



# Chapter 54 News

Lake Elmo, Minnesota

April 2003



## **Live! From Oshkosh! It's the President's Column**

**T**his month I am writing from the volunteer campground at EAA in Oshkosh. For the last dozen years I have volunteered at Pioneer Airport and the last week of April is our annual reorientation meeting to find out what is new and how we will operate Pioneer. The following weekend our chapter 54 work party arrives. The days between the two weekends were set aside for our annual check rides. When I arrived I found out that the only airplane flying was the Travel air. The Glastar, RV-6, Ford Trimotor, Spirit of St. Louis and New Standard are all going through their annual inspections. With a little luck the Glastar could be ready by the end of the week.

For those who have followed the Pioneer Airport operations, you will notice a new airplane in the above list, the New Standard. Last year during convention "Old Reinbeck" flew their New Standard. After the convention it landed in a very short field shortly after takeoff. No one was seriously injured but the airplane will require extensive repair. The NTSB says the

cause of the accident was a combination of density altitude and the airplanes inability to climb out of the back side of the power curve. In other words it was in ground effect and there was not enough power to climb out of it on a hot August day.

The New Standard that EAA now has is powered by a Wright R-760-8 which is rated at 235 HP. The "Old Reinbeck" airplane had a Wright J-5-A which back in 1930 was rated at 225 HP. Sean Elliott Director of EAA Flight Operations has put together a flight manual for this airplane that outlines the conditions that this airplane can operate in. Density altitude considerations and crosswind component are a major part of the manual.

EAA's New Standard was manufactured by the New Standard Aircraft Corporation of Patterson, NJ in May of 1930. It had a Wright J-5-A engine with a Paragon wooden propeller and no electrical system. The first owner kept it for 10 years and flew it for 496 hours. In 1940 it was sold for \$1,350 to Elbert Fielder and Dale Edgerton of West Trenton, NJ. In 1947 it was repaired and made flyable under a new owner. In 1948 it was again sold and this time it was fitted with a banner-towing hitch. By 1955 it again

*(Continued on page 2)*

*PRESIDENT'S COLUMN (Continued from page 1)*

changed owner and 706 hours were recorded in the log books. For the next 30 years it just sat until it found a new home in Florida where extensive repairs were made. In 1990 it was sold for over \$150,000 and stayed in Florida. The new owner has the Wright J-5-A was replaced with a Wright R-760-8. The airplane was again sold and in November 2002 it was acquired by the EAA. The New Standard will seat for passengers plus pilot. The rides will sell for \$50. Weather permitting it will fly out of Pioneer Airport and during convention.

In the past the Spirit of St. Louis has only flown demonstration flights with no paying passengers. The EAA now has approval from the FAA to sell rides. It will also travel as far away as Sevierville, TN and Dayton, OH. to be displayed and of course to sell rides. The rides will sell for \$150 away from Pioneer Airport and \$100 at Pioneer. When the Spirit travels it will need a ground crew of one and of course a pilot. I have applied for the ground crew position on two trips. The ground crew travels in the Spirit to its destination. The Spirit is slow and you can see anything but, to ride in it will be as the kids say, "a hoot".

Adam Smith the Director of the Museum is continually looking for new ideas to increase museum attendance. It has been running about 150,000 persons per year with 50,000 of these during convention. He would like to see the attendance get it up to 250,000 persons per year. To accomplish this he is trying all sorts of new ideas such as tying into Harley Davidson's 100th celebration in August. Two tours one from Japan and the other from Australia are booked to visit the EAA Museum. There will be a total of 1200 people in these tours.

The Harley people are expecting 600,000 people for there celebration hopefully some will want a ride in one the Pioneer airplanes. The last time Harley had a celebration in Milwaukee we were rained out at Pioneer but there were still lots of bikes. Adam has also arranged for an exhibit of Charles Lindbergh's private collection of memorabilia. It is on loan from a museum in St. Louis. It will start July 12th and will stay past convention so you will have a chance to view it during convention. With Adam's enthusiasm and energy I am sure he will make his goal.

