

EAA MILE HIGH CHAPTER



PRESIDENT
KIRBY WHITE
423-5134

VICE PRESIDENT
KEN LYSEK
457-9769

SECRETARY
KIRBY WHITE
423-5134

TREASURER
ROY MANEELY
371-3370

NEWSLETTER
KIRBY WHITE
423-5134

VOLUME 14, ISSUE 10, OCTOBER, 1991

THIS MONTH'S MEETING: The meeting this month will be held on Saturday, October 12, 1991 at 7:30 P.M. in the downstairs room on the Southeast corner of the large white building (B-8) which is located to the Southeast of the control tower at Jefferson County Airport. This is where the Deli is. The main part of the business meeting will be the annual election of officers and volunteers. All officer and volunteer positions are up for re-election, so any member is free to volunteer or nominate from the floor if the candidate has given advance permission to be nominated. There will be a number of changes taking place for next year. The program will be a selection of videotapes from which to choose. The new owner of The Deli has offered to stay open on our meeting night from 5:00 P.M. until 7:00 P.M. in case any of us would like to come a little early and eat before the meeting.

THIS MONTH'S CAFE 43: The Fly-Out this month (note the new name) will be to The Goodland, Kansas Airport for lunch on Saturday, October 19, 1991. This is the Saturday after our normal second Saturday meeting. We will meet at The Goodland, Kansas Airport at 11:00 A.M. Ken Lysek is coordinating the monthly CAFE 43 (which stands for Culinary And Flying Expedition), so contact him at 457-9769 if you have any questions or have an extra seat to offer or are in need of a ride.

LAST MONTH'S CAFE 43: No one called to let me know whether they had flown to Buena Vista for lunch. If anyone went, I hope they had a good time.

LAST MONTH'S MEETING: With 55 members and guests in attendance, the meeting of September 14, 1991 was called to order at 7:45 P.M. by President Kirby White in Building B-8 at Jeffco Airport. The minutes of the August meeting were approved as published in the Newsletter.

Guests: Guests present were Ed McBride of Morrison and Shane Thompson of Aurora.

Old Business: There was no old business to discuss.

CAFE 43: Ken Lysek reminded everyone to meet at The Buena Vista Airport on the following Sunday, September 15, 1991, for lunch. Ken asked for suggestions on the CAFE 43 location for October. Several ideas were mentioned, and it was decided to fly to The Goodland, Kansas Airport for lunch. No bad weather alternate location was decided on for October.

New Business: Steve Estergreen stood and talked about some of the things he had been reading recently, and the discrepancies that he has found in them. He said that he never could figure out how Dave Blanton arrives at the horsepower calculations for his Ford engine conversions. He also noticed some errors in a motorglider article in The Experimenter which was converting Metric and American measurements

New Business cont: incorrectly. Steve said to be very careful and sceptical when reading various articles because safety can be influenced by them. Doug Bloomberg announced that Bill Amos and Larry Vetterman were planning an all-day aircraft building technique training session on September 28, 1991. One of the items in the plan was non-structural fiberglass molding.

Gene's Corner: Gene Horsman was not at the meeting, so he was unable to fill us in on current aviation happenings.

Progress Reports: Chuck Graf brought in a completed left flap from the RV-6 that he is building for everyone to look at. He also said that his left wing will be finished very soon. Mas Yoshida announced that his RV-6 fuselage is out of the jig and is turned over. Brad Davenport let everyone know that he had mounted a 300 HP engine on the second Alexander Eaglerock that he is rebuilding. He is about one month from covering the airplane.

A&P: The business portion of the meeting adjourned for coffee at 8:05 P.M. After the break, Jim Thompson showed slides of Oshkosh, Seaplanes in flight, The RV Fly-In, and various pictures he has taken this past summer. Everyone thanked Jim for putting the slides together and showing them on short notice.

MARKETPLACE: For Sale: U.S. Flags, Right and left, Ultraviolet stable, Vinyl adhesive backside, 9"x16" are \$9.50 per pair, 12"x18" are \$12.50 per pair. Ron Espejo 666-8252

For Sale: Little Toot all metal biplane project, Fuselage and tail complete, Cessna gear, Needs wings and engine, Price negotiable. Glenn Nicholls 321-7532

For Sale: Pitts Special, Lycoming IO-320 with 21.6 hours on chrome major, Sensenich Model 74d M6-0-60, Christen inverted oil, Spring steel bungee on landing gear, 5" Cleveland wheels and brakes, Toe brakes, Wheel pants, Solid rubber Maule tail wheel, All metal fuselage, Wings and tail section covered with Stits -- fabric is riveted on with pop rivets, Symmetrical wings with full ailerons, Cockpit upholstered in white, Vinyl cockpit cover, Luggage area behind headrest, F-4 military stick grip, External power jack, Full instrument panel (no gyros), 360 channel comm radio, 9.0 gallon inverted fuel tank, 23.0 gallon total fuel capacity, Painted white with red and blue sunburst, Freshly packed parachute included, Tach time 21.9 total, Selling due to death from cancer of builder, Alice Sellers, 3525 McClaflyn Drive, Enid, Oklahoma, 73701, 405-237-7406

Wanted: Complete Lycoming O-360-A1A (or similar model) for RV-6, No propeller strikes, Dynofocal mount preferred, Price and condition negotiable. Mas Yoshida 421-2776

Wanted: Hangar space for 1959 Cessna 150, Would like to share with someone who has an opening, Jeffco preferred. Bob Campbell 425-1384

