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The official publication of the
Cessna Owner Organization

Alaskan Airplane



Adventures

Interior Makeover

Expert Advice to Restoring Plastic, Vinyl, and Leather

Cessna 210 Centurion

CESSNA OWNER

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Flying in Alaska can be exciting, beautiful, and dangerous. Keep your aircraft in good condition, load it with survival supplies, and plan to expect the unexpected from Mother Nature. Used with permission from the Alaska Airmen's Association - Cessna 180; Photo credit - Norm Odsather; Aircraft owner - Mark Culver; Colony Glacier, Alaska



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AIRCRAFT OWNERS



Editor's Letter

▶ By Keith Mathiowetz

Places, Planes, and People

In this month's issue, we're covering a wide array of subjects, from surviving airplane adventures to caring for your interior components to using your airplane to help people in The Bahamas. Variety is the spice of life, right?

A while back, author Donna Jones introduced us to Bob and Bobby Breeden, the father-and-son Piper Super Cub crew who enjoy taking to the sky over Alaska and visiting the out-lying areas of our nation's largest state. No remote location is off limits to the Breedens, and with each trip come fascinating tales and images. Their modified and dependable black-and-orange airplane, nicknamed "Harley," due to the colors that are usually associated with the famous motorcycle manufacturer, has been pressed into countless journeys. As Donna explains in this month's installment, the Breeden boys are lucky to be alive after one of their recent trips went from exhilarating to dangerous quickly. In mere moments, survival was all that was on their minds, and, thankfully, through preparation, supplies, and level-headed thinking, they were able to escape a life-threatening situation.

With summer starting, you may be in the process of removing your airplane from storage, sprucing it up, and returning it to service for the flying months ahead. For many pilots, refurbishing the interior is high on their "to do" lists. Over the years, the seats can get worn or torn, and plastic pieces will crack and break. If your upholstery and cabin trim pieces could use a little love, Jim Cavanagh's article will steer you in the right direction. He addresses the repair and finishing of the parts to make your airplane's interior look and function like new again.

Last month, we featured an article about missionary aviation. We continue that theme a bit in this issue by introducing you to Bahamas Habitat, an organization that helps people in The Bahamas get back on their feet. Central to the Bahamas Habitat efforts are pilots who are willing to volunteer their time and aircraft. If you have ever entertained the idea of flying for a cause, then you'll be interested in reading this story. Missionary groups and helpful organizations, such as Bahamas Habitat, really need your talents.

Exploring scenic places, flying planes, and helping people. It really doesn't get any better than this. Enjoy!

Yours in flight,



Keith Mathiowetz

Editor

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Correction

The text about and captions for the battery box pictured within the article "Total Electrical Failure at 2,500 Feet... Not a Problem!" that appeared in the March, 2012, issue of *CESSNA OWNER* incorrectly credited the source of the battery box. The battery box is not a Piper product; it is a Bogert Aviation, Inc. battery box. We apologize for any confusion this may have caused.

The Alaskan Adventures of the Breeden Boys

By Donna Jones

After the Alaska State Aviation Trade Show and Conference and a great fourth-place showing at Valdez in May 2011, Bob Breeden and his son, Bobby, went back to Virginia leaving "Harley," their highly modified Super Cub, in Alaska. In an earlier issue, I shared with readers Bob's trip from Virginia to Alaska for the show and Bobby's Valdez experience. If you haven't read it, you need to catch up! The Breeden boys tend to make interesting reading. They have been sharing their adventures with me so that I can share them with other aviation enthusiasts. They have also shown their flying expertise in several of Greg Swingle's Vimeo video clips. Bob's love for flying, adventure, and exploration must be hereditary. Those traits have been passed on to Bobby. The pictures and videos reflect that spirit in both of them. You will not be disappointed!



Bobby and Bob Breeden.



Taking a break in the wilderness.



Back to Alaska

The Breedens headed back to Alaska in mid June 2011 once school was out for the summer. Their next adventure would include several weeks of continuous exploration of the wilds of Alaska, as well as taking care of improvements at the Alaska Airpark. Some work and some play made an enjoyable adventure for them until...Harley was parked in the wrong place at the wrong time when Mother Nature decided to make an appearance.

