidency came the real turn of events. He and Jan took our Association to Oshkosh with a rented tent and application forms. Membership grew by the hundreds immediately! Glenn came back from Oshkosh with stars in his eyes telling me the fantastic job the Nortons had done. Jim and Betty Merwin also put in many long hours in the Oshkosh tent in succeeding years.

We talked Dorchen Forman into taking over the Newsletter upon Glenn's death. All in this area agreed to assist her. By this time membership had grown, fortunately, due to the Newsletter, the Oshkosh promotion, and a succession of strong officers.

The Owens, Curley and BeBe, gave the Association another shot in the arm by purchasing a mailing list of U.S. Ownership of 120/140's, and making a concerted membership drive. BeBe's "State Rep" program and 'parts locator' plan has further improved and strengthened our organization, making it easier to recruit.

We've been exceedingly fortunate to have had so many

capable and dedicated members who have volunteered to accept roles of leadership and hard work.

Should this telling of my recollection of our beginnings appear to be a tribute to Glenn Usher, it probably is and should be. The past and future recipients of the "Glenn Usher Award" can now know his place in the International Cessna 120/140 Association.

There are scores of early members who could also be lauded, and the failure to mention any one individual would be a serious omission. The Charter Members of this group and their trust and donating their first \$10 to this organization is still appreciated.

■ FOR SALE ■

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Zen And The Art Of Pumpkin Bombing

By Paul Berge (Paul's website: www.ailerona.com)

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Today is Thanksgiving, and in honor of the second harvest festival of the season, AVweb presents a first-hand account of an event that happened after the last such festival, when some bored Midwesterners decided to 'properly dispose' extra pumpkins. If you won't tell the FAA, we won't.

Ah, Autumn — birds on the wing, a crisp snap to the air, and pumpkins falling from Cubs. For those seeking the true meaning of flight you need only look to southern Iowa, where at an undisclosed location, close to the Maharishi TM University, unfettered by TFRs, the Annual Great Pumpkin Bombing and Chili Shootout went off without so much as a major reportable catastrophe.

First the boilerplate disclaimer: FAR 91.15, titled, "Dropping objects," pilots in civil aircraft may not allow objects to be dropped in-flight if the droppings create a hazard to persons or property. It's worth noting that 91.15 precedes 91.17, which prohibits doing this while drunk. Sharp legal minds have long noted that despite its

negative tone, 91.15 specifically encourages (in this legal mind's opinion) dropping of objects. It states, "However!" (exclamation point added for emphasis), "This section does not prohibit the dropping of *any* object..." And then there's some fine print about taking "reasonable precautions" to avoid injury.

So, armed with reason and FARs, a dozen mostly civil antique airplanes rendezvoused at a secret airfield in the hills along the Missouri border where federal statutes have always been seen more as obstacles than mandates. Pilot names and aircraft registration numbers have been sanitized in the interest of taking "reasonable precautions." Suffice it to say that the average airplane was 50 years old, and the pilots about the same age. Most were armed with shotguns for the morning's skeet contest in which free-range skeeters were released before a line of near-sighted shooters who mostly tossed a lot of lead shot into nearby trees. After that, a light lunch of chili, Doritos, and crème soda was served, followed by a military-style pre-mission briefing.

Nervous anticipation hung over the assembled crews like an unclaimed bean fart as Commander Sparky (not his real name) sketched the bombing mission. "Gentlemen," he called. "Try not to hit my car again this year." Then with a steely glance at the flight crews, knowing that some would not be coming back because the chili was gone, he said, "I gotta take a leak." Most of us took that as the code for, "Pick yer pumpkins and Godspeed."

The object of the bombing was to recycle 332 pumpkins gleaned from area grocery stores and front porches after Halloween. As youngsters, we would've simply smashed them on street corners by tossing them out the back of a '57 Dodge; but as aviator, someone discovered that surplus pumpkins could best be disposed of from 500 feet AGL. But, as Curtis LeMay — godfather of the Strategic Air Command — knew, that's not as simple as it first appears. To bomb anything back into the Stone Age takes advanced math.

My bombardier must've paid more attention in high school than I did, because he calculated that at 500 feet AGL, a 30-pound pumpkin dropped at a sighting point 45-degrees from the bulls eye while traveling at a 60-knot groundspeed might hit the target, which in this case was a large sailboat parked in a pasture earlier used as the skeet range. The bombing run final-approach course was over a wooded area, making the target difficult to spot until almost upon it. In keeping with the "reasonable precautions" spirit of the FARs, the skeet range was closed during bombing runs, so ground fire was expected to be minimal — and given the skeet shooters' marksmanship, would've been ineffective anyhow.

The weight of the dropped object, as 16th-century physicist Sir Walter Raleigh discovered by dropping pumpkins from the then-vertical Pisa tower, is irrelevant. An object falls at nine-point-eight meters-per-second (squared ... *mas 0 menow*), but since none of us were adept at the metric system, and muscling a 20-inch diameter, semi-rotted pumpkin out of an Aeronca Champ's side window is difficult to time, accuracy became an unintended byproduct of our efforts.

Each bomber departed at max gross weight, loaded with fuel, two crewmembers, and usually two bombs per aircraft. One Aeronca Chief staggered off the 2500-foot grass runway with four bombs. When dropped simultaneously over the target, you could see the Chief lurch higher at the sudden release of weight at the bomb load cascaded downward to stitch a row of orange pulp several hundred feet from the boat.

Our bomb runs were flown with the accuracy of Doolittle over Tokyo — meaning I believe I could've hit a target the size of that city. Instead, the tiny boat from 500 feet looked like a beer can. In fact, as we released our first bomb, we discovered that we indeed had aimed for a beer can and the boat was at least 50 feet west of that. Missed both.

Through out the afternoon, wave after wave of Champs, Cubs, Taylorcrafts, and Cessna 140s droned overhead unleashing orange hell on the target with a few projectiles even getting close. And then, as I climbed from the cockpit to re-arm after a run, I heard radial engines in the distance. Several other bomber pilots picking through the diminishing ordnance pile also looked skyward, where we was a World War II B-25 bomber enter the pattern, make a pass as though sizing up the target, and then return for a long final approach with its landing gear tucked in the wells.

Quickly the Cubs and Champs scattered from the bomb pattern as the B-25 banked over the distant hills and lined up on final, its Pratt-Whitney engines growling through the leafless hickory trees.

"Who is it?" someone asked.

"Don't know," we all answered, knowing that what we were about to see could prove interesting in a FSDO meeting.

The B-25 descended slightly and, just before the target zone, opened its bomb bay doors and from its belly countless orbs dropped, arcing toward the target, and quickly decelerating behind the bomber.

A single pumpkin impact sounds like a distant mortar round. First, there's the sight of the explosion and then



the sound hits you with a "Fwump!" I'm told that a watermelon comes close, and a bushel full of zucchini can make you take notice. But the pumpkin is surprisingly concussive when it smacks dirt. Now, imagine a whole belly load of pumpkins tumbling from a bomber and raining upon the target, striking within microseconds of each other: "Fwump, fwump... Fwump! Fwump-whump...!"

Pulp flew in the swirling blast, mingling, twisting, and colliding like chunky napalm. The target disappeared in a maelstrom of goo, seeds, and contorted rind. The horror... the horror... and oh, the humanity of 50 middle-aged pilots cheering from the sidelines as the mysterious B-25 pulled up and banked away, never to be seen again.

We didn't learn who it was. Perhaps, it was just a ghost ship from our collective imaginations, the winged embodiment of what the rest of us ersatz bomber pilots really wanted to be. We'll never know. Or at least, we'll never tell. But as we stood on the grassy ramp watching the bomber disappear over the horizon, each of us wondered, "How the hell are we gonna top that next year?" But this is Iowa, where idle minds are never truly at rest.

Computer Corner, no batteries allowed!

Here are the questions for this issue. Be sure to check out the next newsletter for the answers.

1. If you are flying at 12,500 feet and the barometric altimeter reads 30.42, what is your true altitude?
2. If you are flying at 4000 feet pressure altitude and the outside temperature is -25 degrees C., what is the density altitude?