For Sale: Scott 6" and Maule 6" hard rubber tailwheels, Propeller extension for Lycoming O-235 -- O-320 engines, Telex MRB600 headset, Make offer on all. Mark Yelich 469-0557

For Sale: Continental A-65-8, running when removed, 2273 TT, 1189 SMOH, 575 STDH, tapered shaft complete with tapered shaft hub, \$1500.00; Fuel pump for C85/C90 series, \$50.00; Automotive style push/pull control, \$5.00; Three way fuel valve, can be locked to two way, \$10.00; Lunkenhiemer primer with lock, \$15.00; One pair 6:00 x 6 inner tubes, good condition, \$10.00. Gene Horsman 279-5782 after 6:00

AVIATION HAPPENINGS: October 18-19, 1991 Garage Sale of miscellaneous aviation items and a few minor instruments & gauges and household items. Cathy Sheeon, 13024 Julian Court, 469-6456

SIR FRANK WHITTLE'S PROPLESS MARVEL

"I saw an airplane come out from the hangars with no propeller! That fascinated me more than anything, as we were used to seeing airplanes with propellers. It took off, circled 'round whistlin', and disappeared into the clouds."

The laborer pouring concrete for a new landing strip at Cranwell RAF Base, England was only one of several persons who witnessed history being made. Seventeen minutes later, the plane successfully landed, still without props. It was a dream come true—the jet age had officially begun in England.

This story really starts thirteen years earlier in 1928 with a final thesis entitled "Future Developments in Aircraft Design." The author was a 21-year old Royal Air Force College cadet named Frank Whittle, the son of a mechanic/inventor. He theorized that jet thrust would result if compressed air were directed to a combustion chamber where the air and fuel were mixed, then ignited. The resulting hot gases would spin a turbine shell, venting exhaust gases backward, and propelling the aircraft forward. At the time huge, gas turbine engines were being used for industrial operations, but major changes in weight and efficiency would have to take place before they would be practical for aircraft propulsion. The main problem was finding materials that could withstand the high stresses and temperatures required for an efficient gas turbine.

Whittle proposed that such an engine would achieve speeds up to 500 mph at high altitude, but his theories were not taken too seriously. The current top aircraft speed was 150 mph, and 500 mph was science fiction.

While Whittle served as a flight instructor at the RAF's Central Flying School and later as a floatplane test pilot at Felixstowe, he continued to develop his ideas on turbojet engines in his spare time. His fellow pilots jokingly referred to his design as "Whittle's flaming touchhole." (A touchhole is an opening in early firearms and cannons through which powder is ignited.) However, by 1930 he obtained a patent. Getting anyone to listen to his ideas was still another matter. With the help of his flight school superiors he met with the Air Ministry, but they labeled the engine "impracticable" and were unwilling to give financial aid. His next assignment was to take an officer's engineering course at Cambridge University where he later took an honors degree in mechanical science.

In 1935 the £10 (\$22) renewal fee was due on his patent. As he was yet to convince anyone to build his design, Flight Lieutenant Whittle decided that he needed the money more for his growing family. However, two of Whittle's close and sympathetic friends took matters into their own hands and found financial backing for him. After renewing the lapsed patent, they formed Power Jets, Ltd., with Whittle acting as Chief Engineer and Technical Consultant over an initial five-year period. As he was still in the RAF, the Air Ministry granted permission for him to continue the project as long as he spent no more than six hours a week on it—a proviso he promptly ignored.

On April 12, 1937, the Whittle Unit (WU) was ready to be tested. The British Thompson-Houston Company built an engine according

to Whittle's design, and a new steel alloy, "stay blade," was developed for the turbine wheelblades and was expected to withstand the stress of turning at over 16,000 rpm. However, in the first two tests the engine went out of control and had to be shut down because of fuel problems before reaching 2,000 rpm. It would take another three years and many modifications before the WU survived the 16,000 rpm test run.

In the meantime Whittle was promoted to squadron leader, and the Air Ministry had become interested in the WU project, so much so that they financed rebuilding the WU twice, plus some other modifications. This government involvement would eventually cause the demise of the company. After the June 1939 test-bed demonstration of the jet engine the Air Ministry thought their money well-spent and commissioned the Gloster Aircraft Company to build an experimental aircraft to flight test the engine. The aircraft had to weigh at least 2,800 lbs. to carry the 623-lb. engine that would produce 855-lbs. of thrust.

Ironically, only two months later, on August 27, 1939, the German's test flew their own jet plane, powered by an engine designed by Hans von Ohain. It would be another year and a half before the British jet would be ready for a test flight in an experimental aircraft.

The flight of the Gloster E.28/39, nicknamed the *Squirt*, took

place at Cranwell RAF Base, England on May 15, 1941. It was almost evening before the clouds lifted enough for test pilot Gerry Sayer to take off. Over the next 12 days this small jet-propelled aircraft would reach speeds of up to 370 mph at 25,000 feet and be the prototype for future World War II British and U.S. jet propulsion engine designs. However, the Germans would once again retain their lead in jet development with their introduction of the Messerschmitt 262 in the fall of 1944. A captured ME 262 tested superior to any World War II Allied fighter.

Whittle would eventually sever his ties with Power Jets.

He had become increasingly dissatisfied with its technical policy, and when the Air Ministry took over the company in 1944, he surrendered his rights, forfeiting all monies. He supported his family afterwards by lecturing on the development of the jet engine. Then in 1948 several things happened. Air Commodore Whittle was forced to accept a medical retirement from the RAF, but he was also designated Knight of the British Empire and received approximately £100,000 (\$450,000, tax free) for his pioneering work in jet propulsion. He eventually retired to the place of his birth, Coventry, England.

