



# The Beacon

The newsletter of Chapter 54  
Lake Elmo, Minn.

September 2003

## September 2003

Monday , Sept. 8, 2003

- Social Hour at 7 p.m.
- Meeting at 7:30 p.m.  
Chapter House, Entrance B, Lake Elmo Airport
- Program: Accident prevention seminar.
- Speaker: Dale Brown (FSDO Airworthiness Safety Inspector) and his staff members.



## An Alaska Highway Adventure

by John Renwick

Imagine, if you can, you're flying a 1200-mile path through the Rocky Mountains, cruising at about 75 MPH, against a headwind. Nothing very high – the highest ground you must fly over is 4200 feet, and the highest airport you'll land at, 3940', is far behind to the south in Calgary, Alberta. You're following a two-lane highway, and for hundreds of miles on either side of it is wilderness. The highway doesn't lack for traffic: every few hundred yards an RV, a car, a semi, a motorcycle, people making their way to and from Alaska or the Yukon. As the scenery unfolds, it reveals an endless variety of mountain landscapes and vistas. It's early July, but the distant mountain peaks to the west are all snow-covered, and as you get farther north, the sight of a glacier becomes common.

There are five airports with regular avgas service on this route, and the distances between them range from 217 to 303 miles. After taking off with full tanks, you have roughly 4-1/2 hours until things get quiet in the cockpit, but you've made yourself an ironclad rule not to land with less than an hour's

worth of fuel still in the tanks. (You're doing the math now, right?) Fortunately there are airstrips in between the major airports, some of them next to the highway with a gas station nearby, and you have the EAA auto gas STC.... That was our trip to Alaska by J3 Cub.

My solo part of the journey began June 26th in Eden Prairie. Headwinds were pretty intimidating through Minnesota and North Dakota, but in spite of that I arrived in Calgary in time to meet my friend Steve Markham's June 29th flight from London Heathrow, clean up the Cub and change its oil, and get settled in at the Tie-Down Guest House (Ron and Ann Seeley, proprietors) at Calgary's Springbank Airport. What a convenience for the start of our trip – this B&B is across the street from the FBO I chose to tie down at, and the FBO is a Budget car rental agent. Ron and Ann are delightful hosts, and their rooms are tidy and comfortable.

Monday morning we loaded up and took off, hoping to make Dawson's Creek, the beginning of the Alaska Highway, or Fort St. John, the beginning of the first really long leg of it. Instead, as we landed

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## MAC considers changes at Lake Elmo Airport

Jim Anderson reports, "It looks like 21 D will get a security fence! Here's a note from Vivian Starr of the MAC Regional Airport Advisory Committee (RAAC)."

Quoting from my notes made on Aug. 6, 2003, at the Planning & Environment Committee meeting: Four items for Relievers were on the agenda: (1) Holman Field: Runway 9 blast pad reconstruction. (2) Crystal: Runway 6L/24R Pavement rehab. (3) Anoka: Taxiway E pavement rehab. (4) Airlake: Taxiway B reconstruction. Bids for these projects were all over budget (17.5%, 33%, 42%, and 27% respectively). Therefore, staff could only recommend that the bids be rejected. Reasons given for bids being higher than consulting engineering estimates included FAA specs for specialized bituminous materials and the small quantities involved. Additionally, MNDOT bid \$1billion in road work this season (more than double their usual amount), so contractors don't need small jobs. Rejecting these bids will mean a loss to each airport of \$150,000 in FAA funding for the projects. Because of this loss, Commissioners asked staff to take one last look at these projects to see if enough could be done to get FAA money without going over budget. There will be a special P&E meeting just prior to the August commission meeting to review staff's efforts. Commissioner Long pointed out that these areas, if not improved, could eventually present a safety issue. Commissioner Mars emphasized the importance of staying within budget.

On Aug. 18, P&E held a short special meeting, prior to the full Commission meeting, to consider staff's new recommendation. The proposal was to do all projects including a security fencing project at Lake Elmo. The explanation now becomes so convoluted, that I'm going to quote from the MAC agenda:

### Nice guy finishes first



*Former EAA Chapter 54 president Bill Schanks holds the award he was given in a Theater of the Woods ceremony at AirVenture. He received the Major Achievement Award in recognition of his dedication and continuous efforts to further recreational aviation. We are all proud of him. Congratulations, Bill!*

Proceed with an eligible project at the Lake Elmo Airport (security fencing) with the re-

maining 2003 CIP funds available (\$180,000), and apply the unencumbered funds of \$45,000 from the wetland mitigation at the Anoka County-Blaine Airport to adjustments needed for the 2003 CIP to award the four referenced Reliever Airports projects for this year, and increase each of the projects previously approved 2003 CIP outlined above.