Answers for the questions from the June July issue:

1. The outside air temperature is 15 degrees C. If your airspeed indicator indicates 528 KTS, how fast are you going in MACH? If your MACH indicator indicates 1.36, how fast are you going in KTS? 528 Kts - .8 Mach 1.36 Mach - 898 Kts.

2. If you are flying 140 mph, how far will you fly in 3 minutes? 7 miles.

How did you do? Here are the members who got the answers right!

Congratulations again go to **David G. Hoffman**, NC90025 who emailed right away with the correct answers!



Jason Hartwig's Story

"Can I get my pilot's license in 30 days?" my son asked. "Hmmm, I think that between myself, Ken and Lorraine, and their 140 and Craig's 140 we ought be able to get it done." My son, Jason, recently completed training as a navigator on a Lockheed C-130 and would have 30 days leave before reporting to Futenma Marine Corps Air Station in Okinawa, Japan. He called home about a month before his scheduled "vacation" to ask that question. Since I recently retired from the FAA's Air Traffic Service, I figured I'd have plenty of time to do the instructing, even though I'm enrolled fulltime in A&P school, and our good friends Ken and Lorraine Morris would fill in, as needed, to help instruct and offer their 140A. (Heck, they have plenty of time, we all know airline pilots never work). Craig Day's '48 140, suitably adorned with nose art of a cute little gal in Marine uniform, would be the main workhorse for the effort. Craig's 140 resides in our hangar, and he practically begs to have it flown, and since he's also former USMC he felt it only fitting that LCpl. Jason Hartwig should use it.

It's been a while since we've owned a 140 but I soloed, got the Private, Commercial, Instrument and CFI all in a 140 that was handed down to me by my Dad, who also got his instrument rating in the same 140 in 1963. We've owned two other 140s since that airplane, as well as a 170, and now a 195. Seems

like as the family grew, so grew the airplane. Jason and his younger brother, Brent, spent a lot of time riding in the back seat of those Cessnas, from our home in northern Illinois to the east coast a few times, twice to Grand Cayman, and several trips to see family in Colorado. I can hardly recall a trip when Jason didn't get airsick, and if he wasn't hanging on to a sick sac, he was reading a book, or sleeping, or watching a video, or playing a GameBoy. He never displayed much interest in actually flying, but somehow he ended up riding around sideways in a C130 for Uncle Sam.

So, Jason got home Friday night and we started training Sunday morning by flying to breakfast. Hey, a Marine and his CFI gotta eat. About 3 days and 6 flight hours later he was landing on the pavement, unassisted. A few days and a few flight hours later he soloed, after our family physician, hearing about our 30 day timetable, got him in on short notice for an Airman Medical Exam/Student Pilot Certificate. Navigation on the cross-country phase was a snap but that's to be expected since he graduated top of his class at Marine Aerial Navigators School. We were able to double up and do some of the hoodwork during night cross-country flights and kill three birds with one stone. (x-country dual, night dual, and instrument dual). The stalls were still kind of creeping



him out, but after a few spins were demonstrated by his Evil-Dad-CFI, he didn't think stalls were bad at all. Somewhere along the way, he made it into a CATS testing center and passed the written with an 87%, after spending all of 30 minutes on the 60-question exam. I know the clock was ticking but couldn't he have taken a little more time? Oh well, it's still a better grade than I got on my Private written and I went to a real ground school.

As the checkride neared, Ken checked him out in their A model, just in case there was some reason we couldn't use Craig's. I had called the examiner during our second week of training and he'd assured me that he'd fit Jason into his schedule. "Who's instructing him?" asked John Reining, the DPE. I said I was, and John, in his usual, understated style of sarcasm, said "What's a matter, couldn't he find a real instructor?". You see, John's known me since I was a baby. He even gave me a few checkrides along the way, and my first flying job as a fledgling CFI, and employed my Dad once upon a time, too. So now he was getting a third generation Hartwig-pilot thrown at him. I think he rather enjoyed the opportunity, too, judging by the smile in his voice when he debriefed the instructor.

Jason managed to get his high-performance endorsement in the 195, and a half an hour of aerobatic dual in a Yak52tw before he got on the plane to go to Japan. So, he was home for 30 days, flew 16 out of 25 days to get 40.2 hours, meeting all of the requirements of the FARs, to become a Private Pilot. When

he gets to fly with the flying club at Kadena AFB in Okinawa, he'll show them a logbook with NO nose-wheel time in it, and all they have are 172s. Somehow I think he'll make the transition just fine. Needless to say I'm so proud I've had to wear T-shirts to keep from popping buttons all over the place. Craig and Ken have been sporting some pretty big grins, too. Many thanks to everyone else who helped along the way. Especially Mother Nature, who gave us enough wind to assure me Jason can handle it, enough rain to give us both a day off when we needed, and plenty of other days of great weather to pull it all off.

For those of you who think your kid isn't interested in flying, stand by because they might just surprise you. Ken and I grew up in separate 140s together, while suffering the instruction of our fathers, and sometimes felt we'd never wish it on our own kids, but we also learned how powerful the approval of a father can be, even if it might have been a little misplaced sometimes. (We both seem to remember being turned loose way too early a few times along the way). I recall seeing other fathers virtually insisting that their sons learn to fly, consequently the sons rebelled and never flew again. Jason's fortunate to have been able to learn in a 140 which, as most of us know, is a great trainer. I'm fortunate that Jason decided to learn to fly, and chose me to teach him. It's been a most enjoyable privilege. (OK, he picked me because I work cheap, but don't pop my bubble!)



Rural Impressions II

by Thomas W. Jones



“Twenty Minutes to the Goose”.....Café that is. As in Spruce Goose Café on Jefferson County Airport, just south of Port Townsend, WA (Olympic Peninsula)

The years seem to peel back when flying westerly beyond the North /South urban and citified sprawl from Arlington to Olympia. Sometimes Rod Sterling’s voice filters into the head set, “Caution, you are about to enter the Twilight Zone. The year is 1950, the place is a small country café on a rural county airport.” I know you are not suppose to live in the past, but owning my original looking 1950 A model (5380C) for eight years now has provided a connection to that period. Thoughts of dog-eared pages of flying magazines and memorizing the paint schemes of early 140s and 170s are renewed. After peddling for hours and arriving at the small farm house office serving old Avon Airport in northern Ohio, I would drool over original fabric and aluminum tied down on the lawn-like flight line, their resting places marked by triangles of bald, treadless tires. Memories like these came back stronger than expected after acquiring 80C and discovering quieter out-of-the-way rural airport landscapes.

Let’s take a step back, hop over to Jefferson County and grab a sandwich.

Climbing away southwest from Arlington (AWO), water and island shapes fill the lower half of the windshield, the Olympic mountain range and sky crowd the

upper half. Logbook inscriptions repeat many trips over the years, each different with seasonal moods of Northwest weather. As the wooded south fingertip of Camano Island is bisected, flat wide Whidbey Island takes longer to cross at 3000 feet or so, my left red wheel pant in bright contrast to muted tones of pasture and evergreens. Starting over the seven mile expanse of Admiralty Inlet, the northeast-facing facades of the Olympics bully themselves into fuller view, their majesty competing with attention needed for other Goose Café traffic. Soon Jefferson County appears as a tan gash in the lower elevations at about my two o'clock position. Here the peninsula's landscape displays a timeless essence with rich uncluttered valley farmland and forest, Charlie's wings seem to stretch out further, absorbing it all. Any structures seem less manmade, but organic, growing out of the ground. At this point I think I should depress the mike button and inquire if Rod is on the frequency.

Being in a shallow bowl-like depression and close to bluffed shorelines, wind over 15 kts can get your attention on the east-west runway. The automated advisory and local chatter on 123.0 give the best clues. "We don't like it here today" or "Looks like we're going around" have been heard on the frequency occasionally. I've had to call it quits on a squirrely final a few times. But more often than not, conditions are favorable and voices can be heard reporting "Looks like we're.....ah.....number three for runway 27".