At a time when others thought Whittle's ideas and designs were the stuff science fiction was made of, he never gave up his dream. His work helped lead the way into the jet age and beyond. ■

The Gloster-Whittle E28/39 Squirt powered by the W1 engine—a propless marvel.



The vital ingredients for development of the jet engine—the young inventor, the telephone and the slide rule

MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENTS

The Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) has become increasingly aware of advertisements appearing in various aviation publications which either state, or strongly imply, FAA approval of personal computer (PC) adaptations of training devices for use under Parts 61 and 141 of the Federal Aviation Regulations (FAR). The fact is that there is no basis for these advertisements. One such advertisement lists an application for FAA approval as part of the package, but fails to mention that the FAA has not granted approval for the use of any such training device software packages under either FAR Parts 61 or 141.

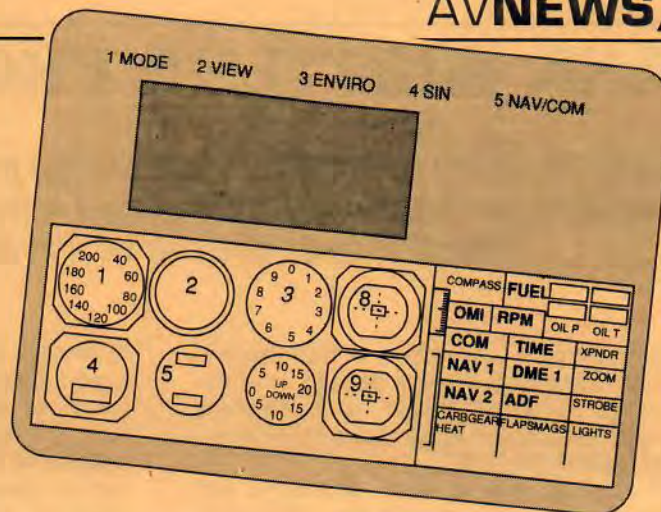
Based on an evaluation of a number of these devices and their associated software, the FAA has determined that those evaluated contain insufficient fidelity with general aviation aircraft to ensure the development of desired psychomotor skills and coordination to support specific training, currency, or certification requirements. A listing of the more common characteristics deemed unacceptable are as follows:

1. Flight and instrument control methods are either unconventional or nonstandard

2. Insufficient fidelity in real time, imagery, and control response
3. Resolution of flight instruments
4. Update rate of flight instruments is in steps or incremental movement
5. Instrumentation is either absent, superimposed, or presented in multiple panels to be selectively viewed by the pilot
6. Ground and flight environments are not realistically portrayed
7. Data used is not readily identifiable with generic or specific aircraft data

Because of the critical impact the use of such devices may have on flight safety, no

approvals have been granted for the use of such software packages, to date, for training under FAR Parts 61 or 141, and none are anticipated until the capabilities of such devices have been fully explored. The FAA has no objection, however, to their use as video games or training aids where such use cannot be credited under FAR Parts 61 and 141, toward the certification or currency requirements for pilot crewmembers. Individuals thinking of buying such devices or software need to be aware of their limitations and lack of FAA approval. Questions regarding such devices should be referred to the local flight standards district office.



PILOT SAFETY REVIEW SHOWS THREE COMMON ERRORS

A recent review of FAA daily reports indicates three common pilot errors being made almost daily somewhere in the country. Each has the potential to cause a serious accident.

The first is pilots flying through their assigned altitudes while climbing or descending, and conflicting with other traffic. The problem seems particularly acute at or near VOR's. The cursory review indicates that all categories of aircraft and pilots are involved. Aircraft "busting" altitudes include airliners, military aircraft and general aviation aircraft. The reports indicate while many of the aircraft are on IFR clearances, many are VFR flights that may or may not be in contact with ATC. Because of the threat of a mid-air collision, pilots should be careful when changing altitude to ensure they understand their assigned altitude, go only to that altitude and comply with any specific ATC instruction while doing so. This may be a "hearing" problem where pilots and controllers "hear" one thing and think and do another. Based upon the reports, all pilots should be extra careful near VOR's because of the volume of traffic near them that may be changing altitudes and which may or may not be in contact with ATC.

The second problem may be another "hearing" problem. Pilots continue to cross runways without clearance, land on the

wrong runway, fail to hold as instructed and land without contacting the tower. The number of times these types of incidents occurs means that all pilots must be vigilant whenever operating an aircraft on or near an airport. In some cases, these operational errors did not cause any conflicts with other traffic. In other cases, landing aircraft had to go around or departing aircraft had to abort their takeoffs. Aircraft are not the only threat on the surface of an airport. Occasionally, a surface vehicle will cross or be on a runway or taxiway without authorization. Everyone must be prepared for the unexpected.

The third error that continues to appear in the reports is pilots entering terminal control areas (TCA's) and airport radar service areas (ARSA's) without authorization. Simply reminding pilots that "Thou shall not enter TCA's without authorization" doesn't appear to work. All pilots flying in or near TCA's need to review the rules and operating requirements for entering TCA's and comply with them. Ignorance is no excuse for "busting" a TCA. TCA's are printed on every chart and each TCA has a special VFR chart to aid VFR pilots flying in or near the TCA. As a reminder, the FAA is very good at tracking and identifying aircraft that violate TCA's. The FAA's intent is not to necessarily violate wayward pilots but to ensure the flight

safety of all in the high density TCA environment.

