Harbingers of Spring

This beautiful photo was taken by Bob Marsh, *Marsh Aero Images,* on March 4, 2019 near the O'Keefe Ranch. Excellent "Snowflake" take-off!

Thanks to Don and Dianne Usher for replacing the old wooden barrel planters with these sleek, modern ones! They look great!

Flowers were generously provided by ***The Flower Spot*** on 25th Ave in Vernon which is owned by VFC member, Scott Jeppesen (picture on the right).

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- John Olsen Schoarship Spring 2019 winner
- Rust Remover - save the date MAY 4th

Guest speaker – March meeting

Rich Stowell's talk to Vernon Flying Club – March 19, 2019

By Bill More

We were privileged to host internationally known author, flight instructor and aerobatic pilot Rich Stowell at our regular meeting on March 19th. We saw a terrific turnout that included a number who flew or drove from Kamloops, Kelowna, Penticton, Calgary and Abbotsford.

Mr. Stowell was going to be driving to Vernon from his home in McColl, Idaho on March 19th and he saw from our website that that would coincide with our monthly meeting so he contacted us and offered to be a guest speaker. We usually have to beat the bushes for a speaker and here was an American volunteering to come, straight out of the blue!

Rich Stowell, Master Instructor Emeritus

Rich Stowell took his first flying lesson in 1982 and began his career as a full-time flight instructor specializing in spin, emergency maneuver, and aerobatic training in 1987. He authored the textbooks *Emergency Maneuver Training* and *The Light Airplane Pilot's Guide to Stall/Spin Awareness*, and has had more than 80 articles appear in various aviation publications.

Rich is a recognized subject matter expert in loss of control in light airplanes. He is the 2014 U.S. National FAA Safety Team Representative of the Year and the 2006 U.S. National Flight Instructor of the Year, and has conducted 400 safety presentations across the U.S., Canada, New Zealand, and Indonesia.

A 20-year Master Instructor, Rich is a Charter and Life Member of the Society of Aviation and Flight Educators, and a 33-year member of AOPA, EAA, and IAC. He has logged 10,100 hours of flight time, 9,000 hours of flight instruction given, 34,000 spins, and 25,000 landings.

Rich spoke enthusiastically for over an hour and encouraged audience participation. Some of the take-aways were:

- **Practice** the Basics of What You Learned When You First Learned to Fly!
- In moments of panic, you will revert to what you were originally taught!

- If it has been a while since you have read *Stick and Rudder*, *An Explanation of the Art of Flying*, by Wolfgang Langewiesche, do so again! This book was authored over 50 years ago but it is still indispensable reading for every pilot.
- Turn off that autopilot and hand-fly your aircraft now and again.

His talk included a review of basic aerodynamics lift / drag; transitioning from our two-dimensional world to the three-dimensional realm of flight. Roll, Yaw and Pitch and controlling just those three things and managing Pitch and Power can prevent slides into uncontrolled, unintentional spins.

An aircraft in flight is free to rotate in three dimensions: **yaw**, nose left or right about an axis running up and down; **pitch**, nose up or down about an axis running from wing to wing; and **roll**, rotation about an axis running from nose to tail.

Also, a great discussion about the dynamics of turning flight and understanding of the horizontal component of lift being the force that turns the airplane, and further understanding that the elevator is the primary turn control combined with the rudders primary function to cancel the many yaw effects associated with flying.

Rich also discussed and explained the dynamics of turning flight and the reality that improperly executed turns often precede fatal accidents. There was extensive discussion on Spins and Stalls and the necessity of proper coordination – essential for Stall/Spin awareness

There were discussions and questions and answers, engaging the numerous pilots in attendance about detailed recovery procedures to cope with unusual attitudes using his model airplane as an aid.

Rich gifted signed copies of each of his two books to the Vernon Flying Club *"Emergency Maneuver Training – Controlling your airplane during a crisis"* and "*The Light Airplane Pilot's Guide to Stall/Spin Awareness"*

Doug McKinnon, President, thanks Rich Stowell and presents him with the coveted Vernon Flying Club coffee mug!

