

UNITED FLYING OCTOGENARIANS

June 2023

SQUAWK



UFO President. From the Port Side

by Kenneth (Brownie) Brown



How do we better serve our community? And who is our community? What do we need to do for the community to serve them better? Don't you just love circular questions?

Defining our community is the *active* senior aviation population. Pilots and Students. The folks who will on any given day, take to the sky because they still can. These are our folks.

The "to serve" part becomes a little harder. What exactly is our mission, objective, and purpose? I am sure by now you think Brownie has slipped a clog, but hear me out.

Within our current membership (approximately 1926) of pilots, we have 51.4% under the age of 86 (990). This is a very encouraging statistic considering you need to be 80 just to get into this community.

Our newest community is the Auxiliary Wing or AW, who are just now aware of the opportunity to join our ranks. We have 71 new pilots who have joined in less than a month. They will be visible at gatherings and events because they will be wearing the UFO Auxiliary Wing RED CAP with their AW logo.

Mission, Objective, and Purpose:

- Keeping members up-to-date on the latest aviation regulations and safety procedures
- Offering educational programs and training

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- Supporting members who are facing challenges, such as health problems or financial difficulties
- Offering social events: Organize social events such as fly-ins, breakfasts, and dinners. This will give pilots a chance to socialize with each other and build relationships. "Local Hosts"
- Advocating for senior pilots: Working with government agencies and other organizations to advocate for the needs of senior pilots. This could include advocating for changes to regulations that make it more difficult for senior pilots to fly, or for increased access to affordable flight training.
- Doing a lot of catching up. Membership cards for those who signed up in 2022 and 2023 thru April have been created and mailed. 2021 will be next to be created and sent. Getting the members their cards in a timelier manner is ongoing.

The 2023 Friendship Directory is in the final pre-production proof stage and is anticipated to be in the mail before the end of the month. It will be the largest directory produced by the UFO and the largest membership mailing.

We are in the major aviation events season. Oshkosh Air Venture is right around the corner, and if you are going, let me know. If there is interest, we could arrange to have a UFO get-together at OSH. This would be a first. I would like one of you to be the "LOCAL HOST" for this gathering

If you are having an event, let me know so we can help promote it via our email list, on the website, and in the SQUAWK.

Tailwinds and clear skies

From the left seat

Brownie



by Egon Frech



Like Scrooge, I have seen the future, and it looks bleak.

As pilots, we like to believe that we will fly our aircraft well into old age, perhaps even into our 80s. Oops, we're already here, aren't we? Well, now that we're here, how about flying into our 90s, or perhaps even at 100? Not so fast. There are potholes in the taxiway ahead, never mind the runway obstruction. In the backs of our minds, we all acknowledge they're there, but we tend to ignore them until they completely block the tarmac.

I've been exposed to a preview of what's facing many of us down the road. I've been having problems with my left leg for a couple of years. If I stood too long in one place, like at a cocktail party, a museum or even shopping, my left leg would start to feel like a wooden stump – in other words, I couldn't feel it at all. I was OK while walking, sitting, or lying down, but not when standing still or moving very slowly.

Then last year at Air Venture, I met a fellow aviator at a restoration exhibit whose predicament really made me think. He apologized for not getting up to greet me, explaining he was confined to a wheelchair because of neuropathy in his legs. That got my attention.

My problem got worse. I bought a folding cane/seat so that if I had to stop while walking somewhere, I could fend off the numbness in my leg by unfolding the chair and sitting down. I started to have visions of becoming a decrepit old man. The advent of extreme hip and leg pain (held at bay by Werner flexion exercises every morning) finally brought me to a neurologist's attention. The diagnosis was simple: Sciatica (pinching of the sciatic nerve, which runs down the back of your leg) at the point where it exits the spine. The options for dealing with it were also simple: NSAs for pain and inflammation, physiotherapy, corticosteroid injections, and learning to live with it. All of those just involved adapting to the problem. There was no real cure but surgery.

I went to a neurosurgeon, who had me go through a course of physiotherapy, which

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probably got me in better shape and lightened my wallet but did nothing for the dead leg. Finally, after a CT scan and an MRI, he said he could solve my problem through surgery with an 85-90% probability of success. It would be just a 1½ hour operation with a 1½ inch incision and I would probably walk out of the hospital on the day of the surgery. Well, to give him credit, he was right about the length of the operation and the size of the incision. And he did cure the dead leg syndrome.