These three problems may all be "hearing problems" involving pilots and controllers not understanding each other. One way to eliminate much of the confusion is for everyone to make sure they understand what is expected of them and then to comply. One good source for information regarding what actions are expected of everyone operating or controlling aircraft either on the ground or in flight is the FAA's AIRMAN'S INFORMATION MANUAL. The AIM is the FAA's official guide to basic flight information and ATC procedures. It provides the fundamental information all pilots need to know to operate safely within the National Airspace System, plus other important safety, health and medical information. It also has a pilot/controller glossary that might help pilots understand what is expected of them when they receive certain ATC instructions. The AIM, updated periodically throughout the year, is available by subscription from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

In addition to the AIM, the FAA, various industry groups, and pilot organizations, such as the AOPA Air Safety Foundation, all produce many safety related books and pamphlets to help make aviation safe for everyone. Safety is no accident.



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Jepp's story—plane and simple.
BY ROBIN CHOTZINOFF

John Glenn is thrilled. The Aviation Hall of Fame fully endorses the project. Anyone who's ever operated a flying machine knows it's about time the idea took off.

The terminal at the new Denver airport is being named after Jepp, and the Silver Wings Fraternity is celebrating. Jepp himself says he's flabbergasted, if a little overwhelmed, by all the attention.

"Everyone's in favor of it," says Ralph [unclear], who spearheaded the drive to honor Jepp. "About the only opposition we've had is that he's so well respected and recognized that maybe we aren't doing enough for Jepp."

Or maybe the airport won't be enough like Jepp. They'll probably call it something like the E.B. Jeppesen International Passenger Terminal, and its walls will be covered with important-sounding proclamations. Resolutions will be passed. Ribbon-cutting ceremonies will be held. News conferences will proliferate. And none of this will be anything like Jepp. He's not that formal. If only he could just... move in.

Imagine that. You'd get off the plane tired and frazzled, only to be met by Jepp's collie, Blazer. On your way to collect your baggage, you'd pass wall upon wall of aviation history. Photographs of Jepp's



first Jenny. His compatriots at Tex Rankin's Flying Circus. Jepp at 23, about to fly the night mail from Salt Lake to Cheyenne. You'd see his wife Nadine, one of the first United Airlines stewardesses, waving from the door of a Boeing fifteen-passenger prop plane. And then Jepp would be there to greet you. Sharp as a tack at 85. He'd be as interested in you as you were in him.

"Hm," he might say, "you'd make a good DC-8 pilot. You ever learn to fly?" "Certainly not," you'd reply. "Too dangerous." "Oh, well," he'd say mildly, "I believe that danger angle was always overdone." This from the man who has often said he intends to go back to wing-walking when his health improves. "Did you really do aerobatics?" you'd ask.

"Oh, not a whole lot. I never got real good at it. But I taught this one little gal how to fly and she did 76 consecutive outside loops over Omaha in 1933. There were a lot of women flying back then."

"Did you really know Eddie Rickenbacker?"

"Old Rick? Oh, not too well."

By this time, you'd understand. Although Jepp invented aviation charting, built it into a multinational/multimillion dollar business, and used it to make the skies safe for an untold number of pilots, he doesn't believe in promoting himself. He prefers to shoot the breeze or sort through the mountains of "worthless old stuff" he's collected in more than sixty years of living the high life.

Maybe you'd get to see the lithographs signed by World War I flying ace "Boots" LeBoutellier. Maybe Jepp would let you try on his leather helmet and goggles and hold the violin

"What I wanted was to build an airline and fly. I didn't want all this. I didn't think I did, anyway."

that United used to award "whichever one of us pilots did the most crabbing that year."

All those memories. All this stuff. "I'll never get it sorted out," Jepp admits. "I've been working on it 25 years and I don't feel so well anymore. I don't get around as much. If I could, I'd play some golf or walk the dog, or hell... I'd go out flying..."

Yes, and you could go with him, in one of the restored Eagle Rock biplanes down at Centennial Airport, and it would feel as though it were Jepp's first time flying, seeing the sun through the struts of the plane and hearing the wind and the humming in the wires when the pilot cut the engine for the descent.

"Well, now," he'd say, snapping you out of it, "can I get you a Coke or something?"

And then maybe you two could go over to the official airport museum of Jepp's Stuff and find the aerial maps of Mexico he made in the Twenties. And he'd tell you about open cockpits and single engines and wind under your wings.

Some terminal that would be.

ELREY JEPPESEN'S parents were hard-working Danish farmers, and so were all of their friends. When their son lost his heart to flying, it made them nervous, but it was already too late. In a photograph taken in 1917—Jepp was ten—he holds a rubber-band-powered wooden airplane. His imagination already had taken flight. He got "goose pimples just thinking about Kitty Hawk." He still does.

"I remember being up in trees watching birds fly and wondering how they did it," he recalls. "My mother screaming that I'd fall out. The neighbors said keep him away from the airport, he'll become one of those drunken aviators."

But Jepp was too busy hanging around flying machines to develop a drinking problem. When his family moved from Port Arthur, Louisiana, to Portland, Oregon, he saw his first barnstormers—the daring men and women who flew spontaneous tours of small towns, putting on exhibitions and selling airplane rides. Jepp never missed

a performance. "They made a lot of noise and did a lot of stunts," he remembers. "I hung around all day until one of them gave me a ride."

Many flying lessons later, Jepp soloed for the first time, landing just long enough to collect the 27th pilot's license issued in the state of Oregon.

"My first plane was a Jenny," he says. "It cost \$500. I had half the money saved up and the other half I got from the people on my paper route. I've often wondered what I would do if my paper boy came to me and asked for \$20 so he could go buy a flying machine. All I thought of was making a career of barnstorming."