After arriving with as much grace as possible, the mid-point taxiway points north slightly uphill to the ramp and lawn in front of the café. As I spin around on one of the yellow "T" parking spots, I hope to find anything with a tail wheel nearby. Usually there's a friend or acquaint-

tance either here or in route whose time machine could fill that wish. Like Richard who has waltzed, tangoed or jitterbugged with his '47/140 named "Rosie" here for years. His favorite counter-swiveled seat against the wall paneling should have his nameplate attached. Tom from Renton and his polished original '48/140 usually stops on his way up and down Puget Sound. He once spent most of the day at one picnic table on the deck porch trying to leave, but kept running into all his friends. And then there's Eric, a local who bases his "Big 140" (a '48 rag-wing 170) there. Given the unofficial title of airport mayor, he is always spreading good will and cheer, his name should be on every seat!

A short grassy stroll and the Goose beckons with a simple framed entrance. All of this reminds me of comments made by the author, William Least Heat-Moon, in his book *Blue Highways*, who describes and judges good, small town cafés by how many calendars hang on the walls. The Spruce Goose has one or two, but here it's best to go by how many airplanes are tethered to the ceiling. There are many and all seem to rotate slowly in a flat spin whenever the door opens. The dark red painted interior with framed black and white photo memories provide a definite '50s period feel.....could that be Rod sitting by himself at the corner table? Good food brings on the conversation.....and then the stories, what would we do without the stories!

Since most everyone enjoys a place like this with its rural setting, mountain view and camaraderie, you will always find and see aviation past and present. Perhaps the Lancair pilot just parking out front was inspired as a kid by space-age technology or sleek airplanes with swooping paint schemes, and has entered his own private twilight zone here. Problem is.....one of his wheels just doesn't fit the mood or look right!

Convention Update

The draft plan for the Convention Schedule is not going to change much. We have confirmed the Sat night speaker as the pilot of the SR71 hanging in the museum. I believe the airport sits under the outer ring of class C airspace. You can fly around the center of the airspace and under the outer ring and not talk to any one if you really wanted to.

There are three very tall towers, approximately 2 miles south of the airport. Do not go east or south of these towers with out talking to Omaha approach.

If any one has any concerns with arrival, hotel, etc please give Convention Host Ward Combs a call!

We look forward to seeing you in Omaha!

If you are planning on attending the Convention, **Dick & Nicki Acker** are working on a neat

tool that will speed up the registration! They are going to try and get a 'Preregistration Form' on the website soon. If you want to simplify the process after you arrive, you can print out this form from the website and fill it in and send it in a check ahead of time. When you arrive, your convention badges and itinerary should be all ready for you. If you are not sure if you can make it or not, print out the form and fill it out and bring it with you to the Convention. The badges won't be ready, but maybe you can save a little time anyway. If you send in your check and preregistration form and are unable to make the convention, refunds will be available.

So keep checking the website to see when this form is available and plan on attending the Omaha convention!!!

- **Ward Combs, Host**

A Review of the Purpose of the 120/140 Association . . .

The International Cessna 120-140 Association is an all volunteer group of over 1,400 owners, pilots and others who share a common interest in restoring, maintaining and flying the Models 120, 140 and 140A aircraft manufactured by the Cessna Aircraft Company in 1946-1950. Though over 60 years old, these aircraft provide a combination of performance, ease and economy of operation and maintenance unmatched by many currently produced aircraft.

What we do:

The Association provides a forum for disseminating and exchanging information about restoring, maintaining and operating the Cessna 120, 140 and 140A aircraft. Our goal is to keep these over-sixty-year-old aircraft flying safely and economically. The most complete technical information about maintaining, preserving and operating Cessna 120,140 and 140A aircraft has been collected by the Association into one document ("Reference Manual"), which is available for sale. Additionally, the Association Website forum(s), Library and other "pages" contains useful information to which additions and updates are continuously made. The Association publishes a bi-monthly newsletter, and annual calendar, and membership hand-book that provide additional technical information, as well as aircraft and parts for sale, active STC's, supplier resources, Association-sponsored flying events and articles about flying our aircraft.

Activities:

The Association, through its network of State and Foreign Representatives, promotes numerous local and regional Fly-ins throughout the year. These Fly-ins

provide opportunities for Cessna 120, 140 and 140A enthusiasts to meet, socialize, compare aircraft and exchange ideas and information. At both Sun-in-Fun (Lakeland, Florida - April) and AirVenture (Oshkosh, Wisconsin - July/August) Experimental Aircraft Association Conventions the Association staffs an information table at the Type Club tent. In addition the Association holds maintenance forums and banquets at both events.

The Association's Annual Convention attracts enthusiasts from all corners of the world. The Convention is a four to five day event that includes maintenance and safety forums, flying events, business meeting, social activities and visits to historical or other points of interest. The convention usually is held in September or October at different locations around the country.

Structure:

The International Cessna 120-140 Association is a not-for-profit organization recognized under section 501 (c) (7) of the Internal Revenue Code. All Association officers and board members are volunteers and are not compensated. All technical and other information presented by the Association is provided for informational purposes only. Each aircraft owner is responsible for maintaining and operating his/her aircraft under the applicable provisions of the Federal Air Regulations (FARs) or other applicable governmental requirements. All written and published materials provided by the Association are copyrighted. Publication rights are retained by both the original author and the Association, from which permission must be obtained for any republication or reproduction in any form.

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with bushings - 0434149

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Aircraft Hardware 101 - Aluminum

By Buck Wyndham

Did you ever hear someone talking about the construction of their airplane say things like “2024-T3” or “6061-T4” and wonder exactly what those numbers mean?

These numbers are part of an index system used by the aluminum industry to identify its products. These numbers and their pre-fixes and/or suffixes are usually inked directly onto the sheets of aluminum for positive identification by the user. Here’s a quick education on how the designation system works:

First of all, aircraft “aluminum” is actually a mix, or alloy, of aluminum and one or more other elements. Pure aluminum is unsuitable for aircraft structures because it’s too soft, but I you alloy it with other metals, it gets much stronger and much more versatile.

The first number in the designation indicates the alloy group according to its major element. The following chart identifies each group:

1XXX	No major alloy element	5XXX	Magnesium
2XXX	Copper	6XXX	Magnesium/Silicon
3XXX	Manganese	7XXX	Zinc
4XXX	Silicon	8XXX	Other element

Therefore, we already know that 2024 aluminum is a copper-alloy aluminum. This particular alloy is known for its easy machine-ability, high strength, and excellent fatigue resistance. It’s a relatively soft product, which allows it to be bent, stretched and formed easily (an important trait if you’re going to build a flying machine out of it). By the way, there is only 4.5% copper in 2024 aluminum. It doesn’t take much of the alloy metal to give it the desired properties.

The second digit indicates the alloy modification. Some manufacturers change the characteristics of certain alloys used in special applications, and this change is reflected by the second digit (1 through 9). A zero indicates no modification. Therefore, 2024 aluminum has no alloy modifications.

The last two digits have no special significance. They just identify the different alloys in the group. 2024, presumably, was the 24th alloy developed in its group.

The next character in the designation will be a letter. It designates the temper, or degree of hardness:

H means “Strain-hardened.” This is a non-heat-treatable alloy. It will be followed by a 2-digit number indicating both the hardening method and degree of hardness.

F means “As Fabricated.” It’s right from the factory

O means “Annealed” (softened).

T means “Heat Treated.”

The letter “T” is always followed by one or more digits that indicate the method used to heat-treat the metal. There are too many of them to list here, but as an example, “T3” means “heat treated, then cold worked” and “T4” means “Heat treated, then naturally aged.” (Sounds like cheese, doesn’t it?) Most aircraft aluminum has been heat treated, and therefore carries the “T” suffix. (For a complete listing of temper codes, see FAA Advisory Circular 43.13 Chapter 7, or any good aircraft maintenance reference book.)

Since bare aluminum alloy has a relatively low resistance to corrosion, most aviation aluminum is given an anodized (or oxidized) finish, or is “cladded” with a thin surface layer of high-purity aluminum. The trade name for aluminum products using this process is “Alclad”, and is designated by the prefix “A”.

Of course, various thicknesses, sizes and shapes of aluminum alloy sheet, angle, rod, bar and tubing are available. Some of the most-used types of aluminum used in aircraft construction today are A2024-T3, 6061-T4, and 6061-T6.

