The all-new Ford Super Duty is the toughest, smartest, most capable Super Duty ever. It starts with the strongest frame ever, made with 95% high-strength steel, and continues with the toughest body ever, made from high-strength, military-grade aluminum alloy.

**Most capability:** Super Duty can tow the heaviest cargo with a maximum towing capacity of 32,500 lbs.\(^1\) while delivering a best-in-class maximum payload rating of 7,630 lbs.\(^2\)

**Most power:** The Second-Generation 6.7L Power Stroke\(^{\circ}\) V8 Turbo Diesel engine now delivers more power, 440 horsepower, and more torque, 925 lb.-ft., than ever before.\(^3\) The standard 6.2L V8 gasoline engine offers 345 horsepower and best-in-class torque of 430 lb.-ft.

**Most confidence:** A long list of class-exclusive, driver-assist technologies are available to help make towing easier including, BLIS\(^{\circ}\) with cross-traffic alert, Trailer Reverse Guidance to assist in backing and maneuvering a trailer and much, much more.

Material innovation, advanced technology and brute strength, it all adds up to tough-as-nails work capability on any job site. Accept nothing less than the all-new Ford Super Duty!

**The Privilege of Partnership**

EAA members are eligible for special pricing on Ford Motor Company vehicles through Ford’s Partner Recognition Program. To learn more about this exclusive opportunity for EAA members to save on a new Ford or Lincoln vehicle, please visit [www.eaa.org/ford](http://www.eaa.org/ford).

\(^1\) Maximum capacity on F-450 when properly equipped. See your Ford dealer for specific equipment requirements and other limitations.

\(^2\) F-350 DRW Regular Cab 4x2.

\(^3\) When compared to previous generation F-250 – F-450 pickup models.
Looking across the field, we could see debris flying everywhere. Then we watched in amazement as a DC-3 was lifted right up into the air and landed on a Grumman Cheetah.

—Richard Denman

DEPARTMENTS

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COVER

Joe “Rifle” Shetterly flies his beautiful RV-8 during an air show performance at this year’s AirVenture Oshkosh. Photo taken by Evan Peers/Airspace Media.
As I write this, the U.S. National Aerobatic Championships begins next week, which means the competition season is beginning to wind down. However, there are six more contests before Sebring and the Tequila Cup officially bring the contest season to a close. Check out the IAC’s contest calendar at www.iac.org/contest-listing.

I recently took a flight in a 150-hp Citabria. It’s been many years since I’ve flown one, and I will say, I have nothing but respect for those pilots who can muscle that airplane through an aerobatic sequence. Although the airplane is silly simple to handle on the ground, I was amazed at the lethargic roll rate and weight of the controls while airborne. You need to plan way ahead of the airplane in order to manage energy during maneuvers – but what a blast! The terrible thing about the flight was that it left me with a very strong yearning for more.

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Season to season

Competition schedule nearing an end

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PRESIDENT’S COLUMN

BY MIKE HEUER, IAC PRESIDENT, IAC 4

State of the Club

Each year during EAA AirVenture Oshkosh, the IAC holds its annual membership meeting. While the meeting does not attract a huge audience, it does offer the opportunity for your officers to report on the current state of the organization and to answer members’ questions. As president, I give an overview of where the club stands and what we plan for the future.

In a nutshell, the IAC is strong financially and growing. In a recent e-mail exchange on one of the aerobatic e-mail forums, a member made the statement that the IAC was shrinking. While we did suffer a drastic loss in members a few years ago, one of my goals has been to slowly rebuild the organization’s membership and to improve our membership services so you get value for your dues money. I believe we are accomplishing this.

One of the initiatives we are taking is a six-month free trial membership in the IAC. No strings attached. The best way to get the details on this is to go to our website (www.IAC.org) and click on the join/renew tab and then the join button. It will provide a toll-free phone number for the EAA membership department, along with a code. It’s that easy. Getting a six-month free membership is only possible by calling this toll-free number and cannot be accomplished online.

We promoted the trial membership at AirVenture this year, and as a result we signed up 231 new members, of which 30 were international. It was a huge success and was boosted by the very successful forums we conducted during the event. Our forums were heavily attended, and with their interest stimulated, many elected to go inside and join the IAC. I also thank the officers, directors, and other volunteers who served as our representatives to greet and talk to these prospective members as they came into our pavilion and enjoyed our exhibits as well.

Because of these efforts, the IAC has now broken through the 4,000 mark, which was one of my goals for this year. We now stand at 4,243 members as of September 8. More and more people are seeing the value in aerobatic training and associating with the people who know more about aerobatics and stick and rudder flying than anyone in the world. If we are to succeed, we must offer value and relevance to our members. The professionals call this a “value proposition.” For those who joined using the trial membership option, welcome aboard! We are now under pressure to show you what IAC membership can mean and to encourage you to renew when that six-month trial has expired.