But what's got me dreading the future is the post-operative experience. They kept me in the hospital for two days and taught me how to avoid bending, lifting and twisting. They brought in an occupational therapist to show me how to walk with a walker, how to carefully go up and down stairs and how to use a remote grabber bar. The first day at home, I could hardly get in and out of bed. I would have been totally helpless if it had not been for my wife, Roxanne, who did everything for me, including putting on my socks. I couldn't even think about flying my airplane or sailing my boat. Heck, it hurt to get out of bed to pee. What if I were like that permanently? It is the closest I have ever come to feeling like a really old man.

I'm halfway through the nominal recovery period of six weeks now, and I'm starting to be able to walk without the rollator and just about without the cane. Toward the end of next month I expect to make my annual pilgrimage to Oshkosh with my long-time friend, camping under the wing. But the feeling of being a total invalid has left an indelible impression on me. It's coming to that, probably for most of us, someday: the day we can't fly any more, and all that's left is for us to bask in the memories. Each of us has to make our own peace with that. That's when the companionship of fellow UFOs really means something.

Our president, in his column this month, rightly speaks of the primary focus of our efforts being on the majority of our membership, those who are still flying. I want to put in a word for also paying it forward to those who have come before us; for providing comfort and companionship to those who have had to hang up the headset for the last time but are nevertheless still with us. I want someone to be there to give me comfort and companionship when all I have left is the memories. But I don't want to get there just yet. Let me live for a little longer in the Dickensian Christmas morning.

That's over and out for now.

Egon Frech,

editor@ufopilots.org



UFO Gathering at the 2023 Friday Harbor Fly-In



Mark your Calendar: Meet at 11:00 on Sept 6, 2023 at Friday Harbor Airport, Washington State (KHFR)

Organizer: John Geyman, 360-378-8858, jgeyman@uw.edu

UFO Gathering at Hicks Field (T67)

By Felix Van Campenhout

On May 17, 2023, a UFO Gathering was held at the Wing-It Café, located on Hicks Field (T67), which is just North of the City of Fort Worth, Texas. Not only were there UFO Members but several guests were also in attendance. Ken and Casey Kerkering flew in for this event in their Grumman Tiger. Present were Ken Dean, Don Eades, Neil Isbell, J.J. Kennedy, Dennis Sherman, Randy Smith, John Valentine, Cecilia and Felix Van Campenhout, Bob Widmer, Richard Wilson and Barb and Steve Wilson. Plans for future meetings are in process.





Florida Meetings

By George Kickhofel

UFOs are beginning to organize our next meeting to be held in July/August 2023.



News:

Highjackets Restaurant, home for many Florida UFO meetings, is temporarily closed. New ownership is taking over and making improvements. The plan is to open Thursday, June 15.



Danbury, CT, Gathering gets TV Coverage

Some two dozen UFOs drove around the afternoon thunderstorms to gather at the Danbury Airport meet on June 14. The event, hosted by President Emeritus Bob Barker, generated live TV coverage. The following is a report from News Channel 12:

UFOs touched down at Danbury Airport Wednesday morning, but there was no cause for alarm. No, not Unidentified Flying Objects. These UFOs were [United Flying Octogenarians](#). It's a club for what some may call rare birds, pilots who are 80 and older. The group began four decades ago and now boasts 1,900 members worldwide.

"We have a passion for flying," explained Bob Barker, president emeritus for the organization. Once a year, members who live in the Northeast meet up for the group's reunion in Danbury. "We get together and talk and talk and talk," Barker told News 12.

Jack Rosen, 86, touched down from New Bedford, MA, in a two-seater he built. Rosen wore a shirt that was apropos for the day. It said: "I don't know how to act my age. I've never been this old before." He was joined by his co-pilot in life, wife Sandi Rosen.

"We got married in 1971. We bought a house and a plane," Rosen said. That plane was the first of several the couple would own over the years.

"We crossed the Atlantic 12 times. Sandi did eight of those trips with me," Rosen recalled. Rosen was one of only two aircraft pilots who flew in for the get-together. Twenty-one planes within a 150-mile radius were slated to come, but afternoon thunderstorms kept most of them grounded and made for a smaller than expected turnout.

"Mother Nature always wins," Rosen said.

"You know, it doesn't matter how many we have. It's a quality experience for those who come," Barker stated.

Two dozen members still made the trip by car to bond over their enthusiasm for aviation.