So the next time someone starts talking about “6061-T4 aluminum”, you can say, “Oh, you mean ‘A sheet of magnesium/silicon aluminum alloy that’s been heat-treated and naturally aged.’” Or, you can just nod and smile, which is probably a better option if you don’t want people to think you’re a know-it-all.

For more good reading on this subject, I recommend the book, “Aircraft Sheet Metal”, by Nick Bonacci, available from www.BuildersBooks.com.

You can also learn more about aluminum on Aircraft Spruce’s web site: <http://www.aircraftspruce.com/catalog/mepages/aluminfo.php>

Cessna Mounts Engine Mount Washers

(Duff, Univair, non-Cessna mounts)

Having recently inspected/refinished my engine mount I posted a Tech Forum thread regarding firewall mounting hardware and torque values. Received this great idea from Victor Grahn to use AN970 washers to help prevent firewall fracturing (and costly repairs).

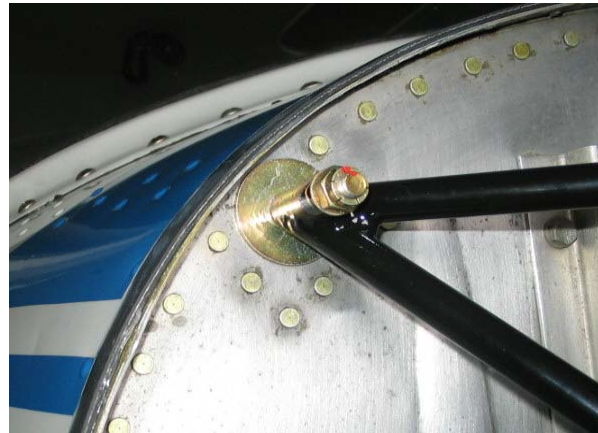
My mount (p/n0451111) has the solid tube style that requires AN5 bolts rather than the hollow tubed style for NAS/MS internal wrenching (Allen head) bolts. The older standard Cessna mounts utilized the internal wrenching bolts, for either the 120/140 or 140A's. Mine also does not have the larger bearing surface in the rear as the older Cessna mounts do.

Got an old C-85 mount? This article isn't for you! Those mounts have tubes/bases of greater diameter (.75" O.D.) at this area and thus provide more bearing surface on the firewall than the puny tubes on my mount. If you observe the upper right picture you'll see my tubes are smaller (.5" O.D.). 1/4" seems to really make a difference.

The thicker and larger diameter AN970-5 washers provide a better bearing surface than the small AN960-516's that were there previously. AN363/MS21045 nuts as a preference, facing into the engine compartment for easy inspection, and a touch of paint for a witness mark.



To avoid this...



Do this...



Older C-85 mount with thick tube/base



Older Cessna 'hollow tube' C-85 mount

© 2005 David A. Sbur (rev.3, 0-200 mount hardware idea)

This document is for personal reference only and may not be misrepresented as approved or certified.

Club Job Descriptions

I asked the officers now holding those positions to send me a write up of their duties, and not to sugar-coat them! (I told the officers to be realistic in estimating their time so that if someone did volunteer, they wouldn't get surprised) If you are at all interested in contributing to the club, please review this list and consider volunteering your time and talents to the great group of people that make up this super organization. (Remember, this Association is a 501(c)3 organization, so any expenses you incur on our behalf, that you do not submit to the club for reimbursement, are deductible).

President - submitted by Mac & Donna Forbes

Position Responsibilities - President, International Cessna 120/140 Association

“The president shall be the chief executive officer of the association, shall preside at all meetings of the membership, shall have general and active management of the business of the association, and shall see that all orders and resolutions of the board of directors are carried into effect. He shall execute in the name of the association all certificates of membership, and shall execute with the secretary all contracts, instruments and checks which have first been approved by the board of directors.” (Association By-laws)

Responsibilities and duties:

1. Preside at annual membership meeting (...normally held at annual association convention).
2. Preside at board of directors/officers meeting (...normally held at annual association convention). Appropriately plan, announce and arrange other meetings and communication with board members/officers as warranted during the year.
3. Actively seek volunteer hosts for future annual association conventions (Encourage other board members/officers and members to seek and submit ideas for convention venues.).
4. Staff, or ensure qualified staffing, of type club booth at AirVenture (“Oshkosh”), Sun’N Fun (...and other similar major events as warranted).
5. Ensure arrangements and reservations for group association dinners at AirVenture (“Oshkosh”), Sun’N Fun (...and other similar major events as warranted).
6. Appoint qualified volunteer members to officer nominating committee (...normally done in conjunction with annual membership meeting.). Provide support and direction to committee during the year as they seek qualified officer candidates.
7. Appoint qualified volunteer members to website administration committee (...normally done in conjunction with annual membership meeting.).
8. Ensure reservations are in place for maintenance forums at AirVenture (“Oshkosh”), Sun’N Fun (...and other similar major events as warranted).
9. Plan and facilitate, or ensure/arrange for qualified leadership and facilitation of maintenance forums at AirVenture, Sun’N Fun and other similar major events as warranted.
10. Answer (or, delegate answering) inquiries requesting association information for articles, reports, vendor requests, etc. (These inquiries normally come from aviation related publications & periodicals.)
11. Regularly “monitor” association website forum(s), recommending action to webmaster and/or administration committee (“moderators”) as warranted. Post messages “from the president” as warranted.
12. Regularly “monitor” the “guest page” of the association website, replying to posts to invite membership, answer questions and acknowledge the “visits” as warranted.
13. Regularly seek and encourage qualified members to serve in various volunteer leadership and/or administrative roles for the association.
14. Provide timely communication and feedback to other officers, board members, state representatives, director of maintenance and maintenance advisor, ensuring and supporting their completion of assignments and duties. Appropriately delegate leadership and administrative responsibilities and duties.
15. Seek communication and feedback from members, officers and board members to ensure own understanding of duties and any needed action or changes warranted in direction of association leadership and administrative activities.
16. Provide direction and communication to convention host(s), or delegate as warranted, to ensure proper and

- timely convention planning and execution.
17. Provide regular communication to membership via a "president's message" in the association newsletter.
 18. Act as liaison (or, appropriately delegate association representation) to EAA, FAA, AOPA, Sun'N'Fun, Other type clubs, vendors and other organizations as warranted.
 19. Be available to perform other duties as needed and warranted.

Vice President - submitted by Reddoch Williams

Lorraine:

I feel guilty, since my position has absolutely no function except to give "atta boy's" to the rest of you.

The V.P. stands around, occasionally belches, tries to look like he knows what's going on, and introduces newbies to the older members at meetings.

Seriously, the V.P. has no function other than to be available if needed by the Prez - and this term the Prez's have done such a great job that there's nothing left over for the V.P. to do!

I do enjoy the members, socializing, and learning the "pearls" others have to offer concerning our great little planes.

I try to remember it's all about having fun - and don't try to get up tight about the small bumps in the road -

Most of all - I appreciate the work you folks do that enables slugs like me to enjoy the association, its members, and the meetings.

Reddoch

Secretary/Treasurer - submitted by Marty & Sharon Lochman

Secretary/Treasurer Positions

Secretary: Maintains the Association database that includes all domestic and international members home mailing address, telephone, email, membership status whether current or past, model of aircraft owned ie., 120/140 or 140A, mechanic certificates held and nearest airport to your home location. This is a Windows XP Pro, Microsoft Office ACCESS database program and the software is on the association owned Dell laptop computer.

The secretary notifies current members by mail 60 days prior to a members' expiration, handles all incoming mail and adds new members to the database. Membership renewals will require application of the appropriate postage to a 5x7 card, affix a mailing label, identify the membership expiration date and drop them off at the post office. July is our largest month for activity as 500+ members are renewing during this time frame. Additionally, the secretary builds the newcomer packages, assigns membership ID and sends a "Welcome to the Association" letter highlighting the "perks" of membership. Makes reservations for the Type Club dinner at Oshkosh.

Treasurer: Maintains the Association banking and financial transaction history. Makes bank deposits and reconciles monthly statements. Insures payment of all association related expenses such as convention fees, caterers, banquet dinners and other supporting vendors or services related to the operation of this organization. Responsible to file Association tax documents at the end of the business year. Our business year ends June 30. Quicken is the software we use to maintain this activity.