We do not have numbers yet for 2016, as the contest season is still in progress. Contest participation remains strong. Ten years ago, 478 pilots flew in IAC-sanctioned competitions. In 2015, that number was 453. There were peaks and valleys during the last decade, but we are not seeing any meaningful declines in contest attendance. This is thanks to the good work of our chapters, which organize more than 30 regional contests around the country each year, and the volunteers who make it happen. It is also gratifying to see how chapters and contest directors promote their events through our publications, social media, and e-mail lists. They obviously enjoy what they do and want to offer the best contests possible to our membership. This is truly one of the IAC’s greatest values.

As it stands today, membership dues in the IAC are $45 a year in addition to the required EAA membership. It has stood at that level for many years, and we have no plans to increase the dues. This is only possible as a result of the other programs we have in place that produce revenue for the club, including publication advertising, merchandise sales, donations and sponsorships, and the U.S. Nationals. To give you an idea of how much we spend to provide services to the members that we have promised and are obligated to do, our current fiscal year budget calls for operating expenses of about $360,000. With the membership we have, this means we spend about $90 per member, well short of the dues we take in. Our budget is very tight and well-managed, thanks to the excellent work of our finance committee and board, and you can be assured it is all spent wisely. However, one of the reasons for getting the IAC solidly in the black and for growing the membership is so we can offer you more. Those membership enhancements, now made possible by a growing membership and a solid financial statement, will be discussed in the coming months as we prepare our plans and budget.

Remember that the lines are always open for suggestions on any way we can improve our services to you. Contact me by e-mail any time.

Please send your comments, questions, or suggestions to president@iac.org.
The Vicki Cruse Pavilion is nicely showcased by this Christen Eagle being inspected by a curious bystander.
This Super Chipmunk is owned and flown by Mike Morton. After years of painstaking restoration, Mike flew to Oshkosh to show off his beautiful airplane. We had him fly an air-to-air photo session for us, so we'll have a story in a future issue of Sport Aerobatics.
Dagmar Kress (left), a former member of the German aerobatic team and coach on the MSU Denver flight team, flew her Pitts S–2C to Oshkosh in order to give a seminar at the IAC Pavilion. She is greeted by Jordan Ashley (center) and Reggie Paulk (right).
Sam Tilleman flew this very unique retractable-gear Micco from his home base in Texas. We flew an air-to-air photo session with this airplane and will bring you a story on the airplane in a future issue of *Sport Aerobatics*.

Gene Soucy gives a thumbs-up after a performance in his Ag-Cat.

Coco Bessiere, the 1990 Unlimited World Champion and former French team coach, signs a poster later auctioned off at the IAC’s annual dinner.
Greg Shetterly, Joe’s father, flies his One Design in the air show.

Patty Wagstaff’s Extra 330LX (foreground) sits next to Jim Bourke’s 330LX and Time Flies, a Pitts Model 12 built by Jim Kimball Enterprises. On the other side of the flag is a Pitts S-1.

Rob Holland (left) shakes hands with last year’s Unlimited team coach Coco Bessiere in front of Rob’s “Grass Roots” panel.
Debby Rihn-Harvey went to the Ford tent to sign autographs for excited fans. This young lady seems to have had a wonderful time with Debby.
Left to right, Greg Shetterly, his wife Micki and their son Joe stand with Mike Heuer at the IAC’s Oshkosh headquarters.

Patty Wagstaff and Doug Vayda, chief pilot of Extra distributor Southeast Aero, stand in front of Patty’s Extra 330LX. Jim Taylor’s green and white Decathlon is hiding out behind them.
Sammy Mason flying his Pitts S-1 in the air show.

This year, the IAC chose the theme “Grass Roots to the Top of the World.” The posters showcased many of the individuals who’ve climbed up through the ranks over the years. We will feature the entire exhibit in upcoming issues.
Jeff Bourbon received the Charlie Hillard Trophy as the highest-scoring U.S. team member at the World Aerobatic Championships.

Peggy Riedinger (right) received the Robert L. Heuer Judge’s award presented by Mike Heuer.

Doug McConnell (left) received the Frank Price Cup for his outstanding contribution to aerobatics. The award was presented by Mike Heuer.

Eddie Saurenman received the Pitts Trophy.
LITTLE STINKER

KIDS FLY IN STYLE IN IAC UNLIMITED COLLECTION AEROBATIC APPAREL

GET THE “LITTLE STINKER” KID’S TEE SHOWN HERE AND MORE AT WWW.IAC.ORG STORE.