## EAA Chapter 54



### **President**

Dale Rupp  
DaleRupp@email.msn.com

### **Vice President**

Paul Hove  
Paul.Hove@guidant.com

### **Treasurer**

Paul Liedl  
liedlp@inf.net

### **Secretary**

Nick Stolley  
AIRPLANEIT@aol.com

### **Education Director**

Art Edhlund  
aedhlund@hotmail.com

### **Events Director**

Tim Reberg  
651-730-8574  
tim2485@juno.com

### **Housing Director**

Dave Fiebiger

### **Membership Director**

Scott Olson  
scotto0125@attbi.com

### **Newsletter Editor**

Bob Collins  
bcollins@visi.com

### **Past President**

Bill Schanks

### **Young Eagles Director**

Al Kupferschmidt

Chapter member meet on the second Monday of every month at the Chapter House, Entrance B at Lake Elmo Airport (21D). The House is at the base of the airport beacon.

The newsletter is printed on the first Monday of every month. Parts of the newsletter may be reprinted with appropriate credit.

**21D RCO** 118.625

**21D Unicom:** 122.8

**TPA:** 1932'

## Remembering Gil Leiter

*Gil Leiter joined Chapter 54 in 1966. He passed away while on a Caribbean cruise in April 2003. Between raising a family and building a place to build an airplane, Gil spent over 30 years building a Stits Playmate. After losing his medical, he put the Playmate on hold while building a Challenger UL, which he only flew briefly. He had 100 hours as PIC. He was a charter member of the Holman Hobo's flying club. He was a fixture at Oshkosh. The eulogy was delivered by Doug Weiler; written by Gil's son.*

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings,  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds - - and done a hundred things.

You have not dreamed of -wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence.  
Hov'ring there, I've chased the shouting wind along,  
And flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark,  
Or even eagle flew.

And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

It was my dad's wish to have this poem read aloud at this service. When you hear these words, listen to his life, and view the photographs that memorialize his interests and achievements, it might be easy to presume that his greatest love was flying. This was never the case in the thirty five years that I was privileged to know him.

The readings today, from Paul, repeat the mantra that love is patient and kind, never jealous nor boastful. I have come to learn that love is not an attraction, or a yearning, nor an admiration or appreciation of a person or a thing. Love is choice, one made from the deepest places of the soul, with no expectation of payback or payoff. I have never understood how Jesus's greatest commandment could ever have *really* been anything more than a **plea** to the hearts of men. You cannot *command* someone to love you, nor can you *command* a person to love anyone else. *Love* is an *action* given freely with no strings attached placing the one who **gives** in an incredible state of vulnerability. This is because the giving of love is a giving of power and energy. The more you love another person, the more that person could hurt you by deciding not to return the energy back. It is what makes the choice to love so profound *and in and of itself* a unique mystery of faith.

My dad's greatest love was to the family whose inception was conceived by his reaching out to my mom. Their discovery of their mutual bond led to the miracle of seeking and finding me, and accepting the gift my *birth mother, Nancy*, had put into God's hands. Two years later their love made room for two more beautiful spirits to enter this playground called earth, my sisters Jackie and Stacy.

The rest is reflected here in this room full of people today. You all know him, either by personal interaction and friendship, or by virtue of your closeness with his wife and children. Austin and Greg have already given you a very marvelous synopsis of his journey on this planet. I could do no better. What *I* would very much like to share with you is a gift he gave to me. It was one of the many that shaped my character and convictions, and, I believe more than anything, has kept me from straying from my destined path in life.

When I was about eight or nine years old my dad picked up a book at the store. He sat down one evening with my sisters and I to read it. It was children's book by Doctor Suess called *The Lorax*. Now, if I was the King of the World, no person of religious, governmental, or commercial authority would be allowed to hold their chosen position unless they had first read this book. Ironically, were anyone to have and exercise such a power, it would render the book's potential influence to a level of impotence.