Flock of RV's Fly-Out to Oliver on a Perfect VFR Day

Photo by Steve Swallow

Robert Wallace Mackie
8 June, 1947 – 29 January, 2019

There will be a **Celebration of Life / Wake** in memory of Rob on Saturday, May 25th from 2:00 to 4:00 at the clubhouse. We're also looking for his old comrades to write down any fond memories that might be read aloud and/or included in a memory book for his brother Ron.

Ron was his twin and they have lived together on the Westside of Lake Okanagan for many years. We're sure there are lots of stories out there, both personal tributes and humorous anecdotes.

Any stories can be forwarded to flyingclubvernon@gmail.com ATTN: Alison Crerar and she will print them off.

Bursary Continues to Support Local Students

ANISHA JOUBERT WINS $500.00 John Olsen SCHOLARSHIP in Vernon

The Vernon Flying Club is pleased to announce that the Spring 2019 winner of the John Olsen Scholarship is Anisha Joubert from Kelowna.

This award sponsors student excellence in Aircraft Maintenance Engineer (AME) training at the Okanagan College.

Mr. John Olsen spent his career as a commercial pilot in a variety of roles. He and his wife, Anne, wish to give back to the aviation community through the Vernon Flying Club John Olsen Scholarship.

The award of $500.00 (each) is given annually to two AME students from the graduating classes (March and October) who exhibit dedication, attitude, and potential, leading toward a successful career in their chosen field of aviation maintenance.

The winners also receive a complimentary membership for one year in the Vernon Flying Club once they return to Vernon.

Ani said “My dad has been an AME for 30 years and he has been a role model and a big influence for me. I was in Kelowna’s Air Cadet Squadron 243 and made it to Flight Sargent. I have also visited my dad at his hangar at Kelowna Flight Aerospace. I was able to see Locheed C-130’s, Boeing 737’s, 747, 757, and the Search and Rescue Buffalo. My interest kept growing as I watched his crew come together and work as a team. I am also a baggage handler for WestJet through Ironman Holdings. I enjoy stacking the pit and watching the aircraft take off after I wing walk. Once I am done the course I want to work at KF Aerospace and extensively expand my knowledge of an aircraft mechanics.”

She is now off to Dawson Creek with the 9 others in the graduating class to start the next phase of their training at Northern Lights College.

Rust Remover 2019

Doug MacKinnon, RR Coordinator, tells us that planning is well underway for Vernon’s Annual Rust Remover scheduled for Saturday, May 4th. Less speakers and longer breaks should give attendees more opportunities to socialize and catch-up with the other members of the flying fraternity. Seminar fee remains the same at $25.00 and includes refreshments and lunch as well as a slate of excellent, knowledgeable speakers.

Again this year we are pleased to confirm that A & W will be providing their burgers and buns with our club volunteers handling the BBQ and all the trimmings.

In addition to the usual speakers from Nav Canada and Kelowna tower, we are excited to announce that we will have a speaker from US customs and immigration to discuss electronic filing to the U. S.

The traditional Rust Removers are facing stiff competition with more and more options for pilots to achieve bi-annual recurrency such as NavCanada’s PrepAir and now Transport Canada are offering seminars.

Terrific Attendance for Monthly Pancake Breakfast March 23rd

The weather enabled visitors to fly in from Kamloops; Salmon Arm, Kelowna and Penticton so along with our regulars brought up the total to 49 breakfasts served! With the really nice weather on the way we're sure to see even more fly-ins next month.

Many favourable comments were received on the excellent pancakes served with fruit toppings, fluffy scrambled eggs and delicious sausages prepared and served by volunteers. As they say, a good time was had by all!

SATURDAY, JUNE 15TH

Vernon Flying Club

8:00 to 12:00 noon

Members are invited to participate either by renting a table for $10.00 to sell your own stuff or donating "treasures" to the club for us to sell.

We'll be asking for volunteers to help!

Your junk could be someone else's treasure!

