MERRY CHRISTMAS

LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING

Once upon a time there was a rich man that was driving past a farm, he looked over and saw a beautiful stallion standing in the field. The rich man thought, 'Wow I gotta have him' so he pulled into the farm's entrance.

He found the owner and said, "I want that horse out yonder in that field. How much do you want for him?" The farmer said, "He don't look so good."

"Nonsense" said the rich man "I'll pay you $1000 for him." "But he don't look so good," said the farmer.

The rich man sighed and said, "$2000 dollars is my final offer." The farmer sold the beautiful horse to the rich man.
One week later the rich man came back angry as ever and said, "Darn you, you sold me a blind horse!" Then the farmer smiled and said, "I TOLD YOU HE DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD!!!!"

Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
Santa's stockings were hung by the chimney with care
To dry and his suit did the same on the chair

A world full of children slept snug in their beds
With visions of i-pads a-dance in their heads
While Santa and Missus, having worked through the night
Tried to catch forty winks, before he took flight

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
Santa woke with a start and said, "What's the matter?"
Then away to the window he flew like a flash
Tripped on his jack-boots; hit his head on the sash

The moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow
Did sharply outline the objects below
'Twas Sugarplum Mary and Pepper Minstix
Two factory elves who were in a real fix.

"Quiet" said Santa, while rubbing his shin
"Why are you yelling and raising a din?"
"Oh, Santa"; said Pepper "You've got to come quick
Get back to the airport, dear Rudolph is sick"

"I don't understand" Santa said in confusion
Rubbing the top of his aching contusion
"What are you saying, speak ever so plain
So you don't have say it all over again"

Sugarplum Mary gave a flick of her skirt
Curtsied and dug her toe in the dirt
"I can't be sure, but I've checked with my mummy
And Rudolph has got what you call rumbly tummy.

He's got quite a fever, threw his cud in the hay
And won't touch the apples we put on his tray
In passing behind him, 'tis wise to be wary
For Rudolph has got what we call dysen-tary."

Now, Santa got worried and started to fret
Concerned for the health of his lead ungulate
With only twelve reindeer, tonight's trip was in doubt
With Rudy not pulling, there's no balanced field "out"

Though Santa was private, he tried to comply
With all regulations; the rules of the sky
Nothing was left to whimsy or chance
All operations were planned in advance

The strip at the pole was designed in the day
When small populations were not far away
But over the years, the customer base
Had grown in size, in distance, and taste

To move with the times and keep up-to-date
New sleighs were purchased to accommodate
The ever-increasing demand for more space
Needed by Santa on his "round-the-world" race

Bigger and bigger the sleds did they get
That for several years did suffice and yet
The day would come when attaining the air
Would scare them silly; no pavement to spare

Adding more runway was terribly tabu
And Santa was really upset but he knew
It did little good to frown or to glower
The solution was simple: he needed more power.

So, out the scouts went, to far and away
Looking for someone to help pull the sleigh
They needed a deer that was strong as an ox
Known as a leader, and quick as a fox

A young buck was found in the land of the Norse
Young and virile, built like a horse
With only one failing, they snickered and said
His honkin' big nose was bulbous and red

Santa knew in a flash their prayers had been met
This was the answer, the deer that would let
Them depart with safety and would guarantee
A balanced field take-off, how sweet it would be
The proboscis would not an impediment pose

And would allow a problem to close
For Santa was really illegal at night
No direct current meant no running light

Rudolph's arrival was greeted with glee
He was treated with kindness, 'twas easy to see
That everyone welcomed his joining the team
For he would provide a night-banishing gleam

But now that his prize team leader was ill
Through Santa's body there flashed a great chill
Without the aid of the Olympian jumper
His 'round the world mission' was down in the dumper

Pepper Minstix and Sugarplum Mary
Had never seen Santa look so contrary
His brow was all wrinkly; his face in a frown
His droll little mouth had turned upsidedown!

When suddenly there came a voice that gave pause
'Twas the quiet, soft tones of dear Madame Claus
"Has anyone considered that all this may be
Just a case of stage fright, of ang-ziaty?"

This is the night of Rudolph's debut
Going round the globe and leading the crew
It's played on his mind and gnawed at his wits
And in so doing, has given him the fits

All the lad needs is some words from the group
And take down a pint of my carrot top soup
Give him an hour and then you will see
Him running and prancing and dancing with glee"

The prog-nostication was bang on, in that
Rudy was up in one hour flat
Gamboling about like a fawn in the snow
Rejuvenated and ready to go

Santa was happy; his eyes-how they twinkled
His cheeks like roses, his smooth brow unwrinkled
"Lads, gather round"; he called out with pride
The curtain's going up; we're going for a ride"

Santa moved to the sleigh, each deer to its trace
Obviously ready for their annual race
At night, round the world, on Christmas Eve
With presents and gifts for all who believe.

Down the runway they went without a real care
Lifting off easily with pavement to spare
"We've got balanced field", Santa cried in delight
As they turned left on course into the dark night

Then Mrs Claus saw the team seemingly stall
And shudder like hitting an invisible wall
And Rudy exclaimed as they went through the pass
I'm sorry lads; I think it was gas.

……..by jean hirondelle

REELING THEM IN…

I was going into a local bar last fall and noticed an old fellah in front of a big puddle sitting on a chair with a fishing pole.

Feeling a wave of pity come over me, I stopped and said "You must be cold; want to come inside to warm up and have a drink with me?"