The net result of this recommendation would be an increase of \$160,000 to the 2003 CIP, which would result in MAC utilizing all (\$750,000) of its 2001 federal non-primary Federal entitlement aid, and would fund to the fullest extent possible these projects with non-primary Federal entitlement funds.

This motion was objected to by Kathleen Nelson of NWA, based on the airlines objection to MAC providing any subsidies to the Relievers. Commissioner Boivin stated that improved security was very important. Commissioner Long said that maintenance projects for safety were acceptable, although the need for management changes still exists.

The motion passed unanimously.

Later, at the full Commission meeting, the projects received their final approval.

—Vivian Starr



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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'  
Runways: 4-22 (2497' x 75')  
14-32 (2850' x 75')

# An Old Eagle gets his wings

by Klaas Snater

I know there is no such thing as Old Eagles at EAA but nevertheless I AM one, .so said Art Edhlund. It all began many moons ago in the "old country," the Netherlands (one-fourth the size of Minnesota with 16 million people). I always liked to watch planes taking off and landing. So one day when I was at the airport in Amsterdam (Schiphol) acting as a guard while doing my police-duty on the airport, I happened to be in a big hangar with two big cockpits on long legs like an attraction in Camp Snoopy at the Mall.

My co-worker and I were invited into one of those cockpits, a DC-10 as I found out later. One of the pilots explained we were above Paris and ready to land. Man, was I impressed of the illuminated lights and all those clocks, but none with the right time. We got a big explanation what the two pilots in the front seat were doing and they explained all those intriguing things that makes a plane fly. (without wings this time) I did get only one thing out of it, if you want to know how to fly you have to be really really smart and have to know everything about hydraulics, electricity, weather, radar, communication, navigation, computers and a lot more. I realized that, because I did not understand a word they were talking about; It seemed a foreign language to me.

So it was time to buy flight-simulator for the Commodore 64. Yes I told you I'm an Old Eagle. Trying to figure everything out took me a couple of weeks but finally I was able to take off without the whistle (stall horn it was but I did not know it that time) and weeks after that I could land safely to deliver the mail on all the given airports. I believe some of you will remember this C64 game.

There was always something with a plane, when I was in the Dutch Marines I was airlifted from a destroyer as a rescue exercise. I was in Ireland with the Marines and we were dropped of in a Sea-king.

While dreaming my dreams and living my life I was never able to pay for the high price of a private pilot license. Salary in the "old country" is heavily taxed (30%) and then you have the regular taxes of 17% (now 20%) on everything.



Art Edhlund (I think) gives a final check of the rubber band in Ron Eshleman's Cub as Klaas Snater (in front) embarks on a dream.

Then I married my wife, Eileen, and moved to the United States. Now, 2.5 years later, I was ready to fulfill my dream. But how and where to start?

I'm now a computer specialist for 15 years and did an extensive search on the Internet; that's how I found EAA Chapter 54. I was invited by Bob Collins to go to the chapter house on a Saturday. There I have met many, many nice people who told me a lot about flying and also made a lot of jokes.

I always feel at home there. And then one day I was climbing in the Piper Cub J3 of Ron Eshleman Man that was so great. Then he scared me he told me he would do a 360 and I said "sure" not knowing what to expect. I thought, 'Oh man he is going to do a loop.' But it was so great to be up in the sky and fly.

I then knew I would take lessons for my private pilot. But another thing came up. I did not know what a piston was, a cowling, combustion, attitude (is that behaving?), altitude, crankshaft and many other pages with words I never used in any language. I knew these words; Zuiger, motorkap, 4 takt explosie motor, hoogte meter, status aanwijzer, krukas. See my point?. So that's why I started to study a book from Rod Machado, *Private Pilot Handbook*. Also listening to all the members in the chapter house was a good base to start from. Now I have been up in the air with John a few times. He is a great guy who likes to tell me everything he knows and challenge me with questions.