Schedule of Activities

16-Apr	Regular Meeting + BBQ + Presentation of the VFC Scholarship in Memory of Len Neufeld
27-Apr	Spring Clean-Up
28-Apr	Pancake Breakfast
3-May	**Friday Evening Social**
4-May	**Rust Remover**
21-May	Regular Meeting + BBQ
26-May	Pancake Breakfast
18-Jun	Regular Meeting + BBQ
23-Jun	Pancake Breakfast
16-Jul	Barbeque
13-Jul	**COPA for KIDS (C4K)**
28-Jul	Pancake Breakfast
20-Aug	Barbeque
25-Aug	Pancake Breakfast
17-Sep	**Annual General Meeting**

✈ **Fly-Out Wednesday mornings to Salmon Arm for coffee**
✈ **Fly-Out Thursday mornings to Penticton for coffee & lunch in Oliver**

Thank-you for supporting your local Flying Club! The pancake breakfasts and barbeques help to pay the costs of having a club which includes owning and maintaining the clubhouse.

And a Big Thank-You to **Wyatt McMurray** of A&W for his continued support through his donation of burgers and buns for our barbeques!

How do you know your date with a pilot is half-over?
"Enough about my plane - let's talk about me"

Jim Pilot: "Wow, barely got stopped in time on that one. Shortest runway I've landed on in a while!"
Kenny Co-pilot: "Yeah, but by golly, did you see how wide it was!"

Before each flight, make sure that your bladder is empty and your fuel tanks are full.

Voyage Across the Sky – Part Three

By Stu Simpson

Photos by Stu Simpson and Geoff Pritchard

Day 6

This wasn't a flying day, but was still very much an aviation day. We visited the Sonoma Skypark, also known as Schellville among vintage airplane buffs. It's a Mecca of vintage aircraft, and Saturday morning is when the owners open their hangars and roll out their planes.

Pritchard is also a huge vintage aircraft buff. Along with his Champ, Geoff owns a 1930 Fleet 2B biplane. He's tied in quite well with other vintage aircraft aficionados and speaks fluently their unique and ancient language.

We saw so many rare and obscure airplanes that we could hardly believe it. And these were planes that were either flying or on their way to flying. For instance, there was a Monocoupe dating from1933. It flew away for a while and then returned around lunch time.

A Monocoupe at Schellville.

A Fairchild 24R occupied a hangar loaded with nearly two dozen Ranger engines arranged on the floor, not to mention the dozens and dozens of aircraft carburetors, instruments and other parts that lined the walls and display cases in the hangar. The owner, Richard Ramos a gentle and generous man, was a wonderful, welcoming host to us. Richard and Geoff became fast friends and spent nearly two hours talking and touring different hangars together that morning. They each seemed to have found a long lost buddy in one another. For every subject that came up, one or the other had some level of knowledge about it. What they didn't know, they completely enjoyed learning from the other. It was magical to watch.

Richard Ramos and his Fairchild 24

For some of the morning a Ryan STA was flying aerobatics above the field. Its pilot has owned it since 1962!

Another Ryan monoplane, this one an SC-W, was just down the taxiway. Only twelve were ever made. It originally came with a Warner Scarab radial engine, but this one had been redone with a Continental E-185 and a pressure cowling. It was simply one of the most appealing airplanes I've ever laid eyes on. It also flew for a while that day.

A Ryan SC-W, with a Continental E-185 engine instead of a radial.

There was a collection of warbirds, like the P-40 that was giving rides; the AT-6 Texan that flew twice when we were there; the P-51 that sat on the ramp and oversaw the two Stearmans that were also hopping passengers.

One hangar possessed a Grumman F3F biplane undergoing a nearly completed restoration that was apparently "top secret", or so said the owner. People in there were a little pretentious so we didn't stay long in that hangar.

There's also a Lockheed PV2 and an old Douglas DST. The DST, or Douglas Sleeper Transport, was the immediate predecessor to the DC-3. But this one was an actual, and very rare, DST and certified as such! It, and the PV2 haven't flown in decades, but they seem to be remarkably well preserved as compared to similarly inactive airplanes that we see in western Canada's climate.

Visiting Sonoma/Schellville was a fantasy come true for Geoff, and it was very reluctantly that we left there that day. The place really is a field of dreams.

