

"CF-IVO" and pilot, who is a chaplain at RCAF Station, Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada

Photo by Leo Kohn



The Saga of CF-IVO

By Rev. John W. MacGillivray
EAA No. 3974

The idea of attending EAA's annual Fly-In at Rockford, Ill. in the Tiger Moth started as a big joke, and was good for many a laugh whenever the topic came up over a coffee break at the station hospital and control tower. The longest hop I'd made in the Moth before the Fly-In was about 100 miles, and I still can't land the beast properly.

The idea seemed a little less ridiculous as maps were accumulated, proposed stops pin-pointed, bearings and distances plotted, fuel consumption and range calculated, all with the sham seriousness of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. As the time of annual leave drew near it became increasingly difficult to lay aside the silly idea and decide on a sensible way to spend vacation time. A week before my leave was to start I still had no idea how I was going to spend it, but a large brown envelope containing a complete set of maps with the most direct route to Rockford and return, a little black note book and a computer kept following me around like a stray puppy. Any serious query about the trip was of course passed off as being too weird to even consider.

The first weekend of my leave, August 1, saw the Moth heading from Summerside to Moncton, where

I spent the weekend with my brother Donald and his wife. On Monday morning it seemed quite natural to fly over to Fredericton, 91 miles west, on a little navigation trip just for experience, with the big brown envelope tucked away in the baggage compartment behind the rear seat just for laughs. If the weather, customs or the engine objected and we returned to Moncton the next day, no one would be the wiser.

The day was beautiful and the Tiger purred like a kitten as strange landmarks that seemed like old friends passed under the wings and disappeared astern. Somewhere over the lush green carpet of forest and silver blue lakes of New Brunswick the idea tied up with the big brown envelope escaped and caution drifted off astern with the passing check points. The Moth was refuelled and soon was touching down at Houlton, Me., for customs. Before long a far-away wisp of smoke from the pulp-mill at Millinocket beckoned from the foothills of the mountains of northern Maine. The insane trip to Rockford was on!

From Millinocket to Lac Megantic on the Quebec border the red line on the map led 105 miles through towering green-purple peaks, and lakes of every size and shape. The

Moth moved at a slow pace through the long dusky cathedral of clouds and through the slanting rays of the sun to the sanctuary of Lac Megantic with its little white stucco building and angular green strip. More customs, another load of gas and CF-IVO was climbing bravely due west once again. The mountains were giving way to rolling hills and level, well-cultivated plains, broken by an occasional pyramid. After the solitude of the previous hours the town of St. John's, Quebec, with its streets, bridges, cars and people was like returning to another world.

The chaplains at St. Johns extended such a cordial welcome that the trip almost ended there. However, the next morning saw the Moth like a tired fly, slowly crawling along the red line on map number two, over the checkerboard of fields to Massena at the top of New York state. After a brief stop for customs and fuel, we were gliding up the south bank of the St. Lawrence seaway past power stations, locks, bridges and tiny ships with their pale green wakes. As the mighty river enlarged to become Lake Ontario, scores of pleasure boats could be seen plying their way among the beautiful Thousand Islands.

continued on page 18

From The Manager Of Greater Rockford Airport

Mr. Paul H. Poberezny, President
Experimental Aircraft Association
9711 West Forest Park Drive
Hales Corners, Wisconsin

Dear Paul:

Congratulations on a safe and successful EAA annual meeting and show. I am sorry that I did not have more time personally to spend getting acquainted with members of your fine organization. It was indeed a pleasure to me to watch how the members of your organization conducted themselves. I have had nothing but good reports from my supervisors, my police department, and the FAA traffic controllers.

I would like, at this time, to thank your group for the beautiful plaque presented to me in appreciation of my efforts during the event. You may rest assured that this will hold a prominent place on the wall of my office where all visitors may see it.

There were several areas in which I see an opportunity for improvement by our own staff if future events are held at the Greater Rockford Airport. We feel that the Greater Rockford Airport is a fine facility and without the support and backing of a fine Board of Commissioners, I would be unable to provide these facilities for use by all phases of aviation.

