

# CASCADE FLYER



Website: <http://co-opa.rellim.com/>

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*In memory of ...  
Tom Ellsberg*

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew,  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

We'll miss you but never forget you Tom.

The preceding poem, High Flight, was composed by Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., an American serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was born in Shanghai, China in 1922, the son of missionary parents, Reverend and Mrs. John Gillespie Magee; his father was an American and his mother originally a British citizen.

He came to the U.S. in 1939 and earned a scholarship to Yale, but in September 1940 he enlisted in the RCAF and was graduated as a pilot. He was sent to England for combat duty in July 1941.

In August or September 1941, Pilot Officer Magee composed High Flight and sent a copy to his parents. Several months later, on December 11, 1941 his Spitfire collided with another plane over England and Magee, only 19 years of age, crashed to his death. His remains are buried in the churchyard cemetery at Scopwick, Lincolnshire.

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## *President's Message:*

This month's topic will be one near and dear to all pilots. The weather! Z21's Christian Boris is going to drop by and chat with us. One of our own local weathermen. Ooops, I guess they call themselves "News Channel 21" these days, with the "Local Alert Weather." Just after his 6pm live weather-cast he is going to run out to the airport and see us, but he has to run back to do the 11pm show. I expect we have a lot of information to share. One project he has been working on is to get Z21 to buy a *private* weather radar!

Last month's speaker Jim Anderson was a big hit. After what Jim claims to have done to poor J-3 cubs I have increased respect for that rugged airplane. A lot of folks also took home a copy of his book "Tales from a NORTHWEST NATURALIST", ISBN: 0-87004-353-6. If you enjoyed his talk as much as I did then you'll enjoy his book as well.

We have had some great suggestions for speakers and I can always use more. Drop me a line if you have any ideas.

## *Calendar:*

21 July - Monthly Meeting  
23 July - Monthly Flyout

18 August - Monthly Meeting  
20 August - Monthly Flyout  
27 August - Madras Airshow

13-15 September CAF B-24 & B29 at RDM  
15 September - Monthly Meeting  
17 September - Monthly Meeting

17 June 2006 - Bend Airport open house

## *Web doings:*

Greg Phillips has gotten a page for the Bend Airport on the city web site.

There is a link to it now from our web site. The link is just too long to include in this text, but you can go to the main City of Bend page and select Bend Airport from the left nav bar: <http://www.ci.bend.or.us>

Ever needed a sectional but were not near a pilot store? You can now download current FAA sectionals and terminal area charts from here:

[http://aviationtoolbox.org/raw\\_data/FAA/sectionals/current/](http://aviationtoolbox.org/raw_data/FAA/sectionals/current/)

There is a link to the sectionals on our links page, but the files are very large. The entire set almost fills a DVD. If you want a copy just ask and I can burn you a copy of mine.

As always, the CO-OPA website contains recent newsletters and other goodies.

<http://co-opa.rellim.com>

## *My Inbox:*

By popular demand, the next year's Bend Airport open house will NOT be on the same weekend as the Balloons over Bend. The Chamber of Commerce wants to expand the on-site activities for that event to fill the entire day. So the 2006 airport event will be the weekend after Balloons over Bend and the day before Fathers Day. The coordinating committee for the event is off and running, if you want to help make next year's show the best ever then raise your hand now.

## *Random Thoughts:*

We lost a good friend, and a great pilot, last month. Tom Ellsberg -- The Oregon Streaker -- had a fatal accident while practicing for his airshow routine at Madras Airport on 25 June. Tom was a very young 66.

Don Wilfong was the first call me with the news. My first response to Don was "I'll bet he crashed practicing his flat spin," and Don said yes. The preliminary NTSB accident report later confirmed this. The final report will not be out for a while.

My quick answer was not the result of my acrobatic experience, I have none. It was not the result of any aficionado's understanding of his routine, for it's wizardry was far beyond my meager understanding of the sport. Tom was the one that first told me. He told me twice. No, I'm not psychic either, and therein lies the heart of my story.

I did not know Tom well, but had the high privilege of being his announcer twice when he performed at the Bend Airport. Many people think the announcer is running things, but that job falls to the Air Boss. Tom's best friend Mike Johnstone was his Air Boss. Mike's job was to make sure the acrobatic airspace ("the box") was Tom's alone and to be sure everyone on the ground was a safe distance away. Before, during, and after the airshow act the Air Boss is the final authority in the air and on the ground.

Having an Air Boss is mandatory; having an Announcer is optional. The announcer's job is just to get the crowd looking in the right direction at the right time, be a cheerleader, and maybe, explain some of the things going on in the air. It's that last part that had me seek out Tom in person for the nitty-gritty details before each airshow. Tom would patiently spoon-feed me the details on his plane, his planned maneuvers, and the mysteries of the hen scratchings taped to his instrument panel. That I learned was aerobatic notation -- Aresti notation. There was the Humpty-Bump, the reverse half-cuban eight, and of course the flat spin. More on that one later. Every one of his planned moves would be numbered carefully, one following the other predictably, in my notes and on his panel.