PHOTO BY EVAN PEERS, AIRSPACE MEDIA
The Jack Mark hangar housed many of the air show performers at Oshkosh. On the ceiling hangs Leo Loudenslager’s famous Shark airplane, which never flew due to his untimely passing in a motorcycle accident. The red Xtreme Decathlon belongs to Greg Koontz; Kyle Franklin’s *Dracula* is hiding in the far right corner. Jon Thocker’s red and white RV-8 sits in the foreground while Jerry Kirby’s blue and white RV-8A is in the open door. The EAA’s 1927 Swallow biplane is against the far wall, and Sammy Mason’s Pitts S-1 is in front of *Dracula*. Kent Pietsch’s 1942 Interstate Cadet is adorned in its famous Jelly Belly colors. Matt Chapman’s Extra 330LX is sponsored by Embry-Riddle, and Sean Tucker’s two-place Oracle-sponsored Extra has a canopy cover. In the far left of the photo, in the corner, sits Bill Stein’s Edge 540 with a color-shifting paint scheme. Kevin Coleman’s Extra 330 SC is next to Bill Stein’s airplane. Rob Holland’s MXS-RH is between Pietsch’s Cadet and Coleman’s 330SC.
Flying out of my hometown airport in Sussex, New Jersey, offers a rare opportunity that many pilots never get to experience. It’s called the Hudson River corridor. It is a unique section of uncontrolled airspace in the middle of one of the busiest air traffic areas in the world — New York City. As the name implies, it is the airspace directly over the Hudson River, and you can fly down the river, over the George Washington Bridge, past Manhattan, around the Statue of Liberty, and back again. Locally, it is sort of a rite of passage for pilots once they get their pilot certificate. I have done it several times, and it is always quite exciting.

I thought it would be neat to fly around Miss Liberty on Memorial Day, so I got up early to beat all of the helicopter tours, fired up the Extra, and headed for the river. I was not disappointed. It was a beautiful day, and as I banked around the Lady at 500 feet, she glistened proudly in the early morning sunlight.

Part of the protocol for the corridor is to announce your position at certain reporting points on a common frequency. As I headed back north just past the George, two Marine helicopters announced that they were joining the corridor just north of my position. I felt these guys, who were obviously working on a holiday, deserved a little salute, so I keyed the mic as I approached them and said, "Here’s a little salute for you on Memorial Day.” With that, I turned on the smoke and gave them a nice wing wag as I passed. Their reply was swift and sweet: “Oorah, semper fi. Thank you, sir.” I smiled all the way back to the airport. I couldn’t think of a better way to honor those soldiers and let them know that they were truly appreciated.

Another big part of my aviation enjoyment is Sun ’n Fun, the annual spring fly-in and air show in Lakeland, Florida. We have a great group of guys that go every year. They come from all over the country and even from overseas. We rent a house near the show and split the cost, making it more affordable, convenient, and most of all, fun. We fly a variety of different aircraft, and we all love flying for different reasons. But when we hear an airplane coming, we all
look up.

I fly an Extra because my passion is aerobatics. To me, the Extra is the ultimate airplane, and I feel very fortunate to own one. Nearly all of my flying is local. I take off, do 20 to 30 minutes of aerobatics, and land. I rarely go anywhere that requires fuel stops, and I avoid talking to controllers whenever possible.

But every year at Sun ’n Fun, I would listen to the controllers on the approach frequency, and I would marvel at how they could land so many airplanes so quickly and safely. It seemed like a great challenge for the pilots as well as the controllers, and I really wanted to be a part of it.

In 2011, I was ready to give it a try, but I really wanted someone with me to help with the radio work. My friend’s son Rick was a student pilot who flew out of a towered field. He was used to talking to controllers and jumped at the chance to fly in the Extra. Sun ’n Fun was early that year. As we rolled out the Extra, which has no heat, it was March 28 and 28°F outside. So we zipped up our insulated coveralls and headed south.

There was a temporary flight restriction that day over New York City, which didn’t affect our route, but shortly after we reached our cruising altitude, we spotted three Marine helicopters heading north. They were several miles away, but we knew right away that it must be the president heading to New York. I figured another salute was in order, and without any hesitation, I turned on the smoke and gave them a wing wag. Yes, I really did it. And yes, I probably looked like a missile to them.

All of a sudden, Rick said, “Hey, look. They’re breaking formation.” And sure enough, the choppers did a little shuffle, and one of those gunships turned and locked onto us as the other two kept going. We couldn’t see them from where we were, but I could imagine that some very nasty pointy things were just a finger twitch away from chasing us all over the sky. My hand seemed to move in slow motion as I desperately tried to get that smoke turned off.