The story begins in a town covered by a smog filled sky, depressed and run down buildings, empty factories, and a tower at the end of town where an old hermit lives. The hermit's name is *The Onceler*. One night a young boy seeks out the Onceler to hear the *Tale of the Lifted Lorax*. You are then taken back in time to an era when the same lands were filled with blue skies, clear waters, bears, fish birds, *and trees*...these beautifully colored trees. The trees had this flaxen substance that was ideal for making clothing. The Onceler was then a young entrepreneur seeking his fortune, driving his covered wagon through this untapped geography. He saw the trees and *immediately* saw his opportunity. So he chopped one down with an ax and ripped off the material to make this pajama like outfit called a THNEED.

While he is sewing up his product, this little ewok critter pops out of the stump and introduces himself as the Lorax. He tells the entrepreneur that the tree he just cut is called a *TRUFULLA tree*. The Lorax then starts to berate the Onceler for chopping down the tree, saying he speaks for the trees because the trees have no tongues. But as he is delivering his speech along comes a dude in a three piece suit who whips out a wad of cash and buys this THNEED.

*(Continued on page 5)*

**FLY-IN NEWS**

The fly-in committee is in the early phases of planning for this year's fly-in. The fly-in committee is seeking members to volunteer for leadership roles in key positions or assist those already in leadership roles. This is a great opportunity for you to become involved in our Chapter's largest annual event and become better acquainted with other Chapter members. Many opportunities currently exist in the following areas:

- a.. Saturday Night Set-up
- b.. Serving/Cooking (first and second shift)
- c.. Auto parking
- d.. Aircraft parking
- e.. Tear-Down
- f.. Publicity
- g.. Food Preparation
- h.. Flight Safety & Operations
- i.. Children's Activities
- j.. Young Eagles Booth
- k.. EAA Chapter 54 Booth

If you are interested in a particular leadership position or would like to assist a committee leader, please let me know soon so that we can set you up in that team before it becomes filled. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

If you have any questions, please let me know via e-mail (tim2485@juno.com) or call me at 651-730-8574.

-Tim Reberg

**Treasurer's Report** *By Paul Liedl*  
**April's Financial Summary**

Cash on hand	\$ 25.00
Checking Acct.	\$2128.03
Investments	<u>\$6000.00</u>
Total	\$8153.03

Income in April consisted of \$150 in individual dues, \$25 in donations to the education fund, and \$44.33 in pop sales for a total of \$219.33.

Expenses for the same period were \$285.04. They consisted of \$143.77 for utilities, \$49.02 for a flag pole, \$11.44 in meeting refreshments, \$12.97 for a grill cover, and \$67.84 for

**APRIL MEETING MINUTES**

At 7:27 PM, the meeting was called to order by Dale Rupp.

One of the chapter founders has died. Gil Leiter died of heart attack in Florida at Sun N Fun. It was not clear whether he died on Sunday the 13th or Monday the 14th.

Paul Liedl, secretary, reported a \$8218.00 balance. Income was 10.00 from donations 375.00 from dues, equaling \$385.00

Someone questioned the chapter's lease with MAC. Paul indicated that it was the same as a hanger, ramp space included. The cost is \$.12 per square foot.

Approved minutes and treasurer's report from last meeting as published in newsletter.

2nd, 3rd and 4th of May is the Oshkosh Weekend Work Party. People going so far are Tom Gibbons, Al

Kupferschmidt (wife Rae will be absent this year), Dave Fiebiger, Dick Wicklund and Jess Black. Dick Wicklund usually supplies the van. The trip there includes a late breakfast at The Norske Nook in Wisconsin.

There are 3 candidates for the Air Academy in Oshkosh. Brian Lee's son, who is a friend of Bill Schanks, Jaquest Crutoi, who is being sponsored by Craig Young, and Art Edhlund's granddaughter. \$600 funds allocated to the cause, and \$227 in Young Eagle credits equal \$827 for scholarships to Air Academy. That's a \$2-300 scholarship per kid.

Doug Weiler's flying RV-4 is for sale, he is nearing completion on his project RV-4.