"You dance with the clouds, and it's just a glorious feeling. It becomes a piece of your soul," Barker told News 12.

Anyone who has solo piloted an airplane at least once after his or her 80th birthday is eligible to join the organization. UFO's motto: "Where the history for aviation is still flying."

"This organization has meant so much to me and has meant so much to so many people," Barker said.

To maintain their licenses, general aviation pilots complete a flight review with a certified instructor every two years and undergo regular medical checks. Barker said pilots are very safety conscious and know their abilities better than anyone, so they can tell when it's time to stop.

That day isn't on the horizon yet for Rosen, who said he thinks soaring the skies helps keep him young at heart.

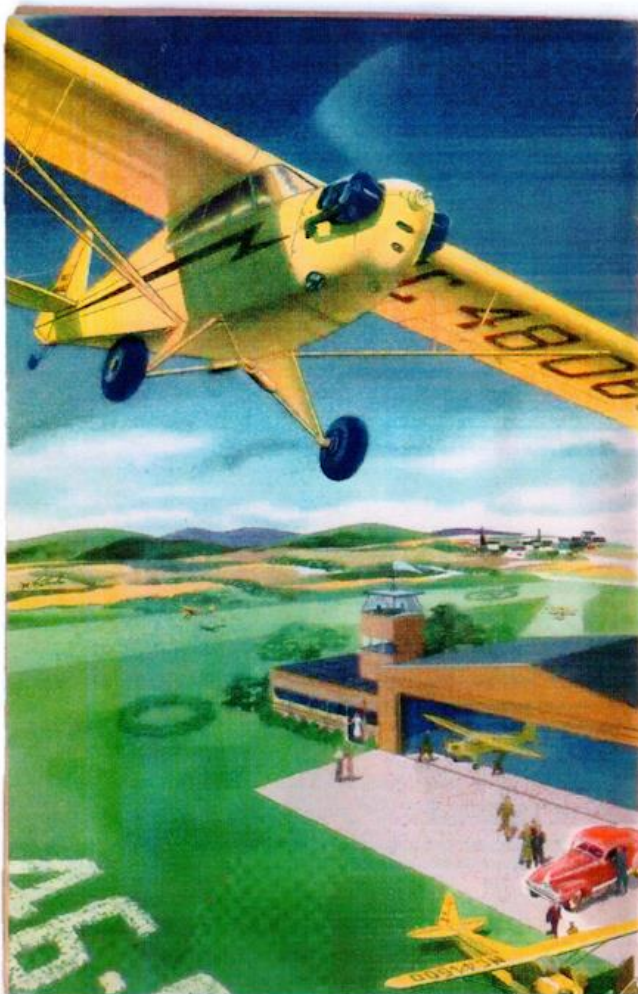
"It keeps you astute and aware," Rosen said.



Free 1944 Piper Cub Manual

I have a 1944 copy of the Piper Cub User Manual printed by the Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Penna. Below are 2 of the 30 pages that make up the entire manual. Each Page is 1/2 the size of a standard printer page. If anyone wishes to have a full copy of this book, send me an email with a request for same, and I will email back to you a PDF file. Send request to: felix.cecilia@verizon.net.

Regards, Felix Van Campenhout



Foreword

This booklet is presented with the hope that it will help you understand the basic flight principles and appreciate the many benefits of flying. A series of charts acquaints you with the construction of the Piper Cub Trainer. Simple descriptions and photographs take you, step-by-step, through a typical flight lesson. If you study the charts, descriptions and photographs carefully, it will be a great help when you take actual flying lessons in a Piper Cub. You'll be a big jump ahead of those who do not understand the fundamentals covered in this booklet. We trust that "How to Fly a Piper Cub" will pave the way for your flight instruction and lead to many happy hours in the air for you.



What Doesn't Kill You . . .

By Bob Hill

We can all remember aircraft that are dear to our hearts. One that had no bad habits, but hid from view some minor character flaw, some foible that would remind us when we least expected it, that it was a unique flying machine, but still one in which we were at ease and comfortable. And so past flights in various aircraft come up like portraits and landscapes hanging on the walls of my memory.

The first that comes to mind is the J-3 cub in which I soloed from a grass airfield. The surprise came the first time I landed on an asphalt runway which had me dancing a jig on the rudder pedals.

