

Hoiu Newsletter

AKA The Deer Creek Air Force

www.hoi-ultralights.org

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October 2006

Next Club Meeting

Date: FRIDAY 11/17/2006

Place: Sky Harbor – Peoria, IL

Time: Room is available at 5:30 PM

Mix and mingle dinner around 6:30-7:00 PM or when most are gathered

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Officers

President

Allan Mays

Treasurer

Richard Baner

Secretary

Lynn Dunaway

Webmaster/Newsletter Editor (not reporter)

Tom Eichhorn

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Meeting Minutes

by Tom Eichhorn

The Heart of Illinois Ultralights last outdoor meeting the big “Weiner Roast” was an enjoyable one, despite high winds and cold temps. The fire brought many families out for chit-chat, food and a sort of farewell to the major part of our flying season.

This year’s main flying season seemed to disappear all too quickly. Our sport’s limited window of opportunity was narrow this main season with wind, and rain.

Barb Wells passed around a list for those volunteers that can work the Deer Creek Pancake Sausage sale November 11, 2006. Club members are encouraged to volunteer as this is the last year we may be involved and it really is enjoyable.

This years Club dinner will be at Sky Harbor again. All club members and wives are invited to attend.

Gliding Flight

by Allan Mays

Lift-off, turning, burning fuel, prop biting air. Reaching, clawing, climbing for thinner atmosphere.

With an even purr from the motor and a steady climb established, I glance around.

I become aware of a Red-tailed Hawk, a cloud, and delicate features of the sky.

Subtle lines of haze span the horizon. Muted hues of aqua-marine and violet appear, visible only from aloft.

Altitude achieved, power reduced, thoughts are gathered and bird flight is mused.

Shallow turns reveal we are alone, my craft and I. Peaceful, serene, focused on flight.

Power switched off now, motor silenced. With prop standing still time slows a bit.

Surprising calm emerges from within. I set up a glide, carefully trading altitude for airspeed.

Descending, smoothly exploring airspeeds, searching for an efficient glide. Controls are light, responsive and reassuringly solid.

Downward spiral begins. Swooping, turning, playful sky dancing.

Monitoring altitude as ground objects grow larger. Focus moves to landing now, target in sight.

Traffic pattern clear, maneuvering for final approach. Thinking, planning, visualizing in three dimensions.

One final “S” turn, then dive for more speed. Crossing the runway threshold, wind softly whistles through flying wires.

Slowing now, wheels gently settle into grass for touchdown. Roll to a stop. Deep breath of fresh air, a pause for reflection.

Suddenly, consciously aware of my passion for flight; I glance skyward and smile, knowing I’ll return there soon.