

April 2025

SQUAWK



UFO President. From the Port Side

by Kenneth (Brownie) Brown



Daisies, Diamonds, Fools Day, Passover, and Easter all are indications that Spring has arrived. Clocks springing forward, and flowers pushing through.

Airplanes are being polished, pilots being un-rusted, and sounds of engines fill the air.

Sun-n-Fun is completed, and many more adventures are on the horizon.

As you know, my constant push for the members to gather is still my swan song. We are a unique organization of individuals. Our stories are varied, but yet similar. The common thread is what we do, FLY AIRPLANES. We talk about airplanes, and even when we are on a walk we look up when we hear the sound of these magnificent flying machines.

How much more fun is it when two or three of us gather together and spend time reminiscing about adventures we have had? This is our biggest contribution to each other, sitting around the table at an airport or café and talking about aviation.

Keeping with the Charter, our Purpose is to promote longevity and safety in aviation; to represent the interests of senior pilots worldwide; to inspire youth to fly and to promote fellowship among senior pilots.

I know many of you are active pilots in organizations like Angel Flight, EAA Young Eagles, Civil Air Patrol, and others, and in so doing, you are fulfilling our stated Purpose. We commend you for your service to the community and to your commitment to the UFO charter.

Add one more item to this list of accomplishments...hold a get-together with pilots and other members.

Want to make a difference? We on the board of directors are always on the lookout for talented and gifted people who are willing to join our ranks. If you have an interest in helping us promote the organization, please submit your ideas with your re-

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sume for a board position. Do you have technical skills, marketing ideas, promotional skills? We need your help.

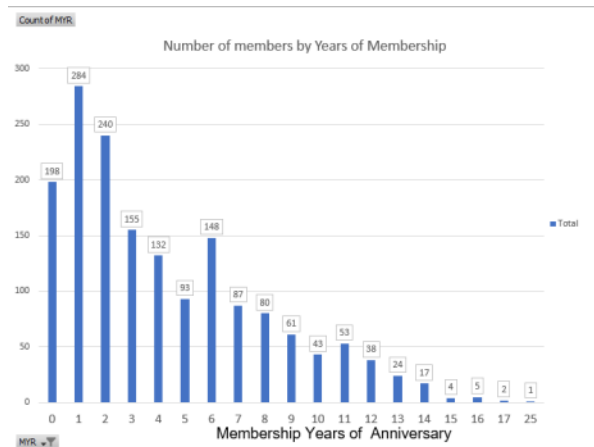
None of us have all the skills, but together we can build a better mousetrap and expand our base.

As of this writing, I still do not have any updates on the insurance issue; however, the conversation is on-going. While AviationsDirect tell us they are close to an announcement, I anticipate it will be at EAA AirVenture when they might be announcing a start date. We can only hope that is true.

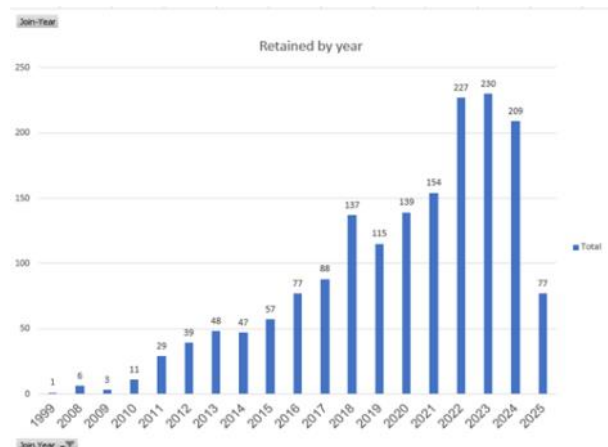
We conducted our quarterly board meeting on the 2nd Wednesday of April, and had a good meeting. Our finances are stable and we are on budget. Our new website is moving to maintenance mode from a development mode. It will be continually updated and improved, but on a much more evenly paced scale.

Hats off to our web editor Rebecca Graham of IMPACT Writing and Design.

Did you ever wonder who makes up the UFO Membership?



Years of membership



Retained Members by year

Wishing you a blessed holiday this month.

"Chag Pesach Sameach" (Passover) 4/12-20

"Happy Easter" (He is Risen) 4/20

Brownie

president@ufopilots.org



Time in Your Tanks

The February Editor's Desk column about physical fitness and the ability to climb up the refueling steps on a Cessna produced some interesting responses about the difficulty of checking fuel status before launching an aircraft. The task of getting on top of those wings can result in a lot of exercise, especially when the particular Cessna happens to be missing the steps and handles.