Later, as he sipped his whiskey with obvious relish, I impishly asked: "Did you catch many today?"

He said: "You're the eighth…"

A PARADOX, A QUANDRY, A CONUNDRUM

This is an unusual paragraph. I'm curious as to just how quickly you can find out what is so unusual about it. It looks so ordinary and plain that you would think nothing was wrong with it. In fact, nothing is wrong with it! It is highly unusual though. Study it and think about it, but you still may not find anything odd. But if you work at it a bit, you might find out. Try to do so without any coaching!

MOOSE MILK

Moose milk is a traditional Canadian alcoholic mixed drink with roots in the historic celebratory events of the Canadian Armed Forces. It is also served at the levée, a New Year's Day celebration held all levels of the Canadian governmental administrations to honour the member of the armed forces, from the federal level to municipalities. The term was first recorded used to describe the cocktail in the 1915–1920

Navy Moose Milk
- 1 Gallon Vanilla Ice Cream
- 1 Pot Cold Coffee
- 1/2 Gallon Milk
- 1 Pint Vodka
- 1 Pint of Dark Rum
- 1 Pint Kahlua
- Dark Chocolate

Army Moose Milk
- 40 Ounces Lamb's Dark Rum
- 20 Ounces Kahlua
- 20 Ounces Vodka
- 20 Ounces Disaronno
- 1 Gallon Eggnog
- 1 Gallon Vanilla Ice Cream
- Dash of Maple Syrup
- Dash of Vanilla Extract

Army and Navy Moose Milk traditions appear to use whatever sweets and booze happen to be handy, blended in the biggest container found on base or aboard ship.

The best recipe we could find for the Royal Canadian Air Force's Moose Milk takes a lot more effort. Maybe, like the U.S. Air Force, the RCAF just has more time, food and equipment on hand than the other branches.

RCAF Moose Milk
- 12 Egg Yolks
- 40 Ounces Canadian Whisky
- 40 Ounces Rum
- 5 Ounces Kahlua
- 10 Ounces Maple Syrup
- 40 Ounces Milk (Homogenized)
- 40 Ounces Heavy Whipping Cream
- 1 Cup Sugar
- Nutmeg and/or Cinnamon to Garnish

Instructions:
- Beat yolks until fluffy and well mixed
- Add sugar and beat mixture until thick
- Stir in milk, syrup and liquor
- Chill at least 3 hours. Best if you can let it sit overnight
- Whip cream until thick
- Fold in whipped cream
- Chill for another hour
- Sprinkle the top with nutmeg and cinnamon, if you’re fancy.

So, if a VFC friend loudly announces that "the moose is loose", you know things are about to get wild.

CONVENTIONAL GEAR – UNCONVENTIONAL USE

By
Mark Phelps

Under a contract worth up to $3 billion, U.S. Air Force Special Operations Command (AFSOC) last August chose the AT-802U Sky Warden, a single-engine turboprop with an interesting difference for a modern military aircraft. The service plans to acquire up to 75 for "counterterror" duty. Derived from the Fred Ayers-designed Air Tractor agricultural application aircraft (aka cropduster), the Sky Warden is ruggedly built and designed for low-altitude ops at high gross weights, but also has a landing gear configuration harkening back to World War II.

AFSOC boss Lt. Gen. Jim Slife said, "We're going to have to pay a lot of attention to training on this. We haven't operated, at scale, a taildragger aircraft in quite some time." Of course, most of the fighters from World War II were taildraggers, virtually a necessity to accommodate the large-diameter propellers driven by the high-power piston inline and radial engines of the day. After 1945, virtually all jet fighters were nosewheel-configured. The chapter on the art and wisdom of landing and taking off with a tailwheel was deleted from military training manuals.

L3Harris teamed with Air Tractor to offer the aircraft, which will be newly designated as the OA-1K. Developing a training protocol will be a focal point as the aircraft moves toward deployment.

"What this means is that during taxi, takeoff and landing operations, pilots need to be more cognizant of aircraft alignment and crosswinds," said AFSOC spokesperson Lt. Col. Becky Heyse. "Tailwheel aircraft are more prone to rotational forces around their center of gravity, due to [their] location in relation to [the] main gear."

GIFT WRAPPING TIPS FOR MEN

This is the time of year when we think back to the very first Christmas, whe n the Three Wise Men; Gaspar, Balthazar and Herb, went to see the baby Jesus and, according to the Book of Matthew, "presented unto Him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

These are simple words, but if we analyze them carefully, we discover an important, yet often overlooked, theological fact: There is no mention of wrapping paper.

If there had been wrapping paper, Matthew would have said so: "And lo, the gifts were inside 600 square cubits of paper. And the paper was festooned with pictures of Frosty the Snowman. And Joseph was going to throweth it away, but Mary saideth unto him, she saideth, 'Holdeth it! That is nice paper! Saveth it for next year!' And Joseph did rolleth his eyeballs. And the baby Jesus was more interested in the paper than the frankincense."

But these words do not appear in the Bible, which means that the very first Christmas gifts were NOT wrapped. This is because the people giving those gifts had two important characteristics:

1. They were wise.
2. They were men.

Men are not big gift wrappers. Men do not understand the point of putting paper on a gift just so somebody else can tear it off. This is not just my opinion: This is a scientific fact ased on a statistical survey of two guys I know.

One is Rob, who said the only time he ever wraps a gift is "if it's such a poor gift that I don't want to be there when the person opens it."

