



Photo by Bob Marsh – 2006 Pitts Model 12 - Phil Symmans used to own and fly this beauty in airshows.



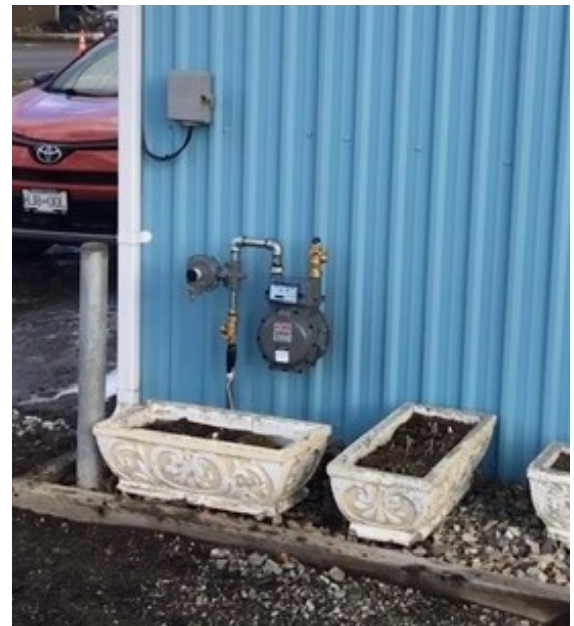
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Fortis Installing Gas Line. Alison Crerar and Edit Schleiss cheer them on.



The Clubhouse has gas! Next step is to hire a gasfitter to hook-up the fireplace.



You may have noticed the cones next to the entrance to the parking lot – they mark the soft spot where Fortis connected to the main gas line

Thanks to everyone who volunteered to work on the Gas Fireplace Project! Just to remind everyone, \$5,000 was donated to VFC by Rick Thorburn and the money is being used to offset the high cost of electric heating in the clubhouse by the installation of a gas free-standing fireplace. Special thanks to Albert Bueckert, Dennis McLeod, Cameron Bueckert and Mike Hemsley.



Thanks, again, Rick Thorburn for your very generous donation to the club

(Photos of Rick by Edie Schleiss) This plaque will be affixed to the wall near the fireplace.



Rick working on his latest RV project in his hangar at the Vernon Airport.



Rick with one of his many completed RV's

Parents and Children

JEWISH MOTHER

The year is 2024 and the United States has elected the first woman as well as the first Jewish president, Susan Goldstein. She calls up her mother a few weeks after Election Day and says, "So, Mom, I assume you'll be coming to my inauguration?"

"I don't think so. It's a ten-hour drive, your father isn't as young as he used to be, and my arthritis is acting up again." "Don't worry about it, Mom, I'll send Air Force One to pick you up and take you home. And a limousine will pick you up at your door.

"I don't know. Everybody will be so fancy-schmantzy; what on earth would I wear?" Susan replies, "I'll make sure you have a wonderful gown, custom-made by the best designer in New York.

"Honey," Mom complains, "you know I can't eat those rich foods you and your friends like to eat. The President-to-be responds, "Don't worry Mom. The entire affair is going to be handled by the best caterer in New York; kosher all the way. Mom, I really want you to come."

So Mom reluctantly agrees and on January 20, 2025, Susan Goldstein is being sworn in as President of the United States. In the front row sits the new President's mother, who leans over to a Senator sitting next to her and says, "You see that woman over there with her hand on the Torah, becoming President of the United States?" The Senator whispers back, "Yes, I do."

Mom says proudly, "Her brother is a PILOT!"

ITALIAN MOTHER

Giuseppe excitedly tells his mother he's fallen in love and that he is going to get married.

He says, "Just for fun, Mama, I'm going to bring over three women and you try and guess which one I'm going to marry." The mother agrees.

The next day, he brings three beautiful women into the house, sits them down on the couch and they chat for a while. He then says, "Okay, Mama, guess which one I'm going to marry."

Mama says immediately, "The one on the right." "That's amazing, Mama. You're right. How did you know?"

Mama replies: "I don't like her."