Bob said, "Bobby and I were based out of our home near the Alaska Airpark, where we would take off for a few days at a time. First, we just crossed the inlet at the Forelands and explored the hills between the entrance to Lake Clark Pass and Mount Redoubt. We would comb the hills for places to land, preferably in some high place – a shoulder at 2,000 to 4,000 feet ASL. Once landed, we would hike to a nearby summit, if the area looked interesting. This split up the flying and gave us time together checking out pristine Alaska country. Bobby bouldered on the various rocks and rock faces, while I took pictures of the vast and detailed views from our high perches. We were using Harley to access and explore wilderness in the height of the summer bloom and thaw. It was just great! I normally take such delight in all the wonderful experiences flying Alaska. I definitely wanted to share this trip with other adventuresome fellow pilots. It's one I won't ever forget."

Even though summer was well underway, they still were contending with some cold and rainy weather. After a couple of days of interesting flying and hiking, they would return to their cabin.



That allowed them to sleep in a bed, gather supplies, and maintain Harley before heading back out. When the weather did not cooperate, they would spend the day at home or do work at Alaska Airpark.

Flying Cheeseburgers

Bobby, like any other typical restless 17-year-old teenager, spent much of his time texting with his friends or on Facebook when internet connections were available. With flying on his mind, Bobby and some of his high-school-age Alaskan friends planned an interesting trip on their own. Bob was a little apprehensive and concerned, as this would be the first time he and Bobby had not flown together on their trips. Bob said, "As I was standing at the end of our strip watching Bobby roar off and the plane disappear from my view, I took comfort in the thought that we had practiced air discipline very thoroughly before he left. As a parent, you always worry when your children venture out

on their own. That's expected and normal. It's a little different when you give your son access to your airplane rather than to your car, though."

Bobby headed to Merrill Field in Anchorage to join his friends, Eugene DesJarlais and Josh Christiansen, who had helped plan this adventure. The boys went to McDonald's to purchase 50 cheeseburgers. Teenage boys are always hungry, but these burgers were not for them. Their mission was to divide the cheeseburgers, secured in Ziploc bags, fly over in their Cubs, and drop them to their friends on fishing boats in Prince William Sound.

The three boys in their three Cubs were joined by Josh's father, Dr. Todd Christiansen, in a fourth Cub. A convoy of four Cubs, armed with cheeseburgers, roared off up Turnagain Arm toward Prince William Sound. Bobby shared, "We had great weather, but fought headwinds in this 'vent' to the high-pressure ocean air moving inland. Whittier Pass itself was pretty open. I felt good about that. I had to get over the 600-foot pass, which doesn't sound high. I have seen it impassable when low stratus covers the sound. This time it was safe, and we had a pretty good idea where the boats would be located. We flew through the maze of islands and waterways to find them."

The sound of the Cubs stirred up the fishermen as numerous low passes were made to deliver the cheeseburgers. Some landed in the boats, some did not, and a kayak was launched from one of the boats to round up the still-warm burgers from the water.



BOB BREEDEN

The Cubs landed on a nearby beach, where the boaters gathered with the pilots for a visit. Since their mission was complete, Bobby and his friends then took off and explored around the sound, finding other beaches to land and hike. In the endless daylight, they did not get back to Merrill Field until after midnight. The boys flew out to a camp on the Yentna River the following day, before Bobby headed back to Dad, waiting at home on the Kenai Peninsula. It was a fun and independent trip for Bobby. Bobby, like the average 17-year-old, finds enjoyment hanging out with his friends. How many 17-year-olds come up with the idea of dropping cheeseburgers to their friends from the air? I have to smile when I say that young Bobby is far from the average teenager and may surpass Bob in his clever ideas for adventure. There's no telling where the Breeden boys will end up in their future flying trips. Though, I can guarantee there will be fun and interesting stories to read.

Katmai

For this Alaska trip, the Breeden adventures continued with an interesting trip down the coast of Katmai. Bob told me, "Bobby had not been to Katmai before. I had been planning to go there for a couple of years and just hadn't found the time when the weather was right. I really wanted to take him there. I knew this would be an exciting trip for both of us."

Once the weather cleared toward Katmai, they were off after fueling at Soldotna, close to the inlet, to extend their range down the Alaska Peninsula. They stowed 10 gallons of extra fuel behind the seat to enable them to spend more time flying and exploring. They headed across the inlet and found the mountains they had been combing a few days before to be cloud-free with a light breeze, making perfect landing conditions. They found better landing zones higher up – in the 4,500-foot range.