Rae Kupferschmidt invited members and wives of members to the pot luck once a month. Usually the Friday after the meeting, 6:30PM-8:30 PM. Bring a dish to share. Water and coffee are provided. Bring a main dish, salad, etc. It happens to be Good Friday on the Friday after the meeting in April, so it will be on April 25th. Members, tell you spouses! Women don't have to talk about aviation.

Dale called for all visitors to introduce themselves. There were none.

A new member for the month was Kirk Martinson. He owns a Kitfox Classic IV hangared in the RA-THOLE.

Art Edhlund indicated the Flying Start Program was just around the corner on Saturday, April 26th at 10:00 AM.

Al Kupferschmidt YE's 7 YE's flown so far in April and a few more signed up. June 21st is International Young Eagles Day. The chapter's Young Eagles day will be May 17th, starting at 9:30 AM. Pilots and ground personnel, call all to Volunteer.

Dave Fiebiger, Housing Chairman, indicated a few Spring chores that could use being done. The windows need to be cleaned, a group of 4 people could stain the deck, someone could paint the benches, stain the cabinets, repair 2 loose shingles and put up a flag pole (We are getting too many flags to just simply be nailing them to the side of the building.)

Betty has a drawing for a shrubbery layout.

If you want to volunteer to do something with the building, let someone with key know. Dave Fiebiger, Al Kupferschmidt and Paul Hove all have keys.

Banquet will be at The Lake Elmo Inn Monday May 12th. May 7th is the registration deadline. Contact Tim Reberg. The speaker will be Dr. William Schmidt, an Aviation Medical Examiner. Cost is not yet known, but will be a little more than Mancini's.

Business meeting adjourned at 8:00 PM.

Butch Maxwell was the guest speaker. His father founded Maxwell Aircraft Service in 1946 at Northport, which is no longer in existence. The field was used to train Latin American pilots during the war. Some bullet points of the presentation follow. (Continued on back page)

(Continued from page 3)

Our entrepreneur is *now* in business, and he basically blows off the Lorax as a petty annoyance. Those of you who are members of this Parish may harken back to the days when this hall could always hear the same pounding and repetitive voice of Gene Frehle. Others who never knew Gene must certainly have acquaintances in their own lives who filled the badgering role of a unwelcome prophet. The Bible reminds us of the Elijahs, and Jeremiahs, and Isaiahs, to whom no one paid heed until it was too late, when the city walls were being stormed by the Assyrians or the Babylonians.

Now in this story our Isaiah character is constantly bugging the Onceler as his business gets bigger and bigger, and you can imagine where it ends. The lands are eventually raped by the greed for pieces of green paper, the bears that ate the fruit of the trees have to pack up and leave town or starve to death. The streams are polluted to the extent the fish get up on their fins and start marching to better ponds. The skies become so black that the singing swans must leave for bluer skies, and in the end, when the last Trufulla tree is chopped down...

The company has made it's last THNEED, the factory is shut down, all of the Onceler's associates and colleagues pack up and leave a land that was once a paradise and is now a desolate and dreary wasteland. At the end of the story, the only two folks left are the Onceler high up in his tower and the Lorax standing on the ground below next to a pile of stones. Then the Lorax himself flies off into a hole in the clouds, never to return. He leaves behind these stones that have engraved on the headstone one word...*unless*. The old hermit then finishes the tale to the young boy by telling him the moral of the word engraved on the stones...

***Unless Someone Like You Cares A Whole Awful Lot,  
Nothing Is Going to Get Better,  
It's Not.***

From his tower he then tosses the kid a seed, it is the last *Trufulla* seed in existence. He asks the kid to go out and plant it, water it, steward its growth, in the hope that the Lorax and all his friends will come back.

My dad went to a jewelry store a week or so later and had the jeweler make his a simple metal pendant. On the disk he had engraved that word...UNLESS.

He would wear it around the house, for the sole purpose of our seeing it suspended from his neck. There was nothing subliminal about it, not even for an eight year old. I knew then what he wanted me to know, I was empowered by the power and meaning he sought to pass on to me. And as I grew in life, I was constantly challenged to be true to that message, lest I ever have to look my father in his eyes and have to admit to him that I *stopped listening*, that I had *lost sight* of the truth he

sought to pass on to his son.