It is said no battle plan survives first contact with the enemy. In Tom's case, no flight plan survived first contact with the air currents. If there was an updraft, that little yellow plane would use the extra energy to perform a harder maneuver than planned. If the wind blew it off show center then the plane would perform an extra roll to correct.

First I would try to tell the crowd what the plane was about to do, but never did manage that. Then I would try to figure out what I thought it was doing at the moment,

but it often was just the opening to another unexpected figure. At some point I would crumple my now useless notes into a pocket and fall back on Tom's good advice: Just say "Wow, will ya' just look at that! That's amazing! I'm getting dizzy just watching him!" All those watching would instantly identify with that. The crowd would become one in the experience. Forget about all the aircraft performance numbers and fancy names for the aerobatic figures, just 1,000 people acting, as one, in appreciating the magic of The Oregon Streaker playing in the wind.

It was that oneness with the wind that Tom had that I would try to learn tid-bits about before the airshow. Please Tom, can you explain what figures are easier than they look, which are harder than they look, how does it feel? Somehow we always finished up discussing his flat spin.

Spins are not a big deal to a pilot, if the plane has been designed for the task, the pilot has been trained for the task, and there is enough altitude to perform the task. Flat spins are a bit trickier, but once again if the plane has been designed for the task, the pilot has been trained for the task, and there is enough altitude, then it is not a big deal. It does not even look very impressive to the crowd either, unless performed until low to the ground. Then the crowd is held in suspense as they wonder: when will he pull out and start the plane flying again?

Tom knew that to impress the crowd he had to get his plane low, very low, before kicking the rudder over to stop the spin and diving out to flying speed. Nothing special there to an advanced aerobatic pilot like Tom. But, as was pointed out to me, there was something special about that maneuver in his One Design airplane. He could not see the ground from the pilot's seat. The wings jutted out to each side of the cockpit, that big engine obstructed the view forward and there was no window in the floor of the cockpit.

Tom was flying blind while dropping to the ground in the flat spin. No problem, every pilot thinks, every airplane has an altimeter. Those big beautiful hands on the altimeter are wired directly into every pilot's subconscious. But not in Tom's plane. He had a digital altimeter with low contrast digits. They flew by in a gray haze as the sun and shadows spun across his instrument panel, while his plane spun to the ground.

The trick, Tom would say, was to just know how long to stay in the flat spin before recovering, because he had no better guide. That, of course, is what distinguishes a pro: they just know the right way to do things. More than once we discussed his other options. Add a traditional altimeter? Not enough room on the instrument panel. Put a window in the floor? The stick and its mechanism are in the way.



## *Random Thoughts ... continued*

No, Tom would say, the only solution is to practice the maneuver so you just know how long to hold the flat spin until starting the recovery.

Last Saturday, our good friend, and a great pilot, Tom Ellsberg, stayed in that flat spin just a bit too long. Witnesses say he had already started a good recovery, but just did not, quite, stop the descent before hitting the ground.

What does all this mean in the grand scheme of things? Don't ask me, I am just the announcer. Someone whispers in my ear and I just repeat it in pleasant sounding full sentences over the PA. Today, Tom is the one whispering in my ear.

But now, enough preparation, time to get the show moving -- "Ladies and Gentleman, may I have your attention please! Turn your attention skyward, to the amazing Tom Ellsberg -- the Oregon Streaker! Will ya' just look at that! I can't quite make out what he is doing, but that's amazing! ..."

Gary Miller



*photo by Ed Endsley*

## *... more ATC stories ...*

Student Pilot: "I'm lost; I'm over a big lake and heading toward the big E."

Controller: "Make several 90 degree turns so I can identify you on radar." (short pause)...

Controller: "Okay then. That big lake is the Atlantic Ocean ... Suggest you turn to the big W immediately."

Tower: "Delta Zulu Romeo, turn right now and report your heading."

Pilot: "Wilco ... 341, 342, 343, 344, 345 ....."

## *CO-OPA SAFETY CORNER:*

By Joel Premelaar

Egad! Last month I offered you a chance to air your Pet Peeves. You're either a long-suffering tolerant group or you prefer not to unload your PET PEEVES because you're masochistic and enjoy dealing with STRESS. I have several more **PPs** to gripe about. At my age, I've earned the right to be a Fuddy Duddy! One day I may even show up wearing a purple shirt and a red hat!

### **Sundry PPs:**

- Fueling - Unless I know the individual, I hover over the person fueling my aircraft to ensure that the fueling hose is draped over his/her shoulder to prevent its weight from resting on the fuel tank's opening; that the nozzle is not deep enough in the tank to impinge the bottom of the tank; and that the nozzle is not striking any part of the float or its linkage rendering the fuel gauge useless.