AN IRISHMAN'S FIRST DRINK WITH HIS SON

I was reading an article last night about fathers and sons, and memories came flooding back to the time I took my son out for his first drink. Off we went to our local bar, which is only two blocks from the house. I got him a Guinness. He didn't like it, so I drank it.

Then I got him a Smithwicks. He didn't like it either, so I drank it.

It was the same with the Coors Light and the Miller Genuine Draft.

By the time we got down to the Irish whiskey . . . I could hardly push the stroller back home!

- I asked a flight attendant to change my seat because of a crying baby next to me. It turns out you can't do that if the baby is yours.
- It was mealtime on an airplane, and the flight attendant asked a passenger if he would like some dinner. "What are my choices?" the passenger asked. "Yes or no," she replied.
- What do airplane builders say about their job? It's riveting.

Member Profile – Edie Schleiss

Edie moved to Vernon from Revelstoke three and a half years ago and has been an active member of the Flying Club since 2017.

I believe it helps to be lucky in life and I am grateful for the all the luck I have had to be in the right place at the right time.

I lived in Waterways, three miles from Fort McMurray and when I was 12 years old my family moved to Yellowknife, NWT. It was a very exciting time to be in the north. There were three gold mines in the immediate area and Yellowknife was a boom town. My father worked at Giant Gold Mine. Dad found us a home close to the lake (Great Slave Lake) where could watch all the bush planes coming and going filled with prospectors trying to find their big strike.

This is when I fell in love with flying and at the same time I became interested in photography.

As I grew older I babysat and earned enough to buy my first camera. I made many visits to Henri Busse's (a famous northern photographer) studio to learn whatever I could. A few years later, I was fortunate (read lucky!) to land a job at the "News of the North". I folded newspapers at first and eventually ran some of the press machines. Life was good!

My adventurous spirit never let me down and I convinced my girlfriend, Irene, to join the Air Force with me. We were accepted and ended up in St. Jean, Quebec for basic training. I'll never forget all the marching, making taut beds and test after test. To our surprise, we were asked what our preferences were following basic training. I chose photography and Irene something different and so our paths parted.

I was sent to Camp Borden, Ontario. This was a technical school where we were trained on 4" by 5" speed graphic cameras with flash bulbs or had large and heavy batteries slung on our shoulders. We were careful with what we photographed as a 4" x 5" negative or positive was not cheap. Such a difference from today where anyone with a cell phone can take wonderful pictures. Better yet, delete any that are not 100% satisfactory without having to develop them to see what you captured.



After Camp Borden I was transferred to Ottawa to the largest photographic establishment in the Canadian Air Force. I was, a new photographer, sent to the dungeon (the windowless basement) where we worked on printing aerial photographs mapping the Canadian North.

Luck again came my way when some of the members of the air force decided to start a flying club, The Rockcliffe Flying Club. Anyone could join so I was surprised that I was the only female to apply. I went through ground school and my flying training and earned my private flying licence.

Shortly after this I was transferred to the RCAF Station Claresholm in Alberta. It was initially a British Commonwealth Air Training Plan station that trained pilots for World War II service and then a NATO training centre. It is closed now but when I was there as the base photographer, I covered everything that went on including accidents. I had a studio and darkroom to myself and I loved it!

Life itself cannot give you joy unless you really will it. Life just gives you time and space. It is up to you to fill it – Author Unknown



My father was battling cancer at the end of my three year term and I went back to Yellowknife to be with my family. Sadly, he died only a few weeks after I arrived home.

A year passed and I decided to move to Edmonton. I was lucky to land a job with a studio that handled all of the Edmonton Journal's photographic needs. This was a great job as I covered everything from the news to the horse races to social events.

It was here that I joined the Edmonton Ski Club. The hill was on the river bank of the North Saskatchewan River.



We made our own snow and I think we skied mainly on ice! I had never skied before but I enjoyed the rope tow and going up and down the hill. Occasionally we would catch the weekend ski train to Jasper. We had to have Bogner ski pants (very tight and very chic!) We had such fun!