On one crucial day, five years ago in February, *I was* tested to see if I would honor the truth of that one word, at the expense of my own desires and illusions of security. When I discovered –or at least believed several months later- that I had passed the test, I was to learn that these tests kept coming, *and worse*...they became harder and more complicated. The temptation to disregard the lesson, to *rationalize* and to *justify* an easier path becomes stronger and more imposing with every challenge. It became even *more* frustrating when the very *mentor*, who gave me this charge in life, could no longer understand my very struggle to follow his teachings. But even in our moments of greatest disagreement in the last few years, he never wavered one inch in his choice to *love* me with every ounce of his being.

In this last year I had this nagging feeling, *in my heart*, that my dad was going to move on soon. This is difficult to explain and can come off as a bit self centered. But I suspected this because I come to feel he had done for me everything he was supposed to in this life. In addition to seeing Stacy and Eric's family moving consistently forward, and seeing Jackie progressing on her own path, in this last year Dad was beginning to see me on mine even though he couldn't necessarily share it with me. He had fulfilled his self appointed task by taking as his son thirty five years ago a boy who wasn't of his blood, and *tirelessly* impressing upon me the difference between saying what you believe in and living that belief. He did this not by words alone, but by actions. When I was only two, my first night in a hospital, he slept on a linoleum floor under my bed so I would know I was not alone. If I wanted to be a boy scout, then so did he. When I was failing algebra, he was with me every night helping me to earn not just a passing grade, but a mark to be proud of. At night, when he tucked me in he would *SING* Blowin' In the Wind, so that the words would echo in my impressionable mind as I went to sleep. And at sixteen, before I could even drive a car, I had a pilot's license, enjoying the thrill of soaring the skies solo. I was flying while he dutifully and faithfully watched over me from the ground. But *together we* soared the skies as high as he could carry me. But then I was faced with the reality that he would expect me to fly even higher on my own, *without* the security of his constant approval or affirmation. I was charged with this gift of power and conviction that he hoped I would pass to others.

This *same reality* is as true for my sister Jackie, who has chosen to move forward in the service of God and the Church. It is true for Stacy, who has turned out to be a dynamite mother of two wonderful girls that have their grandfather's joyful and dancing spirit pouring out from them to whomever they meet. It is true for his son in law, Eric, who proved to be the father that my

dad was, the father I have often wondered if I could ever compare to.

To this end, I wish to pass a portion of this message in the form of the book itself. Stephanie and Emily, can you come up here for a moment .....Your job is to remind your mom and dad to read this book to you. Just as your dad went on a path in life that his mother may not have necessarily expected, you too will one day choose an adventure that your own dad and mom may wonder about. But you can always know they will never stop loving you and they will be behind you every step, as will your Grandma Ruth and Grandpa Tom and your Nana. And when you embrace the moral of that story, Grandpa Gil will always be there to help you live its message.

This reality of challenge to grow and move forward is also true for my mother. Mom, you are now faced with a brand new journey that was thirty seven years in the making. You told me in the Bahamas last week that you wondered how smart you were, that you loved to have Gil explain things to you. Well, I want to give you a gift that was passed to me by *your* father, a gift filled with a lot of the same big words and big ideas that you enjoyed in your life partner, ideas that he encouraged me to pursue and embrace. This author wrote this book fifty seven years ago, in the twilight of his own life for his wife. It speaks to the inevitable free spirit of the human existence. It won't be as easy a read as your history novels, but maybe inside you will find a key to new adventures for you own hungry soul that still has many miles left on this earth to walk. And if come across a word or idea you think is to big for you, give Gil a call and I am sure he will take a moment from his new adventures to stop by and read it with you. Of course, you also can ask the same of your son.

Finally, if my dad's power and spirit touched the rest of you who are here today, whether by the honor of directly knowing him, the lucky privilege of catching his energy vicariously and indirectly, or even exclusively by the virtue of sitting here in this room and experiencing his love for the first time, you too will find yourself confronted with a choice, be it today or in your years to come. If your intent in coming here today was to truly honor his memory, then you cannot escape confronting this choice, for the message of the Lorax is as universal as the first *commandment* of the dude that walked the sands of Palestine two thousand years ago. So that brings us to the pendant.