- Post maintenance checks - Even the best of mechanics have diversions that result in missed tasks. Safety wire goofs and, without a surgical nurse to conduct a tool count, one or more may be left in a critical area. I'm especially sensitive to this 'cause it's happened to my aircraft several times. On a more personal note, I had a nine-inch hemostat left in my bod after a hiatus hernia operation. For a nominal fee, I'll show you my scars! I lost a section of flap from a Banshee during an approach to a landing. A mechanic neglected to turn a winged Dzus fastener to its stop. That was as much my fault as his because I didn't pick it up during my preflight. The plane captain of a JRB (B-18) I was about to fly, signed off the aircraft as airworthy but in my preflight I detected a broken elevator hinge bracket. I grounded the aircraft. On one occasion, I found a safety pin in my ejection seat and its red flag was missing; as a consequence, the plane captain (the ground crewman responsible for the aircraft's well being) neglected to remove the pin. I can relate many more such goofs, but this is neither the time nor place for them. Oh, I will add one more that's very important. At China Lake, our test aircraft were painted white with an overcoat of reflective fire orange on the bottom so that ground cameras could track them. An AD (presently an A-1) fresh out of its periodic maintenance had been painted as described above. I took it out for a post maintenance test. The routine called for a Vso check. About 20 kts above normal stall, the bottom dropped out. A young pilot just out of a squadron of ADs convinced the Operations officer that I was full of what beans produce. The Ops officer saw this as an opportunity to educate this brash youngster, so he told him to test it, but to be mindful of my report. After about 20 minutes, the hot rod AD driver reported to the Ops Officer.

## *SAFETY CORNER ... continued*

His face was ashen and in a shaky voice proclaimed that the aircraft was out of rig, that the factory representative should examine it and that the aircraft not be flown until its entire structure was checked! It was rolled into the hangar and the checks began. As I peered down at the subject AD from the balcony (our offices and ready room were housed on the balcony of the hangar) a memory from long ago jarred me out of my contemplative mood. I recalled a similar situation that occurred in 1940. F4F Wildcats were camouflaged a non spec blue on top to match the sea and light gray on the bottom to match the sky. We lost a few Wildcats during to carrier qualification flights. The cause? The blue and gray met at the leading edge of the wings and horizontal tail planes. This left a continuous bead on the leading edge that resulted in a perfect stall strip! I met with the Maintenance Officer and presented him with the tool that would rectify the AD's discrepancy - - a sheet of sand paper. It worked. Why have I presented this story? It's because I spoke to more than one aircraft owner who placed thicker than electrician's tape on the leading edge of his aircraft's horizontal tail surfaces to protect them from FOD (foreign object damage). Forgetting or not knowing that the tail must produce a downward lift, his placement of the shielding tape was such that the edge formed a perfect spoiler. The tape spanned the leading edge from tip to tip.

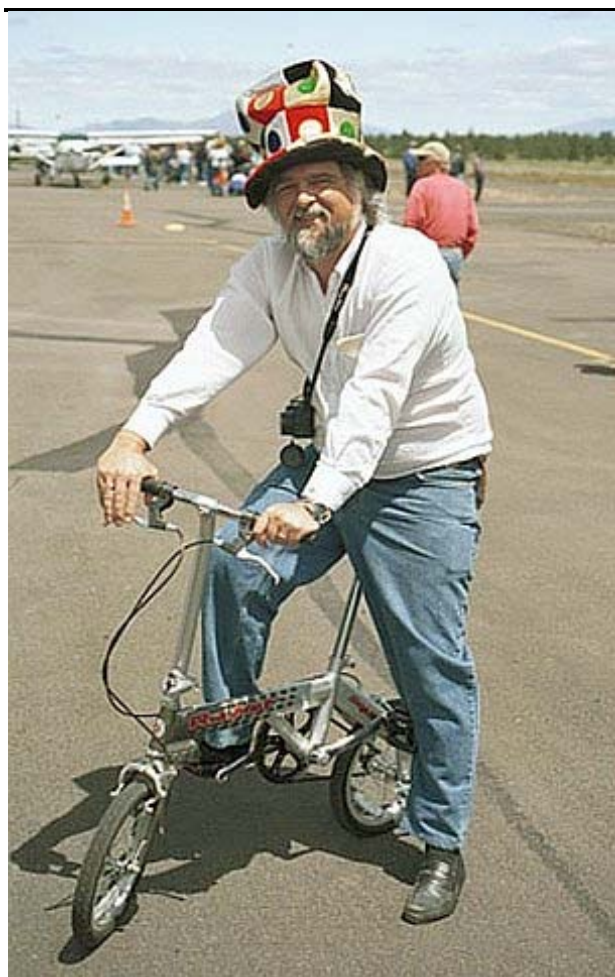
· I have always been a ten percenter. I happily sit through a presentation even if I know 90% of the lecture just to gain that 10% of new knowledge. Applying that principle, I suggest that you take your Flight Review from a different flight instructor each time you come due for one. Each instructor's input to you will be the results of his unique experiences. My personal conviction is that when I think I know all there is to know about flying, I will have evolved into a prime candidate for becoming a statistic!

