



EAA CHAPTER 302

NEWSLETTER



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The next meeting will be Saturday, December 10, 10AM at Wally's Hanger. Responsible for refreshment* Dick Criss & Gloria Mathews.

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SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM EL PRESIDENTE!

A MESSAGE FROM EL PRESIDENTE TO CHAPTER 302

I feel that 1983 has been one of progress for our group. We have added new members, increased our bank account considerably, taken positive steps in acquiring land at the airport, and formulated firm plans for 1984. None of this could have been accomplished without the help and teamwork of all of you, from the chapter officers to individual members who were not afraid to get out and get it done!

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you for 1983 and since you have placed your faith in me again, I am looking forward to working with Bob, Gloria, Charlie, Marcia, Hank and all the rest of Chapter 302 in making 1984 our best yet!

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND AGAIN, THANK YOU ALL!

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CHAPTER NOTAMS

Congratulations to the new officers of Chapter 302.

Check with your Newsletter Editor, or look them over at the December meeting.

The raffle tickets being sold by another chapter for a 1949 Piper Clipper are \$100 dollars apiece. One hundred and fifty tickets will be sold and they hope to have the drawing just after the first of the year. Check details at the December meeting, including a color picture of the plane. The chapter might like to consider buying a ticket, or members might like to go in on tickets in groups.

MORE NOTAMS

AOPA reports of an increase in production of 80 octane avgas, at least for some parts of the country. We need to talk SOHIO into sending some down here!

Paul Poberezny, Founder and President of the EAA, was awarded NASA's Distinguished Public Service Medal, the highest award that NASA may bestow upon a US citizen who is not an employee of the federal government. The medal is granted to individuals whose meritorious contributions have produced results that measurably improve, expediate, or clarify scientific progress, work methods, manufacturing techniques, and other efforts related to the accomplishment of the agency's mission. How about that! Anyone want to start a club in their basement. (Opps, I mean, den.)?

I have soared in the vastness Of unbending blue space And
watched the white trails Disappear without trace.

Alone in the emptiness Of the yawning abyss I have
embraced the unknown And felt eternity's kiss.

A speck of dust in the nothing I have been free of all
ties And like a drop in the sea I have been part of
the skies

I have never known freedom As breathless and fair As the
freedom of flight Through the void of the air.

Let me fly with the eagles And be one with the light,
Let me soar ever upward And touch stars in the night.

The author, Earle Field, a former B-17 pilot, is professor
of Ancient History at California State university. Of his poem
"Flight," he says, "This poem attempts to express the
exhilaration every pilot feels at some time when he or she is
flying through the overwhelming immensity of sky where space and
time melt into each other in an endless universe. Of "Musing's of
a Bomber Pilot", (see last month's Newsletter) he says "The
left-hand seat of a B-17 was a place where counting from 1 to
35,, ordinarily a simple task, took on the intensity of an
immediate life or death situation. It required deliberate
hand-gripping, teeth-clenching patience to await death, or life,
time after time for 35 missions. After the 35th landing, coming
off a mission, life started again."

"Once in a dream I found myself made fine
From head to foot in feathers like a bird.,
And flight was in me. Flight is in me now!
I will not wait another round of time.
I will go up, and fly, and be alive."

II

So, in the dawn, Youth spurns the heavy earth,
And climbs the murky pathway to the height;
Up, to the windy skies. No moon, no star,
Gray mist and fog, gray cloud, and sleet and snow.
Youth sees beyond them to the rising sun,
And rides on swift incomparable wings
Unto the destined rendezvous with Fame.

And when he comes, he does not know her face.
She is a stranger to his dreaming eyes.
His only tryst is with the spaceless skies.
His honor is in the flight.

All men, all kings

Desire it, too. In every heart of life
A caged bird waits the freedom of the night,
The freedom, and the fury and the stars.

III

In every dawn of time Youth seeks the sky.
Hinder him not. In God's name, let him fly.
Was it not God who thought those restless wings

such folly.

You would tell him the night is for sleep and
the day is for duty.

He will not speak, for he is the Fool of Heaven.
He will mount up on wings when the city is
sleeping.

And read the magic that moves in the infinite
darkness,

And fly with the wind and the stars and the
thoughts of God.

Youth will not stay, Shall April take counsel of
Winter?

Youth will not heed, Shall the feet of the runner
be bound?

Shall the hands of the spinner, the weaver be
be shackled and stricken?

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Out of the ageless past Youth comes high-hearted.
Down from the hills of the gods a young god
passes,

And all men see him, and all men's hearts are
smitten

With the glory and light of a flame they had
long forgotten.

WELL, FUZZ, IT'S ABOUT
TIME WE STRUNG UP
OUR OUTDOOR CHRISTMAS
LIGHTS !!

ZIGGY

I'LL RUN A STRING OF
BLUE BULBS ALONG THIS
HEDGE ...

..AND I'LL PUT A STRING
ON THIS FENCE .. KMMM,
BETTER HURRY.. IT'S
GETTING DARK !!

WOW...WHAT A FLIGHT !!
SURE WAS GLAD TO SEE
THOSE LANDING LIGHTS!