Once our pulses returned to normal and the missile lock was off us, Rick called for flight following. We set our code, and our squawk was good. Then the controller called us back and asked what airport we had departed. I thought it was odd, but then again, I don’t get out much. (I found out later that the airport had been contacted to find out who we were.) So we continued on our merry way, heading for the sun and some much needed warmth.

Two hours is a safe fuel limit for the Extra. Each stop also gave us a chance to shed some layers, since you can’t take off your coat when you’re harnessed in with ratchet straps. A half-hour into our third leg, the ceiling started to close in on us. The controller was telling us to climb, but since we were in a VFR, daytime-only aircraft, that was a negative. When he suggested we head out to sea for higher ceilings, we also declined.

At this point, I started seeing drops on the canopy, and I said rather emphatically, “Rick, find me a place to land.” To which he replied, “Well, Hilton Head is right there.” Before he could even look up the tower frequency, I had dropped the Extra right down into the pattern and was on the downwind leg, midfield. By the time we got ahold of the tower, we were base to final. That didn’t make the controller very happy, but he recovered quickly and welcomed us to the island.

The FBO was great. They got us into a hangar before the rain came and encouraged us to grab one of the crew cars before the Sun ’n Fun migration descended due to the approaching storm. With that, they tossed us the keys and we were off in search of food, shelter, underwear, and toothbrushes. Obviously, we hadn’t planned on stopping for the night.

We rounded up everything we needed, plus a couple of Hilton Head souvenir T-shirts. Then Rick and I checked in at the Hampton, right by the airport. The next morning, we were up early and ready to go, but the weather wasn’t cooperating. After double-checking on the computer at the airport, we both agreed that we would not be flying out of there anytime soon. Not wanting to miss the fun, we rented a car and drove the rest of the way through the rain to Sun ’n Fun.
Six hours later, we were hanging with our gang under the wing of our friend’s 1946 Grumman Mallard, which is always our home base at the show. The next day, the weather was still messy, so we went to the Fantasy of Flight museum, which was a great way to spend a rainy day. Thursday looked like the end of the storm, but there was one more front that had to pass before we could head back up and get my plane. So we hung out at the Mallard and shared flying stories with our buddies and anyone else that happened by.

Soon word came that the front was approaching, and it was leaving a wake of destruction. Everything had to be tied down. The Mallard is a big, heavy flying boat, so we didn’t usually tie it down, but we heeded the warning and brought out the claws just to be safe. When the wind finally came, the tiedowns made no difference at all. They twisted and snapped as the huge tail of the Mallard caught the wind and the plane became a giant weather vane. Luckily, my friend Fred was in the cockpit with both feet on the brakes, and we grabbed a rope and tied the nose of the plane to the back of our rental van. Then we all got in the van to give it some extra ballast and to get us out of the rain.

Looking across the field, we could see debris flying everywhere.
Then we watched in amazement as a DC-3 was lifted right up into the air and landed on a Grumman Cheetah. At this point, we were pretty sure it was a tornado, but there was nothing to do now but sit tight and wait it out.

Once the storm had passed, we ventured out to check the damage. The Mallard had been spared, but there was aviation carnage everywhere. In all, about 80 airplanes were damaged or destroyed by the storm. Many of them were in the new model area, which was right next to the aerobatic display where my Extra would have been parked. I was really dodging bullets this trip.

That night, I wanted to head back to Hilton Head. The weather looked good for the next day, but Rick didn’t want to make the drive. I really didn’t want to fly into Sun ’n Fun without an extra set of eyes watching for traffic. Finally, my friend Graham from England said he would go with me after dinner. Well, dinner lasted till 9 p.m., so we didn’t get on the road until 10 p.m.

I drove for a couple of hours while Graham slept. Then we stopped for gas and I told Graham that it was his turn to drive. To my surprise, he said, “Oh, I can’t drive in the States.” So, I downed some caffeine and continued on, while Graham snoozed.

We finally got to Hilton Head at 4 a.m. We wanted to launch at 8 a.m., so I figured I could get a couple of hours of sleep before we had to get moving. I headed for the same hotel that Rick and I stayed at a few days earlier. As Graham and I approached the front desk, I noticed that it was the same girl working behind the counter.
It was now April 1. Or as she put it, “in season,” and the rate had doubled. I was astonished, and in my depleted state, blurted out, “You’ve got to be kidding. We only need the room for a couple of hours.” To which she replied, “One bed or two?” Yes, those were her exact words. Once we got that all straightened out, we were able to get a couple of hours of sleep and a quick breakfast before heading off to the airport.