Email....email updates and web updates are received thru normal email correspondence. Typically, we receive an average of 5 emails per week from members providing changes to their email, home address or telephone as well as other information.

Snail Mail.....from normal mailings or forwarded mailings from Richardson TX we receive an average of 3 envelopes per day including renewals, membership applications, photos, sale ads, etc.

Each year around Thanksgiving we gather "update" information from a link provided on the association web site home page. This "Update Form" is filled out by the member via the web and when submitted is emailed to the association laptop email address where the information is reviewed and compared to the information we have on file. All changes are made and a "reply email" is sent to the submitter to indicate the items that were changed. Obviously, keystroke errors occur and this is our way to double-check data prior to building the Annual Membership directory. Each section of the directory is exported from ACCESS to a Rich Text Format, converted to a *.doc file and then imported into Microsoft Publisher. Once in Publisher the editing begins and the product is developed. Once developed, it is printed and shipped to the publisher for publication, binding and distribution.

Jointly, the Secretary/Treasurer maintains all legal and historical documents, publications and financial records including association by-laws, amendments, meeting minutes and other like items as required.

In a nutshell, it's a handful but one of the most rewarding positions to hold in this organization!

Newsletter Editor - submitted by Lorraine Morris

The newsletter editor is responsible for collecting interesting articles for the newsletter, and soliciting members to contribute articles and interesting stories for the rest of the membership to enjoy.

The newsletter editor also bills the advertisers for the advertising in the newsletter and keeps track of which advertisers have paid and which have not.

Member at Large - Submitted by Ken Morris

I am kind of like the tight end on the football team. I don't do much till they throw me the ball out of desperation before getting sacked. (Hopefully, I catch it). But seriously, the Member at Large is a voting member designed to make the number of board members an odd number (appropriate, I think?). This way you never have any ties when the board is voting. This position is a go-between for members as well. It gives the members another person to talk to about club issues. The Member at Large is responsible for receiving proxies and conveying them to the convention.

State Representative Coordinator submitted by Ken Dwight

The State Rep Coordinator is responsible for maintaining the network of State Reps for the Association. These duties include assigning State Reps, providing them with materials that can be used to recruit and support the members and prospective members in their geographic area, and monitoring the performance of individual State Reps when necessary. The State Rep Coordinator also serves as the liaison between the individual State Reps and the leadership team of the Association.

Merchandise Coordinator - Submitted by Lorraine Morris

The Merchandise Coordinator receives, processes and ships orders for Club merchandise. New merchandise is developed and ordered, and club merchandise is sent to Sun 'N Fun as well as Oshkosh. The biggest factor affecting this position is the storage space required for all of the inventory.

Tai Wheel Flying School

Just wanted to ask how I can get a note in to your club members that we have now started a flight school geared to the needs of those seeking tailwheel flight training. We do anything from BFRs to complete training program from primary flight instruction to instrument rating. We have a Champ, an L-16, and a Champion 7GCAA on the line at the moment, with another Champ and 11AC Chief being restored for use at this time.

We believe in old fashioned service, we DONT CHARGE DUES OF ANY KIND, AND WE ACTUALLY LET OUR CUSTOMERS FLY THE AIRPLANES SOLO AFTER THEY CHECK OUT!

Please let me know what I need to do to get the word out.

Best regards -

Bob Haley (#1190)
Red Sky Aviation, LLC
Hangar 135
Livermore Municipal Airport
Livermore, California
925-294-9703

Association Officer Nominees

To Fill '05 to '07 (2-Year) Terms. Nominations may also be made at the Annual Meeting (9/23, Omaha, NE North Field (3NO) @ 4:30 P.M.) by any member in good standing. Any member in good standing who does not attend the Annual Meeting may vote by "proxy" - see related instructions on page 53 of your 2005 Membership Directory:

1. Merchandise Coordinator: Denise Jackovich, Matt Lahti
2. State Representative Coordinator: Tina Visco, Orville Winover, Ken Dwight
3. Member-at-Large: Jack Hooker, Blake Mathis, Ken Spivey
4. President: Ken & Lorraine Morris

Member Profile Questionnaire/Interrogation

Please help us feature the members of this great organization! This is not designed to be snoopy, just to spark your imagination! Hopefully when you start answering the questions you will remember something interesting to tell the members. You don't have to answer everything, (the first question would be nice, however). If you don't want to write up a submission, just answer the questions here and I will put it in a some what readable format. Please send in some pictures, including you and the airplane. You can email the information to me or send it in the mail. If you email the pictures, please send them in a big/high resolution so they will reprint in the newsletter well. (I now have DSL so can handle pictures bigger than a thumbprint!) Send to me at: Taildragger7W@aol.com

Name
Member #
State you live
Where is the Aircraft Based
Anything interesting about flying in your area of the country
Airplane make and Model
Airplane N number
Total time on the Airplane
How long have you had your airplane
How many hours per year do you put on your airplane
Family members that like to fly with you (or don't and why!)
How long have you had your license
What Licenses and Ratings do you hold
What did you get your license in (your 120/140?)
How did you get interested in flying
Do you have/fly any other airplanes
Where have you been in your airplane
How did you decide to get your 120/140
What avionics do you have in the airplane
Major maintenance you have had to do
Any problems you have encountered during your ownership
Any special plans for the plane

TECH TALK - Stress Reliever

by Victor Grahn

While doing an Annual on my Dad's 140 late last summer, I got all tangled up in the "might as well's". You know the situation, you get to thinking as long as I'm doing this, and I have some time, I might as well do that too. The next thing you know your airplane project got expanded exponentially and there are parts laying everywhere. Suddenly the end is not in sight, winter's over, and flying time is right around the corner.

For this particular annual I started at the front and went to the back. The instrument panel for instance, got all torn apart and the next thing I knew I was replacing old wiring, dilapidated instrument suction hose, "wrong hardware" that I stumbled onto, getting the tach properly marked because somebody put the color bands on the wrong RPM range, oh, it just seemed to go on and on. And all this only because all it really needed was 4 new shock mounts.

Anyway, while looking over the airplane, I noticed something that I'm sure I had looked at dozens of times but never really associated it with anything that might possibly be askew.

If you look at your airplane (140A single strut airplanes don't have this, just the "V" strut aircraft) the forward strut attaches to the wing in-between two plates that sandwich the spar and extend down out of the wing. To take up the space between the forks and keep the rod end tight there is a half inch spacer to take up the extra distance then a dash 8 (half inch diameter) bolt and nut is used to secure everything.

If you look in the parts book it is page 20, figure 10 item 13. The drawing clearly shows the spacer to be behind the rod end toward the tail of the airplane.

Well, always being a stickler for details I looked at Dad's airplane and saw that this spacer was in front (towards the leading edge) rather than as illustrated in the parts books. "Hmmm" I thought to myself, somebody didn't pay attention to how things should "really be".

So, one of my "might as well's" was to pull out the bolt and move the spacer to the aft side of the rod end like "it was supposed to be". In the process of doing this I noticed something rather interesting.

The wing strut is much more relaxed with the spacer in front of the rod end than behind it.

While I had the spacer out, I had to push the strut toward the front of the two plates. If I slid it up without any force it preferred to rest toward the back of the two plates, or "fork" if you will. I pointed this phenomenon out to the flying pal who was helping me at the time. We tried the same

procedure on the strut on the other side of the airplane with the same result. Another interesting thing we noticed was as the strut was pushed toward the front of the wing, inside the fork, you could watch the strut flex the area on the fuselage where it attaches above the gear leg. Keep in mind, we're only talking about a half an inch of travel or thereabouts out at the end of the wing strut. Yet while pushing the wing strut at the outside end, fore and aft there was noticeable flex in the door-post, gearbox & wing strut attach fork area.

It was obvious to me that for long term usage, I was better off leaving the strut in the most relaxed position, which was opposite what the parts book shows.

Now, what to do with this information.

Well, our aircraft are getting older, no denying that, and anything we can do to keep wear, tear, stress and age away will only keep your maintenance bills down and help you stay "Airborne". The most interesting part of this "find" (for lack of a better term) is that the twisting stress as it is applied; should you have your bushing/spacer mounted per the parts book, is such that the wing strut is putting a twisting "torque" on the fuselage attachment area and it is precisely in the area where cracks have been turning up on the aft door post skin for some time now.

