

EAA CHAPTER 1128

Two Harbors Helgeson Airport

www.1128.eaachapter.org

It's calm at the lake tonight and a little warmer than normal but we all know, winter is coming. Our **November** meeting will happen on **Thursday**, the **2nd** at **6:30** in the **Community Room** at **THHS**.

Last Meeting

It was windy and cool when we arrived at the school, I was last in. Mike said he had no formal agenda but plenty to talk about. He was wondering about the future of the chapter considering our small size. Mentioning low meeting attendance at our sister chapters as well he asked, "Is the spirit of home building still alive? EAA, our mother organization only supplies us with insurance for our activities so do we need to be a chapter?" This sparked an excellent conversation. Seth told a story about a young lady who recently got an airplane ride from Bud and was thrilled. Her parents found the Chapter and that's the only reason her wish was fulfilled. Seth also said he probably would not have achieved his private pilot certificate without help from chapter members. I gave a brief history of the chapter and expressed my desire to see it continue. Mike said "I have to ask these questions." and wondered what more he could do to help the chapter succeed. As a group we assured him that he was already going above and beyond his responsibilities as Chapter President and gave him our thanks. Ashlee suggested a possible change in the meeting schedule and maybe having our summer BBQs on the weekend instead of meeting night. Mike allowed there could be 'business meetings' and 'social meetings'. The big pancake fly-in that didn't happen this year received some discussion. We agreed our historical venue was no longer a foregone conclusion and suggestions included purchasing gas grills and arranging other accommodations. We talked a little about how we might interact with the city without an Airport Commission on topics like our pancake breakfast and the proposed new A/D building. Seth wondered if he could get the hangar tenants list in order to include them all in correspondence about the airport.

Dale Nordwall said he had been drafted to help his friend sell an airplane that had been nearly completed by a recently deceased pilot. He showed some pictures and it was obviously an expertly built and beautiful SuperCub. He said he would be happy to show the plane to serious buyers and really wants to assure a good outcome for the widow. Seth uploaded the pictures and suggested we send out a notice to locals.

When we adjourned Mike said he felt better about the chapter's future. So did I.

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Our sister chapters in Superior and Cloquet also struggle with participation and attendance but the members are really fine people and deserve credit for the struggle.

ETC.

I'm in love again. In the last letter I expressed my frustration with Rooby and her reluctance to

reliably start. I decided to bite the bullet on the spendy Rotax part and it was the cure. I begged her pardon for all the curses I had flung her way and she forgave me. Since then we have celebrated with many lovely dances and she is treating me well on the landings too.

The first day of October was a beautiful Sunday with clear skies and light winds so Rooby happily carried me on a casual color cruise. We wandered over the bright reds and golds of the ridges and swooped down on the twin lakes of my neighborhood. Boaters waved and swans floated on nearly calm waters with tree reflections adding dimension to the scene. Rooby is such a gentle partner I often enjoy the luxury of shifting my focus from the job of aviating to the wonder of aviation. On the trip back from the lakes I experienced an overwhelming sense of serenity and peace. No Guru brought me to this place, it was the result of years of diligent study, hard work and all the sweeter for the effort. If the Experimental Aircraft Association didn't exist, headquarters and chapters, it would be impossible for a financially challenged old man to live this joyful dream.

The eleventh of October was another unforgettable day. The sun made a rare appearance and the temps were moderate so I went to the hangar. Rooby fired right up and we launched before noon for an intimate dance. There was good thermal activity for so late in the season and we rode bumpy updrafts to pleasant elevations. Our dance steps included stalls and steep turns just for fun. Over the shore the turbulence lightened so we spied on lakeshore mansions for a bit before returning for a couple of acceptable landings. Since the sun was shining into the hangar I decided to do some work on Miss Chaos. Her aging rubber fuel lines needed replacement so I set to the task in a happy mood. I finished the in-cockpit work late in the afternoon and the breeze had backed off a bit so I pulled Rooby out for another go. We chased the curves in the Knife river on butter-smooth air and it was just magic. Upon our return a Stinson announced his position behind us on final for runway 33 so when Rooby's wheels touched the grass I brought the power in a little and fast taxied with the tail wheel up all the way back to the pavement, what a gas!

I played with superlatives on the drive home in order to properly describe the experience in my log book. The date, 10/11 struck a chord in my memory so I paged back to last year. Sure enough, it was an important date. It was exactly one year since Mike had signed her off as airworthy and we had taken our first flight. Happy Birthday Rooby! I am in love again.

I am truly a fortunate soul and I try to be grateful for my luck every day. I hope your experience in the unique world of personal aviation is as magical as mine has been and.....

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