The other is Gene, who told me he does wrap gifts, but as a matter of principle never takes more than 15 seconds per gift. "No one ever had to wonder which presents daddy wrapped at Christmas," Gene said. "They were the ones that looked like enormous spitballs."

I also wrap gifts, but because of some defect in my motor skills, I can never completely wrap them. I can take a gift the size of a deck of cards and put it the exact center of a piece of wrapping paper the size of a regulation volleyball court, but when I am done folding and taping, you can still see a sector of the gift peeking out. (Sometimes I camouflage this sector with a marking pen.)

If I had been an ancient Egyptian in the field of mummies, the lower half of the Pharaoh's body would be covered only by Scotch tape.

On the other hand, if you give my wife a 12-inch square of wrapping paper, she can wrap a C-130 cargo plane. My wife, like many women, actually likes wrapping things. If she gives you a gift that requires batteries, she wraps the batteries separately, which to me is very close to being a symptom of mental illness. If it were possible, my wife would wrap each individual volt.

My point is that gift-wrapping is one of those skills like having babies that come more naturally to women than to men.

That is why today I am presenting:

GIFT-WRAPPING TIPS FOR MEN

Whenever possible, buy gifts that are already wrapped. If, when the recipient opens the gift, neither one of you recognizes it, you can claim that it's myrrh.

The editors of Woman's Day magazine recently ran an item on how to make your own wrapping paper by printing a design on it with an apple sliced in half horizontally and dipped in a mixture of food coloring and liquid starch. They must be smoking crack.

If you're giving a hard-to-wrap gift, skip the wrapping paper! Just put it inside a bag and stick one of those little adhesive bows on it. This creates a festive visual effect that is sure to delight the lucky recipient on Christmas morning:

YOUR WIFE: Why is there a Hefty trash bag under the tree?

YOU: It's a gift! See? It has a bow!

YOUR WIFE (peering into the trash bag): It's a leaf blower.

YOU: Gas-powered! Five horsepower!

YOUR WIFE: I want a divorce.

YOU: I also got you some myrrh.

In conclusion, remember that the important thing is not what you give, or how you wrap it. The important thing, during this very special time of year, is that you save the receipt.

~Male Author Unknown~

THE POWER OF PRAYER

My best friend passed away recently. Grieving before his grave, I said “Bro, I really miss you. My wife has been pregnant for eight months now. How about you reincarnating as my child?”

One month later, my wife gave birth to a healthy boy. As my child grew older each day, I realised that he looks a lot like my best friend. I’m really happy that my prayer worked…

The Stinson trimotor

By Frederick Johnsen

A Stinson SM-6000-B owned by Central Airlines. (Photo by V.J. Berinati via the Gerald Balzer collection)

In the 1920s and early 1930s, the engineering and economic formulas for aircraft development favored three-engine aircraft as transports. The requirements for safety that could be met with redundancy, the limits on available horsepower, and the drive to create larger aircraft for commerce were accommodated with trimotors built by many makers, large and small.

If Ford reached iconic status with its corrugated metal trimotors, other manufacturers like Fokker and Boeing made forays into triple-engine transports. Small makers came and went, but one builder of trimotor airliners earned a niche by offering economical prices for its trimotors. The Stinson Aircraft Company had 60% of its stock bought by E.L. Cord, an automotive executive, in September 1929, just before the stock market crash plunged the nation into the Great Depression.

Not dissuaded by the financial situation, Cord pumped capital into Stinson, which allowed the company to offer aircraft at low prices, garnering large enough sales numbers to cover those low prices. Cord was also part of an effort to create a trimotor transport, the Corman 3000, which was turned over to Stinson engineers who refined it to become the Stinson SM-6000.

The Stinson SM-6000 of 1930, which carried 10 passengers, was powered by three Lycoming R-680 radial engines. The price tag was merely $23,000, and Stinson briefly offered a sale price of only $18,000.

A Stinson Model A revs its outboard engines on the ramp beside the Stinson factory in Wayne, Michigan, circa 1933. (Photo from the Gerald Balzer collection)

It has been said Stinson's goal was to entice airlines to place orders for the SM-6000 instead of buying aircraft from other makers, but initial sales of the SM-6000 were to new start-up airlines, eager to cash in on the low acquisition costs of the Stinson trimotors.

The SM-6000, prosaic in appearance, was a simple and sturdy fabric-covered taildragger based on welded steel tube construction. The cockpit area was skinned in aluminum. Length was 42 feet, 10 inches; span was an even 60 feet. It cruised at about 115 miles an hour and landed at 60. SM-6000 variants boosted cruise speed to 122 mph when all three engines were cowled and wheel pants were added. Cruising range was said to be 345 miles. Inertia starters came standard with the SM-6000. Later models could be equipped with electric starters.

The Stinson SM-6000-A offered interior options that accommodated mail as well as eight or nine passengers. It was alternately called the Stinson Model T, followed in production by the SM-6000-B.

Spartan by today's standards, this frugally clean cabin served passengers aboard the Stinson Model U trimotor. (Photo from the Gerald Balzer collection)

While some SM-6000s had been flown by single pilots, newer SM-6000-A could be fitted with two sets of flight controls in the side-by-side cockpit, to allow one pilot to spell the other on longer flights. The 6000 could take off in about 700 feet and land in 400. If these performance numbers were not particularly vital to regular airline users in the lower 48 states, the sprightly performance was valued by barnstormers and other non-traditional operators.