Numerous folks, myself included, have postulated as to why these cracks have been appearing. At this point any one of the previously mentioned reasons over the years, such as: ski or floats installed at one time, wheel extenders installed or perhaps nothing more than Cessna not removing the sharp edge on the door post skin when they made the part could have been the cause of these cracks. Or, for that matter, any combination of the above items.

My recommendation would be to support your wing, pop out that forward wing strut bolt and see if your strut wouldn't rather be toward the back of the "bracket fork area". If so, move that bushing around to the front already if isn't and keep on flying.

This being said I would be interested in any feedback you may have for me, so I could do a follow-up article someday and be a little more assured that it just isn't limited to the three airplanes I've examined so far and that all of the fleet prefer to be that way.

After discussing the "find" with my helper who has spent a fair bit of his life working in Aviation engineering jobs he said to me, "Remember Victor, Parts book illustrators are just parts book illustrators".

Note from the Editor

1. Some of you, (hopefully all of you), noticed that your last Newsletter issue arrived in an envelope instead of by itself. This was initiated by your Publisher, Joy Warren. Lately we have had several complaints from members that the United States Post Office machinery was 'eating' your newsletters. Many members issues arrived incomplete, ripped, or generally torn up by the Post Office. By the time your officers get another copy, put it in an envelope and mail it, the cost escalates. So Joy decided to do something about it. Please let us know how your newsletters arrive now. We ARE listening!

2. In this issue, you will find an article about the purpose of the 120/140 Association. Along with this you will also find....(see #3)

3. Officer Duties. Since the Convention is right around the corner, and along with it the election of the Club Officers, I thought it might be a good idea to publish a list of duties that the officers have. Please look over this list. Maybe you can contribute!

4. Don't forget to send your filled out Proxy to the Member at Large (Ken Morris) prior to the Convention if you cannot attend.

5. Did I mention that the Convention was right around the corner? (See #3). Time to get the plotter out and start planning on attending. If you have never made it to one, it really is worth it! Even if you can only show up for the weekend, we would love to have you. Once you make it, you'll realize how much fun it is, and you will want to come back every year! Besides, look at the flying time you will get in the process!!!

6. As you all know, the internet is a hot-bed of FWD's. I really dislike it when I get a FWD. One of my acquaintances doesn't seem to have an

original thought in her head. EVERY SINGLE thing I get from her is a FWD. Come on, how hard is it to say 'Hi'? What I really dislike are the 'pass this on to EVERYONE in your address book or you will be smitten by midnight' ones. Hmm... I don't pass them on and I haven't been smitten, yet! Sometimes, however rarely, I do read them. They are generally from an unverifiable source, so who knows if they are true or not, but occasionally they are worth a laugh!

The following are from one of the FWD's I received that I actually read. It was cute, so I don't care if it is true or not!!! These are called International Radio Chatter.

1. Lost Student Pilot: "Unknown airport with Cessna 150 circling overhead, identify yourself".

2. ATC: "Cessna G-XYZ, What are your intentions?"

Cessna: "To get my Commercial Pilots License and Instrument Rating."

ATC: "I meant in the next five minutes, not years."

3. (Check the call sign of the answering aircraft)

CZQM: "Nova 895, contact Moncton on 127.12"
ARN 871: "Over to 127.12, for Nova 871. We'll talk to you later."

CZQM: "Maybe sooner than you think."

(a few seconds pass...)

ARN 871: "Uh, Moncton, they didn't want to talk to us on 127.12..."

CZQM: "See what I mean?"

4. Tower: "Have you got enough fuel or not?"

Pilot: "Yes".

Tower: "Yes, What?"

Pilot: "Yes, SIR"

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Earl Fisher, Hanahan, SC

The name Cessna wasn't foreign to me for I'd seen it in Air Trails magazine years before when I was a kid. For some reason the name always conjured up the image of a high wing strutless ragwing that seated four souls and was powered by a radial Warner out front and labeled a Cessna C-37 Airmaster. So when Rick Chapman, co-owner of Chapman and Robertson Flying service, announced that they were taking delivery on three Cessna 120's direct from the factory to add to their two Cub 'training fleet' I was mixed with excitement and apprehension. Up to this time the only stick time I'd had was the venerable J-3 Cub and Aeronca Champ so when I heard that the 120 had a CONTROL WHEEL I got the jitters that I'd never master the complexities of such a sophisticated aircraft. But I'm getting a little ahead of the story.

It was December of '47 and I was between classes at the local Junior College in Lancaster, California. I couldn't afford to pay for 'dual' instruction and was very close to soloing. No one wanted to hire someone going back to school so a regular job was out of the question but Chapman and Robertson was moving their operation from Lancaster to Barnes Airport near Muroc.

When I heard that they were going to set up their GI Bill training there I took my hat in hand and asked if they needed any flight line help at Barnes. Barnes Airport was owned and operated by Pancho Barnes and son Bill near Muroc AAF Airfield. (Muroc would later become Edwards AFB Flight Test Center, and would be the source of most of the GI Bill students) "Pancho's" was a favorite watering hole for the pilots and civilian contractors from Muroc, many movie people from Hollywood and home of the popular "Happy Bottom Riding Club". Since it was so remote from Lancaster, where the instructors and owners all lived, getting the planes ready at Barnes for early morning lessons required a long pre-dawn drive by the instructor through the desert on unimproved winding roads. Our ranch at Rosamond where I lived with my parents was 16 minutes (12 minutes across Rosamond Dry Lake) from Barnes and I was able to sell Rick Chapman on my being able to get the "fleet" ready for daybreak take-off's and bedding them down at night. My compensation would be dual instruction up through 'solo' and the use of a plane for local flights up to my private check ride.

It was a win-win setup for everyone but especially for me... that is until I was told that after my solo I'd be using the new Cessna 120's with a CONTROL WHEEL!! That must have been on my mind the day Rick had me do several mediocre "touch 'n go's" and then SUDDENLY stopped us in midfield, flipped the Cub doors open and climbed out saying, "GO!" With the loss of 200 pounds from the front seat, lift off caught me by surprise and from there on, nothing went right! Turning crosswind to downwind the windsock did a 180-degree switch and not having been "briefed" on this contingency I pressed on. The downwind landing was hot and the Cub seemed to have

a mind of it's own as we angled through the parking and tiedown area at what seemed an Indianapolis Racetrack speed record. Somehow I missed a row of planes and got it stopped at the gas pump! Rick got to me, gasping for air from his long sprint and climbed back in the front seat. Squinting back over his shoulder he said, "Lets try a couple more ...but this time leave out the detour!"

The next few days were confidence builders and business was slow so during lunch one day Irma 'Babe' Story, one of the instructors, was telling me how docile but responsive the new 120's handled. Because of her cool demeanor and wide experience as a WASP during the war I had a lot of respect for her. She sat there quietly as I told her my misgivings about the Cessna and it's CONTROL WHEEL she looked me in the eye and said, "Cummon!" Before I knew it I was sitting in the left seat of a 120, N3684V, and she was quietly telling me about the trim, fuel selector, carb heat, toe brakes and starting procedure. Her calm confidence removed any apprehension I had and replaced it with "WOW! Lets crank this up and get in the air!" Through the next hour and forty-five minutes her patient urging paid off and I soloed the Cessna. I had moved from a few hours solo in a J-3 to soloing the sweetest plane built! SO MUCH ...for the 'evils of the wheel'! From then on you couldn't keep me out of the Cessna.

Pancho had laid out the airfield on the west side of her Rancho Oro Verde with two 3,000 foot runways. From there west to the Rosamond Dry Lake the only obstructions were low sage brush and grease wood shrubs so that any light breeze from the west end of the valley had plenty of room to build up speed, and it usually did. The tie-downs for the Cessnas were on the north side of the big hangar pointed west and on more than one occasion an instructor would return with a student from a dual cross country after the wind had picked up. The winds were usually very steady without gusts and sometimes too strong to make a safe landing on the runway and taxi to the tie-down. A couple of the real sharp instructors would come over the barbed wire fence, touch down a few yards short of the tie-downs and roll to a stop at the ropes. Then two of us would run over and rope it down while he held position with power. This may sound like some very talented pilots, which they were, but they also admitted they wouldn't have tried it with any other plane but the Cessna 120. On those days operations at the Muroc Flight Test Center a few miles away, had even shut down!

