

## Oshkosh 2013 – The Year of Jetman!

*By Norma Kraemer*

AirVenture is a reunion of aviation enthusiasts. I knew I would be seeing Chapter 39 members when I pulled into the parking lot on the Sunday before the official opening and the pickup truck in front of me had a bumper sticker that said, “I Fly a Stinson, the Aircraft Standard of the World.” Who else but Jim Winter would have that on their truck? The next day I found him sitting on a bench in front of the Aeromart enjoying the fact he sold the engine from his helicopter project the first day! Over the next several days I ran across, Scott Christiansen, Steve Hoogerhyde, and Gary Telkamp. I saw Pete Shouldis at the back of a safety forum, but did not have a chance to say, “Hi!” I consigned 46 items to the Aeromart in hopes of selling them. I was pleasantly surprised that 24 of them found new homes. My real question is, “why did Vern have 8 spinners hidden in the hangar to airplanes all bigger than what he liked to fly?” Four of the eight found new homes, so I am very happy.

Oshkosh 2013 was another great year of introducing the cutting edge of innovation to EAA’s members. The Terrafugia aerocar flew for the airshow on Monday, making you realize that George Jetson might be living next door before you know it. Tuesday introduced the Jetman who skips the car and straps a personal wing on his back, jumps from a helicopter, and flies with four small jet engines for 10 minutes before running out of fuel and using his parachute to float to the ground. The whole week was filled with the “usual” wing walkers, group acts, sky writers, solo acts, and parades of all sorts of aircraft.

Oshkosh is as much trade show as airshow. They reported they had the most vendors ever and you could buy just about anything, not necessarily related to airplanes. Every day I put my name in the hat at the Goodyear booth in hopes of winning a ride in the Goodyear Blimp. Hope they call soon and let me know when I should show up!

Being a life member was a good thing I discovered. They now have a pavilion on the flight line that has tables, chairs, shade, soft drinks, and snacks near show center. While we had lugged the folding



*Monday morning line of people wanting to get into the Aeromart to hunt for bargains*



Scott Christiansen's Ellipse parked in homebuilt camping 1

chairs around on Monday to sit to watch the airshow, for the rest of the week we could leave them in the car. They also had an outstanding dinner in the Eagle Hangar at the museum on Tuesday night with record setter Joe Kittinger as the featured speaker. What an amazing man to set altitude records for parachute jumps in the 1950s, to develop the space suits used by the astronauts, and then be the major consultant for the Red Bull jump last year with Felix Baumgartner.



*Joe Kittinger at the Life Member dinner*



*Jetman on the skid of his helicopter*

We visited the seaplane base one evening before the mosquitoes chased us away and then another evening we went down to the ultralight runway to watch the evening flying session after the main airshow was over. Those people really know how to have fun with their flying! We tried to see every paintjob on planes, but that did not happen. There is just too much to see.

Friday was the Women's picture on Phillips 66 Plaza. This year all the women pilots in attendance were given raspberry t-shirts to wear as a mob of over 500 for the group picture. After that, we adjourned to the Theater in the Woods for an inspirational lunch with speakers from Boeing, the Mars Rover Program, and the Thunderbirds. Each woman was inspirational in their own way that the future of aviation will include women as an integral part, since one was a vice-president for Boeing, one an engineer exploring Mars, and one flying the number three position with the Thunderbirds.

The visiting with people we sat next to was a great way to share the love of flight. Seeing the odd things on the field made you laugh. Maybe I will fly the Corben to OSH next year. I have a volunteer to be my ground support crew.



*Terrafugia Pavilion*



*Activity from the bleachers at the ultralight runway*



# The Prez Sez...

*by Darrel Sauder*

Oshkosh has come and gone. Those of us that went brought back many memories. One in particular that I shared with you at our last meeting was talking and getting acquainted with "Jetman" and his two associates. Some of you may not have heard of him. He jumped off helicopter railings with a small delta shaped wing strapped to his back. Four small jet engines (large model airplane engines) were attached to the wing. He was sponsored by Brietling Watch Company. He could reach speeds of 190 to 200 mph. He would fly for about 10 minutes and was one of the featured attractions at Oshkosh. His show was highly advertised, complete with "Jetman" toy wings for sale for kids. Two weeks ago he was killed when he slammed into a rock face in the Grand Canyon. Hearing about his death gave me pause.