Day 7

Pritchard and I spent Sunday bopping around San Francisco proper. But I'll skip all that because this is a flying story. The important part of the day as far as aviation is concerned, came after we left the city.

Pritchard and one of San Francisco's iconic street cars.

We returned to Gnoss Field to check our planes, fuel up and give them a hug.

It was there we met Mark O'Neill. Mark is a former USAF tanker pilot and test pilot who flies a corporate twin Cessna while he waits for an airline job to open up. He also runs the fuel operation on Gnoss. We got talking to him as we fuelled.

He was very interested in our airplanes and appreciative of our adventure. We thoroughly enjoyed his company and knew we'd made a new friend. We also enjoyed getting our heads back into our airplanes again, and starting to think about beginning our flight back.

Day 8

Time to leave San Francisco; time to start heading home. But that didn't mean our adventure was over. Not by a long shot.

Gnoss Field was socked in that morning, though we could see the edge of the overcast several miles away. This is typical San Francisco weather in July. After we loaded and pre-flighted, we got talking again with Mark O'Neill. He and Geoff

discussed vintage aircraft. "If you're into old airplanes," said Mark, "There's someone you have *got* to meet. I'll bet he's over at his hangar, too."

The sky said we weren't going anywhere for a while, so we all crammed into the cab of Mark's fuel bowser and headed across the runway to the far southeast corner of the field. There, Mark introduced us to John LeNoue.

John was the one who built the Vickers Vimy replica that from 1994 through 2005 recreated several record setting flights from the post-World War I era. He led the team that constructed the plane, which took 25,000 man hours over a year and a half.

In 1994 the reincarnated Vimy embarked on its first big journey from London to Sydney, the original flight of which took place in 1919. Then, the team, including John as one of the pilots, flew the Vimy replica from London to Cape Town, South Africa, replicating a 1920 odyssey. National Geographic made this flight the subject of an extensive magazine article.

Finally, John's Vimy re-enacted one of the most famous flights in history when it re-traced the footsteps of John Alcock and Arthur Whitten Brown, who in 1919 were the first to fly the Atlantic Ocean non-stop. It was Steve Fossett and Mark Rebholz at the controls on the re-creation flight.

Right away John impressed us. Firstly, he stopped his busy day just to talk to a couple of wandering aviators he didn't even know. Secondly, since Geoff and I have both built airplanes, we knew what an enormous undertaking it must have been building a behemoth like the Vimy. And finally, based on our own airborne journeys, we had inkling, just an inkling, of what John and his crew mates might have endured on their Africa flight.

"Where are you guys from?" John asked, after introductions. "We're from Calgary, in Canada," Geoff responded. "Okay, I know where that is." "We're on a flying adventure," I chimed in, and I told him about our flight. "What are you flying?" he asked. "Geoff's got a Champ and I have a homebuilt," I said. "It's called a Merlin. It's very much like an Aeronca Chief." "And you guys flew here from Canada?" "Sure did," I replied.

John looked at both of us in turn, then without a word, simply nodded his head. We knew in that instant that he got it, that he understood what we were doing and why. For Pritchard and me, it was an unforgettable moment and connection. John showed us around his hangar, where on the wall hung one of the props from the Vimy replica. He walked to a box on a pallet and returned with two slab shaped cardboard boxes a little over a foot square. In each was a stunning coffee table book entitled, "The Vimy Expeditions". The book documents the exploits of both the original Vimy and the replica John constructed. The book is simply breathtaking. He very graciously signed each copy for us.

John Lenoue signs a copy of "The Vimy Expeditions" for Geoff and me.

John took us to another hangar where he was building a replica of the Ryan NYP, better known as the Spirit of St. Louis. The beautiful one-piece wooden wing hung from the rafters varnished and uncovered. There's a group that aims to replicate Charles Lindbergh's famous flight. I reckon they came to the right guy to build their plane.

We said goodbye to John and went with Mark to the hangar that keeps the airplane he flies. It's a Cessna 414, a large and very capable twin with a thoroughly modern panel. It was a treat to crawl around in it and enter a world so different from our own cockpits.

What incredible good fortune to have met Mark and John. Our morning with them was a perfect, almost dreamlike ending to our time in San Francisco.

