

EAA CHAPTER 1128

Two Harbors Helgeson Airport

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Towering cumulus clouds are marching across the lake tonight. Their bottoms are almost black with a heavy load but their tops are lit a brilliant white from the lowering sun. I actually have windows open, it must be summer! Our first summer meeting will not be on the first Thursday as usual because that's the Fourth of July. Instead we will meet on **Thursday, July 11 at 6:30** in hangar #1 at **Two Harbors Helgeson Airport**. This is the night before our set-up party for the big pancake breakfast.

LAST MEETING

We had invited some young guests from the High School. Mike welcomed them and gave a brief description of our group, our airport and our plan. He also reminded us the next meeting would be the last before the pancake breakfast. As the group began to stampede the exit Bill reported \$1054 in chapter coffers. Out on the ramp four experimental aircraft awaited inspection. Dan Murphy had taxied his Dyke Delta to hangar #1 where Ryan had his Flightstar on display. Mike Shannon's pretty Rans S-7 faced the Rans S-9 known affectionately as Miss Chaos. Mike Busch conducted a tour of the Rocket Factory. The kids had some good questions and some parents also showed interest. The crowd migrated across the ramp for a look at Jake Hayes' Carbon Cub project and a peek at Fifi still folded up in the corner of hangar #12. Mike and Ryan led the group further west across Bogus Brook for a Ukie demonstration. Model aircraft controlled by wire from a constantly pivoting pilot are called 'U' control, Ukie for short. I had to start Miss Chaos to taxi back to her hangar and somehow wound up on the runway so I pushed the throttle forward and magic happened. We got it out of our system quickly and joined the gang watching the real airshow. Mike and Ryan showed their skills in the big circle. Ryan's plane broke in two during a dead-stick landing but Mike put it in perspective, "We flew two and we broke one, that's about 50 percent better than average for Ukies!" All in all an epic meeting, go 1128!

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Chapter 1221 continues the fly-out weekend tradition with a trip to Aitkin this Sunday for a classic car show and fly-in. Chapter president Mike Hongisto got a call from EAA HQ recently because of comments he made on line concerning EAA's capitulation to pay ransom to the FAA for Airventure. Two senior officials took the time to explain the official position. You can find links to the discussion on 1221's website.

Chapter 272 has awarded another scholarship to a local young man for flight training. The Lucas/Hanson Memorial Scholarship is just one way 272 pays it forward for future aviators. The full schedule for the 'Lark of the Lake Festival' is published in their newsletter and I'm sure many of their members will be volunteering at the event.

ETC.

Bud Gorman, one of our model aircraft experts, is having a retirement party on July 7 from 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm at 504 Salakka rd in Knife River. We are all invited and I think we should all go to make sure he doesn't have any cake left over. Isn't it ironic that when you finally know everything there is to know about a certain job they don't want you coming to work anymore? Just sayin'.....

I'm sure you have all heard about the FAA's kidnapping of Oshkosh Airventure and I hope you have all signed the petition and emailed your congressman. If you haven't heard, the short story is: the FAA (supposedly due to the sequester) slapped a bill on the EAA for air traffic controllers at Oshkosh. Half a Million Bucks! The money to pay these controllers is already in the federal budget and this FAA power play is seen by many as the first big step toward user fees for all government services. Since we already pay for these services through aviation fuel taxes it is essentially double taxation. Please read up and rise up to protest government greed.

As a little comic relief, please entertain the skewed viewpoint of an aging hippie: The people we elect to take care of our country are traditionally inept. This Do Nothing Congress is just the latest in a long line of duffers and I'm OK with that. The reason being: every time they finally do something it turns out bad for me. And probably you. Since all the Good and Just laws were written back when writing itself was a rare skill any new law is just some petty bickering about differing viewpoints, and money. So when the people who have the word Honorable in front of their names finally cough up a new law, edict or fiat it costs me some of my liberties or some of my money, usually both. I say, "Bravo Duffers! Just sit and do nothing, all the better for me."

My afternoon visits with my sweetie have taken a hit from the weather but I managed a couple of flights between systems this week. Tuesday I worked in fog all day down by the shore but when I stopped at the airport on the way home there was nothing but clear blue skies and light winds. I took a few moments to change carb jets for the hot, muggy air but soon my girl and I were dancing across the sky. The entire Arrowhead Region has taken on its summer disguise as a broccoli farm. The occasional river or road snakes beneath the green blanket and only peeks out here and there. Despite the heat the air was stable and the ride was smooth as butter. Miss Chaos loves to carve the butter! When we found ourselves back along the North Shore I saw that the fog was still there. The sky was cloudless and the main body of the lake was clear blue but right down where land and water meet the air was saturated. I glanced at our shadow as it passed over the fog and was rewarded with a rare vision. Miss Chaos had a halo! This phenomenon is called a 'Glory' by pilots who have seen it and the name is apt. A tight circle of rainbow holds your shadow dear and protects you from the forces of darkness, at least that's the way it looks to me. I have seen my Glory from a hang glider and once from an ultralight but at my end of the aviation spectrum seeing clouds below is usually not a good thing so these visions are rare indeed. I took it as a good omen and stayed over the shore for a long stretch. When we finally decided to retire another thrill presented itself. Turning base for the grass strip I identified four bogies on the field. None had antlers but they still represented a threat to my girl so we marked them as hostile. Bringing the power in and the nose down put them in my sights and I made machine gun sounds with my tongue. Cranking a sharp bank over their heads at 100 miles per hour got their attention and when we pulled up for another downwind leg they had mysteriously disappeared. A normal landing brought us back to earth but my spirits continued to soar.

I am living my dream each time I leave the planet. If all the Walter Mitty's out there knew how easy this dream is to realize we would need to borrow more air from somewhere to accommodate them. I know it's selfish but I'm kinda happy that people are generally as lazy as congress: "Go ahead, sit still, all the more sky for me!" *

*The views of the author do not represent the views of EAA, AOPA, NBAA, or any other of the anonymous alphabet groups with lawyers.

.....Happy Landings!.....