Actually, in my 56 years of flying, I never ran out of fuel in the air. But that wasn't because of good planning or pilotage. It was sheer luck. When I lived in a small town in eastern Manitoba, I kept the airplane on a half-mile-long farmer's grass strip, where I shared a co-operative 200-gallon fuel tank with a gravity feed system. We would fill up as needed, keep a record, and pay up to refill the tank when it got low. One time, I decided that the price was so much better at the home field that I didn't bother to fill up before I left the nearby major city. The "time in my tanks" calculation recommended by Transport Canada said I had enough.

When I went to fill it up the next day, I discovered the co-op tank was empty. One of the other members had ordered a refill, but the supply chain was backed up and none had been delivered. I had another flight planned three days later, and still none had been delivered. There was another airport with commercial fuel available about a 10-minute flight away.

I climbed up the steps and peered in the tanks. There was definitely still fuel in there. I couldn't tell how much, because I didn't have one of those fancy glass dipsticks at the time. I checked the gauges, and the needles weren't yet on the pegs. I checked the logbook, and the tach time since the last fill-up indicated I should have about half an hour of flight time left. What I should have done, of course, is drive to the other airport with some gas cans. But I was young and foolish back then, with a logbook indicating I still had a lot to learn. And, as if to justify my decision-making, the airplane didn't even hiccup during the flight.



What brought me up short was when they handed me the bill – it was for 41.5 gallons of fuel, and the POH says the airplane holds only 40 gallons useable. At first I questioned the accuracy of the flow meter, but it had a government sticker saying it had been checked for accuracy. That was the moment in my flying career that I learned about “unusable” fuel – 3 gallons in the 172N, and the small amount of difference between filling to the tabs or right to the top. Talk about flying on fumes.

Then there was the time Roxanne and I were on our way to Dallas and stopped for fuel at one of those discount places that don't give much service but also don't bleed you dry. I couldn't work the pump, but a fellow pilot came out to help. He also couldn't get any fuel out of the hose – because their tank was dry. There was another airport with higher-priced – but available – gas about 20 minutes away. We jumped back in the plane and flew there. When I climbed up the refueling steps, I noticed right away there was no cap on the right tank. The helpful fellow pilot had neglected to put it back on, I had not checked before departing, and the flimsy little chain Cessna uses to keep it from rolling off the wing while refueling hadn't been designed for hurricane-force winds. Amazingly, there was still gas in the tank, and the FBO rustled up a spare cap from an aircraft parked in their hangar. Ever since, I walk around the airplane, specifically looking at those gas caps, before I climb into the pilot's seat.

Because we did a lot of cross-country trips, we installed the Flint auxiliary tanks in the wingtips of the Cessna, which gave us another 23 gallons useable for those times when the headwinds make a difference between having to stop or being able to carry on to the destination. We were heading back to the home drome at Matton, IL, and I decided to test the accuracy of the gauges by letting the main tanks run dry. The engine abruptly stopped about 5 miles from the airport, I looked at the gauges and flipped on the transfer pump switches. It caught again immediately, but before it did, Roxanne nearly suffered cardiac arrest. She was used to carbureted cars with engine-driven fuel pumps that usually took a lot of cranking to get re-started when they were run dry. That one cost me a dinner at the fanciest restaurant in the county.

By the way, Civil Air Patrol regulations require planning for 1 hour of remaining fuel on arrival. When we asked what to do to avoid contravening the regulation if we have less than an hour left when we arrive at destination, the answer from the Stan/Eval director was simple: “Don't land.”

Egon Frech, editor@ufopilots.org



When was the Golden Age of Aviation for you?

Perhaps in 1960 when the POH for a Piper Super Cub was 4 pages or in 1966 when the POH for an Aztec was 23 pages? FAA regulations were a mere shadow of what they are today and could be read cover to cover in an evening. Those years when flight schools and 'Learn to Fly' signs were plentiful. Perhaps when a pilot could rent a single engine aircraft for \$15 per hour or less. Generally, up to the mid-1970's one could buy a well-equipped 4-place aircraft for about 3-4 times what an average car cost. The aviation industry was building 15,000-18,000 new planes per year. Avgas cost about 10 cents more than car gas. Perhaps when the color vision test on your FAA Medical Exam consisted of your AME asking you to identify the color of various objects located on his desk. Maybe in the days before coded gates and airport fences when we could walk to the edge of a runway and sit in the grass to watch the parade of touch and go landings.

