



EAA Chapter 919 Newsletter

Chapter President	Tom Owen
Chapter Vice President	Jack Chapman
Chapter Treasurer	Mike Thern
Chapter Secretary	Mike Thern
Chapter Newsletter Editor	Russell Marsolek

IMPORTANT DATES!

EAA Chapter 919 Monthly Meeting. 12-18-2004 at 9:00 AM at the Rushford MN Airport (55Y).

* = 2005 Paid Membership (\$15.00 annually)

Richard Adank
 Chris Arnold
 Dan Bass
 Allen & Patty Berg
 George Boland
 Russ & Denise Braatz
 Bob Briggs
 Steve & Kathy Buswell
 Jack & Barb Chapman
 Tony Christensen
 Rick DeBord
 Mary Dodson *
 Bill Draayer
 Donald Dutka
 Ken Erding *
 Meryl & Betty Evenson
 Richard Exe
 William Getschmann
 Fred Gleiter
 Pete & Chris Gruendeman
 LaVern & Gayle Hauschildt
 Francis Husser
 Michael Kearns
 Walt Kelly
 Ed & Peggy Koenig
 Bernard Kriesel
 David Krotz
 Thomas Lee
 Russ & Helen Marsolek *
 Fred Mays
 Richard & Linda O'Connor
 Tom & Marilyn Owen
 Fred & Alisa Petersen
 Richard Phillips
 Greg Rasmussen
 Carmen Scudiero
 Kyle & Shirley Stuart
 Max Tentis
 Mike & Barb Thern *
 Al and Lisa Wiebke
 Larry Ziemer

The final 2004 EAA Chapter 919 meeting is on December 18th at 9:00 AM. Right at the Rushford MN Airport (55Y). The business will probably be short (election of officers). And then...a Holiday Party!

So please come on down and join the group. This will be the perfect time to just relax a little before we start the new year. Once that happens we all know how busy it will get!

Again...come on down and share the holiday spirits with everyone!

There are even some "aviation projects" underway right now and possible new ones in the near future (Rick De Bord). Lots to talk about!

Some 200 years ago, the poet-philosopher Dr. Samuel Johnson looked into the future:

"Instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings. The fields of air are open to knowledge, and only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."



'Twas the night before Christmas (aviation style!)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and out on the ramp, Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ.

The aircraft were fastened to tiedowns with care, In hopes that come morning, they all would be there.

The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots, With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots.

I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally caught up, And settled down comfortably, resting my butt.

When the radio lit up with noise and with chatter, I turned up the scanner to see what was the matter.

A voice clearly heard over static and snow, called for clearance to land at the airport below.

He barked his transmission so lively and quick, I'd have sworn that the call sign he used was "St. Nick".

I ran to the panel to turn up the lights, The better to welcome this magical flight.

He called his position, no room for denial, "St. Nicholas One, turnin' left onto final."

And what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight Rotax Reindeer!

With vectors to final, down the glideslope he came, As he passed all fixes, he called them by name:

"Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini and Bacun! On Comet! On Cupid!" What pills was he takin'?

While controllers were sittin', and scratchin' their head, they phoned to my office, and I heard it with dread,

The message they left was both urgent and dour: "When Santa pulls in, have him please call the tower."

He landed like silk, with the sled runners sparking, then I heard "Left at Charlie," and "Taxi to parking."

He slowed to a taxi, turned off of three-oh And stopped on the ramp with a "Ho, ho-ho-ho "

He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk, I ran out to meet him with my best set of chocks.

His red helmet and goggles were covered with frost and his beard was all blackened from Reindeer exhaust.

His breath smelled like peppermint, gone slightly stale, and he puffed on a pipe, but he didn't inhale.

His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled like jelly, his boots were as black as a crop-duster's belly.

He was chubby and plump, in his suit of bright red, and he asked me to "fill it, with hundred low-lead."

He came dashing in from the snow-covered pump, I knew he was anxious for drainin' the sump.

I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work, and I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk.

He came out of the restroom, and sighed in relief, Then he picked up a phone for a Flight Service brief.

And I thought as he silently scribed in his log, these reindeer could land in an eighth-mile fog.

He completed his pre-flight, from the front to the rear, Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell, "Clear!"

And laying a finger on his push-to-talk, He called up the tower for clearance and squawk.

"Take taxiway Charlie, the southbound direction, Turn right three-two-zero at pilot's discretion"

He sped down the runway, the best of the best, "Your traffic's a Grumman, inbound from the west."

Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed thru the night, "Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight."

Have a safe and happy holiday season everyone!
Russ Marsolek
EAA Chapter 919 Newsletter Editor





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