One thing I would like to mention that I was a little disappointed in was the apparent misunderstanding in regard to tie down fees. It was not the intention of the airport management that persons desiring to visit the show for a short time, and not desiring to have their aircraft tied down, be charged a fee for parking on the airport. I feel that a tie down fee is well in line if the aircraft owner does not have tie down equipment of his own and wishes to stay overnight. I feel that at a meeting of

this type it is perfectly reasonable that anyone furnishing tie down equipment should be reimbursed for his efforts. We, of the Greater Rockford Airport Authority management, have made an honest attempt to provide facilities for all phases of aviation at minimum costs and hope to continue along these same lines. If any members of your association feels that they were unjustly charged, I would welcome correspondence with them on this matter.

I would like, at this time, to extend to your organization an invitation to return to Rockford for next year's event. By the time next year's event takes place, there will be at least one large motel, complete with banquet rooms and conference rooms, in close proximity to the airport, and I hope a modern motel on the airport property itself. Our new ILS will be in operation, our instrument runway will, by that time, be extended to 6,000 feet, and I am hoping to have improvements made in the camp site area, our own personnel will be better qualified to park and direct ground traffic, and perhaps I will have more time to spend on the association efforts than I have had during the past season.

It is our hope that everyone who visited Rockford and the Greater Rockford Airport left with a favorable impression.

I would like at an early date, an opportunity to discuss next year's event with officers of your association so that we may immediately start planning for a better and smoother convention and fly-in.

Sincerely yours
R. P. SELFRIDGE
Airport Manager
Accredited Airport Executive

RPS:bcd

"CF-IVO" . . .

Continued from page 17

Haze and low clouds seemed to block the way, as Kingston, the city of limestone buildings and army tradition, came into view. The old Moth seemed to put her head down and break into a gallop to get there before a black purple shower coming up from the south.

The army chaplain at Kingston had a tired guest from Tuesday evening til Thursday morning, when the weather improved sufficiently for the trip to continue down the lake shore past Trenton to Oshawa. The airport there was a welcome sight with its huge red fluorescent arrow for a windsock, some old fortresses, cannons and a sister ship of the Moth still in its yellow war paint. Half hidden in the back of the hangar was a Baby Ace almost completed.

Dinner time saw the Moth skirting the imposing city of Toronto with its tall buildings to land at Toronto Island airport. The scads of floatplanes in the lagoon along the waterfront left no doubt about the wind direction. A hazy trip of 99 miles to London, Ontario, proved that he who follows big dual high-

ways with a false sense of security becomes mightily confused when they come to a dead stop in the middle of a field.

From London to St. Clair County airport just south of Port Huron, Mich., was even hazier but the island in the river was a good landmark. This was the seventh contact with customs and all were courteous and helpful with very little formality. Flying through the haze, complicated by a setting sun dead ahead, is a good way to get ulcers, but the red line through the lake of Michigan was not too hard to follow. From 2000 ft. the speed boats and water skiers looked like beetles on the cottage-bordered lake. The runways at Jackson were a welcome sight — a few bounces and Rockford was within shooting distance on the morrow. Charlie Walcott helped me tie down the Moth and then took me for a ride over Jackson in his Swift as day turned into night.

On Friday it poured rain all day and Father Desmond at Queens Rectory had a very restless and frustrated Air Force chaplain as a guest. Saturday morning the weather was still below VFR and the Fly-In was now half-over. At the airport I

met Joe Callaghan and his wife from Detroit, who were also on their way to Rockford in their Piper J-3. We decided to go on together as the weather improved. At about 9:45 a.m. the Moth and the Cub taxied out, took off together, but soon parted company in the haze. The ever present red line on the map went straight to Elkhart, Ind., and then skirted South Bend to La Porte. Unfortunately the Moth didn't. However a little backtracking from Westville soon located the elusive strip and we compared notes as the two planes were being refuelled.

Round about then the bottom fell out and the roof fell in! The jovial manager-mechanic in the cellophane derby who runs La Porte airport discovered an exhaust stud in the bottom of the cowling. After traveling for a week, it looked as if the trip to Rockford was coming to a grinding halt just one stop away. The offending stud was put back in the hole and the trip continued to Joliet, Ill., through the haze, via the iron compass.

The 14th and the last leg of the trip was completed without further

Continued on page 19

EAA'S DESIGN COMPETITION AT THE 1959 FLY-IN

By Harry Zeisloft, Chairman

Included in the program of meetings and technical forums at this Fly-In was a design contest meeting scheduled on Saturday, August 8, 1959. Material prepared for this meeting included a summary of the activity which Headquarters is acquainted with up to this date.

