



300—11465 Baynes Road, Pitt Meadows, BC V3Y 2B4

**SPRING has SPRUNG at the AEROCLUB**

We are well into Spring 2007. Easter bunnies, Easter eggs and screaming kids heralded our Fuel Sale day on April 8th, Easter Sunday. It was a fantastic day.

*Bellissima!!*

We had a great turn out of kids dressed in their Easter best, joining the Easter egg hunt. Melissa gathered the most eggs and walked away with top prize. Our big green bunny rabbit. Thanks to all the parents too.



**Inside this issue:**

Molly's Corner 2  
 Easter eggs hunt 2  
 Clubhouse news 2  
 Member's meow 3  
 President's message 3  
 Aviation joke 4  
 Airport day poster 5  
 F-14 Tomcat story Pages 6,7, & 8  
 You will love this one !

Surprise fuel sale !!



Wings over Canada's producer, John Love-lance, posed with Donna, Jim, Erissa and Wendy in front of the Aeroclub Fuel pump on Easter Sunday. We gave him a warm welcoming mat and sold him lots of 100LL and he in turn said he would publish our fuel sale on his website: [www.ATVproductions.ca](http://www.ATVproductions.ca)

**\*Aeroclub Executives for 2007**

- President: Jim Zeilstra
- Vice President: Don Hague
- Secretary: Donna McIntosh
- Treasurer: Ron Johnson
- Archives: Peter Olivieri
- Newsletter: Erissa Yong
- Membership: Rene Keller
- Education: Chris Georgas
- Clubhouse: John Grindon
- Entertainment: Molly Galbraith



**Molly's Corner** (Molly is a life-time member)

Molly would appreciate a visit while she is recuperating in the Eagle Ridge Hospital from a broken hip.

Our members Peter Olivieri and Wilf Chernesky visited with her this week and she is in good spirits.

She would like to hear from you. Molly has her cell phone with her and the number is 778-772-3243.

We wish her a speedy recovery!!



**Happy Easter greetings from a happy aviator and his family ( The Missori's)**



**More Easter egg hunt photos ...**



*Wilf Chernesky* swooped in with an Easter carrot cake which he baked all night with the Easter Bunny !!  
(so he said... LOL)!!

Thanks Wilf, for coming and reminding us all about the spirit of Easter. Wilf attended Easter service at the local church and arrived at the club house in high spirit (pun intended) singing the song: "Jesus Christ Has Risen Today ... Ahhhhalauia"

The cake was delicious too and all the kids, young and old, enjoyed it after a great hotdog lunch prepared by Jim our Prezz !!



## Member's Meow:

**Y**ou have not seen smiles like this for a long time I BET !!

John & Muryl Podmerow, proud owners of their new Murphy Elite (C-GJAI) posed with elation !!

This is what John said: "I have admired GJAI since I saw it in 2002 at CYCW. I had an opportunity to ride with Jim Jeffery, the owner in Feb. 2006, and was suitably impressed. I discussed price with him in March 2007, and got a tailwheel checkout. It has been many moons since tail time for me. We signed the deal after I checked out the insurance and documentation. Am off to do more tail time before solo which should be soon and hope for many happy flight years to come. Blue skies !!"



John and Muryl Podmerow with Murphy C-GJAI

## Message from the President:

Please continue to support our fuel sale.

Last chance to attend the Nav Canada Better Practises information session for pilots operating in the complex and congested airspace in Southern BC.

To date, a few of our members have attended sessions in Richmond and Pitt Meadows. Nav Canada has produced a great CD on the subject.

Next session will be held in Abbotsford on May 4 and May 5. Check out the [www.navcanada.ca](http://www.navcanada.ca) website for more information.

Take time as conscientious pilots to read the Transport Canada Aviation Safety Letter

Jim Zeilstra



We are on the web.  
AeroclubBC.com



### Aviation joke of the month

**We are located at the south side of the Terminal and we have avgas 100 LL at the fuel pump at a competitive price.**

A man looked at the menu at the airport restaurant, and saw that the sandwiches and hamburgers, (you know, the ones for which we fly all over to pay \$100) were named after planes. "I'll have a jumbo-jet," he said. When the order arrived, he was disappointed to see how small his burger was, but he ate it anyways. He called his waiter over, "Was that *the jumbo-jet*?" he asked. "Yeah," the waiter answered. "went pretty fast, didn't it".