I was lucky to be there when the Edmonton Parachute Club started and, of course, I had to give it a try. We had army instructors and the use of their facilities, i.e. static line towers. Our parachutes

were different than those of today. They were round and not as maneuverable but it was fun. I made two jumps before deciding that I really loved sky diving but I didn't like packing my own chute.

I moved to Red Deer, Alberta to work for a woman who had lost her husband and needed help with her photography studio. After a year or so, my Edmonton ski buddies invited me to join them in a trip to Kimberly, BC where we would learn how to be ski instructors. As luck would have it, this is where I met Fred, the chief instructor.

Fred was with the newly formed Rogers Pass Avalanche Program in Glacier National Park. Following our September wedding we spent the winter living on Mt. Fidelity, five miles of switchbacks to the highway and another few miles to the summit of Rogers Pass. Let me tell you that that was quite an experience! Only three other people lived there but thank heavens we moved down to the summit where at least there were a few more people. We lived in Pan Abodes or trailers until the Government built us apartments. Two years later our daughter, Mary, was born. Our son, Johann, completed our little family two years after that.

Fred was busy in the summer months looking after and rescuing climbers and in the fall he taught the park wardens how to hone their climbing skills.

After seven and a half years in the Rogers Pass we decided it was time to move to Revelstoke where I was thrilled to be. I very much enjoyed my time on the mountain but it was wonderful to be in the city.



I was hired as a Lab Assistant in the local high school where I set up the labs for the teachers, mixed chemicals, etc. etc. It was a great time and I made lots of friends. Our children were growing up. We were busy with their activities – ski racing, swim racing, bike racing, etc. etc. We travelled all over the province. Before you knew it, they grew up and went off to college.

There is a beautiful mountain overlooking Revelstoke called Mt. Begbie that I have always admired and it suddenly occurred to me one day that I was married to a mountain guide husband. Why had I never climbed the mountain? I asked him to take me to the top – 8,957' from about 1,440 ASL in Revelstoke. I had no idea what I was letting myself in for!



I borrowed a pair of his boots even though they were a tad too small. We started out at 5:00 a.m. The trail was okay at the bottom but soon turned out to be steep and wet. Eventually we came to the Glacier. We had to cross so Fred roped me up and kicked steps in the snow as he tested for crevasses with his ice ax. I was able to navigate with his help the steep, never-ending rock ledges. I once had to remove my backpack to get low enough to pass under the overhang. We finally made it to the top where we rested while enjoying lunch and taking in the magnificent view. Going down was not nearly as much fun as going up. The trail was very steep and I was reminded with every step that my boots were too small so I tried to keep my complaining to a minimum because I had chosen to do this. After a long twelve hours we made it back to the truck and drove home. I was elated that I had done it! I couldn't believe how lucky I was to have had this wonderful experience. I wouldn't/couldn't have done it without Fred. I even did it again a year or so later!

We bought a Volkswagen Westphalia and had a great deal of fun with it before we decided on the luxury of a fifth-wheel and truck. With our children off in college and both of us now retired we were free to start to roam on our own. We could hardly wait for the snow to leave the valley bottom so we could start our adventures. We hiked all over

including in Arizona, California, and Utah for a month in the spring and again in the fall. During the summer months we would stay in Canada to hike and camp and explore. During the winter, of course, there was fabulous skiing right home in Revelstoke.

One of our most memorable hikes was the Grand Canyon. There are signs all over the trails warning people not to attempt to go down and up in the same day – people die trying this.

The trail has many steep switchbacks and this is not so bad going down, it is just very, very long. It is the coming back that is the killer; it seems as if it never ends! We actually did this on two separate occasions but by that time I had done a lot more hiking and was in excellent condition. I feel incredibly lucky to have been to many unspoiled places, sat and enjoyed my lunch while enjoying amazing views!