We were pleased to renew acquaintances with Carl Buecker of Fort Wayne and Bill Wolleat of Cedar Rapids. Carl registered in the competition in January, 1958 and brought along some photographs showing his progress. Bill also had progress to report and it was apparent that the contest is going to develop some rather interesting aircraft.

Needless to say, time is flying by. We anticipate telling you in an early issue of SPORT AVIATION

what our final scheduling plans must be to complete your entries and initiate the judging. If you don't foresee the possibility of test flights by early next Spring, it is time to reorganize your efforts and step things up while there is still a possibility of meeting the dates. Remember that Rule 7 spells out that the aircraft must not only have been completed structurally, but it must have flown and logged at least 50 hours of flying time. If your flying time is dependent upon changeable winter weather and you are only able to find time on weekends, you had better carefully evaluate your own problem in building up the required 50 hours.

The Design Contest Committee is currently engaged in selecting judges. We would appreciate hearing



EAA Photo by Randy Barnes

Design Contest display at the Fly-In.

from any of you and earnestly request that you send us your suggestions regarding well qualified and recognized people who might be in a position to serve as judges next summer.

Get 'Em Flying

"CF-IVO" . . .

continued from preceding page

incident, apart from getting slightly lost a few times. Rockford was somewhere up ahead in the haze. At last the pattern of railroads and highways south of the city was unmistakable. The outline of runways appeared and the mass of airplanes covering the field announced the end of the long red line from Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

When Columbus discovered America he must have been elated, but if he had seen a picture of his goal in SPORT AVIATION and recognized his destination, he would have felt like yours truly as the last of the many maps was cast aside and the Moth joined the circuit with a bunch of Baby Aces. Everything was working out just as the magazine said. A "Follow Me" jeep led us past a huge crowd, 99% of whom seemed to be taking pictures. After parking No. 61 in a long line of homebuilts and antiques, the reception committee from St. Rita's high school in a very official looking black car drove back along the line-up of planes to the registration tent, with the popeyed passenger in the back seat feeling for all the world like King Farouk. After the formalities, Marty and Ruth Haedtler treated me as if I was the only visitor on the field.

The rest of the day was spent taking pictures, visiting the line-up of planes and static displays, meeting Paul Poberezny, Steve Wittman, Bob Blacker, George Hardie, Keith Hopkinson, Don Simmons and more swell people than I can remember. After the banquet the exhaust stud was fixed in less time than it takes to tell. Marty and Ruth drove me to St. Pat's where Father Regan put me up for the night (and put me to work on Sunday). The day's activities included a trip around the circuit in the Moth along with the other planes being demonstrated for the crowd. Late Sunday afternoon as people began to fly home in droves, the long trip back East began to loom like a thunderhead on the horizon.

The return trip was anti-climax after Rockford. Monday saw more poor flying weather as Rockford, Joliet, Elkhart, Jackson, St. Clair County, Sarnia and London passed into the log books. Tuesday morning saw us to Toronto. A short hop over the city from Island airport to RCAF Downsview brought the old Moth over the DeHavilland plant where it first saw the light of day. I thought back to 1942 when it had first emerged from the workshops and taken to the air for the first time over this same bit of real estate.

After dinner with Father Thomas, Station Chaplain, (RC), and a little

visit to the plant, the trip continued to Oshawa, Picton and RCAF Trenton, Ontario. Wednesday saw the Moth retracing her steps on down the seaway and eastward to the Maritimes once more, with stops at Gananoque, St. Johns, Lac Megantic and non-stop 210 miles to Fredericton, New Brunswick. Darkness was falling that same day as Moncton came into view, and we were back where the trip had really started twelve days, 30 stops, 39 flying hours and 2800 miles ago. With a week's leave still left, we headed for New Glasgow, Nova Scotia the next morning, where the folks were waiting at the airport and the Moth was tied down for a good rest. CF-IVO finally landed back at RCAF Summerside the following Wednesday.

Looking back, there were many frustrations and anxious moments, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was a really marvellous experience that will be remembered even when what happened on First Solo has long been forgotten. Some people will tell you that anything with 32 legs must be a monster, but to me it means a marvellous adventure long to be remembered. I would like to thank all the wonderful people I met on this trip for their kindness and assistance. I am looking forward to meeting them all again next year.