So rather than finishing high school, Jepp headed to Washington's Yakima Valley, where he soon joined Tex Rankin's Flying Circus. A year later, he took off for points unknown, barnstorming his way south to Texas. "There was no such thing as a runway," he recalls. "You just flew around until someone got in their car and headed for a field, and you'd follow them there and land. It was an entirely different deal than what we have today."

When chance threw Jepp together with a British aerial photographer, he wound up mapping Mexico for Fairchild Aerial Surveys, "from Brownsville to Tampico to Veracruz clear to Honduras. The Indians never stopped shooting at us. We were up too high for them to hit us, but we saw the puffs of blue smoke all day."

Indeed, the country he flew through was on the brink of civil war, as the government tried to nationalize the oil industry while the opposition kept blowing up oil refineries. Indiana Jones would have felt right at home—but to Jepp, it was just another chance to fly.

"Well, yes, they were uncertain times," he says. "One morning, we woke up and looked out at a couple of Chinamen with their throats slit hanging over a fence. We got out of there."

But those were not the only great adventures to be had, as Jepp knew from those who had gone before him. "That group of aviators between 1918 and 1928 did a job, all right," he says. "They were the first to fly the U.S. mail. They had no radio, no lights, no maps, and they flew at night. Some of them got to be close friends of mine, though I never dreamed it could happen."

It happened during the Depression, when the Mexico mapping business dried up and Jepp signed on with now-defunct Varney Airlines as an airmail pilot with the Chicago-San Francisco route. Wearing two flying suits, packing a pistol, his goggles iced over, Jepp routinely flew eight hours at a stretch, occasionally landing in a field to fill his fuel tank from a fifty-gallon drum. With nothing to guide him but old Rand McNally maps and whatever landmarks were visible, he'd find himself flying fifty feet above the railroad tracks ("hugging the UP," he says of that lifesaving Union Pacific line) or landing in the middle of nowhere to wait out a snowstorm. At the end of the run, mechanics sometimes had to lift Jepp's frozen body from the cockpit.

"They say it was a dangerous job," he observes. "I know four pilots on my route died during the winter of 1931. But I was never afraid. You had to figure things out as you went along."

A few years into his airmail career—by now, he had the Reno-Salt Lake-Cheyenne route—Jepp picked up a ten-cent notebook in which to record the beacons, roads, tracks and other

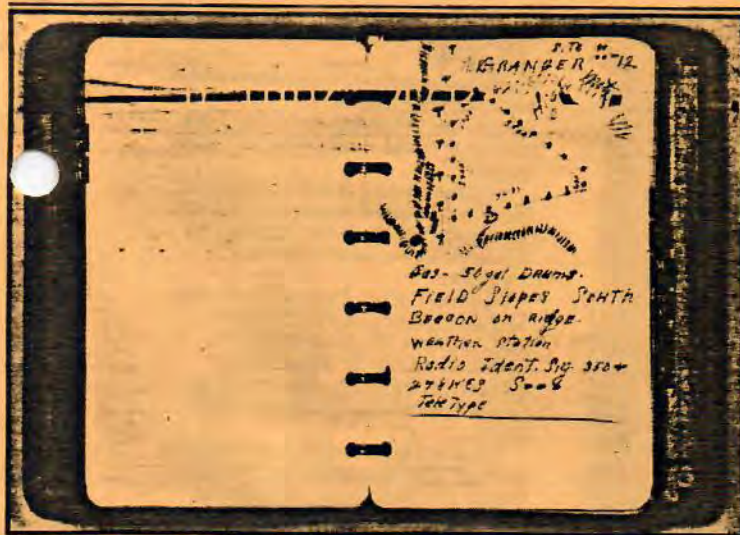


Catching some air: Jepp in the Twenties, and his aerobatic license (with his name misspelled), signed by Orville Wright.



The skies were not cloudy all day—but when they were, Jepp knew how to dress.

Photographs courtesy Elrey Jeppesen



Mapping the future: The little black book that started it all.

JEPP

continued from page 21

landmarks he encountered on his flights around the West. Jepp's now-legendary little black book soon expanded to include elevations of water towers, grain elevators and power lines, the locations of elusive mountain passes, the phone numbers of farmers who could report on the weather up ahead and even crudely drawn maps of dirt runways with advice on how to land safely.

"It was quick and dirty," he admits, "but when you had to read at night in an open cockpit with a flashlight, it better be easy to read."

And everyone wanted to read Jepp's maps. "It got to where everyone was asking me where to go and where to land," he remembers. "Finally, I thought about printing up a few books. That way, if they bought my book they knew as much as I did."

The first fifty manuals sold out almost immediately, and he printed more, revising the maps to keep track of constantly changing coordinates. "I didn't want to make a living at it," he explains. "I just wanted to save myself for old age." His work saved countless other pilots, too, taking them a firm step beyond a wing and a prayer.

Jepp's chart business was barely off the ground when he accepted a job with United Airlines. It was 1935, and he was excited to get the chance to fly the new company's "big, new twin-engine Boeings."

He mastered the larger planes in no time, but now he carried as many as fifteen passengers each flight, and someone had to handle them while Jepp was behind the controls. That's where his stewardess stepped in.

According to United's 1933 guidelines, the newly minted stewardesses were to be female registered nurses under 5'2" and 120 pounds who could treat the 5 percent of the passengers afflicted with airsickness and also converse about passing landmarks. On top of that, the stewardesses were required to serve snacks and beverages to pilots as well as passengers. The woman who brought Jepp's coffee to the cockpit one afternoon turned out to be Nadine Lomb, a witty and vivacious Iowan who loved flying as much as he did.