No matter how careful we try to be we are still vulnerable when we fly on the edge of our abilities and our aircraft's envelope. Nuff said.

Last Burger Burn of the year coming up at our next meeting. Better come and enjoy it!

Don't forget to floss.



*the group at Oshkosh  
(photos by Jerry P.)*





*Champ landing at Dan's Airport*

### Next Meeting:

Tuesday, September 10  
at **Chapter 39 Clubhouse**

### 6:00 Last Burger Burn of the season

Please bring a salad, dessert, or munchies to share.

### 7:00 Meeting

**Program:** The Wright Brothers



## Upcoming Events

### Sep 6-8 **Midwest Antique Aircraft Club Fly In**

Brodhead, WI Grass Roots (Billed as private, but can join for \$25 at gate. Guests allowed.)

<http://eaa431.org> Calendar of events

### Sep 7 **SD Aviation Hall of Fame meeting** Spearfish (SPF)

SDAHF Event Chairman Ted Miller, Black Hills Aero  
([605-642-0277](tel:605-642-0277))

### Sep 10-12 **Badlands RV Fly-In** Hot Springs Airport

### Sep 21 **20th Anniversary celebration of the SDPA** Faulkton (3FU), SD

### Sep 28 **Benkerts' Fly-in Picnic** Dan's Airport Please bring a dish to share. More info to follow.

### September Birthdays:



Pete S.—6th  
Allen B.—11<sup>th</sup>  
Les M.—13th

## Chapter 39

### Officers

President	Darrel Sauder
Vice President	Dan Benkert
Secretary	Gary Schroeder
Treasurer	Milo Schindler

### Volunteers

Newsletter & Web Manager	Molly Benkert
Young Eagles	Rick Belsaas
	Jerry Petersen
Safety Officer	Jerry Densmore

**Tech Advisor** Randy Daughenbaugh

## TREASURER'S REPORT

*by Milo Schindler*

Balance brought forward: .....\$1290.35

### Income:

Dues x 1.....20.00  
Burger Burn.....78.00

### Expenses:

Burgers/buns..... 40.11

Balance on hand.....\$1348.24

# Secretary's Minutes

*by Gary Schroeder*

- Burger burn in Milo's hanger Great food!
- Meeting was held at the clubhouse
- Darrel called the meeting to order at 7:11
- Minutes read and approved
- Treasures report given ----"we are broke" per Milo \$1200.00 plus or minus

## Old Business

- Hot Springs breakfast 8:00 to 10:00AM
- Last Burger burn in September
- Young Eagles They were a great group from the Military Leadership Camp, they were the 20 oldest of a group of 80. From the Army National Guard
- News Letter Great job Molly
- Ice Cream What happened to the guy that used to make it?
- Brought up the trial membership for EAA
- Hats and patches available. Hats \$15.00
- Don's fly-in had 15to20 people
- Chapter president's breakfast had some suggestions: Name tags for members and a recruiting video to bring in new members
- AOA badges Need to take a driving test and need to set up an appointment to do paperwork and get the badge

## New Business

- Chapter fly-in for August will be Newcastle and Wall for a backup
- RV fly-in in Hot Springs September 6-8<sup>th</sup>
- Speaker for September will be a Wright Bros night bring interesting info to share

## Program

Pictures and highlights of Oshkosh  
8:30 Meeting adjourned



*More Oshkosh photos by Rob B.*

*Thought you might enjoy the following story shared by Don Williamson.*

## **Old Friends----We Meet Again**

by  
**Norman A. Telkamp**



I had been sweeping out the hangar at the end of a beautiful day. I watched as the sun slowly settled behind Mount Rushmore and Harney Peak in the Black Hills of South Dakota. I quietly closed the hangar doors and went to an old couch in the corner. Being tired I laid back and reflected on the day, on my life, on my family, as an older person will do. The quiet of the hangar was only broken by the cracking and creeping of the corrugated roof as the tin cooled from the heat of the day. After awhile I seemed to hear faint voices from within the darkness. I thought there can't be anyone here, as I relaxed and laid my head on the musty old pillow at the end of the couch. The voices became louder and more distinct as the evening darkness settled over the landscape. And this is what I heard!