The trimotored Stinson Model U of 1932 was pitched to American Airlines. Carrying 10 passengers and a crew of two, the Model U was distinguished by its use of stub wings from the fuselage to the engine nacelles and landing gear, while the main lifting surface was a high-mounted wing, now spanning 66 feet, 2 inches. The stub wing spanned 14 feet, 3 inches. The stub wing included cargo compartments.

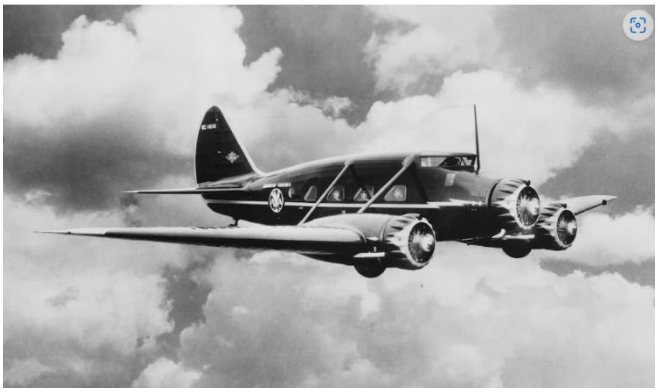
Stub wings are visible in this front view of the Stinson Model U. Cargo could be placed inside the stubs, which were located favorably close to the aircraft's center of gravity. (Photo from the Gerald Balzer collection)

The U-bird cruised at 123 mph. Loss of one of the three engines in flight still left the Stinson Model U with enough power from the remaining two Lycomings to maintain flight with a ceiling of 7,000 feet.About two dozen Stinson Model U trimotors were delivered to customers, including a plush business plane lettered for the Hearst San Francisco Examiner newspaper operation.

The Hearst company's Stinson Model U at Dunsmuir, California, in 1933. (Photo from the Gerald Balzer collection)

A year after certification of the Stinson U, Boeing introduced its revolutionary all-metal twin-engine Model 247 airliner, and the emphasis on fabric-covered trimotors diminished.

Stinson made one more trimotor in the 1930s. The low-wing, strut-braced Model A first flew in 1934. Its survival and production run of 31 aircraft may be attributed at least in part to a waiting list for newer metal Boeing and Douglas twin-engine airliners. The last Stinson trimotor design retained the older fabric-covered steel-tube fuselage construction, but did so with a modern flair. It featured retractable landing gear and a lavatory. With a sporty cruise speed of 163 miles per hour, the Stinson Model A reframed the notion of trimotors in America.



A publicity image shows an American Airlines Stinson Model A in flight with the gear retracted. Large struts braced the low-mounted wing. (Photo from the Gerald Balzer collection)

Model A trimotors served American Airlines, Pennsylvania Central Airlines, Delta Airlines, and Marquette Airlines in the U.S., as well as serving in Australia, where two aging Model As were eventually rebuilt as twin-engine aircraft with R-1340 Wasp engines. Five second-hand Model A airliners went to India. One Model A, rescued from a crash site in Alaska, has been rebuilt to flying status. It is at the **Mid-America Flight Museum** in Urbana, Ohio.

about frederick johnsen

Fred Johnsen is a product of the historical aviation scene in the Pacific Northwest. The author of numerous historical aviation books and articles, Fred was an Air Force historian and curator. Now he devotes his energies to coverage for GAN as well as the Airailimages YouTube Channel. You can reach him at Fred@GeneralAviationNews.com.

THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX

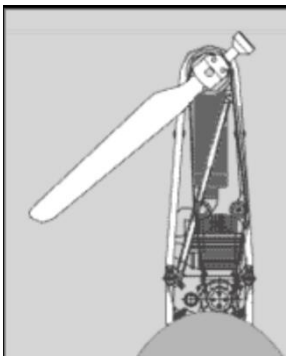
The seventy-five year-old wife of one of our club members was in hospital recently being examined by a young intern. After about five minutes and terribly upset, she burst out of the examining room bumping the head doctor in the process; upon being queried, she explained her distress

The senior doctor charged into the examining room and confronted his younger collegue: "What is the matter with you? Why would you tell a seventy-five, post-menopausal lady that she's pregnant?"

The junior MD looked slyly at his superior and said "Does she still have the hiccups…?"

A few weeks ago, someone brought up the use of a singe blade propeller for use in aircraft. Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia, has this to say about it…

THE SINGE BLADE PROPELLER



A single-blade propeller may be used on aircraft to generate thrust. Normally propellers are multiblades but the simplicity of a single-blade propeller fits well on motorized gliders, because it permits the design of a smaller aperture of the glider fuselage for retraction of the powerplant. The counterbalanced teetering mono-blade propeller generates fewer vibrations than conventional multiblade configurations. Often, single blade propeller configurations are touted as having a much greater efficiency than multiblade propellers, but this is a falsehood outside the inertial losses in spinning a heavier propeller, and the minimal additional drag from added blades. Single bladed propellers are principally used to fulfill engineering requirements that fall outside the scope of efficiency.

THE STRING AROUND THE WORLD

A rich zillionaire leaves orders to put a string around the circumference of the world. He then takes off for a well-deserved rest in Hawaii. During his absence, his staff (after much struggle and expenditure of money) managed to get a line around the world at the equator.

When the zillionaire returned, he inspected the line: "No, No, No!" he blustered. "I wanted the line to be exactly one foot off the ground. Fix it!"