Now finding this pendant in my parents house, for any of you who have seen it when it wasn't prepared for guests, can be an archeologist's worst nightmare. So my mom and I, when we were down in the Bahamas, went to see a jeweler and asked him to make us this pendant.

By itself it's a piece of metal on a chain, it has

about as much intrinsic value as the piece of wood standing behind me on this altar. Like the cross you come to see every Sunday, it only holds the power and energy you pass to it by the sincerity of your belief and your conviction to live that belief. The mass, the prayers, the rituals of bread and wine, incense, and the exchange of the sign of peace just prior to the Eucharist have no power unless you choose to accept it and pass it on. It is like any electrical charge, to have utility value the charge must move somewhere, it must pass to a recipient who will accept it and pass it on further. The mystery of faith is not mystery if the believer truly accepts his function in that mystery and is resigned to trust that his choice to love *will* bear fruit even though he is given no guarantee in writing, no contract he can enforce with a promise of payback.

Those of you who have been to this parish before know that the sign of peace in this outfit becomes a veritable free for all, with folks traveling from one end of the room to the other before order is restored to a readiness to receive the Eucharist. Today, during this exchange, I am going to pass this pendant in my hand to the hands of another person. That person will be *charged* with a *choice* to move this energy and honor the message engraved on this piece of jewelry. For me it is symbolic of letting go and trusting the will of God and the innate goodness waiting to rise in *every* person regardless of their shortcomings and human weaknesses. Some of you are holding little parcels of *bird seed*. This is because dad loved to feed the birds. I would ask those of you who hold them to consider passing them to another who is may or may not have a parcel. Someone else might give *you* a bundle, you may wind up with a couple. If so, it is the natural course of exchange in which I ask to you rest your faith. But when the sign of peace is done, and you come up to receive the Eucharist, take stock *not only* in what you are *receiving* but in the *charge* you are *accepting*, AND in the message of the Lorax - which is the same message of your savior...

Unless Someone Like You Cares A Whole Awful Lot,

Nothing Is Going to Get Better,

It's Not.

In 1989, Don Boxmeier wrote an article in the Pioneer Press about this guy in Maplewood who had been building an airplane in his garage since 1968. He asked this man what he said when his friends and associates bugged him about just finishing the darn thing. That man responded by saying,

"I am still married to the same woman I met twenty five

years ago AND I KNOW ALL MY KID'S NAMES."

An airplane must eventually come back down because the gas tank can only hold so much fuel. But the spirit is a fuel tank that never can run dry...for the fuel is LOVE. My dad flew his spirit in his little ship on earth for seventy years, steady and unwavered up to the moment of his passing. On April 12<sup>th</sup>, as a bird flew by and his wife called it to his attention, my dad said...*it's time for me to do that.*

I ask you now to all close your eyes, and picture Gil Leiter in the cockpit of the little orange plane. To all of you my dad has these words...

"CLEAR PROP!!"

The tower is saying...

"N9034 BRAVO - YOU ARE CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF."

And I say to you Dad...

"FULL THROTTLE!!"

(and Godspeed)

*For My Dad*



I have a beautiful FP404 Fisher biplane for sale in flyable condition. I included a stock picture not mine of the plane. Mine is denim blue. Mostly all it needs is an inspection. Rotax 503 engine excellent performance, selling because of health problems. asking \$9,500 [bird-mann@attbi.com](mailto:bird-mann@attbi.com)]

## POTLUCK SUPPER IMAGES



Courtesy of Patrick Driscoll

**YOUR AIRPORT****YOUR HANGAR****YOUR BUSINESS****YOUR HOBBY**

A message from:

**Anoka County Aviation Association**

Jim Griebel – President

Arlo Enerson – Vice-President

John Krack – Secretary

Vivian Starr – Treasurer

***Reliever Airports Public Hearing***

***On Philosophies, Rates & Charges***

**MAC Notice of Public Hearing:**

**May 15, 2003**

6:30 PM

Doubletree Hotel (Crystal Ballroom)

7901 – 24<sup>th</sup> Ave. South Bloomington, MN

The Metropolitan Airports Commission has 15 Commissioners. Of those, only one remains who was a Commissioner during the 1998 Reliever Airport review that resulted in increased rates and charges, as well as subsequent revisions to Reliever Policies and lease documents. The current Commissioners are all expected to be present to listen to public testimony at the hearing.