Unseen Co-Pilot!

Looking back in my log during those years, of all the different planes that I've flown the Cessna 120/140's show up more than half the time. On one occasion, an intimate familiarity with the plane likely saved my bacon. After college I had gone to work at the Palmdale Plant 42 and several co-workers and friends organized a flying club. One of our planes was a Cessna 120, N77239 and I

decided to fly it from the ranch down through Cajon Pass north of San Bernardino and over to Pomona to RON with good friends of mine. I had always landed at a small 1800-foot paved strip on the south side of Pomona several times in the past since it was convenient to the home of my friends Helen and Carl Carlsson. As I circled the field I didn't think much about not seeing any planes, assuming they were in the hangar. I swung over the orange groves surrounding the strip, skimmed the trees at the east end to get it in short and turned off at midfield. As I rolled towards the hangar I noticed bales of hay along the taxiway and when I looked towards the open hangar door instead of aircraft I'm looking at eight hulking forms dressed **like** Hell's Angels standing next to their eight "Hogs". After I shut down, they strolled over slowly and leaned on the struts and grinned at me through the door. The bearded black leather jacket closest to me asked what brought me here! After stammering that I'd used the field over the past couple years I was informed it had been abandoned and I had just invaded the new digs of the local **Hell's Angels Pomona Chapter** and the Hangar was their "**Club House**". When he asked how long I'd planned to stay and I said over night, he gave me a toothless grin and said I was welcomed to leave the Cessna in the hangar until the next day. In fact they even helped me back it into the hangar! A fleeting image of finding a pile of aluminum the next morning didn't escape me but was assuaged when one of them handed me his business card with his picture and "attorney" business address on it!

After walking the mile to the Carlssons and visiting a while, we went out for dinner and a cocktail. During dinner a sweet young thing came over to our table and Helen introduced her as their neighbor and she joined us. I was smitten and felt like the Robert Cummings of the Piper Cub set. After a delightful evening I invited her to take a ride over Pomona in the 120 the next morning and she accepted. Shortly after daybreak she picked me up in her car and we proceeded to the "Club House". I rolled the plane out, I drained the sumps, and we climbed on board and cranked up.

Upon arriving the previous day I had decided to land on the full tank and do the engine checks the next day on the near empty tank before switching to the full one for the flight back. I taxied out on the empty one with the gauge not even jiggling and checked the mags. It was at this time the sky darkened as a huge flight of military helicopters filled the air! About ten minutes passed before the pattern was clear and I could line up at the east end of the runway. The distraction had interrupted my concentration and I had failed to switch to the *full tank*! As I lined up and started the takeoff roll the engine was sounding strong. We broke ground and started a gentle climb and it was there at midfield the engine died! We were at treetop level with 600 feet of runway left and orange groves all around us. I had trimmed the nose down for cruise so I was holding back pressure on the wheel. To this day I don't know what thoughts were in my mind but I grabbed the wheel with my right hand to keep us out of the trees and twisted and pulled out the

primer knob! It filled quickly and as I pushed it in and there was a surge of power as the engine drank the primer fuel. We cleared the trees as we crossed the fence and I pulled on the knob again. Another shot of prime and another surge as the wheels skimmed the trees. I started a rudder turn to the right, pulling out the primer again at the same time racking my brain for what was wrong.

I couldn't let go of the wheel to trim nose up... nor give my passenger flying lessons at a time like this! It was then that it dawned on me.....**THE FUEL SELECTOR!!** But there again I couldn't switch hands and stop priming for even 2 seconds! The wheels had been in and out of the treetops after departure but as we came around to downwind, for I was trying to get around to the east end of the runway, we were now over homes and thoughts of looming television antennas came and went. Then we were back over orange groves again and the primer was not filling as fast for some reason. It never once occurred to me that we wouldn't make it. I felt no panic, misgivings or anxiety....just an intense concentration to **KEEP PRIMING!** Being in the left seat in a right turn at treetop level there was no way I could have seen the runway or even guessed where it was. At one point we were at least a quarter mile north of the airstrip between 75 and 90 feet above the ground in a kind of circling approach. As we crossed a road the rising heat and another smaller surge of the engine gave us a few feet to clear some poplar trees and it was about this time over the right side of the instrument panel I caught a glimpse of a depression in the tree line. I pressed a gentle right rudder and there was the runway! All that was needed for a power reduction was to just **STOP PRIMING!** We skimmed the top strand of a barbed wire fence and landed in the border grass rolling to a stop on the pavement! (**THE PROP HAD ALREADY STOPPED**) I reached down and switched tanks, waited a few seconds, primed the engine and it started right up! I mumbled some inane comment after a nervous giggle and taxied to the end of the runway. After a **LOOOONG** mag check and **looking** at the fuel selector a dozen times I took off! My passenger never guessed what happened and I never told her....and she doesn't know to this day~~~unless she reads this!

My Guardian Angel Co-pilot had to be sitting on my shoulder that day!

SNOWING ~~ In Burbank??

It was late January 1957 and I felt something was missing from my birthday celebration so when Antelope Valley Pilots president Jim Henderson, Bob Stahl and several other club members mentioned a week end in Las Vegas I was all for it. Ten of us piled into a Stinson Voyager, a Tri Pacer and Cessna 120, N77326 and left Lancaster, California in severe clear blue skies. The Saturday morning flight up was uneventful and I maintained a slower speed in the Tri Pacer so the Cessna could keep up with us. We arranged to land as a flight-of-two since the Cessna had no radio and the Stinson would go on ahead to give Henderson a chance to rent a couple of cars by the time we arrived.

We landed at McCarran Field on the south side of Vegas and loaded up the two rental cars. After checking into two rooms at the Flamingo Hotel we ate lunch then decided to split up so some of us could do some sight seeing and the rest try their luck in the casinos but agreeing to meet at the hotel for dinner. During the supper club show we all agreed that after a night on the town we could sleep in to our late checkout time and leave around three o'clock that afternoon.

After the late stage show at the Silver Slipper closed at 1:30 (always the best in town!) my companion Lonnie Hale and I headed back to the Flamingo Hotel. Lonnie, a student pilot, was a quiet Texan about my age and didn't smoke and only drank wine during dinner. We both decided it'd been a long day so hit the sack early and lucky for me I did! We'd been sleeping about 3 hours when we were awakened by excited conversation in the adjoining room where Stahl and Henderson were staying. The door flew open and someone hollered, "... we gotta get going, we gotta leave....it's SNOWING in Burbank! I rolled over and pulled the pillow over my head saying, "You're drunk... go to bed!" The conversation next door was getting louder and more excited so I looked up the FSS phone number and called for the latest weather.

LAX was reporting 800 foot overcast with a half mile visibility and SNOW SHOWERS! Burbank; 1500 foot overcast with light SLEET! Within 15 minutes two carloads of bleary-eyed revelers were barreling out Las Vegas Boulevard towards McCarran Field. The sky to the east was just beginning to show a hint of daylight and it'd be at least a half hour before we could take off because the Cessna navigation lights were inoperative so we elected to stop at a pancake house for much needed coffee and breakfast. While eating we took stock of who was capable of flying and who wanted to sleep! It was decided Henderson and Stahl would fly the Stinson and Tri Pacer and I'd take Lonnie with me in the Cessna. I had flown the route several times and felt better in the 120 rather than a "loaded" Piper Tri Pacer anyway.

