



EAA Chapter 52 Sacramento CA.

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My Journey in Aviation

By, Cedric Hughes

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100 feet- no engine restart. 50 feet- fuel valve off. 20 feet- electrics off. I didn't have to look at the altimeter to know how close the ground was, I developed that intuition after months of flight training and the words of advice from my instructor rang in my memory- just fly the plane! However, all my prior landings had been made on runways with the security of a live engine. This landing had neither of those. 10 feet. 5 feet- brace for impact. Crash! The landing gear of the training aircraft I was piloting plunged into the freshly plowed field. I grasped the yoke tighter as the nosewheel of the plane dug into the ground. The fuselage bucked against the soil and the plane slowly flipped over. I hung suspended upside down by my seatbelt. Everything was still. Releasing the safety harness, I collapsed to the ceiling of the airplane and scrambled out on hands and knees over the shattered windshield and atop the underside of the left wing. Heart racing, my hands traced my body searching for injuries- legs, chest, arms- not a scratch. I expected anger from the man whose plane I borrowed for training (and had just totaled) as I sat waiting for him to take me home. But instead I was met with kindness, a warm blanket, and stories of past flying adventures to take my mind off the crash. Soon, I was flying again.

I fell in love with the challenge, inspiration and community I found in aviation. I dove into aviation three summers ago after a free airplane ride organized by a local Experimental Aircraft Association chapter. I began going to meetings with pilots and aircraft builders, organizing volunteer pilot Disaster Airlift Response Teams for the community, and learning the science of flight. Finding a KR2 airplane project on Craigslist that I could afford with summer job money, I converted my family's garage into a workshop with my father's help. The skeleton of the two-seat airplane sits five steps from my family's kitchen against a backdrop of engine cowling, electrical wires, and blueprints.

With the goal of flying my homebuilt airplane across the country before college, I started flight training at the local airport. I spent my free days of the last two summers mowing lawns, cleaning hangers, and washing airplanes in return for flight hours. Every minute in the hot Central Valley sun under the greasy belly of an airplane brought me closer to a pilot's license and the dream of flying. Still, costs of training were formidable until I was awarded two prestigious scholarships. One week before the start of my senior year of high school, I flew solo a hundred miles up the Central Valley in a Cessna 172 trainer plane. While this was about the scariest thing I had ever done, I was never prouder than when I walked off the tarmac with my new license in hand.

I reached out to Lightspeed, an aviation technology company that sponsored my flight training. I got the opportunity to work at AirVenture, an annual international gathering of pilots in Wisconsin. Nowhere is the spirit of aviation more alive! 642,000 people; 10,000 aircraft; 93 represented nations together to celebrate a common passion. Selling Lightspeed aviation headsets and attending conferences as the company's youth ambassador stoked my excitement for the opportunities aviation will bring to the global stage, ranging from urban transport vehicles to large scale electric aircraft.

Experiencing the innovation of the aviation community at AirVenture showed me that we are on the cusp of a new golden age of flight. Powered by evolving aerospace technologies, the future of aviation stands poised to meet decades of limited growth in the transportation sector and increasing global demand. Working for Lightspeed impassioned me to be part of the future, shepherding new technologies to global markets and building the innovative companies of my generation.

The Science of Sitting By, Lauran Paine Jr. (EAA)

WE MET IN THE LOBBY of the big hangar-type building that constitutes the business of Oregon Aero, located on the airport at Scappoose (KSPB), Oregon. You've probably heard of it: headset cushions, headset ear seals, helmet upgrades, aircraft seats and cushions, headset bags, ShockBlocker shoe inserts, and a myriad of other related civilian and military products. Some of it is stuff you may already have, plus other stuff you probably want. In aviation, the Oregon Aero logo

speaks for itself in regard to quality. The first things you notice in the lobby are several examples of aircraft seats. More on the “why” of that later. Also, on a high shelf that rings the room, there were, seemingly, a jillion aircraft models. More on that later, too. It was in the lobby where we all met — Mike Dennis, founder and owner; his wife, Jude; and Gayle Crowder, his assistant. And it was there, with the receptionist’s office phone ringing and people coming and going, where we all conversed for the next two hours. You see, Mike doesn’t have a big, formal office; he’s not a formal type guy. His “office” is the building we were in, plus the other adjacent buildings that constitute the whole of Oregon Aero. The business is his office. Here’s the thing: His intellect and passion for what he does are the driving forces for the entire operation. I asked him about his education. He said, “I have a Ph.D. Translated that stands for ‘Pig, Hoe, and Dig.’” About the seats in the lobby — they are examples of what Oregon Aero does, but also are for what they call “seat school.” I just happened to be sitting in one of the starter seats. It wasn’t that comfortable. It was an example of a standard airline seat. It was then that Mike, slowly and subtly, started me into seat school. Next to the seat I was sitting in was Oregon Aero’s improved version. I moved to that one. Much better! And then Mike talked of the technical reasons for that. We got into anatomy, posture, physics, spine compression, fatigue, material composition (a huge factor), and so on. Nonstop. The detail, thought, and science he puts into his products was fascinating. I sat on many a military cockpit seat over the years that was little more than some foam with fabric sewn around it. You make do, but boy howdy, what a little thought and applied science can do to make it better! And that’s what Mike Dennis does. “Comfort and safety” is his daily motto. How’s it working for him? The “jillion” models on the shelf that rings the lobby are all examples of airplanes that use his products.