As Bob described the trip, I could picture them landing in some of these breathtaking places. Landing was just the tip of their view. Once out of the plane, they would hike and explore to find even more beautiful places. Wow, what a trip!

Bob relayed, "Even though the plane was heavy, we landed on one dome that was nearly snow-free. After hiking through a shallow, level snowfield to a bare-rock spine and then along that spine to the top, we stopped to look around. We could see Harley a couple thousand feet below, perched on this little shoulder on the mountain, a glacier in a valley to the right, the long mountain slope down to the left. We had determined the rock ridge itself safe to climb, flanked on one side with a grand but dangerous cornice still intact in late June. With near 24 hours of daylight and clear air, we were not in a rush to get back to the plane after the long climb."

Bobby interjected to give me some of the extra highlights of the Katmai trip. "We got back to the plane and loaded up. I was in front, as Dad had flown the first leg. We blew off of the ridge – take-off roll, then 5 feet of altitude, then 1,500 feet of altitude – flying off the edge of the dome. We circled down to another ridge to put a wheel on, but it was too off camber to land. We continued down, and I saw a braided river in the otherwise unbroken forest. We circled around looking for an island gravel bar. While I was trying to find a place to land, from the back seat, Dad saw the largest grizzly bear he had ever seen, lunging through the bushes."

They ended up making camp on an island gravel bar about 30 yards out in the river beyond the thick alders where the grizzly was sighted. After a hot meal, they played Frisbee and enjoyed walking up and down the gravel island. Bob told me how they would

cook their meals in the shallows away from their camp and wash their dishes and pots in the river to prevent nosy bears from wandering into their camp looking for food. They had an electric fence and a 12-gauge with slugs for protection. Just before they turned in for the night, they could hear the bear huffing, expelling air in a defiant manner with every step as it walked along the edge of the river. Later in the trip, they chose to make their camp well away from a bear-eaten whale carcass they found on the beach. Their trips are exciting, but they use the utmost precaution. A bear encounter is one they definitely wanted to avoid.

After relaying the bear tale, Bob told me, with continued excitement in his voice, "The next day we flew down the coast, always staying on the Pacific side, landing often, and taking in the view. We ventured out to Mount Augustine, where the wind was blowing a laminar 25 knots from the southwest, making near 'perched' landings feasible. One landing was high on the side of Augustine, just below the cloud cap on the summit. Large rocks were used to chock the plane. After hiking nearby and taking in views of the Pacific, we returned to the mainland for the night, arriving at shore near a 1,000-foot cliff above the ocean. With 25-knot winds swirling and turbulent over the terrain, we picked a rather level, tame mountain side to land on and parked the plane in the bushes. Tie-downs were secured to piles of the biggest rocks we could lift. That night, we hiked to a waterfall in a gorge near the end of our landing zone. Bobby rappelled down the cliff adjacent to the rushing waterfall."

Breeden Checklist

When the Breedens embark upon an adventure, they really get their money's worth. With some standard maintenance done by friend Dave Calkins in Anchorage, the highly modified Harley was performing just as intended – smoothly going in and



out of wilderness places. Ease in; launch out. To safely carry them to the parts of Alaska they wanted to explore was this powerful bush plane's purpose. Bob elaborated, "The plane was always a joy to fly. Wherever we went, the plane could get us in and out without difficulty. The modifications were well appreciated when I compare the difference between Harley and the other Super Cubs I have flown. I loaned the plane from time to time to experienced Cub pilots, and they sure liked flying it." For their trip planning, they kept things simple. Their trip checklist included:

1. Desire to go somewhere! Then, plan trip – decide where, when, how long, fuel details, etc.
2. Gather supplies for their planned (and unplanned) adventure.
3. Fly toward a general destination – with plenty of food and overnight gear to easily allow a wandering, curving route, and a willingness to stop along the way if something sparks their interest. Bob added, "It is not the destination. It is taking joy in this moment of the journey."
4. Explore and enjoy the vast beauty of the Alaskan bush. The best part of the trip – checking out different places they had not visited in the past or go back to places they wanted to explore again.
5. Take many pictures of breathtaking phenomenon.
6. Make camp or head to the next destination or back home.