In the mid 1970s GPS and ADS-B weren't even a glimmer on the horizon, yet pilots managed to find their way using VOR and ADF or just plain pilotage as in looking out the window. After all, this was a great leap forward compared to the A/N four-course radio range. Airspace was fairly simple as well. Generally, if you stayed more than five miles from any large airport, you were pretty safe, even around Washington, D.C.



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The airlines have changed for pilots and passengers. It was not then the mass transport industry. There was more time, more attention, more space and more glamour than today. Some might say of the passengers that unless you were a chain smoking, alcohol swigging bookworm, then flying in a sealed aircraft was not the most pleasant way to travel. But that is not the whole story. Passengers back then were generally treated more as individuals. They probably disembarked in a better frame of mind than today's rushed and tightly packed passengers. The financial rewards in the cabin and for junior officers were not great, although senior captains were comparatively well off. Needless to say, the airlines have also changed. These days a flight attendant can get a pilot pregnant.

Perhaps for many UFO folks their Golden Age is now. The rapid advance in aviation technology has made flying safer, more efficient, and more exciting. Some of my lost pilot friends would be alive today if they then had the benefit of GPS, RNAV, WAAS and moving map technology. The accident rate for aviation has declined significantly.



Yet, for many perhaps those earlier years did feel more fun and freer. I recall my second solo cross-country flight from Marlboro, Mass. to Pittsfield, Mass. Not long after my departure I noticed a hornet in the small cabin of the 7EC Champ. Sensing danger I carefully opened the side window and swatted the hornet. Well, the hornet and my total means of navigation and orientation went out the window at the same time. There I flew, deprived of my sectional chart, no radio and less than a dozen panel instruments. Looking anxiously for a return landmark I spied the Massachusetts turnpike which guided me safely back to Marlboro for an intense post flight conversation with my CFI.



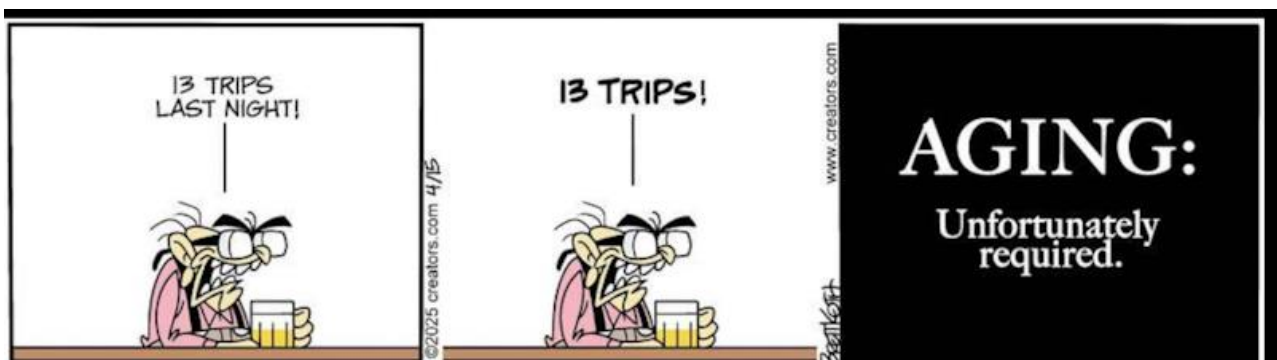
Spring Grove, MN
02-13-2025

Greetings from SE Minnesota — cold but very little snow!

This picture is our 1947 Piper PA-11 that I flew until I was 93. I had to quit because of my heart. We bought it new when I was 20 and my brother was 22. We just sold it last fall. It went to Montana and is still flying on skis like I did.

This picture was on many magazine covers. I also have been a member of the International Flying Farmers, State president and other offices. It was once a big group, but now very small in numbers.

Glenn Kinneberg
Another UFO





Editor,

I am sure staying insured is an issue for all "UFO" members that are pilots and/or aircraft owners. The "Travers" agency that I have renewed coverage with for at least the last 15 years has tacked on 2 more requested underwriting restrictions that make owning and flying my C-210F (with insurance coverage) almost impossible. Looking back through about the last years' newsletters I have not found any articles about members dealing with the problem. Any leads, referrals, or successful experiences of other members will be appreciated .

Terry McFadin

San Antonio, TX 78230

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It is a widespread problem and faced by many of our members, especially those with complex aircraft, even though they have owned and operated them for years. The insurance broker that works with AOPA has been able to help some. But if you want to keep flying your own aircraft, you may have to downgrade to a single-engine fixed-gear model. We'll work on another article to give members more guidance.