I will always fondly remember the EMB-120 as one of those aircraft. Well designed, rugged, albeit a bit stiff legged, a forgiving old mount that was prone to overlook my many flying faults. Icing conditions you say? No worries; it shed the stuff and flew on without a care. Powerful? Oh yes. It could do two hundred fifty knots up to the outer marker and still make the first high speed turn off after landing. Snow on the runway and poor braking conditions? No problem. A gentle movement of the prop levers into reverse thrust and little if any use of the brakes were needed.



Some aircraft just make you feel at home, which brings to mind the test flight of a

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friend's Mustang II homebuilt. After a few taxi runs at ever increasing speed to verify the effectiveness and response of the rudder pedals, off we went, the Mustang and I. A gentle turn out of the pattern followed by a climb to altitude in order to explore the corners of its envelope. No bad habits noted and just one small squawk in that the flaps would only deploy to the first notch. Take one point three times the stall speed plus five more knots for good measure and in for a landing we went. Cross the fence Yet another favorite; a hot-rod of the jet set, the Lear 31. It is the only aircraft that I ever flew that could out "slam-dunk" the Brasilia. Configured correctly, it could fall out of the sky like a set of dropped car keys. As for hand flying, we had a trip from Albuquerque to Washington DC with a deferred secondary pitch trim which meant no auto-pilot. Somehow I forgot to inform ATC that we were without said device (the auto pilot that is) which is required equipment in RVSM airspace, but since we had requested and were cleared to flight level four three zero we were above Uncle Sam's special use flight levels and so we hand flew the bird which was a piece of cake no doubt because of the Lear's winglets. Never again would I make remarks about the aircraft looking like the flying nun. Oh yeah, took it to fifty-one thousand feet. On the day in question one of the flag carriers checked in with ATC and reported a bit of bumpy air which prompted me to inform the controller that we were in smooth air at flight level five one zero. I seem to recall some wag keying the mike and giving us the raspberry.

Getting back to the title of this tome, the closest I've ever come to doing myself in was in the Nemesis NXT which I snap rolled at four hundred feet while on a base leg to land at Moriarty. Keeping in mind that the NXT was designed to race at Reno and that it could be described a single task aircraft, it was not the fault of Jon Sharp's design, but that of the pilot...me, who put both myself and NXT in an untenable position by flying it too slow while pulling some "G's" on the base leg. Totally pilot error and living proof that God does indeed look after fools and little children.



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This brings me to the one aircraft that I always felt, given the right conditions - of which we have plenty here in New Mexico - would try to do me in. I'm talking about on speed, power off, nose up and wait for the pay-off. All very straight forward...a delight to fly.

This brings me to the one aircraft that I always felt, given the right conditions - of which we have plenty here in New Mexico - would try to do me in. I'm talking about the Cessna 208 Caravan. What's the problem you ask? Well for starters it did not do well in icing conditions. Case in point, I was returning from Alamogordo, NM, chugging along at fourteen thousand feet all the while watching ice build up on the unprotected portions of the airframe of which there were quite a few. The ITT was at the top of the green and the airspeed was at the bottom of the allowable limit for icing conditions. I informed ATC that I might have to start a descent because of the above-mentioned circumstances. Of course they said "unable lower," to which I replied if I expect to keep this Wichita turd flying I might not have a choice. Shortly thereafter, I broke out into VMC conditions.

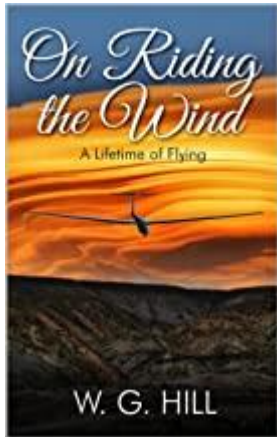
Then of course there are sailplanes I've owned over the years, the first of which was the Standard Libelle, a diminutive, pixy-like glider that was a pure delight to fly. It was the one in which I claimed the altitude leg of the diamond soaring badge with a climb in mountain wave to flight level three five zero.

Next would be the wonderful Schempp-Hirth Discus of which I owned two. The first one being the original Discus in which I set three national records followed by the next iteration which is known as the Discus 2. I first flew the "Dee 2" as a test flight for a friend who had the grand master of fiberglass repair, Fidel Ramirez, return it to flying status. I didn't think it possible that anything could fly better than my first Discus, but it did! The "Dee 2" does it all, flies fast and climbs well with no bad habits.



Of course there is a long list of other flying machines which are tiny memories falling through my mind, blooming like flakes of flaming ash.