"Harley" and "William."

Amazing Adventure

The Breedens had a few more days left on their trip before they had to receive guests coming in from Virginia. They went to Wrangell Mountains for their last outing. Bob had been flying those mountains since 1998, so this was familiar territory to him. He wanted to witness the beauty of this part of Alaska again during summer, as well as share the experience with Bobby. This trip was important to him, but with guests arriving soon, their trip would have to be short. With only four days instead of the 12 days they originally planned to see the Wrangells in full exploration mode, they set out. They flew to the Wrangell Mountains via Matanuska, Tahnetta Pass, and Gulkana, each alternating flying from the front seat with each stop. Using two full days of flying back and forth across Alaska to their cabin, this gave them only two full days on the ground. What an adventure this would turn into!

The weather was tolerable when they arrived. Not the beautiful days they had been experiencing on many of their trips. It was cold, overcast, and spitting snow and sleet when they arrived. Visibility was down to five to seven miles. Unfortunately, they didn't have the time to wait for the weather to turn back to beautiful days, so they pressed on. It was safe for flying, but not as enjoyable as they would have liked for getting settled into the mountains. Bob recalled, "We landed some nice LZs on a few lower mountain tops and shoulders and explored a couple of glaciers. Another highlight of the trip was Bobby's first glacier-top landing. The weather and light cooperated enough for some great photographic moments. I got out of the plane and got some great shots and film as I watched Bobby make multiple low passes, takeoffs, and landings from his first glacier-top LZ. It was a proud moment with a spectacular view in our vertical walled valley."

To end the day, they stayed at Ultima Thule Lodge for the night, sharing dinner and their trip details with Paul and Donna Claus, owners of the lodge. They were joined by Loni Habersetzer, who has also flown his Cub in Alaska for a very long time.

The next eventful day started with better weather but still a solid ceiling that obscured much of the mountains. So they hopped from river bars to glacier tops, exploring along the way. They landed at gravel bars on the rivers, taking lots of photos and video. New glaciers were checked out, and the Breeden boys found some new LZs around 4,000 to 5,000 feet just below the snow melt line. Below were some really rough spots



BOB BREEDEN

Alaskan sunset over Cook Inlet. This image was taken from Harley's wing.

where melting had turned creeks into gullies from surface erosion, so they kept to higher areas to explore.

Keeping an eye on their time schedule, Bob wasn't quite ready to end their journey and head back to the lodge. The next place he described to me you would probably see in a National Geographic magazine. They flew over an area where the toe of a 30-mile-long glacier rammed into a mountain wall, with a river cutting down between the glacier and the mountain. From the top, the glacier was split into 50- to 100-foot-thick sections of 200-foot-tall ice. In one place, the face of the glacier was tall and blue, with the river rapids charging along the bottom. A beautiful sight against the open sky above. Further down the glacier, the ice was more slumped, with just the upper 100 feet of blue face showing. Taking more pictures and wanting to get a closer look at such a gorgeous scene, they landed above the canyon to hike down and observe the blue ice faces above the river there. The glacier appeared to be stable. The hike was about two miles down from their landing zone to a wide section of the river where the glacier pinched the river against the mountain wall. Walking along the mountain, they crossed side creeks and stayed a safe distance from the glacier face. Bob advised, "Much of the glacier was slumped down, from icefalls

that had left the ice relatively stable with tumbled ice ahead of the glacier. At that spot, the river was away from the ice and did not immediately take the fallen ice downstream. However, in one quarter-mile-long section, the ice stood proud and tall, one monolithic 200-foot-tall blue ice wall, with the river swiftly passing along the front, directly along the bottom of the glacier." I told Bob his descriptions were so vivid, I felt like I was there seeing it myself.

After about an hour of exploration and photos, they discovered a small gravel bar on the side of the river. Again, the ice face was stable and silent and did not appear to present any type of imminent threat. The gravel bar was approximately 110 feet long, with a steep edge off of the water on the approach end, but presented a good spot to land and get some pictures before calling it a day. With a feather-light headwind and all of the thought-out components to land safely between the river and rough mountain, Harley landed perfectly against the silent and beautiful backdrop. After a few short minutes of taking some breathtaking photographs, they decided it was time to leave.