"I pushed the coffee button and she appeared," Jepp remembers. "After that, I just didn't let her get away again."

When the Jeppesens announced their marriage in 1936, the media was much taken with the high-flying romance, and their portraits (both were dressed in United uniforms) appeared all over the country. This was Jepp's second time in the national spotlight: Walter Winchell had sent him an orchid after Jepp spotted a burning farmhouse and saved the family inside by flying low and buzzing the building until its occupants woke up and escaped.

By the time the happy couple moved to Salt Lake City in 1937, Jepp's off-hours aviation-chart business was spilling out of his basement. He couldn't keep up with the demand and hired some University of Utah drafting students to keep things going even as Jepp headed for the friendly skies. The traffic at the Jeppesen house was so constant that an elderly neighbor, suspecting the worst, notified the FBI. After that, the students delighted in

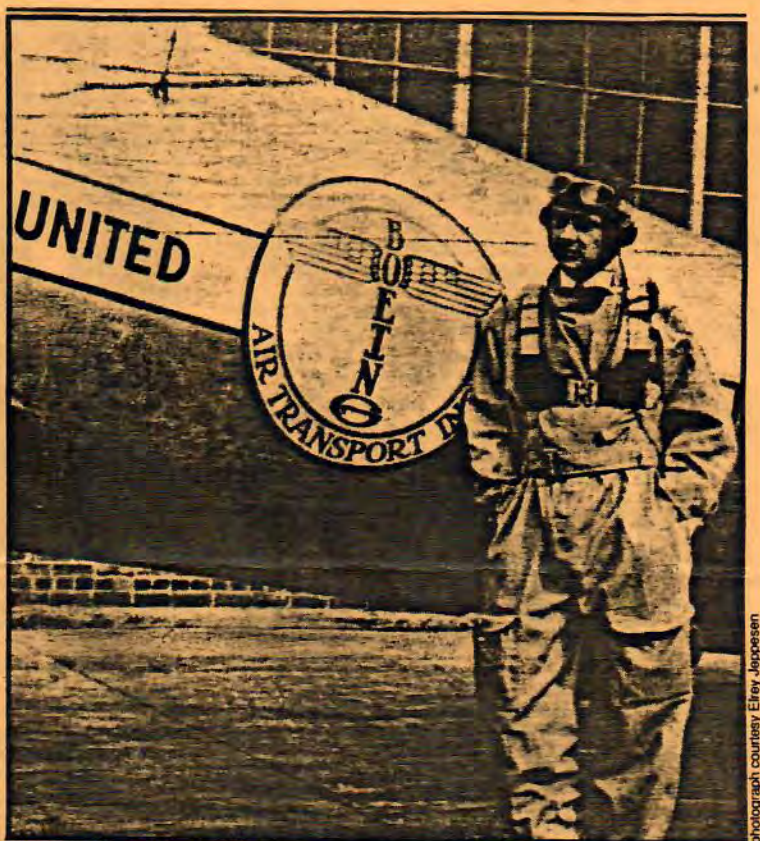
"I taught this one little gal how to fly and she did 76 consecutive outside loops over Omaha."

staging crime scenes for the neighbor's benefit. Once, Jepp recalls with glee, they carried a carton filled with guns out the front door, then dropped it, as if by accident, so that the menacing weapons would spew out onto the lawn. The FBI returned the next day.

Meanwhile, Jepp kept a fulltime United schedule. "After working in that basement all day, it was relaxing," he says. "What I wanted was to build an airline and fly. I didn't want all this. I didn't think I did, anyway."

He didn't want it so much that in 1939 he put the company up for sale. Jepp figured it was worth about \$10,000 but offered it to United for half that price. After several months of deliberation, the airline turned him down. It came to regret that decision.

By the time Jepp, Nadine and their two sons moved to Denver in 1941, business was so good that Jepp had to rent an office just off Smith Road. The world was at war, and the government had such respect for Jepp's mapping abilities that the feds tried to keep



United we fly: Jepp in the Thirties.

JEPP

continued from page 22

him deskbound. "They wanted me to help with their charts, but I about went crazy sitting behind a desk all day," he remembers, "so I started flying the United route between Denver and San Francisco every once in a while. They never knew I did it."

In 1954, Jepp was finally grounded—by stress. His doctor ordered him to choose between flying and manufacturing charts or suffer the cardiac consequences. "I gave up flying, but I sure did have mixed feelings," he says. "I used to drive to work the long way just so I wouldn't have to see the United Airlines sign."

In 1961, Jepp finally sold his mapping company to Times-Mirror and stayed on to run the business. A decade later it was merged with Sanderson Films, the firm that had invented audio-visual flight training. The combined company suffered onslaughts from all manner of competition, including the governments of the United States and countless other countries, but still managed to stay on top.

Although Jepp retired fifteen years ago, he's still a fixture at the Jeppesen Sanderson plant in the Inverness Business Park. "It's an interesting place," he says. "You ought to go down and take a look at it."

JEPPESSEN SANDERSON, INC., is a glass-and-chrome empire, a high-tech hive staffed by more than 500 workers, most of them highly skilled. The atmosphere is so technical only a commercial pilot could speak its language—which is why so many former commercial pilots work here. To land among them is to be caught in a seemingly endless cross-country flight, during which the pilots crackle on and off chatting in pilotese about things like air speed, knots and turbulence.