Travel with my family started when Mary was 2 ½ and Johann was 10 months old. We booked a flight with Wardair and landed in Dusseldorf, Germany. Fred found us a room and we gratefully got under the feather robes. From there we took a train to Klagenfurt, Austria and then it was a 50 km trip on to Gurk which was Fred's hometown. Fred introduced his little family to his mother, family and friends. We also discovered that people generally do not travel with children. I found very few amenities that would have made the trip so much easier for this young mother with two little kids. Thank goodness disposable diapers had recently become available or I hate to imagine how much more work travelling would have been!

Our next trip to Europe was when Mary was 12 and Johann was 10. We landed in Amsterdam and bought Eurail passes. We ventured into Italy. We had to produce passports at the border and I was surprised to see so many armed guards. I had on shorts and got a few pinches for my trouble. It was my second visit to Venice and it has been one of my very favourite places to visit.

As time went on Fred was recognized and asked to speak to avalanche organizations at a symposium in Davos, Switzerland on his Canadian operations. I joined him for a month long trip. We hired a car and drove in Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Germany. All such beautiful, mountainous countries.

After we retired we booked a tour in China. We met up with our group and guide in Vancouver. I am thankful it was a tour as we understood not a word spoken or written. In those days Beijing was full of bicycles, hardly any cars; and that was not that long ago. It is mind boggling to think that so much has changed. It was a great trip and I have many photos to remind me.



And then, in December 2006 I noticed that something wasn't quite right with Fred. It was just little things like forgetting things and names so we saw his doctor in January and he sent Fred to Kelowna for further tests. We received the awful news that he had an inoperable brain tumour. I convinced him to take the five weeks of radiation treatments that he did not want but I was grasping at straws at this point.

Fred was able to ski that winter and just missed the opening of the new ski hill which had opened that fall. It is fast, steep and long and Fred would have loved it. There was a contest to name one of the runs and they called it "Fast Fred's" after him.

Rogers Pass is the largest directly controlled avalanche area in the world. In May 2007, at the annual Avalanche Association's meeting, Fred was recognized for having set the standards for avalanche and weather observations in the Canadian avalanche industry.

A few years after Fred died I suggested a trip to Europe to Mary, Johann and my grandson, Luke who was 12 at the time. We landed in Frankfurt, Germany and picked up our rental car. We travelled on the freeway that didn't have speed limits so if there was someone driving faster than you they honked until you moved off to the "slower" lane. Johann very much enjoyed the driving.

We found a lovely little town and got our rooms where dinner was provided. It was right beside a church that rang its bell every hour. Mary, Johann and I laughed a lot, finding humour in many things during our travels. As for Luke, he sometimes couldn't quite see what was so funny.

Fred's mother had gone to a convent school where her aunt was a nun. Maria Von Trapp had attended at the same time and they became great friends. So, we made sure to see the convent in Salzburg and saw where they made the movie "Sound of Music". We saw many things on that trip such as an underground salt mine, hot springs and swam in the lakes. It was another great trip that I'm afraid Luke didn't really appreciate until he was

a few years older. I'm hoping that he's learned that life is an adventure and it is fun to travel and meet other people who, in the long run, are just like us.

Mary and I are travel companions now and besides numerous trips to Las Vegas and Mexico, we love our trips to Europe having visited Germany, Austria, Italy, Poland, Czech Republic and Hungary.

I carried on in our home for ten years. I could not find suitable accommodations in Revelstoke to get away from snow shovelling and yard maintenance so in June I came to Vernon to look for a place that would meet my needs. I eventually found what I was looking for in Gracelands. I have never regretting the move! I love Vernon's wide open sky, better weather and friendly people. I joined various clubs and activities, i.e. the Yacht Club, Schubert Centre and the Vernon Flying Club.



My sister lived close to the airport and I often wondered about the Flying Club and I started getting those old familiar feelings about the joy of flying and being around people who loved aviation as much as I did. I joined the Yacht Club thinking I would sit on the deck, sipping coffee and reading a good book, however, it turned out that I never found the time to indulge in this although I met some very nice people, had dinners and breakfasts. I just didn't feel that I got the use of the membership and the next year I didn't renew.