How did Mike get to where he is today? He slugged his way through the “stuff of life,” the good, the bad, and the ugly. The kind of stuff that makes you or breaks you. It made Mike Dennis and instilled in him perspective and the strength to succeed. You can’t beat him down with a problem; he will figure it out. That’s who he is. And there is also a huge element of family intrigue that drives him to this day. I have to tell you about it.

Mike’s father was James Dennis. James’ father died of a heart attack at the age of 53 in 1941. His mother then left with her youngest son and moved from the Pacific Northwest to her family home in Norfolk, Virginia. James stayed behind. He was 14. In those days, 14 was old enough to work, so that’s what he did. It didn’t take long before he got into some trouble. The judge told him, “You can go to jail or to the Merchant Marine.” James chose the Merchant Marine. Not long into his Merchant Marine service, someone somehow singled out James, young and alone, and offered him a “job” to learn German. (He found out later that others with similar backgrounds were offered the same job. Hmm.) James was then sent to the Midwest to live with a German-speaking family. He learned German. Language finishing school was at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. There he learned different German dialects. After a couple more schools, he was smuggled into Berlin, Germany, by the French Resistance. There he lived in the home of a baker who was an anti-Nazi spy. Hitler had a sweet tooth and had a standing order for pastries at Army headquarters. James delivered the pastries. They called him “The Doughnut Boy.” He would hang around at headquarters and listen to what was being said, and then reported what he heard to the baker. He was a spy, at 17! It’s kind of hard to wrap your head around.

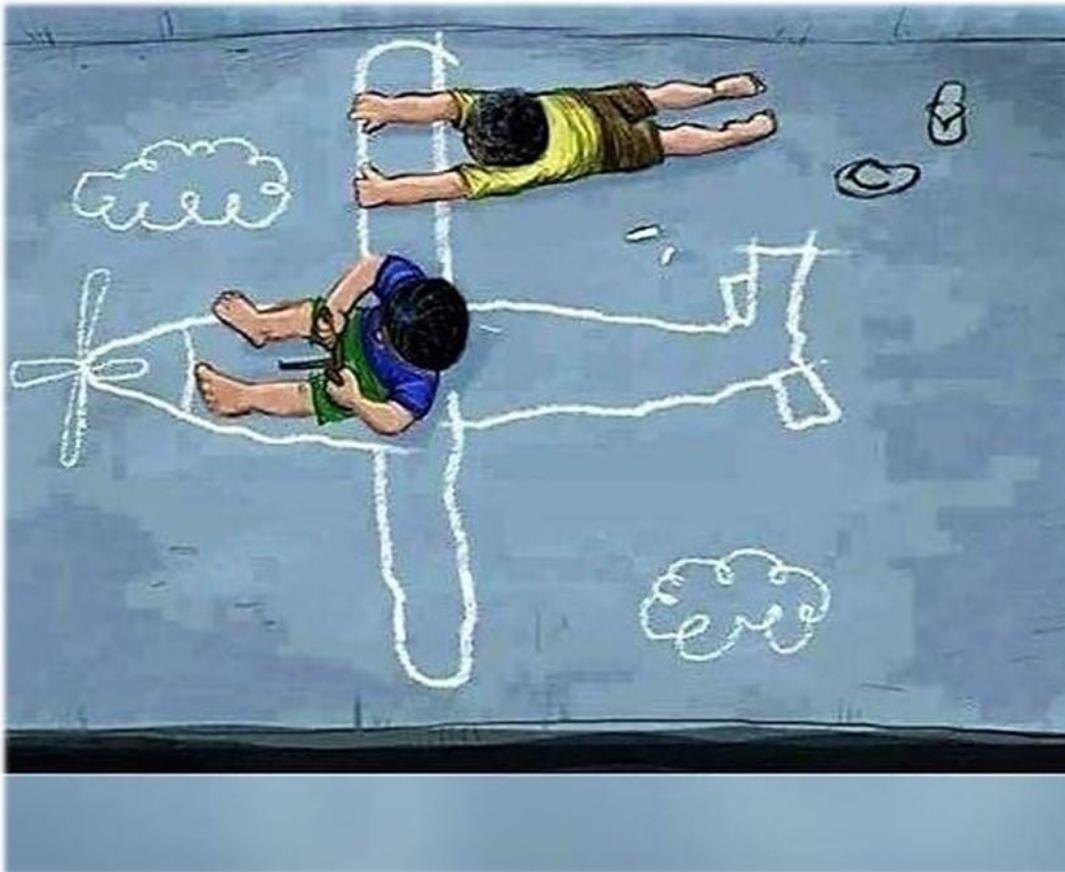
Chapter Outreach By, Jim Heffelfinger (EAA)

During the Tuesday General Meeting Jim will be presenting the Chapter youth outreach program in partnership with the Pleasant Grove High school’s IDEA (engineering) Academy. This will be a major benefit to the chapter but it will allow us to expose kids early the world of aviation.





Pleasant Grove HS-IDEA - EAA Chapter 52 Collaborative



Message from the Editors:

The Wing Flap has a website! We made this for the chapter so more members can get involved with the Wing Flap. If you have photos from an event or want to write about anything aviation, it will be included in future Wing Flap editions. The website is <http://bit.ly/WingFlap> and it includes previous Wing Flap editions as well. Thank you and see you in the sky.

Thank You,

Carson & Cedric

**WHEN YOU GET DRUNK AND
BUY STUPID SHIT ON EBAY**



**THEN TRY TO SNEAK IT IN THE
HOUSE BEFORE THE WIFE SEES IT.**



MY HEART

Resting



Exercising



Any Air Traffic Controller when
the airport's power goes out



belcc aviation memes