"We process literally tons of chart criteria," says ex-Frontier pilot trainer Dave Shoeman as he moves briskly between departments. "We produce between 15 and 20 million units on a busy week. Information comes in from all over the world, and we are constantly working to improve the information and disseminate it in a manner that is best suited for the pilot to utilize. . . And from here we go to our electrostatic plotter, which spins at a thousand rpms. And this, of course, is a low intensity pulsating argon laser beam. . . Are you following me?"

No, just trying to keep up. And this vast domain handles only the western hemisphere—the eastern falls under

"You just flew around until someone got in their car and headed for a field, and you'd follow them there and land."

the jurisdiction of the Frankfurt office. Together, they keep about 800 employees busy processing tons of data and creating maps for every airline in every country in the world. The technology is evolving at such an exponential rate that Jepp charts soon will be available in the form of computer disks capable of navigating—and flying—all by themselves, if you understand this correctly, and you probably don't. But it's impressive all the same.

"I know what you mean," Jepp laughs. "It's flabbergasting over there. I don't think I could ever fly these days. It's too complicated for me."

Bob Hopkins, Jeppesen Sanderson's vice president of marketing, doesn't buy that. "Captain Jeppesen has

Photograph courtesy Erley Jeppesen

Photograph courtesy Erley Jeppesen

JEPP

continued from page 24

a remarkable memory," he says reverently. "I think he could do anything he put his mind to."

"We consider it an honor to know him personally," Shoeman hastens to add. You never hear the word "Jepp" cross his lips unless he's talking about a chart. It's *Captain Jeppesen* to him. To all of them.

"We were all in awe of him at first," recalls Ralph Latimer, a retired executive and pilot who met Jepp at gatherings of the Silver Wings Fraternity, a group for pilots who soloed 25 or more years ago. "Anybody who used charts or ever did any flying knew who he was. But once you know him, you can't treat him like a celebrity—he's just not like that. He's such a friendly, natural guy, you want to ask him if he's got the milkin' done yet. He's such an old shoe."

As Colorado's Governor of the Silver Wings, Latimer thought it was about time to pay tribute to the old shoe. Three years ago, he made the first of many trips to Denver City Council formally requesting that the proposed new airport be named for E.B. Jeppesen.

"He was told it wasn't going to happen, but not to go away," recalls Councilwoman Cathy Donahue's aide, Jennifer Macy. "So he switched his focus to the terminal, and he kept coming back and the idea kept getting firmer." (Macy's interest in the Jepp project is more than peripheral—her mother, a WASP during World War II, still does aerobatic competition.)

With city council duly alerted, Latimer went on to rally the rest of the globe. "I sent a letter to every airline in the world," he says. "I got a story published in *Flying* magazine. I asked people to voice their support for this idea, and once my phone number was printed. In one weekend I got 52 calls, all from people wanting to support Jepp."

And then the letters came in. They ranged from the basic handwritten scrawl—"I think naming the airport terminal after Jepp is a good idea," signed Joshua T. Ellington, student pilot—to the high-falutin'. From London, Michael Bywater, senior editor of *Punch*, wrote:

"May I add, from across the Atlantic, the voice of an English part-time pilot and Jepp-user to what I suspect will be a long roll call of support for this idea? How appropriate to name the airport in honour of a man, still living, who every hour of every day, somewhere in the world, is helping pilots and their passengers to travel the skies in safety."

Swiss airman Jeffrey W. Stetson seconded that motion, adding this postscript: "Moreover, he won his reputation without shooting anyone."

"I am sure there will be all kinds of pressure to name [the airport] after some politician or give it some geographical name that has no significance to anyone," ranted Saundra K. Bridges in South Carolina, "but we have a chance here... I for one have thanked him silently a thousand times while following his approach charts to another airport under less than ideal conditions."

Without Jepp, concluded another anonymous pilot, "we could only bore holes in the sky."

City council determined that Denver egos were too fragile—and the political scene too volatile—to withstand naming



Fly me (almost) to the moon: John Glenn meets Jepp at the Aviation Hall of Fame.

photograph courtesy Ralph Latimer

the proposed airport anything more specific than Denver International Airport. But in February 1990, with airport construction actually underway, council passed a resolution dedicating the new terminal to Jepp.

Jepp was bewildered by the honor. "Since I was doing the PR, I had to stay in touch with him constantly," Latimer says. "I think he couldn't quite believe anyone was interested in him."

Or Stapleton's replacement. "I did have a little doubt about this new airport," Jepp confirms, "but down the road we're going to be happy to have it. Flying into Stapleton you're skating across the shingles, and that's not good."

In January, Latimer and Tom Gleason, Mayor Federico Peña's press aide, decided it was about time to show Jepp

"They say it was a dangerous job. I know four pilots on my route died during the winter of 1931. But I was never afraid."

the site of the new terminal. Gleason, Peña, Latimer and Jepp made the trip in a limousine, arriving in time for a round of speeches and TV news live reports. It was all very grown-up—until Jepp heard the familiar sound of a low-flying biplane. Gleason had arranged for the restored flying machine to tow a banner with this message: "Hi Jepp I can't wait to land."

"It was kind of an emotional deal," Jepp says.

But then, Jepp has his emotional side. "Here's my mother's Bible from Denmark," he says, walking slowly down a seemingly endless row of file cabinets in the basement of his Cherry Hills home. "And here's her wedding album, and this is a contoured globe I was developing when I sold the company—they never picked up on it, though. I have drawers full of great ideas! I need some young buck to come work on 'em. Did I tell you some

JEPP

continued from page 26

woman from Minnesota's coming here next week to see if I'm related to Victor Borge?"