Within the next 30 seconds, things would change for the Breeden boys that would have a lasting impact on their lives. Mother Nature decided to present herself up close and personal. I listened in shock as Bob told the story. He

said, "We headed to the plane to depart when we heard some crackling behind us. I glanced up, and an instantaneous blast of white water spray was almost upon me from high overhead. I turned away, and all of a sudden, I felt immense pressure and was covered in water and sand spray blast. I was swept up the river bank. Then, as fast as it came, the water receded in mere seconds back into the river. I jumped up and rushed to find Bobby. Both he and the plane were not where I had seen them last. I called for Bobby, but didn't see him right way. He was closer to the river and had been under water longer and was covered in sand and silt. Needless to say, I was so relieved when I saw he was okay."

Harley Destroyed

The water rush had pushed the plane 30 feet up against a boxcar-sized block of ice with such force that the plane looked like wreckage. The plane was destroyed. Broken struts, wing spars, and snapped-off landing gear legs were just some of the parts mangled in the damage. The top of the cowling was pressed down to form-fit the top of the engine case and cylinders. The tail was twisted a full 360 degrees around relative to the fuselage. Not a pretty picture. Bobby ended up close to the damaged plane but, fortunately, had not been injured by the disarray of the jagged broken spars and snapped-off tubing.

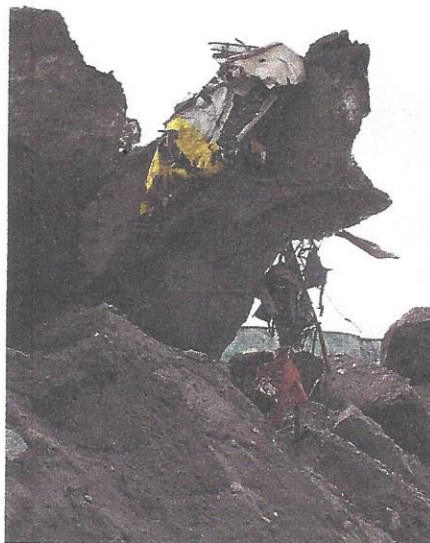


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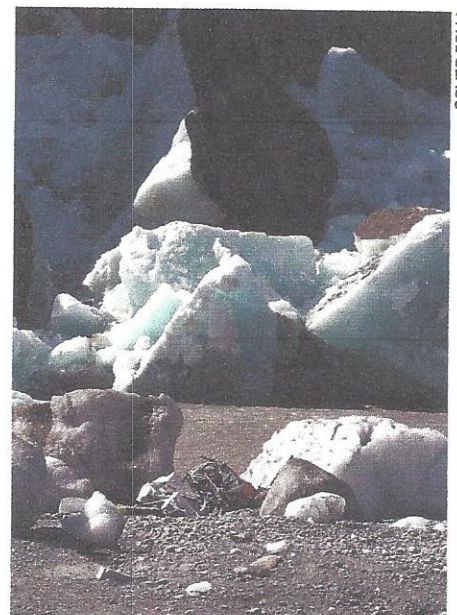
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Aerial views of Harley's damage.



PAUL CLAUS

A picture of Harley, taken some time after the incident. Mother Nature continued to destroy what was left of the plane.



PAUL CLAUS

The glacier makes quick work of Harley's destruction.

Assessment and Rescue

Even though, physically, they survived the blast from the glacier, they were not out of danger and still needed to get to safety. Initially, they went to higher ground, but then went back to the plane to salvage everything they could quickly gather. This included sleeping bags, dry clothes bag, food bag and water bottles, the yellow plastic box that held the SAT phone, and the GPS from the panel.

Bob continued on, "We hiked toward the mountain to safety high away from the river and the reach of the glacier. Even though we were dressed for the conditions, we had been soaked in 32-degree water and needed to get warm. We made our way to a big boulder to block the wind. We divided the dry clothes between us and changed from the wet sandy ones. The sun helped warm us up. We used our SAT phone to call Ultima Thule Lodge to inform Donna Claus of this circumstance and request getting picked up. We had a couple of hours to wait for our ride. After a cheese-and-cracker snack, we continued to assess our situation and talk about what had happened. The reality of the situation really hit us. I got to the 'glass half full' thinking very quickly, reiterating to Bobby that we were okay. Our plane had just been destroyed, but we were lucky to be alive. I assured Bobby that Paul or Loni would be there soon and that the plane could be replaced in the future. As you can imagine, this was still a difficult time there on the mountain for both of us."