The Flying Club was a different matter. I felt quite at home among the mainly male coffee klatch gatherers. I loved the flying stories and the talk of flying problems, how to correct them, the jokes and the kidding.

Again, luck played a part and I met the club photographer, Bob Marsh, and I mentioned that I had been a photographer but had given it up. I gave away all my darkroom equipment, books, cameras, enlarger, colour and black & white processing equipment when I left Revelstoke. Bob encouraged me to get into digital photography. And I joined the Camera Club.

With my new digital camera I ventured out on the day of the Vernon Winter Carnival Parade. This was right up my alley and reminded me of when I was a press photographer. I took pictures of CASARA leading our club float and those who were handing out candies. I then had these developed and placed on a poster board. I put them up in the clubhouse and just like that had found my place in the club. I've enjoyed photographing all the various activities and events.

Throughout 2020 and COVID-19, I was lucky to be invited to join a group of ladies from the flying club for a daily morning walk at the airport. We solve the world's problems, enjoy a laugh or two and even find the occasional lost object.

So, this is my story and I must say that I can't help but feel that I am a very lucky lady. I do have one wish. When the pearly gates open for me, I humbly request that the Vernon Snowflakes take my ashes up, in formation, of course, for one last flight!



Photo by Alison Crerar

New Assistant to Curtis Linton, Vernon Airport Supervisor



Welcome to **Kim Alaric** as Curtis' new assistant. You may have seen Kim around the airport in her role as a flight instructor with Aurora Aviation Academy.

Kim will be working weekends and stat holidays.

Regular office hours are 0730 to 1600 hrs with call-out available as needed.

Contact number is 250-309-7415.



There's a lot to learn!

Kim dips the tank on the fuel truck with Curtis monitoring.

Oh! The Fun We Used To Have!



Cowboy Dinner at O'Keefe Ranch. We enjoy getting dressed up for any occasion be it Cinco de Mayo, Halloween, Christmas, Pi Day or St. Patrick's Day!

(Right) Gathering at the Clubhouse for morning coffee and the occasional cake or cookies! (Below & Right) Fly-Outs to places like Mable Lake (Geoff Pritchard in the Fleet Model 2)





Everyone misses COPA for KIDS! Don Usher, the Barrel Aeroplanes Pilot



Barbeques (this one is from the Old Days... Nice legs Stan Owen!



Watching all the different aircraft go by from the comfort of the clubhouse.



(Above) The delicious pancake breakfasts, cooked and served with a smile! Tom Glover and Dennis McLeod in the kitchen; Mayte Barragán and Alison Crerar serving



(Left) The Rust Remover, the annual spring training for pilots and major fund-raiser for the club

The Clubhouse is open to members only at this time. Please remember to follow Public Health advice and someday, soon we hope, activities will return! Until then, Safe Flying with Blue Skies and Tailwinds.

Aurora Aviation Academy

By Sylvain Leone

Although COVID19 has affected all of aviation, Aurora Aviation Academy has been growing! Focussed on developing a good relationship with GA, Aurora has seen an increase in demand for Private Pilot and additional rating instruction.

We're excited to announce that we have officially opened out base in Kelowna and have received approval for Kamloops. We have a fleet now of 8 Cessna 172s and the Piper Twin Comanche. We're planning 2 aircraft at each of Vernon, Kelowna and Kamloops, adding a 3rd aircraft at each over the summer.

We are offering our aircraft for rentals, so any members looking for a check-out to rent a 172, we would be happy to help out!

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On the Ramp...

Photo by Alison Crerar



A beautiful paint job on C-FWPT a Cessna 182R registered to Skywater Aviators Ltd. out of Kelowna.

Everyone needs a Project...



Dave and Alison Crerar are shown here picking up a Stinson in need of a little TLC. Stinson 108-3 C-FGUK was in Miami, Manitoba.

The Stinson 108, built by Stinson Aircraft Company from 1946 to 1950, is a secret hiding in plain sight. Stinson built more than 5,000 of the planes, but it has what is largely a niche following. That could be because of what some describe as ungainly looks.