We checked in with the FBO, settled the bill, and had the airport bring the plane around front. I was doing my preflight as Graham, who is an aviation photographer, was taking pictures of all the planes on the ramp. Suddenly, I saw six black SUVs with tinted windows and flashing red and blue lights pull up to the gate, two abreast. The gate opened ever so slowly, but as soon as it did, those flashing lights headed across the tarmac straight toward me and my naughty little airplane.

This was it. They had tracked me down. All I could picture was lots of questions under bright lights, fists slamming on desks, and possible waterboarding. But as it turned out, they cruised right past me and circled their wagons around a Gulfstream further down the line. Four or five people got out of every vehicle and formed a perimeter around the door of the plane. All were at attention; half facing in, half facing out. Then one person was moved from an SUV to the jet. When it was over, they all milled around for a while, got back in their cars, and left. The jet never moved. When I asked the FBO guy about it, he said, “Oh, they’re from the FBI training center. They practice here all the time.” Whew!

Graham and I made it back to Lakeland after a quick fuel stop in Ocala. We followed the procedure, and I did my best to land on the green dot as instructed. I was very pleased. In spite of the Sidewinders, the tornado, the judgmental hotel clerk, and the federal agents, I had landed at Sun ’n Fun. Bucket list item checked. The only thing that could top this would be to fly into EAA AirVenture Oshkosh, and that, my friends, is a whole nother story.
During the purchase of my airplane, I noted that the chain links connecting my rudder to my tailwheel steering arms were showing corrosion, so new chain and quick links were purchased. Unfortunately, the new hardware started showing significant signs of corrosion within months of installation. That was the impetus for finding better tailwheel hardware. I have written this article because, based on my experience as a tech inspector, there are probably at least a few tailwheel aircraft owners out there that may be interested in what I have learned.

The type of chain commonly used on tailwheel assemblies is called sash chain. Its most common use is holding counterweights to window sashes in old buildings. The size of sash chain commonly used on tailwheel assemblies is No. 35. The No. 35 sash chain being sold by the popular aircraft parts distributor where I first purchased mine is made of zinc-plated steel with a working load rating of 106 pounds. The working load rating of chain is typically one-quarter of its ultimate breaking strength. The 1/8-inch-diameter quick links that I initially purchased from a tailwheel specialty business were also made of zinc-plated steel.

The fundamental problem was that the zinc plating was not getting the job done. Even protected from the elements in a hangar, the zinc was turning to powder very rapidly. Thus began my hunt for sash chain and quick links made of stainless steel. The good news is that, yes, they both exist and may be purchased in small quantities over the internet. Suncor Stainless Inc. of Plymouth, Massachusetts, is the manufacturer of both items. Suncor's No. 35 sash chain is made of Type 304 stainless steel. It is Suncor S10 No. 35, Item No. S0631-0001. It has a working load rating of 225 pounds. Suncor's 1/8-inch-diameter extended length (for a wider gap opening) quick link is made of Type 316 stainless steel. It is Suncor Item No. S0160-LA03. It has a working load rating of 200 pounds.

Unfortunately, Suncor only sells from its website in large quantities, so the following websites can be used to order in small quantities.


Of course, airplane projects are never straightforward, and the one complication I faced was that I wanted to install cotter pins in the quick links to assure that they could not unintentionally open. This meant having to drill a hole through each quick link collar. Drilling stainless steel is not difficult but absolutely requires that the right equipment and techniques be used (kind of like flying aerobatics).

Drilling stainless steel is best accomplished with carbide drill bits. Carbide drill bits are hard but brittle. This means that the drill bit (the driller) and the workpiece (the “drillee”) must be held rigidly, as any side-loading will try to bend the drill bit, causing it to snap. The rotation rate must be kept low to keep from overheating the drill bit tip. Cutting fluid should be used for heat dissipation. The downward pressure must be kept low to keep from bending and snapping the drill bit.

I used a milling machine to do the drilling. I used a notched bench vise to hold the hex quick link collar. I used a No. 50 diameter Ultra-Tool series 570 single-fluted TN coated carbide drill bit, Part No. 57150. This is available from McMaster-Carr as Stock No. 8882A693. This bit makes drilling stainless steel easy. I used a 300-rpm rotation rate. I kept the feed pressure just heavy enough to let the drill bit advance at the rate at which it wanted to go. I used generic shop cutting fluid. A No. 50 diameter drill bit makes a 0.070-inch-diameter hole, which is the proper hole size for AN381-2-8 cotter pins.
Clyde Cable was one of those larger-than-life characters whom legends are made of. When I showed up to my first contest, Clyde was the chief judge. Though he was the nicest guy in the world, there was absolutely no doubt who was in charge, that he knew exactly what he was doing, and that woe would be unto anyone foolish enough to do anything off-program on his watch. And, if you wanted to learn about how to be a safe, winning pilot, all you had to do was observe Clyde’s decision-making process and work ethic.