While they waited for their friends to pick them up, Bob recalled Bobby saying, sadly, "That's the end of our plane." They continued to watch more ice fall very close to the plane, with the resultant blast reducing whatever good remained to scrap. Bob said he laughed to change Bobby's mood. He reminded Bobby, "In light of what just happened, we are still alive. Aside from a little discomfort, we are totally fine."

Shortly after the incident, they had hopes that the plane could be helicoptered out in the next couple of days. That idea was dashed as the relentless calving glacier would continue to pound from above. Within three days of the incident, blocks of 20- to 50-foot-thick ice slabs had crushed and

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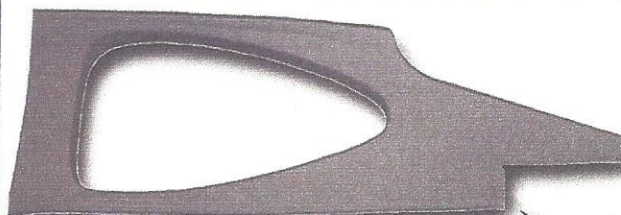
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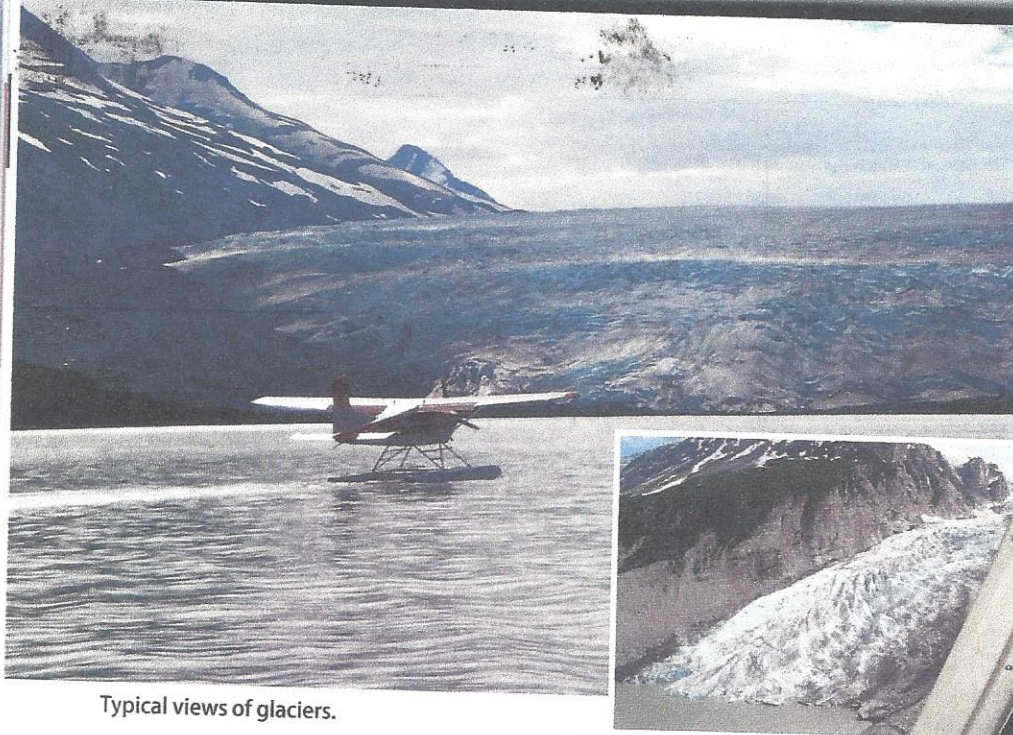
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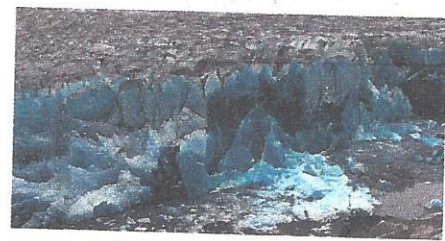
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Typical views of glaciers.