A fabric-covered, steel-tube fuselage

taildragger, the four-seat 108 can cruise at better than 110 mph and can operate comfortably from unimproved strips, though its short-field performance with the stock Franklin 165-hp engine isn't as sprightly as some of its competitors. Still, the 108 packs an impressive useful load of 1,100 pounds, and it has proven a popular plane among float and ski operators in the bush, with many remarking how much better-looking the 108 is when it's airborne or on skis or floats.

Many 108s have been modified with larger or non-Franklin engines, and a good number have been "metalized" with sheet metal instead of fabric over the original tube-built fuselage. With its ability to carry four FAA-sized passengers, full fuel and a good amount of cargo on top of that, the 108 arguably competes with the Cessna 182 and Piper 235, two planes that are popular and command much higher prices than the 108.

Both are faster by at least 15 knots, but neither can boast a wood paneling interior, popularized on the most iconic model of the 108, the "Flying Station Wagon." And all of the 108's competitors cost a lot more. You can find nice 108s for anywhere from between around \$28,000 up through around \$38,000, and many of these planes have been not only updated but also taken care of like the prizes they are.



Who else is working on something cool?

More On the Ramp...

Two brand new Carbon Cubs were spotted in early February. Delivered in pieces from Yakima, WA and assembled at the Vernon Airport; they will fly off the mandated 25 hours for amateur built aircraft and then head home; one to Manitoba and the other to Saskatchewan. Such happy little airplanes!

Carbon Cub SS - Perhaps the first of the "high performance LSAs

By Michael Maya Charles, October 1, 2010

Yeee-Haa!

That was the unbridled reaction to my first solo takeoff in a Carbon Cub SS, the new LSA from CubCrafters. When I pushed the little black knob forward to unleash the 180 hp CC340 engine, the tail lightened swiftly and the airplane quickly started dancing softly on its 29-inch Alaska Bushwheel Airstreak tires before I realized I was the only one not quite ready to fly. In spite of my slow response, takeoff roll was just a few hundred feet, and the climb rate was invigorating, inviting comparison to a helicopter instead of an airplane. CubCrafters likes to call this aircraft a "high performance LSA," and it is.

Did I mention that I was departing from a grass strip just south of Denver called Rocky Mountain Airpark at an elevation of 6,295 feet and a temperature of 70 degrees? That makes for a rather formidable density altitude of 8,400 feet. Impressive performance for a high-altitude takeoff! There's nothing quite like a light aircraft with a big engine to put a smile on your face.

There is no question that fast airplanes are cool. But the low and slow flying the Carbon Cub offers is what many pilots of speedy planes crave. A modern version of the beloved Piper Cub, the Carbon Cub is made of, you guessed it, carbon fiber materials, making it light and strong. The Carbon Cub Sport SS is so light that it easily fits into the light sport category. With a Titan 340CC engine producing 180 horsepower for takeoff, the Carbon Cub can get off the ground in less than 100 feet and climb at more than 2,000 feet per minute at sea level, making this little taildragger a terrific platform for backcountry fun.

Tenerife Airport Disaster

The Tenerife airport disaster, which occurred on March 27, 1977, remains the accident with the highest number of airliner passenger fatalities. 583 people died when a KLM Boeing 747 attempted to take off without flight clearance, and collided with a taxiing Pan Am 747 at Los Rodeos Airport on the Canary Island of Tenerife, Spain. All 234 passengers and 14 crew of the KLM aircraft died and only 61 of the 396 passengers and crew of the Pan Am aircraft survived. Pilot error was the primary cause, as the KLM captain began his takeoff run without obtaining air traffic control clearance.

Other contributing factors were a terrorist incident at Gran Canaria Airport that had caused many flights to be diverted to Los Rodeos, a small airport not well equipped to handle aircraft of such size, and dense fog. The KLM flight crew could not see the Pan Am aircraft on the runway until immediately before the collision. The accident had a lasting influence on the industry, particularly in the area of communication. An increased emphasis was placed on using standardized phraseology in air traffic control (ATC) communication by both controllers and pilots alike. "Cockpit Resource Management" has also been incorporated into flight crew training. The captain is no longer considered infallible, and combined crew input is encouraged during aircraft operations.