Not knowing exactly how much string to splice into the existing line to allow it to be raised one foot off the ground all the way around the world, the staff turned to the collective knowledge and skill resident at the Vernon Flying Club.

So…how much string should be spliced into the existing line to raise it one foot off the ground all the way around the world?

Assumptions: the earth is a perfect sphere; the distance at the equator is 25,000 miles.

CLICK FOR ANSWER

ORDERING A PINT

'Sorry, love, can I have a pint of Guinness and a packet of crisps where you're ready there'.
'Oh. You must be Irish', she replied. The man was evidently offended and responded, 'The cheek, just because I order a pint of Guinness you assume I'm Irish. If I ordered a bowl of pasta would you that make me Italian?!'

'No' she replied. 'But this is a newsagents…

LEAD-FREE AVGAS STC—A HISTORICAL PREVIEW?

The FAA has granted an STC to GAMI allowing use of its new lead-free avgas formulation in all piston engines. That seems like a slam dunk win for lead-free fuel, something that has eluded general aviation for decades.

But there is at least one precedent of how an STC for a vital piston engine fluid can go wrong.

In the early 1980s the general aviation business was flat on its back. Deliveries of new airplanes had plunged from nearly 18,000 in 1979 to a handful in just two or three years. All the major piston airplane makers went bankrupt, or changed ownership, or both. Add to that interest rates topping 18 percent and one of the deepest recessions in many years, and one can understand how the entire GA industry was on the ropes.

Believe it or not, multi-weight oil was once scorned by the FAA.

Phillips Petroleum was, however, one of a handful of companies still working to improve piston engine flying. In the mid-1970s Phillips created the first successful multi-weight airplane piston engine oil, named Cross Country oil, or X/C for short.

Phillips had pioneered development of a multi-weight oil for diesel engines and determined the same chemical technology that held up to the high lubricating stress of a diesel would also perform in the harsh conditions of an air-cooled piston engine.

Cessna was the first X/C customer for use its newly manufactured airplanes. Often an airplane would be rolled out of the factory and complete its production test flights in one season—hot or cold weather—but not be flown away by the dealer or new owner before the weather changed. That meant the airplane had the wrong oil in the crankcase. Either lightweight oil if it was manufactured in winter, or heavy oil in the summer. The new X/C solved that problem.

Pilots who traveled in their piston airplanes had the same issue. For us in the Northeast, a winter trip to warm southern climes meant departing with lightweight winter oil in the engine that would be running out everywhere like water at the warm destination. X/C was the answer.

The Phillips chemical engineers soon realized that they could make a real anti-wear “package” to add to X/C that would, for the first time in an airplane engine, provide the type of wear protection that makes the 100,000 and many more mile auto engine durability routine.

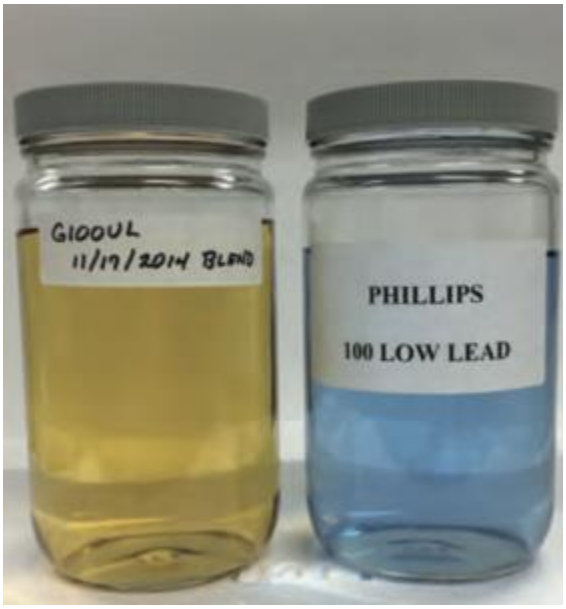
The key to anti-wear lubrication is microscopic metal particles. Exactly how these bits of metal greatly reduce friction and wear between moving metal parts is beyond me. But those additives scare the bejabbers out of aircraft piston engine traditionalists. The reason for fear is that the minute metallic components of the oil could cling to parts of the combustion chamber where they heat up and cause preignition, which can quickly be fatal to any piston engine.

But Phillips engineers were confident their anti-wear package would not create any threat of preignition, but would, for the first time, actually reduce wear and extend air-cooled piston engine life. The problem was that under standard FAA practice only engine manufacturers can approve lubricants, and fuels for that matter, in their engines. But Continental and Lycoming were almost out of business and they didn't have the staff or resources left to test the new X/C II and approve it. Phillips people told me at the time that they offered to reimburse the engine makes for the necessary testing, but no dice.

It looked like X/C II and its advanced anti-wear had no hope until somebody asked the FAA if it was possible to get an STC to use the oil. Nobody I knew had ever encountered an STC approval for an engine lubricant, but the FAA couldn't come up with a reason for why not. Sound familiar to the recent approval of the GAMI lead-free fuel?

To log the necessary hours in use beyond test cell operation Phillips made an agreement with, as I recall, the University of Illinois. At the time the Illini had a long standing, very active, and well-regarded pilot degree program.

The testing went smoothly, X/C II performed very well, and the FAA granted Phillips an STC to use the oil in essentially all piston engines.



Do you need a new 337 every time you fill up with the new stuff?