Mark O'Neill and Geoff at Novato.

As you can imagine, we left Novato on an absolute high. Quickly outrunning any lingering fog and low cloud, we turned north to travel

back up the Sacramento Valley. It felt good and natural to be back in the air with the stick at hand and some sky beneath us. It's where we belonged. We were headed to Red Bluff, California, just a little south of Redding. The heat climbed constantly as we made our way north. The patchwork of green crops below contrasted very sharply with the surrounding desert.

We had some big trouble landing at Red Bluff. Once again, the staggering heat reflecting from the pavement caused each of us to float quite a distance down the runway. Then Geoff nearly destroyed his airplane.

When he touched down, a violent vibration overtook the rudder pedals. The tail-wheel shimmied like hell and Geoff suddenly had no steering control! In a spit second the Champ careened off the runway heading for the weeds. Pritchard frantically braked to gain some semblance of control and managed to bring his plane to a stop just a few feet from a deep ditch in the desert scrub. Badly shaken and with his heart pounding, Pritchard gingerly taxied the Champ to the ramp and shut down.

When we inspected the tailwheel we saw that the right side steering control arm had bent upward nearly 90 degrees from its correct position, and the steering chain, though still connected, hung limply between it and the rudder horn. The tail-wheel shimmy bent the arm, but what caused the shimmy? We figured it was a result of the sun-stoked turbulence we encountered just above the runway.

The bent steering arm was real trouble. Bending it back could easily snap it off, depending on the type and hardness of the metal. But leaving it bent would almost certainly spell disaster on the next landing, especially if there was a crosswind or turbulence. What about replacing the part? Not a big deal, so long as we could get one. We had no idea if we could, or where to even start looking. We also had no idea what we'd do if a broken airplane trapped us in Red Bluff.

The bent steering control arm on the Champ; a very serious problem.

At this point, my mantra of conducting flying adventures as much as possible on weekdays paid off. An aircraft maintenance shop sat just a couple of hundred yards away. The doors were open, and guys were working on airplanes. We headed down the ramp

The staggering heat and the apprehension we felt made a hundred yards seem like a mile, but we soon found salvation. We spoke to one of the engineers and he assured us that we could bend the arm back to the correct geometry without it snapping. This time, anyway. Of course, the more we bent it the more apt it was to break. Then he generously offered us a couple of large wrenches to use.

We trudged back to the Champ with some new hope, and bent down to work. But when we knelt down the scorching pavement burned our knees through our pants! We awkwardly crouched and finally positioned the wrenches just so. We each held our breath as Geoff gingerly levered the arm back down.

It was the best we could do and we could only hope it would be enough. We returned the tools, said a huge thank you to the engineer who loaned them, and spun up for our next leg.

Climbing north out of Red Bluff we hitched a ride on the afternoon thermals,

going ever higher to get past the towering peaks ahead. At 7500'after having traversed the length of the Shasta Valley, we again shook hands with the mighty volcano Shasta and flew steadily on.

More places that we'd never heard of floated by beneath us. Hornbrook, Yreka, and Montague all went by; and of course, there was Weed, which made me laugh again.

Two hours after leaving Red Bluff we touched down in Medford in 33 degree heat. We didn't have as much trouble this time with the landing and Geoff`s tailwheel held together.

The Medford Air Center gave us an unbelievable welcome. We only bought about 20 gallons of gas between us, but the staff there treated us like we bought 200! We got a golf cart ride from our planes to the office - which really meant something in that heat - and I even got to ride in a '57 Chevy to the car rental office! There are a lot of companies who could learn a lot from these people.

Day 9

Once again Medford Air Center treated us like gold as we made ready to depart. Vancouver, Washington was the destination today, just across the Columbia River from Portland. It looked like it would be a couple of easy legs and then an enjoyable afternoon exploring the city.

Apparently, this day had other plans for us. We took off into a perfect blue morning with a light tailwind and beautiful mountains all around. We turned west, following the highway toward Grants Pass. It was a few miles north of there that our plans began to fall apart.

An ocean-spawned mist was building in. I think the locals call it a marine layer. I call it a pain in the butt.