Now as I'm writing this I did my first flight lesson and must say, 'Woowooow!' This is great to do and very challenging. I have to learn a lot yet but I think it's worth it.

I just have one problem that I can use suggestions for. I promised my wife I would rewire the kitchen *before* I started private pilots lessons. Oooops, kitchen is half done. Well, she says I can always do it later. At our age it is time to put dreams ahead of ordinary work.

Good luck and thanks to all of you who make it possible to live my dream. And thank you, America, land of opportunity.

Klaas (NOT klass or class but it sounds like it) A Dutch guy living in America. ◀

ALASKA (Continued from page 1)

for fuel at Whitecourt in the central Alberta prairie, a thunderstorm rolled in, and we elected to stop for the night. There we met Dave and Judy Winkel, who were flying a Cessna 180 from Colorado to Fairbanks, and David Bensinger, Earl Roemer, and Jim Chapman. These three adventurers were trying to become the first pilots officially to use the recently-opened VFR route across the Bering Strait from Nome, Alaska to Provideniya, Russia in a Cherokee 235 and a Cessna Cardinal (I ran across them again in Anchorage, and learned that bad weather had prevented their crossing). You can read about their trip at <http://www.aeroplaneadventures.com>, and even see photos of Steve, me, and Dave Winkel there. Because bad weather dogged us all for a few days, we became pretty good friends with all these folks, sharing rental cars, staying in the same motels, and having meals together while we waited for Things to improve.

Tuesday, July 1, we all left Whitecourt and made it a whole 207 miles to Dawson Creek, just barely inside British Columbia, the official beginning of the Alaska Highway. Here we learned that our next goal, Fort St. John, was in and out of IFR conditions with rain and low ceilings. We decided not to risk that, and instead checked out the Dawson Creek Museum (and watched an interesting video about the arduous construction, in the early 1940s, of the road that was to hang reassuringly below us for the next five days' flying). Nothing very challenging about this trip, so far!

Wednesday, July 2, we launched on the first Highway leg. After a quick stop to top off at Fort St. John, we set out for Fort Nelson, 217 highway miles, if you straighten out some of the highway's sinuous curves. Up to this point I was still learning about the performance and fuel consumption of the 90HP Continental I'd had installed in December. With few opportunities to fly at these temperatures and altitudes, I had found how to achieve 5.2GPH with good leaning, or 3-1/2 hours, with a 1-hour reserve. That meant we had to average 60MPH over this leg, so I throttled back until the GPS indicated 60 or better over the ground (there was a headwind!). We landed with 6 gallons still in the main tank, having averaged 5.1GPH for the leg. That was confidence-



builder for the trip to come.

We had been dodging rain showers on the leg to Fort Nelson, and the next leg was going to be a longer and more chal-

lenging one for refueling, so we stopped in Fort Nelson for the night. It was early enough to visit Fort Nelson's museum, which seems to contain all the stuff nobody could bear to part with over the last 75 years or so - very nostalgic, and lots of fun. Dave and Judy kept us company there. The museum has a great collection of antique cars, too, and no barriers, so you can really give them a close inspection, and some impressive machinery for oil drilling and extraction - oil is a big industry in northern Alberta and British Columbia.

The leg from Fort Nelson to Watson Lake is 290 highway miles as the Cub flies - definitely requiring auto gas refueling somewhere along the route. A few years ago some intrepid Irishmen with ultralights flew the highway, and their web site described taxiing across the road from the Toad River airstrip for fuel at a highway gas station. Officially, landing at Toad River is by prior permission only, so I called the number listed for it in the Canada Flight Supplement. The man who answered happened to be at the café/fuel stop there, and he said they didn't have much to do with the airstrip, but it was fine with him if I landed there, so that's what we did.

It was an "interesting" approach over a hill in a tight valley to a fairly rough, narrow gravel runway, but Steve was more than up to the task. I was encouraged to see another aircraft on the ground there; this turned out to be Dave and Judy's C-180. They had flown ahead of us toward Watson Lake, but had turned back because of rain showers blocking Muncho Lake. We had a second breakfast in the café together, and pondered what to do. The café had a few rooms for the night, but they didn't look all that great. We asked southbound drivers what they'd been through. We called Flight Service. We got all kinds of reports - some of light showers, some of heavy rain, and everything in between.