MAC is being pressured by the Airlines to discontinue using funds generated by MAC concessions at MSP (parking, food, etc) to help cover operational and capital improvement expenses at the Relievers. Serious consideration is being given to changing the General Aviation Mission Statement and Philosophy Statement. The potential exists that each Reliever Airport could be required to be fully self-supporting (operations and capital improvement) through increases to rates & charges. Questions have even been raised about keeping open Relievers that are not economically viable.

Quoting from official MAC minutes, April 2, 2003, "Ms. Nelson [Northwest Airlines' spokesperson] pointed out the difference in hangar ownership between MSP and the Reliever Airports noting that at MSP when a tenant builds a hangar, the tenant pays for the capital cost and at the end of the lease term MAC maintains ownership of the hangar."

The future of the Twin Cities' Reliever Airports and General Aviation will be influenced by each person who makes the effort to attend this public hearing and speak to the Commissioners. We need a huge crowd! We need people to speak to the questions raised in the MAC notice. Statements need to be factual, not emotional. Remember you will be trying to win the support of the Commissioners. Courtesy and facts are vitally important.

Northwest Airlines has a strong voice with the Commissioners. Now it is time for the tenants of the Reliever Airports to be heard. Our collective voices can make a difference!

**Vivian Starr, 763-559-4683, [dvstarr@aol.com](mailto:dvstarr@aol.com)**





**EAA Chapter 54**  
**3275 Manning Ave. N. Suite #7**  
**Lake Elmo, MN 55042**



## CLASSIFIEDS

Holman Hobo's Flying Club Inc. has 2 openings for membership. The Hobos are currently flying a Bellanca 7ACA with a 0-235 STC. Total time on the engine is less than 35 hours. This airplane will qualify for the proposed Sport Pilot category which word has it will be announced at the EAA convention. Membership is limited to only 6 members. Contact Bill Schanks at 651-645-2420

---

### MINUTES (CONTINUED)

-Props are the most misunderstood and dangerous thing on an airplane.

-Taper propeller repair 10 times length of the depth of the knick.

-Up until 6-7 years ago, prop manufacturing consisted of forging and then finishing by hand. Presently, CNC machining is incredibly accurate and only light finish work is required by humans.

-Alodine is important.

-Cad plating is potentially very bad for the environment. Maxwell is only one of two places still offering cad plating in Twin Cities. Baking is required after cad plating due to trapped hydrogen in metal.

-Hamilton Standard props are the best props there are. First flew in 1929 on an R-2 Racer. Presently has no AD's. Engine oil goes right into hub.

-Analog tachometers are easily off 150RPM putting you

into yellow arc without you knowing it. Digital tachs are great. Check the tach at every annual.

-Always pay careful attention to prop during walk around. Blade departure will make you lose your engine mounts in the blink of an eye.

-Turbine blades have a tendency to split lengthwise.

-Sensenich recently came out with new prop. It has a very small diameter for RV's and such.

-Aerobatic props are counterweighted to go to course pitch if oil pressure is lost. Hartzell claw is a composite prop.

-Buth is not a fan of MT props.

-Overhaul consists of the following: Strip, caustic soda, Zygo for cracks, check pitch, remove .005, anodize and paint.

-Prop may work on one plane, but that doesn't mean it will work on another; harmonics mean everything.

-Dynamic balancing means everything. Avionics life doubles. It's a good thing.

-Aeromatic props killed a friend of Maxwell's. He's not fond of them. There hasn't been an Aeromatic prop at Maxwell for many years.