The low, wispy clouds north of Grant's Pass, OR, just before things started to sock in.

Low, wispy clouds sheathed the mountain tops in gentle looking tendrils of white. But utter ruin awaited any pilot who tried to challenge that deceptive appearance. By the time we reached Wolf Creek Pass, it was pretty evident we'd not be going much further without an IFR rating. This was really disappointing and frustrating.

"Geoff, I think we're going to have to set down," I radioed, reluctantly. "Roger that. Are you thinking of Roseburg?" he queried back. It was our best choice due to its size and location. "Ya, I think we can make it. It looks like we can get under this stuff and get in there. Let's begin our descent." "Okay, I'll drop in behind you."

The main part of the weather had a clearly discernible boundary to it, which we were rapidly approaching. Another few miles and we'd be on top of it, instead of below, where we could still see the ground. The mountain peaks that showed on both my map and my GPS were out there, hidden in those deadly clouds. I didn't need any more convincing. I pulled on the carb heat, pulled off the throttle and started on down.

As we descended, weaving our way through the valley approaching Roseburg, the air took on a distinctly humid smell, and the moisture was palpable. Just after I made the radio call that we were five miles back and inbound for the runway, my engine stumbled from carb ice. It lasted less than a second, but it had precisely the same effect as someone belching in church. You simply can't miss it.

"Geoff, I just got some carb ice, so be sure your carb heat is on." "Oh, ya," he responded, "mine's on full." Mine was, too, but I still pulled again on the control knob, foolishly trying to add just a little more heat.

We got a nasty surprise below the cloud layer. My GPS showed the headwind with this system at about 20 mph. Terrific. And we still had 180 miles to fly today.

Merl's engine purred perfectly while we sailed down the remainder of the approach into Roseburg. My landing was even good. Geoff's was, too, because he made a wheel landing instead of a three-point touchdown. He reported that this technique really helped, and that he got no tail-wheel shimmy. The cloud cover helped, as well, preventing a blast furnace from coming at us off the runway.

Despite the delay, unexpected treasures continued to adorn our adventure. At Roseburg we discovered a Piper Cub painted in World War II desert camouflage and military markings. The owners were a father and son on their own air adventure. This weather also stranded them in Roseburg.

Father and son (sorry, I didn't get their names) had flown their Cub all the way from San Antonio, Texas. That's one hell of a trip for two guys and a Cub. Both of them were slim with smaller statures which helped the Cub's performance a little bit. The Cub also sported a Continental A-75, which gave it a little extra horsepower than standard. Still, they knew they had to keep the weight down, so they packed lightly.

"We each only brought two changes of clothes," Dad told me. "We've been washing the other change each night in the hotel."

And it turns out their plane wasn't technically a Cub. "You know what an L-4 is?" Dad asked me.

"I sure do." It was the US Army's version of the Cub during World War II. The Army used it for battlefield observation, air ambulance and liaison duties. It cruised about 65 or 70 mph. "Well, that's an L-4," he declared. "In fact, it's the last L-4 to roll off the assembly line. I've got the paperwork to prove it, too." I was impressed. That made it a pretty unique airplane, indeed. Dad was a retired commercial pilot and his son a recent hire as a first officer with Alaska Airlines. The airline had just assigned him to Portland, so he and Dad were moving the plane up there. They planned to make Vancouver today, same as us.

Dad and Junior were also frustrated with the wind, they said. I felt for them. A 20 mph headwind affected those guys a lot more than it affected Merl and the Champ. I tried to take some solace from the fact that it could be worse for us. It helped for a couple of minutes, anyway.

Geoff and I grabbed the courtesy car and headed to town for an early lunch. When we got back to the field, the camo Cub was gone. I wondered if we'd see them again.

The clouds had lifted enough for us to head out, but the visibility was still only six or eight miles. This was another frustration to add to the day's growing list. I had really been looking forward to the Willamette Valley leading to Portland. I didn't think I'd be seeing much of it.

Cruising up the Willamette Valley to get to Portland and fighting a 20 mph headwind all the way.