Gradually it dawned on us that the only useful information we were going to get was what we could see from our own airplanes, and in the worst case we'd just come back to Toad River to try again later. So after borrowing jugs and a ladder from the gas station and refueling both aircraft, filtering the fuel through chamois leather, we took off, Dave and Judy following a few minutes behind so they could have the benefit of our PIREPs. We saw a few light showers, but otherwise had an uneventful flight to Watson Lake.

Now, a bit about flying cross-country in Canada. Flight plans are required for VFR flights longer than 25 miles, and rather than view this as an encumbrance, we embraced the idea enthusiastically. After all, we were flying through wilderness! Two years ago Steve and I flew the Cub to Sun-n-Fun via the Mississippi River, and didn't file once for the whole trip. (I became lax about this, flying in the flatlands.) Excuses: we only had a hand-held radio, which makes it hard to contact FSS

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sometimes, and besides, we thought we'd always be close to civilization on that route. But in southern Louisiana we found ourselves over vast swamplands where, if we'd gone down, the water moccasins would have made us easy food for alligators, and we would never have been found, or even missed, as far as the search-and-



rescue people were concerned. That was foolish! We solemnly agreed not to do that again, so I filed faithfully all the way from home, and taught myself how to anticipate communication problems and make sure I could open and close the plans every time, by phone if not by VHF radio.

In Canada, at least where we were, all enroute VFR traffic monitors 126.7. That's the FSS frequency everywhere, and enroute through mountains where you can't reach FSS, you can still talk to other pilots on that frequency. The experienced pilots along the highway route made a habit of announcing their position and asking anyone else nearby to speak up. Then once they'd made contact with another pilot following them, they'd try to help with PIREPs. There was a very professional Cessna 206 driver ahead of us on the leg to Watson Lake who helped us with very informative and frequent reports of what he was seeing on the route ahead of us, and we, in turn, relayed reports back to Dave and Judy as we were able. Help like that you just can't get from Flight Service - they're great, but they can't be there.

I said the flight to Watson Lake was uneventful, but that's a dull word for something that will be in my memory for as long as I have left to live. This was our first really mountainous leg, with passes, narrow valleys, mountain lakes, and the most incredible scenery. I think it was here that Steve, who has more than once flown his own aircraft through the Swiss Alps, said that this was far better. Dave and Judy passed us overhead as we turned from Muncho Lake into the Liard River Valley, and they were waiting for us at Watson Lake.

Day five out of Calgary, Independence Day in the US, dawned in Watson Lake, but I didn't see it because sunrise was at 4:20 AM local time. It was also cloudy and rainy, and the forecast was not promising. Somewhere around here I heard a very discouraging opinion from FSS that the weather system we'd been seeing, with light-to-heavy rain showers popping up anywhere, was just going to be here "until something changes." As helpful and dedicated as the "weatherguessers" are, they just

can't say "I don't know, why don't you go up and see what it's like, then tell me!" Sometimes that's just what we need to do. In these mountains we don't have weather observation stations and Doppler radar everywhere, as we're used to in the plains. Fact is: they

know what the winds will be, and they have satellite pho-


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### August's Treasurer's Report

Cash on hand	\$ 25.00
Checking Acct.	\$ 5066.20
Investments	\$ 6008.40
Total	\$11099.60

Income in August consisted of \$325 in individual dues, \$45 in donations to the education fund and \$50 donation to the Landscape Fund, \$3676 in gross receipts from the Pancake Breakfast, and \$36 in clubhouse pop sales for a total of \$4132.

Expenses for the same period were \$293.85. They consisted of \$42.60 for utilities, \$17.72 in building maintenance, \$65.36 in KidVenture expenses, \$89.95 in memorial gifts, \$10.38 for pancake breakfast expenses, and \$67.84 for newsletter publication / distribution.



## EAA Chapter 54 Ground School

Sign up now for the next **free**  
ground school. The school starts  
Nov. 6, 2003 and ends **March 26, 2004.**

Contact: Scott Olson at  
651.770.2035 or e-mail  
scotto0125@comcast.net.

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tos of the clouds, but there's no radar or other information on local conditions like what I'm used to at home.