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On Riding The Wind: A Lifetime Of Flying

by W.G. Hill | Mar 12, 2023

5.0 out of 5 stars 2

Kindle

\$2.99

Available instantly

Paperback

\$11.99

Two-Day
FREE delivery



Egon:

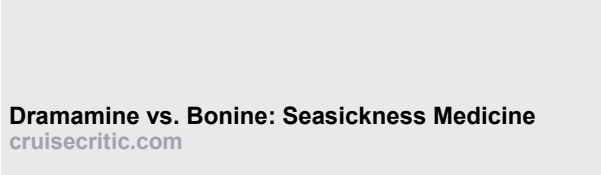
I joined UFO a year ago when I turned 80 and just celebrated my 81st birthday on May 9th. I have an ATP ASMEELS with Commercial Glider rating and just over 11,000 hours TT. I soloed in May of 1958 (after three lessons and 5.4 hours) two weeks after my 16th birthday. I sold my Cessna 421 last year but still own and fly my sprightly red Cessna 185 and my amazing (50:1 L/D!) Stemme S10 VT motorglider (...see several photos attached below).

Fortunately, I've never had any personal problem with motion sickness, either flying or sailing, but over the years I've had a variety of passengers that were not so lucky, especially when I was running my two Part 135 aviation charter companies.

Even though the official medical literature says Dramamine is slightly more effective, I have always had better luck handing out Bonine for a number of reasons. First, it tastes like bubble gum so passengers can swallow it without water. Also, one dose (...two pills is best for adults) lasts all day, unlike Dramamine which requires multiple doses throughout the day. Best of all, Bonine virtually never makes anyone sleepy (unlike Dramamine) so it is safe and approved for pilots:

The most important thing is to take this stuff at least 30 minutes (and preferably at least one hour) *before* any exposure to upsetting motion; it is much less effective once symptoms of airsickness or "mal de mer" set in!

Here is just one of many available articles comparing the two medications:



Dramamine vs. Bonine: Seasickness Medicine
cruise critic.com

Hoping that this info will be helpful to you.

Best regards,

Barry Stott
Chadds Ford, PA
ebstott@aol.com



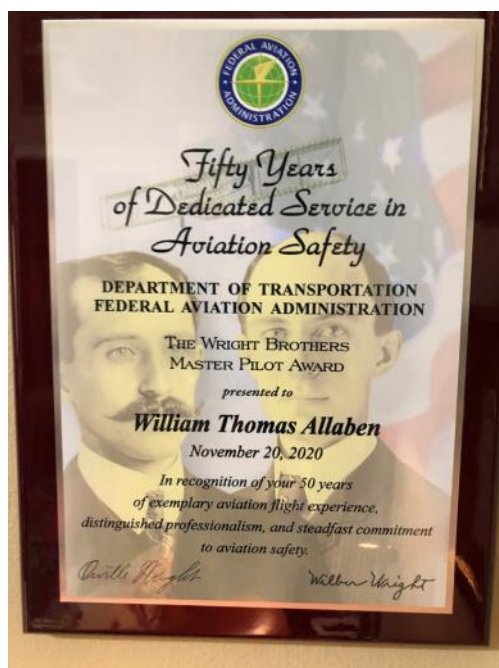
Bill Allaben

I was born on November 23, 1939, in Chicago, Illinois.

I took my first flying lesson when I was a freshman at Southern Illinois University (SIU) on February 8, 1958, in a Cessna 120 at Murdale Airport (now KMDH - Southern Illinois Airport). After 7 hours of instruction, I realized that if I wanted to finish my freshman year, I had to discontinue the flying lessons (for financial reasons) which I did - for the next 7 years (army/school).

After separation from the Army, I continued my education at SIU obtaining BA, MS, and Ph.D. degrees. I also obtained my PPL, Commercial, Instrument, Multiengine, and CFI certifications with the help of the GI Bill.

I applied to many airlines, received one interview and then the 1970's oil embargo hit with line pilots being furloughed - time for plan B. Focusing on my career, I searched for positions in the fields of toxicology/pharmacology and I was offered and accepted a position by the Food and Drug Administration, where I worked as a toxicologist for the next 35 years. I also worked as a part-time flight instructor for local FBO's off and on for the next 10 years.



When our children left the "nest" and were on their own, Anita and I decided to purchase a pristine 1970 K model Skyhawk (N7003G) and traveled widely over the next 25 years.