Clyde was born into an aviation family in 1928 in Waterloo, Iowa. Thanks to his father, he immediately became, up to then, the youngest person to fly in an airplane in Iowa. Clyde’s first job in aviation came as an A&P working for his uncle at Cable Airport in Southern California. He moved on to Douglas Aircraft before joining United Airlines in 1951, flying for the company for 37 years before retiring in 1987. Over the years, if it had wings and a United paint job, Clyde probably flew it.

Clyde joined the IAC in 1982, and throughout the next 31 years he was a champion competitor, national judge, chief judge, judge school instructor, contest director, and IAC director.

In 2011 Clyde was enshrined in the Iowa Aviation Hall of Fame. He and his father, John Wesley Cable, are the only father and son in the hall of fame.

Clyde was one of those people who was so rock solid, you figured he would always be around. He would not really die; he would just fly off into the sunset when he was so old that no one would really know exactly how old he was. Thus, it came as a shock to everyone who knew him when he died of heart failure while out for a walk in early August. Like so much of his life, his death was a no-nonsense affair.

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-In Memory of Clyde Cable

Clyde at Bob Freeman’s retirement party this spring. He was slim and in good shape. Not seeing him in years, I enthusiastically shook his hand. It was a strong handshake with no flabbiness. I said, “Clyde, you are in good shape!” He did his characteristic palms-up shoulder shrug and gave a look that said, “I just don’t know.”

Many years ago I asked him, when grading a loop, how does an aerobatic judge decide how much misshapenness is a 7 and how much is a 6? He did his palms-up shoulder shrug and gave his look. Clyde taught the aerobatic judge school for many years. He taught us all by explaining the rules, giving examples, and asking us to form a consensus on a grade. When asked questions that were not in the rule book, he did his palms-up shoulder shrug and gave his look. I came to understand he was saying, “That is your responsibility.”

Clyde was a great teacher, but he did not follow the format of explain, demonstrate, then critique the student. For Clyde, the student had the responsibility to analyze the rules, observe expert judges, and form an independent judgment. Clyde would motivate based on the level of a judge’s skill. One year at a contest awards ceremony he asked by name each of the contest judges to come up for the judge’s award. He gave each of us a 3-foot white cane with a red tip. I was thinking, “I am not that blind that I need a blind person’s cane to walk.” I was thinking, “Who, me? Blind?”

Clyde flew Advanced, and then in later years, he flew Intermediate. On one Intermediate Free flight, he ended with a 90-degree turn so he ended flying away from the judges. He turned at a 90-degree bank angle, then rolled out on heading, did a brisk wing wag, and turned 90 degrees to enter downwind and landed. While the judges were walking back, I was asked, “Did Clyde end the flight inverted?” What? Inverted? Am I blind? Yes, me. I am blind. Clyde cared for aerobatic flying, judging, and people. He was motivated to improve each. His motivations showed us how much we care, and without Clyde I might never have known.

-Mike Forney, IAC 8781

Clyde’s passing was certainly unexpected. I have a great respect for the qualities that Clyde led his life by. He was a great mentor, willing to share his experiences in a courteous and caring manner. He would tell you if he thought you were off base and why. He was always concerned about the safety of the people around him and contributed tirelessly to the aerobat-
ic community, which is how I first met him.

Clyde visited Chapter 67 in the Northwest for a contest at Ephrata, Washington, one year when he was an IAC regional board representative. I remember being impressed that this guy would come all the way to Washington to see what this chapter in the corner of the United States was doing.

After I moved to Colorado and met my wife, Gale, I feel very fortunate to have had the opportunity to spend time with Clyde and Jinny. They have certainly become family to us. We will miss him greatly.

—Phil Deturck, IAC 10046

**My husband, Mike, and I had the pleasure** of meeting Clyde at our first contest in Calhan, Colorado. I believe it was the summer of 1987, and it became dubbed “The Clyde and Gerry (Zimmerman) Show.” We were flying a 150-hp Citabria; I had just gotten my certificate a few months earlier. We had an agreement that if he won, I’d get to fly the Citabria home and he’d drive the Volvo. Ha! Thanks to Clyde’s coaching, Mike took first place in Sportsman (it was a small contest). I beat him back to Fort Collins!