So we took off on July 4th, planning to stop for fuel at Pine Lake. There actually isn't any fuel at Pine Lake; there isn't even a building there. An aerial photo in a book showed a long, winding road from the airstrip up to the highway, and The Milepost (a comprehensive travel guide that no Alaska Highway traveler, whether on the ground or in the air, should be without) located the strip a mile from Walker's Continental Divide - a complex with auto fuel, RV park, restaurant and motel. I figured we'd walk back up the highway after landing, and check it out. Silly me, I should have called first!

We expected problems in the Rancheria Valley. We proceeded cautiously, always looking behind us in case things started to close in and cut off our retreat. At Rancheria we found showers, but the worst visibility was 4-5 miles, and in a Cub that's not a problem. The Pine Lake airstrip is a 3200-foot gash in a pristine pine forest, like many airstrips along the highway: leveled and graveled as an emergency landing site in the early 1940s as the US and Canada were ferrying fighters and bombers to Russia to help fight the Germans on the eastern front. At least two friends had told me this was a nice place to camp. We flew overhead, saw Walker's place up the road, and landed. We parked the plane, put our bag of sandwich fixings in a tree some considerable distance away to draw the bears away from the big funny-looking yellow thing, and began hiking toward the road. With liberal application of mosquito repellent, it was a lovely walk in the woods. Soon we came to the road, and soon after that, civilization! It took us 50 minutes, so we figured 2-1/2 miles' walk - no big deal, really. We found the owner, Gordon Walker, and explained our situation and the need for some fuel. First thing he said was: next time, just buzz the place and he'd come and get us!

We called FSS, closed our flight plan, and got a briefing: convective showers, embedded cumulonimbus, low ceilings 3000-5000 feet. Several southbound airplanes were stopped ahead of us at Teslin, waiting for weather there to improve so they could come our way. Gordon was tired of being cooped up in the store, so he took us back to the airstrip, waited for us to tie down and unload, and bring us back to stay the night in the motel. Good thing he was there. Our tiedowns wouldn't screw into the gravel surface at all, but he'd

seen other pilots park and tie down to rocks, and he could tell us where the good spot was. We tied each rope to a big rock, and then piled up smaller rocks to make a cairn around it. Seriously! In the flatlands I'd have worried about storms, but here we were deep in the mountains, surrounded by forest, and I figured it would be OK. It was, of course.

Next morning, July 5th, as we were about to depart (refueled from the auto gas pumps), Dave and Judy arrived. We took off, soon encountered showers we didn't think we could safely fly through, and returned to Pine Lake. Dave and Judy took off back to Watson Lake, where they planned to rent a car, drive to Whitehorse, and from there take the train to Fairbanks. They'd had enough of this! We went back to Walker's to wait it out. We were getting to know this place pretty well, and happily so. Check it out if you decide to go!



Later that day we heard a more encouraging report from ahead of us at Teslin, and decided to try it again. We made Whitehorse by 6:00 PM local time, early in the Yukon day. Whitehorse has a Flight Service station on the field, so we got a face-to-face briefing (and learned some things - like: cumulonimbus, in mountain country, isn't anything like the jumbos we're used to on the prairies). We got the phone

numbers for gas and lodging at Burwash Landing, made the calls, and took off again in fair weather and (finally!) tailwinds.

Heading north from Whitehorse, Haines Junction has avgas (limited hours, call-out charge if you need it after hours), and Northway, Alaska is the mandatory stop for US customs. We decided to stop at Burwash, maybe because we were getting so good at using highway-pump fuel, we didn't want to pay a call-out fee, Haines was too close, I don't know. Burwash had rooms for the night, and they sounded friendly, but we were advised to make a low pass before landing because the previous week there had been some dogs on the runway, totally unauthorized, but there it was.