Richard Collins immediately switched to X/C II from regular X/C in his Cessna P210 and I did, too, in the Mooney 201 I owned at the time. We both had excellent experience with the oil and it began to grow in popularity among pilots. Thinking back, it now seems odd that we didn't have an STC document from Phillips certifying approval for the use of X/C II in our engines. I really didn't think about.

But an FAA principal operations inspector (POI) in Kansas City did think about it. He demanded that a charter operator under his jurisdiction include the X/C II STC paperwork in their aircraft maintenance records and file a Form 337 as would be done for any modification under STC. That was doable.

What wasn't workable is that this inspector, based on standard practice anytime a modification is performed under STC, required the operator to file a new Form 337 with the FAA at each oil change using X/C II. Get it? Replacing the oil was a new use of the STC. You can guess the next step. Right. ***A Form 337 every time a quart of X/C II was added between oil changes.***

If you've had experience with the FAA you know that what people in Washington say doesn't matter. It really doesn't matter much what the leadership of the FAA Region you're in says. It's the individual FAA inspector you're dealing with that matters. Yes, you can appeal to the FSDO brass, then the Region, and maybe even to Washington about the decision by the inspector in charge of your operation, but good luck with that. And it will take about forever to resolve.

Word of the interpretation of the X/C II oil regulation quickly spread. Charter operators who are under regular and direct inspection by POIs were scared away from the oil. Maintenance shops, who are also

regulated by the FAA and FSDO, became cautious about the oil. Of course the whole thing rippled down to individual airplane owners who began to wonder about the approval and how to comply.

FAA headquarters was supportive of X/C II and there was no ban on the oil or retraction of the STC approval. But since oil didn't fit into the traditional way all lubricants had been approved, the entire FAA apparatus couldn't figure out how to interpret rules that just didn't fit approval of a lubricant.

So X/C II, which held real promise for engine life improvement, died. Not because it didn't perform, but because it didn't fit.

What does this experience say about STC approval for avgas? The engine makers haven't approved the new fuel just as they didn't or couldn't approve X/C II. It seems certain any airplane operator who wants to use the new fuel will need to incorporate the STC paperwork into the airplane maintenance records. But will that be enough? The X/C II disaster was a long time ago, but have the FAA rules changed enough?

And what about engine warranties? If you use a fuel not approved by an engine manufacturer does that void the warranty? If the engine has problems do you sue the engine maker or GAMI? As screwed up as our legal system is, it does seem to me that having refused to approve use of something as basic as fuel is a decent defense by the engine maker against liability.

I had forgotten about the X/C II episode until I saw the FAA make a 180-degree turn and issue the blanket STC for all piston engines to use GAMI lead-free avgas. Then it dawned on me: this was simply passive resistance by the FAA. You want an STC for that fuel, you got it. Good luck with that.
(From Air Facts)

Mac McClellan has been a pilot for more than 45 years, an aviation writer for more than 40 and has been lucky enough to get to fly just about every type of personal and business airplane in production from the 1970s onward.

STANDING ON THE CORNER…

A mother, accompanied by her small daughter, was in New York City. The mother was trying to hail a cab, when her daughter noticed several wildly dressed women who were loitering on a nearby street corner.

The mother finally hailed her cab and they both climbed in, at which point the young daughter asks her mother, "Mommy, what are all those ladies waiting for by that corner?"

The mother replies, "Those ladies are waiting for their husbands to come by and pick them up on the way home from work."

The cabby, upon hearing this exchange, turns to the mother and says, "Ah, c'mon lady! Tell your daughter the truth! For crying out loud...They're hookers!"

A brief period of silence follows, and the daughter then asks, "Mommy, do the hooker ladies have any children?"

The mother replies, "Of course, dear. Where do you think cabbies come from?

PANCAKE BREAKFAST

27 NOVEMBER 2022

Although the temperature and snow kept numbers down somewhat, many hardy souls still braved the elements to partake in the most recent pancake breakfast. If you haven't been to one for a while, come and join us at the next one. The kitchen staff is cheap and cheerful and the attendees are a social group. Plus, you'll be hard-pressed to find a filling meal of pancakes, sausages, eggs, coffee, orange juice, blueberries, and whipped cream for a sawbuck!

NOTES FROM A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND TO HIS MARRIAGE ENCOUNTER GROUP

It is important for men to remember, that as women grow older, it becomes harder for them to maintain the same quality of housekeeping as when they were younger. When you notice this, try not to yell at them. Some are oversensitive and there's nothing worse than an oversensitive woman.

My name is Ron..... Let me relate how I handled the situation with my wife, Julie. When I took "early retirement" last year, it became necessary for Julie to get a full-time job, both for extra income and for the health benefits that we needed. Shortly after she started working I noticed she was beginning to show her age. I usually get home from the golf course about the same time she gets home from work. Although she knows how hungry I am, she almost always says she has to rest for half an hour or so before she starts dinner. I don't yell at her. Instead, I tell her to take her time and just wake me when she gets dinner on the table. (I generally have lunch in the Men's Grill at the club so eating out is not reasonable. I'm ready for some home cooked grub when I hit that door...)

She used to do the dishes as soon as we finished eating. But now, it's not unusual for them to sit on the table for several hours after dinner. I do what I can by diplomatically reminding her several times each evening that they won't clean themselves. I know she appreciates this, as it does seem to motivate her to get them done before she goes to bed. (I really think my experience as a teacher helps a lot. I consider telling people they ought to do one of my strong points...)