That was the beginning of a long, close relationship. Clyde always called me “daughter.” I was an extremely conservative pilot in those days, not at all fond of unusual attitudes. Even steep turns and stalls terrified me. As the years progressed and Mike advanced into a Pitts S-1S and Intermediate, I had to get my tricycle check-out and deal with rental Cessnas. Clyde was always encouraging and positive (in true Clyde Cable fashion).

Once in St. Francis, Clyde blessed me by being my passenger in my 1939 Luscombe. We went around the patch a couple times. He sat in that tiny cockpit, all folded up, arms crossed. As we came around to final, I caught him nodding his head in approval. Wow! I truly felt as if I’d graduated into a special club.

Eventually Mike bought me a clipped-wing Cub, previously owned by Gerry Zimmerman and Jeff Puckett. I took more spin training (white knuckles). I even did loops and rolls under the tutelage of Joe Fonfara, and I entered the contest arena in Basic.

With Clyde’s blessings and encouragement, Mike bought me a 2005 Super D. One evening at dinner after a day of competition (was it Lawrence or St. Francis, Kansas?), the waitress asked what we were all doing there. Clyde told her we were aerobatic pilots, hanging out at the local airport. And he looked at me with his sly proud grin, and proclaimed that I, too, flew aerobatics. That was always one of his favorite stories, and he told it many, many times to anyone who’d listen.

We all have many stories and memories of our dear friend and mentor, Clyde Cable. He left his mark on our hearts and on our flying successes.

Rest in peace, my friend. You deserve it.

—Rosalind Jones, IAC 17315
Are You Really Safe?

**Are you really safe?** Or are you just kidding yourself? The third-class medical issue has been a major concern for pilots, and now we can all breathe a sigh of relief for all the hard work that has been done to reform that. We all know that each year we have to get an annual on our aircraft and must keep up with service bulletins, but how many of you actually take a close look at your other safety equipment — in this case, your parachute?

You may think wearing a parachute is an unnecessary evil, so you only put it on because you have to. You may think you are never going to need to use it or find out if it really works, so why worry about it? Just because the harness and container are dirty and look faded because you left them in the sun for hours on end is no reason to worry. Besides my rigger said, “The recommended 20-year service life by manufacturers is not the law, and my parachute rigger can tell if it’s airworthy.” *Don’t worry, be happy!*

If that’s your thinking and practice, have I got news for you. The weaknesses caused by UV, in particular, to your parachute canopy are impossible to see with the naked eye. Don’t forget the harness webbing is affected also. When I was chairman of the Parachute Industry Association’s (PIA) Rigging Committee, we had quite a few heated discussions on the topic of UV damage and the life expectancy of parachutes. After the smoke had cleared and the evidence was reviewed, the parachute industry felt that a 20-year service life was a very good idea, and that’s what the Technical and Rigging committees recommended be adopted by the general membership and the Executive Committee of PIA. That was more than 10 years ago, if my math is correct, and it was a good decision. However, there are many people today who still feel this standard is a plot by the manufacturers to keep you buying new equipment. Twenty years is a long time to keep any piece of equipment in service, even if it’s a piece of equipment you hope you never have to use. Tell that to the people who didn’t feel there was a need to put more lifeboats on the Titanic, or to those pilots who didn’t have enough altitude below them when it hit the fan or iceberg.

What I would like to see each of you do is to be proactive and contact the manufacturer, or a rigger the manufacturer recommends, and have your parachute thoroughly inspected. Who better knows your life preserver — eh — your parachute? I don’t mean this should be done at every repack. If you have an older parachute showing wear and tear — that is, say, 10-plus years old and it has been in service, quietly waiting to save your life — having it inspected is a good idea. Doing so gives the manufacturer an opportunity to make sure any updates have been complied with and your parachute is truly airworthy. It can also give you peace of mind to know that your rigger is doing a fine job.

In my last column I discussed how a parachute is...
tested and I purposely tried to keep it simple. Later I was reminded by one of the manufacturers of pilot emergency parachutes that there are many categories for testing parachutes.

Manly Butler, from Butler Parachute Systems, wrote me an e-mail reminding me that all parachutes are not created equal, and he is correct. For those of you who are interested in finding out more about the various categories for which manufacturers can have their parachutes certified, I suggest you go to each manufacturer’s website. They have a lot of useful information. For example the requirements for which most parachutes are tested fall under TSO C23(b), (c), or (d). TSO stands for technical standard order, and they are the standards issued by the FAA. The requirements for each TSO vary depending on what the manufacturer is trying to achieve for its product. Some TSO certification tests may require higher test-drop speeds and more weight.

If you are one of the techno geeks interested in all the fine details, I urge you to look them up. For example, on Butler Parachute’s home page, you can click on “Technical Data and Publications” to review the information. Other manufacturers have similar pages on their websites.