We landed at Burwash about 10:30 in the "afternoon," July 5th, our first really excellent day of progress. By then it felt like we'd penetrated deeply into the mountains, and snow-covered peaks and glaciers had become common sights. Burwash Landing is on the shore of Kluane Lake, close to the Yukon's Kluane (three syllables, please) National Park. It's a deep mountain lake with trout that need to be fished deep. The Burwash Landing Resort is right on the lake with large sleeping rooms, a bar, a restaurant, an RV park,

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and there's a gas station right up the road. Dean Kondrachuk, the resort's cook, picked us up at the airport. Now, where I come from, if you call a motel at 11:00PM and ask for a ride from the airport, you might expect to hear the disgruntled voice of someone unhappily roused from a deep sleep. Not in the Yukon in July! Burwash Landing Resort was wide awake on a Saturday night. The bar was open, Naomi made sure we didn't stay thirsty, Dorothy played pool with us, and Dean showed up in the bar and talked up his trout steak recipe. I asked if we could have it for breakfast; believe it or not, he said sure, he'd be in to fix it for us on the condition that we'd order the dinner. We happily agreed, and he was there at 8:00 AM to do it. Awesome! Here are Steve, Dean, and what we enjoyed that morning:

Sunday, July 6th, we thought we might make Anchorage by sunset. After breakfast and refueling, we left Burwash around 11:00 AM for Northway, the US Customs stop. From there we continued northwest along the Alaska Highway to Tok, the point at which we would leave it to follow the Glenn Highway southwest toward Anchorage. We stopped for fuel at Gulkana and would have made it to Anchorage that evening except for showers in the Tahnetta pass that we didn't want to risk flying through; we had just passed over the Eureka Lodge strip, next to the highway. That looked like a possible overnight stay, so we flew back to it and landed. Sure enough, they had dinner and rooms, so we were set. The view from there was spectacular, with a glacier in the foreground and mountains beyond, but nothing special: just the sort of thing you get used to in Alaska, at least in the summer months when you can see it!

Monday, July 7th, was the beginning of uninterrupted fine weather, and we made it to Anchorage. Along the way, we caught sight of Mount McKinley, 100 or so miles away, dominating the distant horizon. A mere photograph can't capture it, because you don't get the sense of size. But from a moving aircraft you see the mountains in the foreground, still miles away, moving past your wingtip, and the whiteness of the big one in the background not moving at all, as if God had anchored it in space,

rather than on earth. It's the relative motion that tells you you're looking at something bigger than you've ever laid eyes on before. I can't explain it - you'll just have to go see it for yourself!

Anchorage, they say, is just five minutes from Alaska. We landed at Merrill Field, which is like Oshkosh full-time. Arrival/Departure procedures for the Anchorage airports is a book, a lot like the Oshkosh NOTAM: because in Alaska, the airplanes are what pickup trucks are to us in the lower 48 - just necessary transportation. I never saw so much aviation in one place outside of OSH.

Upon landing we needed a place to eat and a place to stay, and the people at the Alaska Airmen's Association, at the Lake Hood seaplane base, helped us with both. Monday morning, from our balcony at the Lake Hood Inn, we watched floatplane operations at the seaplane base. We would never have found this place without help from the Airmen's Association, because it's a brand-new B&B, it's out of the way, and the sign wasn't up yet. But I'm very glad we found it and could stay there! It's right behind the Millennium Hotel on Lake Hood, and the Millennium's guests would have coveted our view, had they only known.

This is not a story about Alaska; it's about the Alaska Highway. That's because J3s are slow, of course! Steve had a plane to meet in Calgary, and it took us so long to get to Alaska that we only stayed a day-and-a-half in Anchorage before we felt the call to head for home. Of course Murphy's Law, the Law of Averages, or some darn thing prevailed and we had ideal weather and tailwinds all the way back, and we were in Calgary with four days to spare.

Would I do it again? Absolutely; without hesitation, and in the twinkling of an eye. Maybe even again in a slow airplane - there's too much I might miss, flying a faster one! With the extended mountain flying and unconventional refuelings necessitated only by the J3's limited range, this trip definitely stretched my comfort zones as a pilot. This kind of flying is routine for many people, though, and if you go, you'll meet enough of them along the way to inspire your confidence. The first time is a journey you'll never forget! ◀





On August 26th, we flew our first batch of Young Eagles from the Boys And Girls Clubs of the Twin Cities. Diana Adamson brought seven of her East Side Club members. The flights went fast since we had six pilots! Joining in were the usual suspects – Al Kupferschmidt, Paul Liedl, Dennis Hoffman, Bill Schanks, Kirk Martensen and Jon Cumpton. Diana and Jon set this program up and hope to fly many more kids from the Boys and Girls Clubs in the future. —*Jon Cumpton*