-Ed

Hello,

I'm a new member, Jim Fisher. I live in Pinehurst, NC, and fly out of Moore County Airport (KSOP). My plane is a Piper Sport Cruiser, Piper's version of the Czech sport aircraft. It has a 100-hp Rotax, glass panel, and a ballistic parachute. It flies about the same as a 172.

I fly for fun, some cross country, and have about 900 hours in various aircraft. I was a Captain in USAF from 1968-72, a business executive, and still run the family business.

Jim Fisher





Time To Sign up for Danbury 2025

Date: 6/18/25

Danbury Airport

Arrival: 10:00 for Coffee and Donuts

11:00 Presentation by Ken “Brownie” Brown, our President

**Lunch: 12:00 at the Olive Garden – 3 minute walk from the
field**

Lunch Cost: \$35.00 Cash only!!

Choice of 4 different Entrees, Soup, Beverage & Dessert

Only 60 days until Danbury 2025

Sign up NOW!

**A good number have already signed up, I will publish a list
at a later date.**

Contact me at:

Weapex@aol.com

Text me at: 973-722-9491

Dick Wedemeyer

**Randolph E Gunter**

Oviedo, FL
(Auxiliary Wing)

Mark K Mulder

Kalispell, MT
(CE560XL, ATP, Typed CE500, B727, CE560XL, DC10, DA-EASY, CFII-MEI.
Still fly regularly)

Joseph K Grote

Clarkston, WA
(Auxiliary Wing, still flies regularly out of Lewiston, ID (KLWS)

James E Kale

Kingfisher, OK
(Still flies regularly, Aeronca 7AC)

Gerald Gaige

Glassville, AR
(Cessna 182T, based Mountain Home KBPK)

USAF 1968-73, Instructor, Stan/Eval, heck Airman, Spin Demo Pilot, Commercial, Instrument, CFI, Wright Bros Master Pilot Award, 2,000 twin-jet hours, 4,000 SE, including 2,100 in a Cirrus SR22.

Jim A Lafferty

Saratoga, CA
(12,100 hours, 1,500 hours jet time, international, sold more than 4100 planes. Still fly regularly)

**Paul Frechette**

N-D de Ile Perrot, Quebec, Canada

(Cessna 185, Aeronca Champion)

Canadian commercial pilot, single engine land and sea, IFR. Canadian instructor on gliders, Canadian certified aircraft mechanic. Retired top rank from the Royal Canadian Air Force after 20 years of service. After retirement, acted as an aircraft accident adjuster and accident investigator with the Transportation Safety Board of Canada for many years. Currently an airport manager and still performing a dozen aircraft annual inspections a year for owners based at Montreal Aeroparc Ile Perot (CSP6). Total flight hours 2450.

Nicholas C Hunter

Irwin, PA

(Cessna 140, commercial, instrument, pilot for skydiving clubs, banner towing)

George Ivers

St. Francisville, PA

(Cessna 172 Skyhawk, still fly regularly)

Ronald E Walton

McLean, VA

(Cirrus SR22, still fly regularly. Now training for an instrument rating.)

Martin Legault

Marlborough, CT

(Quarter share of a Cessna Skylane RG, still fly regularly. 4,175 total hours, including 600 hours flying UH-1s in Vietnam in 1968-69. Most of my flying in the past 10 years has been with Angel Flight. I have completed about 250 missions to date.)

**Dave Baird**

Kanab, UT

(Cessna 182 Skylane, commercial, multi-engine, Wright Bros. Master Pilot Award)

Timothy P Percarpio

Carlisle, PA

(Mooney M20J, private, single-engine, instrument. About 4,100 total hours.

Frank N Hemko

Prospect, KY

(Cessna 177RG, Airline chief pilot, flew B727, B757, B767. Still fly regularly.)

James A Fisher

Pinehurst NC

(Still fly regularly in a Light Sport aircraft. Grew up flying with my father , who flew a Piper Cheyenne until he was 92, and my uncle, who was a QB and UFO member.)

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BY MICHAEL AND STEFAN STRASSER





Final flight plan filed and completed

Richard R Williams

Copperas Cove, TX

Born 7/17/1934, Joined UFOP 5/13/2015

George R Green, MD

Lafayette Hill, PA

Died 1/28/2024 at age 90

Ronald E Masson

Paulsbo, WA

Born May, 1934, Died 2/17/2024