And speaking of bed, her age really shows up there. I go out and golf all day, come in dead tired and after a two hour nap and a good meal, I'm ready, if you know what I mean. Age has gotten her so bad that she actually dozes off during lovemaking. But that's okay. Her satisfaction in that area is important to a sensitive guy like me, and if she enjoys sleeping during our little trysts, what the hey...

Now that she has gotten older, she does seem to get tired so much more quickly. Our washer and dryer are in the basement. Sometimes she says she just can't make another trip down those steps. I don't make a big issue of this; as long as she finishes up the laundry the next evening, I'm willing to overlook it. Not only that, but unless I need something ironed to wear to the Monday lodge meeting, or to Wednesday's or Saturday's poker club, or to Tuesday's or Thursday's bowling, or something like that, I will tell her to wait until the next evening to do the ironing. This gives her a little more time to do some of those odds and ends like shampooing the dog, vacuuming or dusting...

Also, if I had a really good day on the course and it was wet and muddy, my clubs are a mess, so I let her clean them, you now.....get the grit off the grips and a little light Brillo on the club faces at a casual pace. My golf bag is heavy so I lift it out of the trunk for her. Women are delicate, have weak wrists and can't lift heavy stuff as good as men. But I did tell her I don't like to be wakened during my after-golf nap, so rather than bother me; she can put them back in the trunk when she's finished.

Another symptom of aging is complaining, I think. For example, she will say that it is difficult for her to find time to pay the monthly bills during her lunch hour. But boys, we take them for better or worse, so I just smile and offer encouragement. I tell her to stretch it out over two or even three days. That way she won't have to rush so much. I also remind her that missing lunch completely now and then wouldn't hurt her any (if you know what I mean). I like to think tact is one of my strong points.

When doing simple jobs, she seems to think she needs more rest periods. She had to take a break when she was only half finished mowing the yard. I try not to make a scene. I'm a fair man. I tell her to fix herself a nice, big, cold glass of freshly squeezed lemonade and just sit for a while. And, as long as she is making one for herself, she may as well make one for me too, and then take her break by my hammock. That way she can talk with me until I fall asleep.

I know that I probably look like a saint in the way I support Julie. I'm not saying that showing this much consideration is easy. Many men will find it difficult. Some will find it impossible! Nobody knows better than I do how frustrating women get as they get older. However, guys, even if you just use a little more tact and less criticism of your aging wife because of this article, I will consider that writing it was well worthwhile. After all, we are put on this earth to help each other...

Signed,
Ron

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ron died suddenly Thursday, November 3. He was found with a Calloway extra long 50-inch Big Bertha Driver II where it shouldn't be, with only 5 inches of grip showing. His wife Julie was arrested and charged with murder. The all-woman jury took only 10 minutes to find her "Not Guilty", accepting her defence that Ron, somehow without looking, accidentally sat down on his golf club.

Rules of The South

1. Save all manner of bacon grease. You will be instructed later how to use it.

2. If you forget a Southerner's name, refer to him (or her) as "Bubba." You have a 75% chance of being right. Only the upper class name their boys "Rufus."

3. If you do run your car into a ditch, don't panic. Four men in the cab of a four wheel drive with a 12-pack of beer and a tow chain will be along shortly. Don't try to help them. Just stay out of
their way. This is what they live for.

4. Don't be surprised to find movie rentals and bait in the same store.

5. Do not buy food at the movie store.

6. If it can't be fried in bacon grease, it ain't worth cooking, let alone eating.

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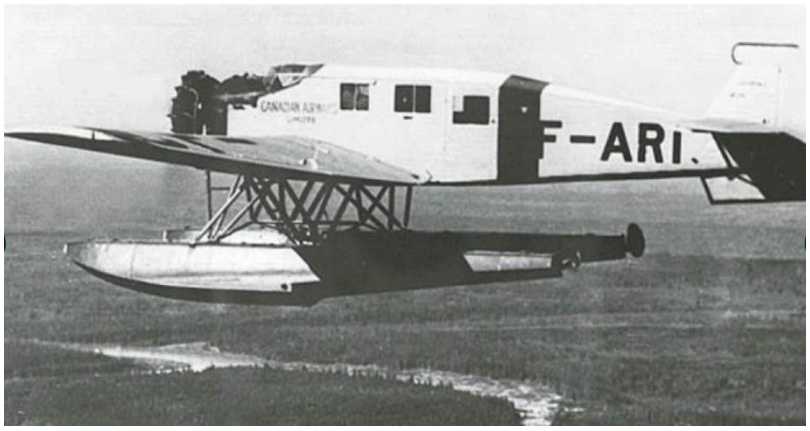
1940 - Plane Down, Fort McMurray



On Thursday, January 25, 1940, a Canadian Airways plane lifted off the ice at the Snye air base at Fort McMurray. The ski equipped plane was a Junkers W.34, call letters CF-ARI. On board were the Pilot, Jack Moar, and seven passengers who included: William Donahue. Hjalmar Maki, Henry Lund, Robert Driscoll, M. Bouchard, David McDonald, and Vihlo Kibela. All the passengers were employees of Eldorado Mines at Port Radium on Great Bear Lake.

Shortly after takeoff from the Snye, while in the initial climb, ARI's engine failed at 1200 feet. The plane was only five miles south of McMurray. Not having gained adequate altitude, Moar didn't have much time to weigh his options. There were no open fields on which to land, so he chose what looked like the best of what few choices he had. Moar knew the plane would be destroyed, but he directed the craft so the fuselage would pass between the trees in hope of saving all on board. Once down in the trees, the plane travelled another 150 feet, tearing off the left wing and falling 40 feet to the ground before landing on its side. When crashing into the ground, ARI hit a tree stump. The stump tore into the fuselage, seriously injuring two passengers. The aircraft was destroyed. William Donahue died at the scene.