Jepp has already decided what to tell her: "Ten thousand Swedes ran through the weeds," he says slyly, "pursued by one Great Dane. That tickles me. It really does."

Upstairs, Nadine Jeppesen is reading, their dog Blazer at her feet. Unlike Jepp, she tires of talking about her husband's namesake terminal and worries that the excitement of reliving the old days will tax his already fragile health.

"I had my back operated on, and then my hip," Jepp says matter-of-factly, "and I've got this Parkinson's, so I have to take medication, which I hate. Look at me, I don't know what to do with myself. I guess I could go play cards with the dog or something. Nadine," he yells up the stairs, "where's that dog got to? Send him down."

"It's hard for me to walk," he adds, an almost teenage frustration in his voice. But then Jepp starts to laugh. "Oh, to be eighty again. Did I tell you that Jimmy Doolittle and I flew a Lear jet, just the two of us? That was a great day."

On through the photographs, maps and memories.

"Here's one of the contour maps we used to make. Remember when Pan Am had them behind all their ticket counters? Did you know I made road

"I don't think I could ever fly these days. It's too complicated for me."

maps for a while? And here's a picture of one of the first airmail pilots ever. Old Hamilton Lee. He should be getting all this attention. He had a job to do. Flying single engine, no radio, you got an Indian feel for the weather. I still have that now," he says. "I look out west of here and I just know. I know how the weather is up there in the mountains, and beyond, in the secret passes we used to slip through."

When the phone rings, as it does at least once every fifteen minutes, Jepp answers, "Outer space!" That tickles him. His old friends, who call constantly, get a kick out of it, too. Younger types are surprised to find the living legend acting so goofy. After all, this is the man whose papers and other effects will be donated to the city of Denver so they can be displayed in some dignified museum-quality manner, whose likeness will appear on a statue at the new international airport.

"We're in the middle of commissioning the statue, but we haven't decided which Jepp to show," says Latimer, who personally favors the dashing barnstormer-era Jepp, complete with knee boots, leather helmet, goggles and scarf. If all goes as Latimer envisions, international visitors will be as taken by the 1927 Jepp as by the current model. Who could resist those dark good looks, that wild-blue-yonder bearing?

"Personally," says Latimer, "I think it should be larger than life. Don't you?" □



EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION

EAA AVIATION CENTER, P.O. BOX 3086, OSHKOSH, WI 54903-3086 • PHONE 414/426-4800 • FAX 414/426-4828

September 10, 1991

TO: ALL EAA CHAPTER PRESIDENTS & NEWSLETTER EDITORS

RE: EAA SPORT AVIATION FIELD REPORTERS

Dear Fellow EAAers,

We are writing to you as members of EAA and as EAA Chapter officers to request your support in recruiting a team of Sport Aviation field reporters/writers. As we all know, EAA is an organization whose foundation and strength comes from its members and Chapters. From the membership body, we are seeking four to six regionally based writers who will write articles and take photographs covering the many EAA regional and Chapter aviation events. In addition, we will look to these writers to develop reports and articles on the ever growing homebuilt aircraft movement and the expanding aircraft restoration activities. Individuals who are selected will receive a commensurate fee for each article accepted plus expenses. Assignments will be made by EAA Headquarters through the Editorial Department.

You may wish to post this letter at your next EAA Chapter meeting and reproduce it in your Chapter newsletter. Pass the word around about this opportunity to write for Sport Aviation. Individuals interested in applying for these positions should submit a resume and two samples of their work, including photos, to EAA Headquarters. Please address the envelopes as follows:

Experimental Aircraft Association
ATTN: Jack Cox
P. O. Box 3086
Oshkosh, WI 54903-3086

The deadline is November 1, 1991 with final selections to be made by December 1, 1991.

If you have any questions, please direct them to either Jack Cox, Editor-in-Chief, Sport Aviation or Bob Mackey, Executive Director of EAA Chapters.

Thanks for your support, and happy flying.

Sincerely,

EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION


Jack Cox

Editor-in-Chief, Sport Aviation


Robert P. Mackey

Executive Director, EAA Chapters

RPM:skb
3257X

EAA® . . . the sport aviation association

MEADOW LAKE AIRPORT

October 13th, 1991

FLY-IN BREAKFAST & Grand Re-Opening!

Proceeds to Benefit



**SEE OUR NEW
RUNWAY!!**



EVENTS

SUNDAY'S SCHEDULE

Fly-in Breakfast \$3 each:
9:00am-12:30am

Balloon Rides:
Beginning at 9:00am

Sky Dive Demo:
Beginning at 10:00am

Airplane Rides:
Beginning at 10:30am

Specialty Bird Fly Bys
Beginning at 11:00am

DISPLAYS

- War Birds
 - Special Interest Planes
- Experimental Planes
- Aerobatic Planes
- St. Francis Hospital
 - Flight For Life
- US Army Helicopters
 - Cobra, Scout, Huey
- Ultralights
- Sailplanes
- Airplane Supplies & Accessories

MEADOW LAKE AIRPORT (00V)

FREQUENCY 123.0, (N) 38-57.0 (W) 104-14.4, RNAV 112.5 2.8 MI, 072

And for you 'Mobile' folks...Take HI-24 east of Colorado Springs. The airport is 2.5 MILES past the town of Falcon or just watch for the balloons and signs.



EUGENE HORSMAN
210 LOOKOUT VIEW CT.
GOLDEN, CO 80401

Chapter 43 Newsletter
c/o Kirby White
8780 West 90th Place
Westminster, CO 80021