This was a bit of a downer day for me; they happen on long expeditions. I didn't like feeling the way I was feeling, especially since my frustration was over something I could do absolutely nothing about.

The Calgary area had exceptionally poor weather all spring – lots of rain and wind. One of the reasons I suggested Pritchard and I fly this trip in July was because that's when the weather begins calming. Not so this year. It seemed the poor conditions were tracking us almost everywhere we flew on this trip.

Being a pilot means dealing with the weather. I get that completely. I guess I was just tired of dealing so frequently with

weather that was against us. I was also missing my family a lot, and feeling guilty for being gone so long. I hadn't been away from them for such a lengthy period before this trip.

We flew over Creswell, where I'd originally planned to make our first stop for the day. As we passed the airport, I called Pritchard. "Hey, Geoff, that Cub is down there on the ground. I can see it at the fuel pumps." Silence for a few seconds. Then, "Oh, ya, I see it, too." "Man, those guys have balls," I remarked. "Can you imagine?" Geoff asked rhetorically, "All the way from Texas." "It's not too much different from what we're doing," I said, "They're just doing it a bit slower. Okay, a lot slower."

A little over an hour out of Roseburg, we left the mountains behind and found ourselves over Eugene. We should have planned a stop here, because it looked like a very nice city, one that'd be very enjoyable to explore.

We flew on, fighting 20 to 30 mph on the nose no matter what altitude we picked. The thermals and mechanical turbulence continually kicked us in the teeth. The visibility was maybe eight miles in haze, and it was hot. Sweat dripped continually down my face and I worried about our fuel. I assure you, this was work.

The ATIS and AWOS stations I dialled in all reported high temperatures, but calm winds on the ground, and what they called 'unrestricted visibility'. What on earth do they mean by 'unrestricted visibility'? I asked myself. I tried to pass it off as the automated systems simply getting it wrong, but some of the data came from human observations. Was visibility in this region normally so bad that six or eight miles qualified as unrestricted? If that's so, the pilots here must lose their minds when they can actually see twenty miles down the road.

I concluded we'd run out of gas if we didn't stop for fuel. The headwind and the distance we had yet to cover made that fact inescapable. We decided on Albany, and again Geoff reported a good landing by using the wheel landing technique rather than three-point. This day was a fight, and an unpleasant one at that, but we were winning. Slowly.

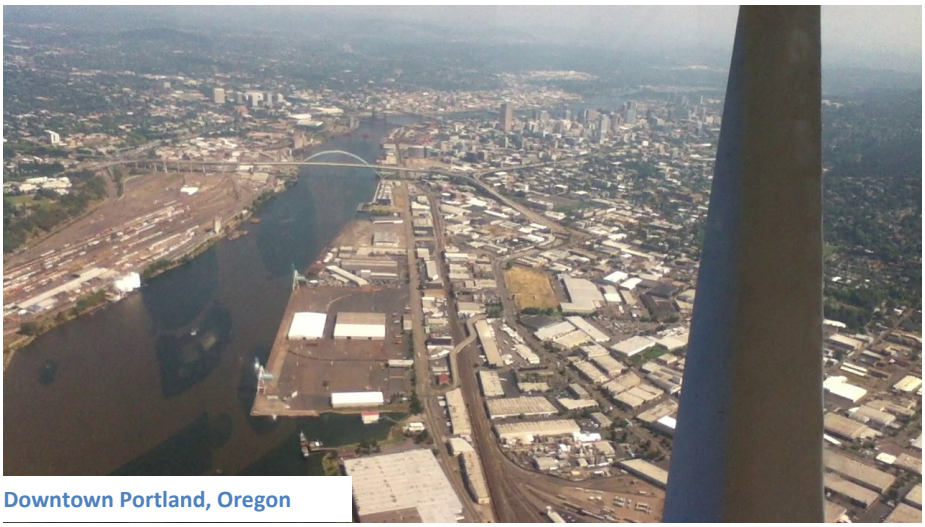
Portland would be our next big challenge, nearly 80 miles away. There's some pretty complex airspace around there and I wanted to be sure to do things correctly. We droned on through the afternoon, the visibility staying the same and the wind, too, still strong on the nose.