## Update from the Young Eagles coordinator



The next Young Eagles event will be on September 20th (Saturday) held at New Richmond Airport at 9 a.m. We will be co-sponsoring and helping some pilots based out of New Richmond. There is no chapter on grounds but Jon Cumpton (our chapter member) is setting this up. Please put this on your calendars if you can help. Update from my YE table at the pancake breakfast: I took in 22 applications for flights and will be setting up a date for them. I would like to do this sooner rather than later. I will try for a

Saturday and will be in need of help. A big THANK YOU to all volunteers that have helped with Young Eagles to date. Al Kupferschmidt

Sorry. No minutes from the August meeting were submitted for publication this month. No President's Column was submitted this month.

## Pancake breakfast a success

This year's fly-in was a big hit. We were blessed with perfect weather and a large attendance. You served 789 total breakfasts and the Chapter grossed \$3,676 (up 15% from last year). I have no way of knowing the total number of people who attended the fly-in because we only account for those who eat but I believe that our total attendance exceeded 1,000 people. I also observed more kids this year at the expanded KidVenture activity. 80% to 90% of our attendance are people who drive in from the community. The benefits from this publicity is huge and incalculable.

Thank you to everyone who worked hard to make our fly-in a fun and successful event. —*Tim Reberg*

## Chapter 54 KidVenture effort debuts at fly-in

Turnout for KidVenture was excellent this year. About 150 children took part in our activities, making "Foam Flyer" gliders, soda straw rockets, and airplanes on a stick.

Volunteers Marilyn and Kari Olson kept the kids busy, along with the "red shirt" boys – Norm and Kyle Schwietz, Owen Nelson and Jon Cumpton. Pedal toys and other hands-on toys kept toddlers busy too. A guest appearance by the "Wright Brothers" (we never realized there were three of them!) showed bystanders how wing ribs were constructed for the flyer. Marilyn Gaiovnik from Mn DOT Office of Aeronautics also joined us to distribute publications and information. —*Jon Cumpton*



# Photo Gallery



A young KidVenture participant displays his glider-making skills



As Kyle Schwietz and Norm Schwietz look on, two children make their own Foam Flyer.



There's just something about this flying business....



The KidVenture Men in Red – Kyle Schwietz, Norm Schwietz, Owen Nelson, and Jon Cump-ton. The Olson clan – Scott, Marilyn and Kari – managed to escape before this photo ses-



Dennis Hoffman did the first flight after restoration of his Swift on Saturday, August 9 of Fairchild Lane at 21D. He has previously restored an L3, a J3, and has his highly polished C170, all with incredible craftsmanship. (From Jim Anderson)



Pat Driscoll sends along this snapshot of the August pot-luck supper. He reports, "it's one of the best turnouts we've ever had."



EAA Chapter 54  
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Lake Elmo, MN 55042



## Calendar

Sep. 5-7 Albert Lea, Minn. (AEL). Mid America Aerobatic Contest. Gary Debaun 952-892-7188

Sep. 6 Osceola, Wisc. (OEO). 8-5 p.m. Breakfast, Wings and Wheels.

Sep. 7 New Ulm, Minn. (ULM). Fly-in breakfast. 507-354-4392

Sep. 7 Tomah, Wisc. (Y72) Breakfast fly-in. 608-269-5627

Sept. 7, Maple Lake, Minn. (MGG). Annual pork-chop fly-in. 11:30 a.m.—2 p.m. Call 320-963-5094.

Sept. 10. Wausau, Wisc. (AUW), 10 a.m.— 2 p.m. National Air Tour. 715-845-3400

Sept. 13. South St. Paul Municipal Airport.

Bomber Moon Dance. Confederate Air Force Hangar.

Sept. 13-14 Faribault, Minn (FBL) - 7 a.m.— 12 p.m. Airfest & balloon rally. 507-744-5111,

Sept. 14 Decorah, Iowa. (DEH). Breakfast. 563-382-8338.

Since this newsletter is submitted to EAA chapters around Minnesota, we invite you to submit information about your chapter's activities for publication in the calendar section. Please send your copy-ready material to Bob Collins, 2734 McKinley Dr., Woodbury, Minn. 55125-3487. Or e-mail it to [bcollins@visi.com](mailto:bcollins@visi.com)