When you’re purchasing a parachute, these standards can be very helpful in choosing the correct parachute. For instance, do you really need a parachute designed for an ejection seat or a very high-speed aircraft when you’re flying a glider or an aerobatic aircraft that’s not flying at Mach 1? Typically those parachutes are costlier, but are they any safer for your needs?

The chart at left shows you how fast you’ll slow down if you ever have to bail out. You’ll slow to a safe opening speed, in most cases, within two seconds. The only difference between bailing out at 400 knots or 150 knots are the effects upon your body. Will all your body parts be where they should be, and will most of your clothes remain on you? Remember to wear clean underwear.

Personally, I would rather put the extra money I would save buying the right parachute for my needs into another tow for my glider or more fuel. Remember that the placards on every parachute tell you what it is rated at, and that they all have a significant built-in safety factor far exceeding those on the placard. Remember: Bigger is not always better.

With the proper equipment and enough altitude below, you’ll live to fly another day. In case you didn’t know ... above ground level is much more important than mean sea level when making a parachute jump. Please remember to practice, practice, practice your emergency procedures before and after each flight.

The decision to fly safely begins long before you strap into your aircraft.
GD: Chris, give us a little background on how you became interested in competition aerobatics.
CL: I’ve been interested in aerobatics nearly my whole life. It just took me a while to make it a reality. I did not come from what most people would consider an aviation family, but my dad worked on aircraft when he was in the Air Force, and he was a big aviation enthusiast. He took me to air shows as a kid, and I was fascinated by everything that I saw. I started flying when I was in college and worked at a small airport near Lansing, Michigan. After several years off for law school and starting my career, I started flying again with the goal of getting into aerobatics. After my first ride in a Pitts early last year, I knew this was what I wanted to do. I bought my own S-1S last August.

GD: Your Pitts has somewhat of a historical significance; tell us about it.
CL: Yes, Patty Wagstaff previously owned my plane, and she flew it in Unlimited at the 1985 Nationals, where she made the U.S. Aerobatic Team. Harold Chappell was also a previous owner. It has seriously good mojo.

GD: Where/when was your first contest, and what were your impressions?
CL: My first contest was last year in Sterling, Colorado. I had just started flying with my instructor/coach Dagmar Kress in her S-2C. I flew Primary with Dagmar as my safety pilot. The experience was amazing and a great learning experience. It was a bit intimidating arriving at a contest as a newbie, but I quickly found that everyone was encouraging and welcoming. The best part of competing is the opportunity to meet so many great people who all share the same passion and who are extremely supportive of each other. I’ve made some great friends.

GD: Being from Denver, does the altitude affect the way you fly in competition? Are breaks the norm for your category in the thin air up here?
CL: The thin air can be challenging, especially when it’s hot, but it’s really all I know. Lots of people get through a Sportsman sequence without a break around here, but I recently took advantage of a “free” break where the floor of the box was about 8,100 feet MSL. There were a few jokes about staying out of Class A airspace. I’m looking forward to seeing what acro is like at sea level.

GD: I know you are an attorney. What area do you specialize in, and how long have you been in this profession?
CL: My practice is primarily business litigation. I do everything from contract disputes to oil field accidents. Aviation law is also an area of specialization, and I work with a lot of aviation-related companies. I really enjoy working with people in the aviation industry, and I feel like my clients value working with someone who understands their business. I’ve been practicing law for 10 years.

GD: Do you think spin training should be a requirement and logbook endorsement before entering competition aerobatics?
CL: Yes, if a pilot is flying without a qualified instructor as a safety pilot, he or she should have spin training. High safety standards are critical. I’ve also recommended spin training to many of my pilot friends who do not fly aerobatics.
GD: Have you taken any spin training, and if so, from whom?
CL: Yes, I did spin training with Dagmar Kress as part of my transition to my Pitts. She is a fantastic instructor and mentor.

GD: What are your ambitions in aerobatics?
CL: I aspire to compete at the highest level possible. In the short term, I’d like to work my way up to Intermediate within a year.

GD: Do you have any other interests outside of aviation?
CL: Yes, mostly spending time with my wife and family. My wife and I are both very active and enjoy a lot of outdoor activities together. We put in as many days snowboarding/skiing as possible as well as mountain biking, backpacking, and trail running. Dealing with high density altitude in Colorado is a fair trade for having the mountains outside our back door.

GD: Will we see you at the Nationals this year? WAC?
CL: Hopefully. I’m working on my hall pass right now. Who would have thought that my ability to install flooring would have any relationship to flying aerobatics?
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