If you have any good clean jokes please email them to the editor for publication. If they are not clean we will have to sanitize them first, and John Grindon, our building director is too busy with his janitorial details at the clubhouse to sanitize them for you.



Phone: 604-880-8683  
Fax: 604-469-4984  
(Erissa) or contact Jim:  
E-mail:  
James\_Zeilstra@telus.net

### Fuel sale and Hotdog day

is the 2nd Sunday of each month.

**WHOOAH !!! Sizzles.....**



### Another fuel sale !

Donna and Erissa checking out this Hot machine belonging to a pilot from Langley. He calls it his "alley cat" ... it's a Grumman Yankee, I was told.

( PSSST ... Hey, checkout that couple walking behind us....!! Told you Wings over Canada's John Lovelance was here !!)

See you next fuel sale day. You must plan to attend. You never know who and what might turn up to: "Stunt the chum!!"



**2007 Airport day reminder: Here is the Aeroclub's poster for the occasion:**

## PITT MEADOWS REGIONAL AIRPORT DAY AUGUST 11 & 12, 2007 RAIN OR SHINE!

**AUGUST 11**

- Fly in and Camp under the Wing
- No Parking or Landing Fees
- 100 LL Fuel Discount
- Light Lunch for Participants (free)
- Trophies - Tiger Moth, Aircraft & Pilots
- Free Cap & T-Shirt for the Pilots
- Pool Tournament
- Pot Luck Dinner at the Club House at 18:00 Hrs. (Free for Fly-in Guests)
- Hangar Dance with the Bruce James Orchestra at 20:00 hours (only \$17.50)

**AUGUST 12**  
Starting at 08:00 Hrs.

- Runway (Marathon with prizes)
- Gliding Activities
- Sky Diving ● Heritage Aircraft
- Dynamic & Static Displays
- Ultra Light Aircraft ● Air Cadets
- Canadian Museum of Flight
- Fire & Police ● CASARA (Search & Rescue)
- Young Eagles Free Flights for Kids
- Model Flying Club

Theme of the Year: Tiger Moth

**REGISTRATION:**

[www.AeroClubofBC.ca](http://www.AeroClubofBC.ca)  
Peter Olivieri 604-465-8817

Concessions & Restaurant  
OPEN all day

92nd Anniversary - Aero Club of BC

## F-14 Tomcat

Below is an article written by Rick Reilly of *Sports Illustrated magazine*. He details his experiences when he was given the opportunity to fly in a F-14 Tomcat.

If you aren't laughing out loud by the time you get to "Milk Duds" ..... then your sense of humor is seriously broken. ...

"Now this message is for America's most famous athletes:

Someday you may be invited to fly in the back-seat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have. John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you ..... with the greatest sincerity ...

Move to Guam.

Change your name.

Fake your own death!

Whatever you do ... Do Not Go!!!

I know.

The U.S. Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped.

I was toast! I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach.

Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about six-foot, tan, ice-blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger-crippling handshake — the kind of man who wrestles dyspeptic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this man, run the other way.

Fast.

Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ("T-minus 15 seconds and counting." Remember?)

Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, "We have a liftoff."

Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie. I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning.

"Bananas," he said.

"For the potassium?" I asked.

"No," Biff said, "because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down."

The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the left breast. (No call sign -- like Crash or Sticky or Lead foot ... But, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed. If ever in my life I had a chance to nail Nicole Kidman, this was it.

A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would "egress" me out of the plane at such a velocity that I would be immediately knocked unconscious.

Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14.

Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80. It was like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell.

Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, snap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and it chased us.

We broke the speed of sound. Sea was sky and sky was sea. Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G force of 6.5,

which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie.

And I egressed the bananas.

And I egressed the pizza from the night before.

And the lunch before that.

I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade.

I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of the G's, I was egressing stuff that never thought it would be egressed.

I went through not one airsick bag, but two.

Biff said I passed out. Twice. I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down.

I used to know 'cool.' Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know 'cool.' Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast-iron stomachs and freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does every day, and for less a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand.

A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Two Bags."