CHARLENE (CHARLIE) MARTIN



Gorgeous blue glacier ice.



A glacier ice wall after calving. Bob Breedem witnessed a similar scene, although with a taller, flatter, vertical, solid blue wall of ice. While still a beautiful sight, here the pieces are jagged and appear quite tippy and ready to go.

PAUL CLAUS

destroyed what was left of the plane. As the days continued to pass, the entire glacier continued to move over the area, finally covering the few scraps of the plane that had remained.

No Pictures

All of the cameras were gone, including the GoPro mounted to the wing strut and the extra Drift camera. Bob had been holding his camera when the incident took place and lost it when he put his hand up to shield himself. At the time, of course, that was the least of his worries.

Unfortunately, the cameras held the pictures of their entire trip and the wonderful places they had visited. None of the pictures from the whole Alaska trip had been downloaded from the cameras before the incident. The documentation of the weeks of adventure, exploration, and destinations they had worked so hard to chronicle was gone. The only pictures from this adventure will be the memories they share. Pictures or not, this will be an adventure the Breedens will continue to remember.

The Aftermath

In reality, the glacier, while appearing to be stable and beautiful, calved and separated from the main glacier mass. These heavy pieces of the glacier fell off and dropped vertically a few feet to the river bed. This impact instantaneously displaced the water – and tons of sand

– pinched between the ice and riverbed, creating a huge spray blast. This spray blast moved quickly and traveled across the river in seconds. The Breedens and Harley were caught directly in its path. This was not just a small spray of water. Think of someone spraying 100 firemen's water hoses full force at you at the same time. It not only had intense pressure, but also sand and gravel. The water had enough pressure to knock them down and push the plane hard enough to break it into pieces.

Sharing the Tale

When Bob called me to tell me the highlights about the glacier incident after they got back to Virginia, I was thankful that they were not injured and sad they lost Harley. Later, when he shared the elaborate details, my emotion turned to shock. It was like something from an action-packed movie. I knew this was a story that had to be shared with other pilots. It was hard to believe that such a beautiful piece of work was destroyed in seconds, right before their eyes. The fact they could have been killed hit me harder than Harley's demise. It made them realize (and me, too) that life can be changed dramatically in the blink of an eye if you end up in the wrong place at the wrong time. Mother Nature is not forgiving.

Bob shared his disappointment; he and Bobby had put so much of themselves into Harley. Designing the plane,

learning to fly it proficiently, participating in the intensity of the Valdez competition, and flying to the wonderful places they had seen were only some of the memories they had shared, with the plane being the focal point of that time. Their loss went deep, personally and financially.

Bob said, "Use extra caution on your glacier adventures. But, more important, know yourself, and give time to acclimate to the environment. We pushed ourselves and ignored cues. We had been practicing flying for a long time, and had spent time traveling independently in the mountains, but had not spent the same amount of time observing and contemplating the natural rhythms of the glacier at hand. Sure, we had seen the splits in the top of the ice before from the air. After a long walk down the river to the blue ice face, we saw a different view. Respect for the environment and awareness of the situation is everything. The glacier appeared to be stable and non-threatening. We thought we were safe in our window of time on the gravel bar with enough distance away should there be a calving. That site was a 200-foot-tall mousetrap, not a place to play. If the ice had all come at once, we would have been blasted over a hundred yards, or simply crushed, instead of being knocked 50 feet or so. I'm sorry to say that we made the wrong decision to land there. We are fortunate to be here to tell the story."

Glacier Calving

In simple terms, glacier calving is the glacier completing its cycle. It can be the sudden release and breaking away of ice masses from the terminus of the glacier. As the glacier slides down from the mountain, and reaches lower elevation, it can simply melt in place, or if it reaches a body of water, collapse into the water.

Among the many variables affecting glacier formations, temperature has a large effect on glacier transformation. Cold temperatures create glacier formations in the same manner warm temperatures affect and melt glacier formations. The freezing temperatures, warming temperatures, and movement over uneven terrain cause splits in the ice over time. That continuous change makes a glacier a beautiful part of nature. It also makes it unpredictable. The tables got turned from a picturesque scene into a dangerous situation in a matter of seconds.