"Where have you been?" the question seemed to come from the J-3 Cub parked toward the back of the hangar. The answer to the question came from an old Champ that stood wing tip to wing tip nearby. "I was born in 1946 in Middletown, Ohio, how about you?" "I was born in 1946 too, in a little town called Lock Haven, Pennsylvania", replied the Cub. Do you know that makes us about 60 years old!" "I guess it does", replied the Champ. Then came a lengthy pause in the conversation as each seemed to reflect on the past.

"Tell me about your life" the Champ said to the Cub. "That might take some time," replied the Cub. "Go ahead, we have all night" replied the Champ.

"Well, when I left Lock Haven I went to Council Bluffs, Iowa and that was a long, long trip—I never saw so much corn in my young life. When I arrived and pulled up to the gas pump, my ferry pilot jumped out and shook hands

with my new owner and turning to me he said "goodbye and good luck." "I found out later I would need all the good luck I could get."

"I was immediately put to work on what they called the G.I. Training Program; hundreds of ex service men were using the GI. Bill to learn how to fly. I learned that most of these guys didn't really want to learn to fly; they were just using up their G.I. benefits. From dawn to dusk, day after day it was one student after another. I should be fair and admit that a few of the students had the gift. They handled my controls as if I were a part of them. I heard later that a few went on to become airline pilots, crop dusters and even flight instructors. Too shorten my story, after about two years the training program slowed down and I was sold to a farmer/rancher out in the middle of Nebraska."

"That's enough about me for now, tell me about your life" he said to the Champ.

"So far, your story has been nearly like my own. Shortly after I was rolled out of the factory doors, with a lot of brothers, sisters and cousins, I too found myself headed west. My ferry pilot was a young guy without much cross country experience. In fact you could say that we were lost most of the time. He made me buzz small town water towers so he could read the name. I sure got tired of that. After about two days seeming hopelessly lost we arrived at a small town name Huron, South Dakota. It was dry and hot and I was never so thirsty in my life. Unlike your ferry pilot who wished you good bye and good luck, my guy turned and walked off without a backward glance. Soon, out of the corner of my eye, I saw an important looking man walking toward me. He hardly looked at me, kicked my tires until they hurt and strode off. I found out later that he was the owner of the local flight school. Listening with one ear I could hear him shouting orders in the office. And here they came, just like you said, one student after another. I spent the next two years having my control stick yanked, my rudder pedals kicked and stomped on, my prop broke and my skin scratched and punctured. But that's enough of that! Things did slow down for awhile and before long I was pushed to a back corner of the big hangar. Before you feel sorry for me let me tell you that sitting next to me was a cute little Luscombe with long limbs and a pretty smile!" And with that the Champ seemed lost in his memories and became quiet as tears welled in his eyes.



The Cub standing quietly nearby sensed the feelings of the Champ and remained quiet in the darkness. From outside the hangar only an occasional rustling of the wind could be heard.

And then the Cub began to speak; "my new owner had taught himself how to fly following a couple of rides with his uncle" "The first time we went out to fly he promptly steered me into a fence and scratched my prop and my nose bowl. He got out, pulled me out of the fence and said to himself, "Lets try it again". Well we made it and as a result I spent the next 20 years checking crops, counting cattle and giving rides to a seemingly endless string of relatives. I shouldn't say this, but that guy never did learn the difference between a sideslip and a sideshow!"

"And then my life changed. A young man from South Dakota stopped by the ranch and he happened to spot me sitting in an open T-hangar. His eyes lit up at the sight of my faded yellow paint, my scratched nose and dejected look. He looked my owner in the eye and asked the age old (and often repeated) question—how much for the Cub? After a spirited discussion and the bartering of two steers, an old horse and a springing heifer, it seemed I had a new owner, and sure enough, just minutes later, I was in the air, barely clipping those sand hills of Nebraska, headed north to my new home in South Dakota! And like I heard someone say "and that's all I've got to say about that..."