Malaysia Airlines Flight 370 Disappearance

On March 8, 2014, a Boeing 777-200ER, Malaysia Airlines Flight 370, flying from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, to Beijing, China, lost contact with air traffic controllers over the South China Sea, deviated from its planned route, and was presumed lost in the southern Indian Ocean. It carried 12 Malaysian crew members and 227 passengers from 15 nations, who are all presumed dead. A multinational search effort, the most extensive and expensive in aviation history, has thus far failed to locate the aircraft, though debris from the aircraft has been recovered from beaches around the Indian Ocean. Numerous theories have been offered to explain the disappearance of the flight, but none has been confirmed.

Global Aeronautical Distress and Safety System

In an effort to prevent incidents such as the disappearance of Malaysia Airlines Flight MH370, a new standard has been issued requiring all commercial aircraft to report their position every 15 minutes to air traffic controllers regardless of the country of origin. Introduced in 2016 by the ICAO, the regulation has no initial requirement for any new aircraft equipment to be fitted. The standard is part of a long-term plan, called the Global Aeronautical Distress and Safety System (GADSS), which will require new aircraft to be equipped with data broadcast systems that are in constant contact with air traffic controllers. The GADSS is similar to the Global Maritime Distress and Safety System (GMDSS) used for maritime safety.

Words of Wisdom

Submitted by Bill Wilkie

1. The nicest thing about the future is that it always starts tomorrow.
2. Money will buy a fine dog but only kindness will make him wag his tail.
3. If you don't have a sense of humor you probably don't have any sense at all.
4. Seat belts are not as confining as wheelchairs.
5. A good time to keep your mouth shut is when you're in deep water.
6. How come it takes so little time for a child who is afraid of the dark to become a teenager who wants to stay out all night?
7. Business conventions are important because they demonstrate how many people a company can operate without.
8. Why is it that at class reunions you feel younger than everyone else looks?
9. Stroke a cat and you will have a permanent job.
10. No one has more driving ambition than the teenage boy who wants to buy a car.
11. There are no new sins; the old ones just get more publicity.
12. There are worse things than getting a call for a wrong number at 4am - for example, it could be the right number.
13. No one ever says "It's only a game" when their team is winning.
14. I've reached the age where 'happy hour' is a nap.
15. Be careful about reading the fine print - there's no way you're going to like it.
16. The trouble with bucket seats is that not everybody has the same size bucket.
17. Do you realize that, in about 40 years, we'll have thousands of old ladies running around with tattoos?
18. Money can't buy happiness but somehow it's more comfortable to cry in a Cadillac than in a Ford.
19. After 70, if you don't wake up aching in every joint, you're probably dead.
20. Always be yourself because the people who matter don't mind and the ones who mind don't matter.
21. Life isn't tied with a bow but it's still a gift.



And always carry jumper cables! John Jorimann with John Swallow; Steve Foord offers helpful advice

And REMEMBER...."POLITICIANS AND DIAPERS SHOULD BE CHANGED OFTEN AND FOR THE SAME REASON..."



They only had ONE job!



Photo by Bill More. Cool chair spotted in YVR in 2012.

VERNON FLYING CLUB / COPA Flight 65 2020/2021

PRESIDENT: Betty Lee Longstaff
 VICE PRESIDENT: Dennis McLeod
 TREASURER: Bill More
 SECRETARY: Marion Ross
 DIRECTOR: Alison Crerar
 DIRECTOR: Tom Glover
 DIRECTOR: Albert Bueckert



COPA CAPTAIN: Stuart McLean
 COPA Co-CAPTAIN: Stan Owen
 COPA Navigator: Eric Hiebert

Newsletter Editor: Bill More
 Newsletter Publisher: Marion Ross

VFC Meetings are held the third Tuesday of each month at 7:00 p.m.

(Meetings & Activities are on hold due to COVID-19 until further notice!)

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