This Breeden adventure had an unusual outcome compared to their normal outings. Bob wanted me to share this story (good and bad) with other pilots who might find themselves in a similar situation. This was a lesson well learned for them. They are adventurous. However, they are always cautious in the places they choose to fly and land. They try to be aware of the ever-changing conditions in some of those places.

This unforeseen incident could easily happen to anyone. Bob mentioned that several fellow Alaskan pilots approached him to discuss their similar situations. They had ended up in weather, glacier, or mountain environment incidents where their encounter could have turned from bad to worse. They compared what happened to the Breeden boys and Harley and found their situations could have had the same or worse outcome. Bob's incident made other pilots evaluate "it could have happened to me" scenarios. Think about it; that could have been you and your plane.

Though they were not injured (other than pride), this was an expensive lesson for them, as their plane was destroyed and they had a scare of a lifetime. One could say that, in a matter of seconds, their lives changed forever. Time heals wounds (physical and mental), and airplanes can be replaced. When Mother



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"Bella," the new addition to the Breeden fleet.

Nature takes a swing at you, it is not easily forgotten.

The Breedens are saddened by the loss of Harley. Harley was a one-of-a-kind aircraft that suited the Breedens' flying style and adventure. In the future, I am sure they will build another "Harley." For now, the Breedens continue to fly "William," the 1977 modified, certified Super Cub that has been in the family since the year Bobby was born. I had to name all of Bob's planes so I would know which one he was referring to. Although this plane has many extras, a future endeavor will be to re-cover William. Bob said he had a wish list. Bobby has his eye on adding a baby Bushwheel, even though Bob has adamantly nixed that request.

Opportunity presented itself, though, with a new addition to the Breeden fleet. Before their Alaska adventure and the glacier incident, Bob had purchased a pristine 1977 Super Cub with 385TT with floats. This one is a true beauty and still in

all-original condition. Bob was able to fly the plane on floats for a few days before the floats were removed and sold. Bob is already working to get this beauty ready for the flying season in 2012. Because the floats were removed, Bushwheels have been added. I've already named her "Bella." Even though the purchase was not to replace Harley, Bella will fit nicely in the Breeden fleet. We will see how she fares and what other updates Bob has in mind for her. Bob tells me she flies "sweet – breaking gently straight over the nose in stalls every time – ball in center of course." I have a feeling Bella will be part of an upcoming Breeden adventure.

With William remaining in the family and the addition of Bella, the Breeden boys will be able to fly together in the next Swingle production. They are excited about that.

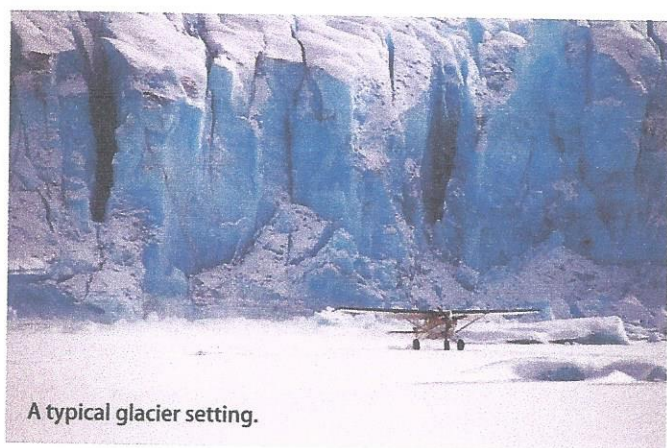
Keep a watch for more of the Breeden adventures. Hopefully, the next one

(plane and adventure) will not have Mother Nature knocking on their door.

Happy and safe flying! ^{CO}

About the author and Davis Aviation:

Donna Jones has worked in aviation for 20 years. She began in aviation with Bonaire Aviation Company and stayed with Davis Aviation when it bought the Bonaire 550 product line in 1998. She helped establish 30-plus STCs for the single-engine Cessna line, as well as assisted in numerous field approvals and deviations when an STC was not available for a particular installation. Davis Aviation continues with worldwide distribution of the Bonaire 550 engine and propeller upgrade, propeller-only installations, and engine mount modifications. Davis Aviation offers a variety of STC options for Cessna aircraft, as well as a few upgrades for Piper airplanes. Davis Aviation can be reached at (423) 652-1113. Website address is www.davisaviationservices.net.



A typical glacier setting.

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JERRY KALLAM