The night grew still again; the silence only broken by the sound of the crickets and an invisible owl hooting in the distance. And once more the Champ began to speak. "I too, was bought and sold several times. Sometimes my new owner liked and cared for me and others regarded me as just another worn out old airplane. I remember one crusty old timer that put skis on my landing gear and we chased coyotes for two or three winters. With those skis on my feet every landing jolted my teeth. And not only that, my ribs hurt, my rudder cables frayed, and my baggage compartment smelled like dead coyotes. In this sorry state of repairs I was sold to an optimistic person who said he was going to fix my aches and pains. He planned to rebuild me as good as new and breathe fresh life into my tired and aching body. He put me in an open hangar on his fathers farm until he could get the necessary repair parts, and guess what happened next?, a horrible storm blew up one night. It was more than the old hangar could stand and the rest is a nightmare. The roof fell on me and crushed my ribs, broke my spars, bent my struts and there I lay. Somehow I endured the pain



and my spirit said—you will survive---you will survive. After many months of suffering my hopes began to dim. Maybe I would never feel the wind beneath my wings again. Just as I had finally given up hope, I saw a young man and his son appear. Listening to them talk, I learned that they had bought my wretched body and hoped to make me well again. They dug through the timbers and gently loaded me on a trailer. Soon I was at a new home which turned out to be a warm and comfortable garage where I would spend the next five years.

“Let me pause for a moment, as dawn approaches, and listen to more of your adventures, he said to his old friend.”

“Well the Old Cub replied, my life improved greatly when I reached my new home. My new owner fussed over me and listened for my every pain. Soon my arthritis went away and I settled down to enjoy retirement. You know, just go fly around for an hour or so in the evening and then again on Sunday afternoon. But wait, there is one more memory I want to share. From what I heard and what I saw this is how it went. An itinerant sign painter pulled into our small town one day, stumbling out of his old pickup, with a home made camper on the back. He loudly announced to everyone within ear shot that he was “Rambling Red”, the best sign painter to ever come out of Canada. Shortly a small crowd gathered to see and hear this stranger. My owner was in the crowd and heard him make this announcement. I dig no holes and set no poles. The crowd got a big kick out of this and soon “Rambling Red” was circulating in the crowd taking orders for hand painted signs. My owner couldn’t resist and found himself signing up. I was soon to learn for what. The rest of the story I can tell first hand because I was there. The Cub paused and a faint grin appeared on his cowl. And there in the faint light of the early dawn he went on, my owner and “Rambling Red” came to my hangar and I heard my owner say, this Old Cub came out of the Nebraska sandhills and I like to think of it as the Sandhill Clipper.” Before I could utter a protest “Rambling Red” had his box open and selected the brush he wanted. Pulling up a five gallon pail to sit on, he began to paint. In a surprisingly short period of time he leaned back with a look of satisfaction and said there! Later I learned that he had painted a sign on the side of my cowl proclaiming that from now on I would be known as the “Sandhill Clipper”.

“Now that I’m retired he told the Champ, I’m looking forward to a long and happy journey through the beautiful blue skies of the future.”

Dawn was being announced by a nearby mourning dove that was answered by a sleepy meadow lark.

The Champ turned his eyes to the Cub and said; "I need to finish my story before the old man sleeping on the couch, opens the hangar doors. Yes, the Cub replied "I want to hear".

And the Champ continued, "I spent the next five years in that garage which turned out to be sort of a hospital for battered and broken old guys like me. During this time many of my vital parts were replaced in a series of painful operations. Toward the end I had nearly given up hope but I remembered what I had said in my darkest moment, you will survive, you will survive and in answer to my hopes; parts, packages, pails of dope, Plexiglas and other stuff started to show up. Soon I began to look and feel much better!

Following a lot of final adjustments and inspections I was taken to the airport. A crowd gathered to admire my new paint job and general appearance and after what seemed to be a long time my owner said to me—"Old Champ, lets go flying" and we did! Oh how wonderful it was to feel the air against my cheeks and the wind beneath my wings. I never wanted to land. Following this joyful flight we went to several air shows and judging contests and each time the judges praised my new paint job and general good looks."

The two old friends stood in the back of the hangar with the light of the new dawn filtering through the cracks in the hangar wall. The Cub looked at the Champ and said, Isn't it wonderful to meet and reminisce about old times. It's just like attending the class reunion."

Sleepily I woke up and wondered where I was for a brief moment. Shortly my stiff neck told me that I must have fallen asleep on the old couch in the corner of the hangar and then I faintly remembered the dreams and a smile crossed my face as I looked at the Old Champ and the Old Cub in their usual places at the back of the hangar.

As I opened the hangar doors wide to greet the new day, I thought I heard a subdued whisper behind me saying—"Let's go flying".