· While on the subject of instructors, you will find that terminology employed by them or any two pilots will vary considerably. Caution - acceptable terminology has to fit the situation. A case in point, I was on temporary duty at Biggs AFB in El Paso, when it was a Strategic Air Command Base. B-50s were stationed there. One day a B-50 landed wheels up. That night in the "O Club" (Officer's Club), the cause of the accident unfolded. The flight engineer for the accident aircraft was ill. A flight engineer was borrowed from the crew of a B-50 undergoing maintenance. The accident B-50 was practicing a series of GCAs (Ground Controlled Approach. This is synonymous with Precision Approach Radar {PAR}). The approaches were taken down to the minimum for GCAs (50 ft) followed by a wave off. The wheels remained retracted for the circuits. This was to preclude overheating the gear's system.

On the initial pass and at the wave off point, the pilot commanded "Take Off Power" and so the substitute Flight Engineer, obedient to his flight crew's wording, removed the power!!! Standardize, standardize, standardize!!!

I do have more but this is sufficient for this go around. I keep looking for that 10% more knowledge, so how about passing on some of your PPs or "Whoops" stories. I'll write them into next month's "Safety Corner."

***Better yet, write them in your own words and send them in to Mike for inclusion in next month's edition. I believe that your inputs would be better than my translations. Our Newsletter would be more meaningful if it included your unique experiences.***



***Our Prez, using alternative transport at Aviation Day***

## Electronic Aeronauting

I promised to tell you about my signature base to final roll to an inverted outside loop with a one and a half twist to flare and touchdown, well, here it is. I have included some pictures to prove my prowess. I took them myself during the maneuver. Now, mind you, I've gotten proficient enough to complete this crowd-pleasing maneuver about 50% of the time. Aren't simulators great?

I'll have to tell you more about flying through the blimp hangar at Tillamook and buzzing the tower at Redmond. They didn't ask me to call them; they must not have seen me. Of course I'm sure they were directing their attention to the pattern and didn't expect to see a 172 doing a maximum performance turn around the tower at twenty feet. That would have been below their "radar." Aren't simulators great?

So since I had a BFR coming up I decided a little simulated preparation would be in order. At my level of proficiency the examiner usually looks for a few basic competencies and a safe ride back to the airport. This is usually pretty easy to provide. The simulator prep just lets me feel a little smoother and be prepared to give a nicer ride to the examiner so I don't have to do that remedial training thing. Aren't simulators great?

I think it's easier to fly the plane than the simulator, don't you? At least the simulator has a pause button so I can go to the loo. However, I find the climb out kind of boring with just blue sky in the windscreen and no engine failures. I guess I'm just a pansy since I have the level of difficulty set to 'easy'. I can go get a cup of coffee and come back to either be climbing through 50 thousand feet or drilling a hole in the ground. Either result is pretty impressive in a 172.

So there I was at 50 thousand feet east of Bend in the practice area doing a stall series and 720s. The controls were acting a little funny and not producing the anticipated results. After a bunch of the wildest aerobatic contortions, I discovered my mouse had swallowed a good portion of my notes for that report I was supposed to be writing and was rather choked up about it. I guess I'd been getting quite animated in my efforts to control the unusual aerodynamic responses of a 172 at 50 thousand feet. And then my computer crashed!!! There I was, stuck at 50 thousand feet in an untenable attitude with nothing to do but alt-control-delete. I decided to go mow the lawn instead. Let the damned thing sit there, latched up, and think about being upside down at 50 thousand feet. Go ahead and hang by your RAM and electrons for awhile. Let me know when you're ready to come out and be a good little computer.

Well, the flight review went off without a hitch. The airplane was definitely easier to fly than the computer simulation. The only problem was the examiner ...

He kept asking for these improbable actions and then wanted some reasonable explanation for my responses. I gave him the 720s, why was he so upset about the accompanying rolls? The stalls were stalled. Isn't a spin a stalled maneuver? The landings were survivable and the aircraft was reusable. But in all honesty, he was a real sport. He signed my logbook and recommended several instructors in the area that might offer a different perspective and be more sympathetic to my state of skill. He also thought that some simulator time might be of benefit ...



*This simulated story is simultaneously brought to you by Ed Endsley and his simulator*

## Flyout Info

... next weekend unscheduled, but stay tuned ...



..... going?