

EAA CHAPTER 1128

Two Harbors Helgeson Airport

www.1128.eaachapter.org

It's chilly at the lake tonight but at least those crazy winds have finally backed off. I'm hoping it will be temperate on **Thursday, May 2** at **Hangar # 40** for our first **BBQ Meeting** of the year. We will fire up the grill for a **6:00** dinner.

Last Meeting

It was a sunny afternoon when we met in early April. Our newest member, Mark Oswald flew his sweet RV-6 to attend the meeting at the high school. We had a pretty good turn out to see Mike Busch's presentation. The treasurer reported our financial situation. Mike talked about the recent meeting at City Hall concerning the new terminal building project. He also recommended attendance for the next presentation at the Bong Center, Mike O'Connor giving a talk on "Wisconsin Aces". We were reminded of our "Open House" for the sixth graders on May 31, rain date June 3 from 9:00 to 1:00. We talked about our airplane projects, Bud told a blimp story and Ozzy told a Reno story.

Mike turned on the screen and began his interesting presentation on Air Superiority in the Pacific Theater during WWII. He covered Claire Chennault's "Flying Tigers" and gave technical details on the Japanese Zero, the Brewster Buffalo, the F4F wildcat and the P-40 among others. He discussed the Naval strategies in the battle of Midway and showed some early aircraft carriers. It was fascinating stuff and we were all paying close attention. I went through a whole bowl of popcorn. We adjourned just before dark.

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Our sister chapters are gearing up for the flying season. Check their websites for details.

ETC.

Mike did his presentation at Chapter 272's last meeting and packed the house. They asked him to repeat so he will be giving it again on **Wednesday, May 22 at 6:00** in Tim Sullivan's hangar right next to 272's clubhouse at Bong Field. It's worth seeing again, check it out.

Since we had so many spring-like days in February and March I was able to work on Miss Chaos. Her Rotax heart had been on the operating table in my shop for a year and I painstakingly replaced all of her fuselage fuel lines. On April 14 all of the parts and pieces came together again and for the first time in almost nineteen months she took to the sky. When I first flew Rooby I remember thinking that her controls were heavy and sluggish since I had been flying the frisky Miss C. for twenty plus years. Now the experience was reversed. Rooby seems entirely correct and comfortable and Miss Chaos has become the Tasmanian Devil. Immediately on take off I was over correcting and feeling way behind the curve. There was a bit of turbulence so I didn't have time to relax and adjust my inputs. The view is severely restricted compared to Rooby's big picture windows and sloped down cowl and that didn't help my discomfort. Our once smooth dance moves were jerky and uncoordinated

and I felt on the edge the whole time. Ten minutes of that was enough but I managed an OK landing from an unstable approach. I was shaking a little as I did the drunken S-turns to taxi back. Bud stopped by the hangar as I was putting her away and I told him that I may be getting a little old for this kind of excitement. I took Rooby up for a sunset cruise to settle my nerves and I felt much better about my skills.

The next day brought decent temps and smoother air so I gave Miss Chaos another try. This time settling into her fighter plane cockpit didn't seem so foreign and I even performed the taildragger swagger more smoothly on taxi. I planted my forearm on my thigh to limit stick movement and took a deep breath. Miss Chaos is so light that even take off acceleration is very brisk and we were in the air before I knew it. No cross wind slapped us so the climb out was not a stress out and soon we were leveled off and steady. My confidence returned and we began to dance, gently at first but then more and more aggressively until we merged into one hybrid being with one goal, burn some holes in the sky. Soon we were tossing each other across the heavens and the horizon tumbled through the wind screen. Old home week. All the years of intimate interplay rushed back into my head and I laughed out loud. We cavorted for most of an hour and then shot some good landings. My heart swelled.

My financial situation is such that Miss Chaos will soon have another caretaker and yesterday I was ready to let her go but now I can't stand the thought. For twenty two years she was my best girl and that's a lot of history. We flew to Oshkosh twice and blew a lot of shingles off a lot of roofs. Rooby is the obvious best choice for a pilot at my stage of life but I am always going to miss the dynamic presence of Miss Chaos.

Well, the credit police aren't at my door yet so I will squeeze in as much Chaos time as I can before the inevitable.

Here's hoping you are building memories with your special one and

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