About 25 miles back from Portland I called the approach frequency and told them of our intentions. The controller vectored us toward Beaverton, a Portland suburb on the southwest side of a large ridge separating the two cities. The ridge was littered with large radio towers reaching up for us. Then another problem arose.

As we got closer to the built-up urban area of Portland my radio started acting up. I could hear the controller okay, but my transmissions to him were almost completely unreadable! This was absolutely infuriating for me, and more than a little embarrassing. I have no idea why it happened, because my radio normally works very well. Earlier in the trip I talked with Darren Scarlett when he was 80 miles away.

"Experimental Delta Delta November, plus one," the controller called, "turn right, now, and head directly toward the center of the airport." "Roger that. We'll head toward the airport," I tried.

"Experimental Delta Delta November you're nearly unreadable. Head directly toward the airport, not below two thousand five hundred. If you copy, squawk ident now." I pushed the button on my transponder. Why was my radio so troublesome?!



Downtown Portland, Oregon

"Experimental Delta Delta November, I got your squawk," the controller said. "You'll see a 737 on approach for 28 left. He won't be a factor."

Along with my radio troubles the headwind we fought wasn't helping our case much, either. Controllers like airplanes to move quickly and we were by far the slowest things he'd likely seen in a while. But I've got to hand it to this guy, he was a pro. He was patient and stuck with the routine of having me squawk with the transponder to acknowledge his instructions.

We passed over top of PDX as passenger jets large and small took off and landed on the parallel runways below. Then the controller finally vectored us into a descent and on to a long final for Vancouver's runway 26.

Short final at Vancouver, Washington

Pritchard and I switched frequencies and set up for landing. We really got our teeth kicked in on final approach from all the wind and the thermal activity. The last quarter mile of the approach put us right over top of a scorching shopping mall parking lot. Once past that little rodeo, I intentionally landed long so as not to crowd Geoff on his landing. He had quite a crosswind to contend with. The shopping centre right in front of us creates enormous thermal turbulence in the hot afternoon.

Our flying day was finally over, four hours later than planned. There was no love lost as I kissed it goodbye.

An Amazing Two Letter English Word: Up

This two-letter word in English has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is "UP" It is listed in the dictionary as an [adv.], [prep.], [adj.], [n] or [v].

It's easy to understand "UP", meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake "UP"?

At a meeting, why does a topic come "UP"? Why do we speak "UP", and why are the officers "UP" for election and why is it "UP" to the secretary to write "UP" a report?

We call "UP" our friends, brighten "UP" a room, polish "UP" the silver, warm "UP" the leftovers and clean "UP" the kitchen. We lock "UP" the house and fix "UP" the old car.

At other times, this little word has real special meaning. People stir "UP" trouble, line "UP" for tickets, work "UP" an appetite, and think "UP" excuses.

To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed "UP" is special.

And this "UP" is confusing: A drain must be opened "UP" because it is stopped "UP".

We open "UP" a store in the morning but we close it "UP" at night. We seem to be pretty mixed "UP" about "UP"!

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of "UP" look "UP" the word "UP" in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes "UP" almost ¼ of the page and can add "UP" to about thirty definitions.

If you are "UP" to it, you might try building "UP" a list of the many ways "UP" is used. It will take "UP" a lot of your time, but if you don't give "UP", you may wind "UP" with a hundred or more.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding "UP". When the sun comes out, we say it is clearing "UP". When it rains, the earth soaks it "UP". When it does not rain for a while things dry "UP".

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it "UP", for now . . . my time is "UP"!

Now let us grab our headsets and go "UP" for a flip around the air field!

Breaking News: We now have scientific proof and what a relief it is!

Ever walk into a room with some purpose in mind, only to completely forget what that purpose was? Turns out, doors themselves are to blame for these strange memory lapses.

Psychologists at the University Of Notre Dame have discovered that passing through a doorway triggers what's known as an Event Boundary in the mind, separating one set of thoughts and memories from the next. Your brain files away the thoughts you had in the previous room and prepares a blank slate for the new locale. Thank goodness for studies like this.

It's not our age, it's that damn door!

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