The Piper stayed with me after departure but by the time we reached the California State line they were far out in front of us. For the most part we paralleled the highway from Cal Neva to Silver Lake at Baker and navigation was a no brainer but when we got to Coyote

Dry Lake near Barstow I was down to 2500 feet agl in order to stay under the overcast that had developed. As we passed Barstow we were down to 2000 feet agl but decided to press on figuring we could always turn around and land if the weather deteriorated any more. As we got over Helendale about 22 miles southwest of Barstow, we were enveloped in white flakes and I immediately did a 180 back toward Barstow. Five minutes passed and we were in it again! It was evident we weren't going back to Barstow so I took up a southeasterly heading for Apple Valley just east of Victorville. I figured there wasn't a nicer place to RON than the Apple Valley Inn and it had a convenient airstrip across the road from it. But it was not to be, for as we reached Highway U.S. 66 and began following it to the low pass into Apple Valley the overcast closed right down on the hill tops. We were down to 500 feet so I turned to Lonnie and said we had a choice of going for one of the open fields near the highway (that looked wet from the accumulating snow) or go into George AFB at Victorville off our right wing. Let me mention here that at the time George AFB was a Strategic Air Command Base! We should not have even been NEAR it leave alone LAND there even if we HAD a radio, (which we didn't) and had been out of GAS!

Lonnie squeaked a nervous reply to do what ever I thought best as I headed for the base. We were about a mile east of the approach end of runway 27 and down to 500 feet agl but as we got closer to the REIL I noticed the runway lights slowly disappearing from the FAR end! I realized a wall of snow was moving down the runway so I pulled power off and dove for the boundary lights. This was not smart because I crossed the threshold at a speed faster than cruising speed! I pulled up into a steep right 360-degree turn at about 100 feet! The Joshua trees seemed about to touch the wing tip but the tight turn bled of the excess speed and we rolled out and touched down on the numbers at the same time we were blinded by snow. All I could see was straight down to a yellow line so I kept the left wheel on it and taxied slowly. I followed the yellow until it began a slow large curve to the left. I figured it was a high-speed taxiway and clear of obstructions so after a few minutes when the centerline curved to the right I stayed with it.

Shortly Lonnie excitedly announced that he was seeing tail pipes of jets going by on the right...and sure enough there were some on the left as well! It was evident we were in an aircraft parking area so I kept taxiing slowly. In a few minutes the snow let up enough where we could see a building on the left and a fire truck sitting in front. It was the flight line fire station and two firemen were hosing down the truck! (In a SNOW STORM YET??) Apparently they'd never seen an airplane before because as we came into view out of the swirling snow their mouths dropped open and they just stood there staring until we disappeared out of sight. To this day I wonder what was going through their minds.

A minute or so later a TALL fence appeared on our left! I'd never seen an 18-foot chain link fence before but knew we were getting close to... SOMETHING! And I was right, because the snow cleared and I was looking at

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the Operations Office and Control Tower about 20 yards away! The two tower operators were leaning on the consoles laughing and chatting away until they looked down and spotted us...then they both looked apoplectic as they grabbed up phones! Of course we couldn't hear them but there was no doubt they were screaming at the top of their lungs! I shut the engine down so that the armed MP's running towards us through the gate wouldn't become statistics in the prop. I was reminded of a slapstick movie scene where the overzealous police were trying to surround two old ladies suspected of robbing a bank and kept running into each other and falling down on the slippery ice! It was lucky none of MP's carbines went off!

I told Lonnie to go with a guard through the gate to operations until I tied down the Cessna. The five remaining MP's escorted me to Flight Operations and called the Officer of the Day but Lonnie or his escort were not to be seen! A search was begun but before long Lonnie came through the door with hands raised and a grin saying he and the guard got separated in the swirling snow. In about fifteen minutes the OD showed up evidently a little more than slightly annoyed that his Sunday dinner had been interrupted by some idiotic civilian pilots.

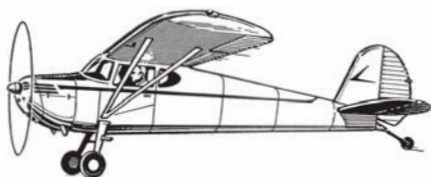
The Captain proceeded to read us the riot act and in very graphic terms told us of the far-reaching penalties and consequences for what we had just done. As he spoke I kept thinking that I knew him from somewhere before...some prior meeting. Then it dawned on me, so when he stopped to take a breath, I asked him if he wasn't Captain Smith that had been assigned to Edwards

AFTC at one time? He looked surprised and said he had. I smiled and told him I'd met him in my fathers Projects Flight Test office when he was flying for them. He looked at my name on the sign in sheet and asked if I was Pop Fishers son! From then on everything changed and after some hot coffee and signing a Hold Harmless Agreement we were told there'd be no charges. But when I took off, after I came back to get the plane, to NOT return.

While we were talking the dispatcher's phone rang and from the conversation it sounded as if someone was trying to get him to call the FAA. On a hunch I asked if that was a private pilot and he replied it was some guy in a Tri Pacer that had been forced down on El Mirage Dry Lake 15 miles west of us. I took the phone and Henderson was on the other end. It seemed they landed on the dry lake and taxied up a dirt road for two miles to a house. The old recluse that lived there held them at bay with a shotgun until they convinced him they weren't there to rob or kidnap him! Henderson then talked the old man into loaning them his dilapidated pickup (that they had to FIX it in the snowstorm) so they could drive to the nearest phone.

I called my girl friend in Lancaster and she drove the 60 miles to pick us up. As we headed for Lancaster the snowdrifts got deeper the further west we drove. When we arrived in Lancaster the snow was 5 foot deep, the heaviest snowfall since 1936.

I had to wait a month to retrieve old 77326 but she was none the worse for wear and tear! I can truthfully say it was the most memorable birthday celebration I'd EVER had.... bar NONE!



www.cessna120-140.org

www.cessna120-140.org, The **official website** of the International Cessna 120/140 Association, www.cessna120-140.org, offers club information, Officer and State Rep contacts, membership information, a guestbook, merchandise and club calendar. The Discussion Forum is a favorite place to communicate with members. The photo album is available to show off your "baby." There are links to member sites, printable membership applications and merchandise order forms, and much more. Stop by and sign in.

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International Cessna 120/140 Association 30th Annual Convention

NEBRASKA

COME FIND THE GOOD LIFE



September 21-25, 2005 ~ North Omaha Field (3NO) ~ Omaha, Nebraska

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Wednesday, September 21 -

Early Arrivals - Breakfast on your own
Hospitality room open at 6:00 pm

Thursday, September 22 -

Breakfast on your own
Aircraft judging
Possible nerf ball drop, short takeoff, short landing for those arriving early
Hospitality room opens at 6:00 pm

Friday, September 23 -

Breakfast on your own
Reservations have been made for one or two buses from Arrow Stage Lines. These buses will provide transportation from the North Omaha Airport and the Crowne Plaza to Mahoney State Park for an all-you-can-eat buffet lunch (buffet lunch is \$8.70 per person, including beverage), then to the Strategic Air & Space Museum (admittance

is \$6.00 per person). They will also provide return transportation from the Museum to the Crowne Plaza.

Hospitality room opens at 4:00 pm
Business Meeting before dinner at airport

Saturday, September 24 -

Breakfast on your own
First Timers Breakfast will be in the Regency Room at Crowne Plaza at 7:00 am
9:00 am - Nerf ball drop, short takeoff, short landing, aircraft judging
The awards banquet will be held in the Regency Room at the Crowne Plaza from 6:30-10 pm, with a Cash Bar. This room will be our hospitality room immediately following the banquet

Sunday, September 25 -

Departures at your leisure

Hosts: Ward & Judy Combs
402-426-8041 - Email: wacii@prestox.com

Headquarters Hotel: Crowne Plaza Omaha-Old Mill

655 North 108th Avenue (108th and Dodge Streets), Omaha, NE 68154

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Come Join Us?

If you're ever out on a Sunday morning, listen for our Breakfast Club on 122.75 at 8 am (Chicago area). We go all over the place! See ya later. **Gary Latronica.**

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Riverside Flabob "International" Airport (RIR)

Breakfast at the Silver Wings Cafe.

TEXAS & SOUTHERN OKLAHOMA BREAKFAST/LUNCH SCHEDULE

Most every Sunday the group from Texas and Southern Oklahoma gets together for breakfast about 8:30 at the scheduled airport. Here is their schedule:

- 1st Sunday - Lake Texoma
- 2nd Sunday - Lake Murray
- 3rd Sunday - Cedar Mills, at Pelican Bay,
Texas side of Lake Texoma
- 4th Sunday - Hicks Field (T67)
- 5th Sunday - Hicks Field again

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