After joining UFOs shortly after I turned 80, I received the Wright Brothers Master Pilot award- an honor deeply appreciated and unexpected.

In February, 2022 we sold N7003G since chronic back problems prevented even getting the plane out of our hangar without help - a tough decision but Anita and I agreed, it was time - we'd had 25 years of safe and enjoyable travel in N7003G, had introduced our grandchildren to the joys of flight, hangar fun (hosting many hangar parties for other plane owners on our side of the field (KORK) and had made numerous friends along the way. It was a great ride!



Ross E Aimer, CA

Total flight time: 33,000 hours. Pilot in command time, 28,000 hours

FAA ALTR B-787*/777/767/757/747/737/727/720/707, DC-10/-9/-8/EMB-500 Type Ratings

FAA A&P Mechanic, FAA Flight Engineer, Turbo Jet, BS Degree in Aerospace Maintenance Engineering

Work History:

JetSuite, Phenom 100 Captain, KSNÂ Base, 2010-2015,

Ret.Boeing Company, B-787/777 Flight Training Captain, KSEÂ Base, 2005-2010,

Ret. United Airlines, TWA, Wide-body Captain, KLAX Base, 1965-2004,

Ret.CEO and co-founder of Aero Consulting Experts, an aviation safety and security consulting and media relations firm.

Grant Smith, WA

Birthday: Mar 27, 1943

E-mail: cfig1467368@yahoo.com

K-Wing Rainier



Jack Grim, NC

Birthday: Dec. 28, 1944

E-mail: eagle18d95@aol.com

I'm a retired soldier of 33 plus years. Took my first plane ride when I was five years old and my aunt had to drag me out. I earned my pilot's license in 1970. I fly when I can.





Kent Ewing

ATP, SELSM, CFII,

US Naval Aviator, 1965-1993

US Naval Test Pilot School,
Class 65, 1974

Commanding Officer of:
VA76, Air Wing 17, USS Syl-
vania and USS America dur-
Desert Storm.

Corporate pilot 1993-2001

President of the American Bonanza Society's Beechcraft Professional Pilot Program

18,000 hours total time in more than 100 models , including 4,500 as a flight instruc-
tor and 1,000 carrier landings.



Moon Men plus Eagle

ing

Tom Grimm, IL

Birthday: Nov 19, 1942

E-mail: gadget.flyer@gmail.com

*My Buggy, over 1,000 hours. at fly-in at
KRPJ, Rochelle, IL. Many custom mods
done. Started making LED lights in 2004.
Based at OC8. OSH several times. Topped
10K one time! Took 15+ minutes to get
down...*





Fred Reid, LA

Birthday: June 6, 1946

E-mail: fmreid@aol.com





Final flight plan filed and completed

Geoffrey E. Clark, NH

Dr. Geoffrey E. Clark, 84, passed away unexpectedly early on Sunday, January 8, 2023, at the family's retreat on Argo Point in York, ME with his family by his side. While Jeff had many interests and titles-physician, entrepreneur, scientist, pilot, sailor, collector, explorer, board member, philanthropist-he was most importantly a devoted husband and ever-present father and grandfather. He was a man full of kindness and old-fashioned New England grit, committed to a life of learning and curiosity.

In addition to his life's work as a physician and medical entrepreneur, Jeff had an independent and adventurous streak, maintaining lifelong passions for aviation; theatre and opera; sailing; polar exploration; and the history of cannibalism (!) to name but a few.

As a physician, Jeff worked to realize Francis Weld Peabody's maxim-"the secret of the care of the patient is caring for the patient"-a creed that also guided his fierce commitment to his family. Jeff was also a tireless advocate for the causes he believed in and the greater Seacoast community. He often quoted the late Seacoast philanthropist Joe Sawtelle who said, "There is no limit to what you can get done if you don't care who gets credit."



Melvin CRAIG, IN

Mr. Craig passed away on Dec. 23, 2022

Hugh Rawls, FL

Mr. Rawls passed away on Dec. 24, 2022

David Widmer, ME

There is no date of death but his birthdate was 11/06/1934.

Robert Taylor, AK (1932-2023)

Bob loved his wife, family, gardening, the outdoors and flying his PA-12. His lilies and peonies were beautiful and he produced state fair-worthy zucchini. He was proud of being the supervising engineer in the construction of the St. Paul island break wall and harbor.