This note from Ken Hill: "Hi Blair, ARI took off heading EAST on the Snye. Don't believe Jack was able to use his radio. He or someone else walked to town to report the crash. He crashed near the old Willow Lake Trail in the vicinity of present day Gregoire Mobile Home Park."

All on board were taken to hospital in Fort McMurray where Hjalmar Maki died of his injuries that evening. Moar, the pilot, and the other five passengers received non-life-threatening injuries. Three of those men were kept at the hospital for treatment. Henry Lund of Yellowknife was treated for fractures of his collar bone and arm. M. Bouchard had fractured ribs, and Robert Driscoll needed 30 stitches to close head wounds.
The Edmonton Journal of January 29th reported that all were transported to the hospital at McMurray. This hospital would have been St. Gabriel as it was the only hospital operating in Fort McMurray from 1938 to 1966 and was administered by the Grey Nuns.

William Donahue, age 55, was from Kemptville, Ontario. He had been the mill superintendent at Port Radium for the past year. He was on his way back to Toronto for a company conference, and to spend time with his wife and three children. His body was transported to Kemptville for burial.
Hjalmar Maki was from Finland. He was returning home to fight for his country against Russian invaders. It is unknown where he was interred, but likely in Finland.

Wop May, division superintendent for Canadian Airways Limited, had the sad task to report from Edmonton that this was the first passenger death in the history of commercial flying out of Edmonton. He called it a freak accident. An air bubble in the gas line from the tank to the engine was blamed for causing the engine to stall. May went on to say that Jack Moar was a very experienced flyer.

Canadian Airways dispatched pilot Stew J. McRory to fly from Prince Albert to Fort McMurray. The purpose of his trip was to transport to Edmonton the uninjured, Vihlo Kivela and David McDonald, both of Port Radium.
On Friday, January 26, K.F. Saunders of the federal civil aviation department in Edmonton flew to McMurray with David Stirton, traffic manager for Canadian Airways.

During the investigation and then a hearing into the deaths of Donahue and Maki, passengers were asked to describe the events. They praised the pilot for his quick actions that had no doubt saved lives under the circumstances. The consensus was that everyone would have survived the crash if not for the stump not seen from the air due to snow cover. The inquest held at Fort McMurray, on Friday evening January 26, exonerated pilot Jack Moar of all blame in connection with the deaths of Donahue and Maki.

Canadian Airways chartered a twin engine plane from Yukon Southern Air Transport to temporarily replace CF-ARI. Jack Moar went on working for Canadian Airways, flying throughout the north. *Blair Jean is an author and historian*

THE LOST TOURIST

A lost tourist, desperate for water, was plodding through the desert when he saw something far off in the distance.
Hoping to find water, he walked toward the object, only to find a little old man sitting at a card table with neckties laid out on it.

The tourist asked, "My thirst is killing me. Do you have water?"

The other man replied, "I have no water. Would you like to buy a tie? They are only $150. This one goes very nicely with your sunburn."

The L.T. shouted, "Idiot! I do not need an overpriced tie. I need water!"

"OK," said the L.O.M., "it does not matter that you do not want to buy a tie. I will show you that you have not offended me. If you walk over that hill to the east for about two miles, you will find a lovely restaurant. Go! Walk that way! The restaurant has all the water you need!"

The tourist staggered away toward the hill and eventually disappeared. Four hours later he came crawling back to where the L.O.M. was sitting at his table.

The L.O.M. said: "I told you, about two miles over that hill. Could you not find it?"

"I found it all right," rasped the L.T.: "Your brother won't let me in without a tie."

DOWN BUT NOT OUT!

Here's a suggested pack for you to carry in the aircraft. It's not exhaustive, but should give you enough to get through a week or better. Of course, proper clothing while flying is a must…

2-Person Aircraft Survival Kit

2 person/10 day minimum

Quantity	Description	Quantity	Description
1	Container	1	Cutlery Set
1	Gill Net	1	Compass - Polaris
1	Mess Kit	1	Roll(s) Duct Tape
1	Whistle - Plastic	2	Candles - 15 Hour
2	Leaders	2	Candle Holders
10	Sinkers	1	Food Pak - 2454 Cal's
1	Knife - Hunting	2	Bottle(s) Water Purification Tablets
1	Sewing Kit	1	Roll(s) Toilet Tissue
1	Saw - Sierra	8	Pkg(s) Hot Chocolate
1	Saw – Flexible (Sportsman)	1	Helio Signal Mirror
4	Fishing Lures	1	Fishing Hooks - Assorted
2	Roll(s) Fishing Line	2	Blankets - Space Emergency
1	Fuel – Solid	2	Flares - Day/Nite Smoke
4	Kleenex - Pocket Pak	1	Tarp 10' x 12'
1	Survival Handbook Sea Emergencies"	2	Garbage Bags
1	Pencil Flare Gun Kit	2	Box(s) Matches - Wind/Waterproof
2	Bottle(s) Repellent - 50 ml	1	Flare - Parachute Para Red MK III
2	Mosquito Head Nets	1	Tent - To accommodate all persons.
1	Roll Snare Wire		

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