

Maine Powerchute Association



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If you had read the last Newsletter (I'm figuring there had to be somebody who read it!), you may remember that we dedicated it to our long-time member Dunbar Seamans, who was relocating to Arizona. Well, this issue is dedicated to retracting that dedication. Just when we thought we'd never see his sorry ass, no, no, I mean his charming presence again, HE SHOWS UP! I guess he realized that Maine just has it all over some snake-infested desert. Also, I suspect he realized that once you've been exposed to the wit, cleverness, and just the immense pleasure of associating with our group, you just can't live without it! The same way it's real hard to live without black flies and a root canal and ingrown toenails and hemorrhoids.

Pictures galore

This month's Newsletter has more than the usual collection of pictures – not because they're so great, but because we don't have too much newsworthy events to report. Yes, I know, that never stopped me in the past...

Lewiston Balloon Festival

Clearly, this was the highlight fly-in event of the season. A round of applause and many thanks to Buzz and Mattie Crane for setting it up. They made arrangements at Maheu's Airfield, ensured we had good weather, made sure the strip was mowed, and even paid for a porta-potty (\$45 for the weekend). Buzz went around to everybody and strongly encouraged them to use the porta-potty as frequently as possible to reduce our per-use cost.

Maheu's airfield is within a few minutes flying time of downtown L-A. It was pretty breezy most of the time, but we did get several good flights in, and flew every time the balloons did. Of course, unlike the balloons, we came back to where we started without the assistance of a truck convoy.

While the whole concept of hot air balloons is somewhat absurd to all of us control freaks who like to know pretty much where we're going, the balloons are pretty spectacular with all their colors and shapes and majestic slow flights. It is really neat to see them from above, or to fly next to them as most of us had a chance to do. Lots of people watching the event, and

judging from all the friendly waves, we were as big a hit as were the balloons. Yes, I do believe most of the waves were using more than one finger.

The airfield is an excellent facility for powered parachutes – it is long and wide and there's no other traffic there. Since we did not crash into the owner's house, and did our usual clean up, we'll be welcome back there next year too, according to Buzz & Mattie.

The terrorist attacks

The events of September 11th sent chills through most of us – a sentiment shared by the rest of the country and most of the world. While we're generally a happy-go-lucky and irreverent bunch here at MPA, the killing of so many thousands of innocent, unarmed, and civilian Americans just made most of



us pause to reflect on what's really important in life. After that, most of wanted to strike back hard, very hard. I think we also realized that life as we knew it will never be the same.

We'll be looking over our shoulders, and people will be looking even at our wonderful toys as a potential threat. I'm sure I speak for all of us in our organization in extending our heartfelt condolences to the victims and their families, and our sincere congratulations to the many many heroes who participated in the rescue efforts and the rebuild efforts after that heinous act.

Bowman Fly-in

Well, we got some flying in Friday night, and a little bit Saturday morning, but that was pretty much the extent of it. Bad weather made the rest of the weekend just a time for socializing. We had a number of our New Hampshire friends there, so we got to catch up on news with them, and we actually saw Lisa Townsend again!

Friday night, I got to watch Jerry Parlin, his lovely wife Carla, and the man for all seasons Bob Ellis participate in a “who can eat the most mussels” contest while doing their best imitation of the food fight scene from the movie Animal House. Like I said, slim pickings for news this month.

Bowman, however, is always a nice event, with antique engines and trucks, and a good number of other exhibits. It also has a good snack bar, selling gourmet hot dogs and sausages. And unlike Norridgewock, powered parachutes were welcomed.

The Eagle's Nest in Bingham

World-class tinkerer Jerry Sukeforth was kind enough to invite MPA members who wanted to participate in the Gadabout Gaddis fly-in in Bingham to his brother's place. (I've done that myself a few times, that is invited people to my brother's place, but he always got even.)

Anyway, Doug Sukeforth has an incredible place, with intersecting runways, a beautiful view, and a hot tub. Doug himself is a consummate gentleman, which of course makes you wonder, one, if he is actually related to Jerry, and two, why would he have anything to do with us? But he did, and although it was pretty windy most of the time, we got some good flights in all three days.

Since Jerry's brother Doug is fairly new to the powered parachute world, Jerry helped him make some serious adjustments to his lines to make the plane fly better. With each adjustment, he had Doug



Much to his horror, Bill realizes that the only piece left of his chute is the red part in the middle and bits of yellow on either side!

take it for a test flight. None of us experienced pilots would fly in the kind of mid-day winds we were having, but Doug did (apparently not experienced enough to know that it is not normal to have your carriage behave like it was inside a food blender). So with those few flights, Doug has become a serious contender (along with Parlin, Grusik, and Kenney) for the coveted BBO award to be given at the Christmas party (along with many other coveted awards). BBO, of course, stands for Big Brass Ones. The trophy itself is sort of oval, and rather disgusting.

Next year's MPA Summer Fly-in

We were so psyched about Doug's place that we invited ourselves back next year for a pig roast and fly-in. And Doug graciously agreed, probably hoping that by next year, with our rapidly diminishing short term memories, we would forget all about it.



A balloon traffic jam in Lewiston. Didn't realize so many people don't care where they end up.

Next Meeting and Fly-In

Our next official MPA meeting will be held on Saturday, October 13th at 11:00 at Wayne's field in Fairfield. (Exit 36 off Rt. 95; 201 North, and left on Rt 23). Wayne again was kind enough to extend the use of his field for flying, and staying over Friday night if you like. Should have some excellent foliage flying – it is probably getting to the peak of the season already this year.

Think Snow!

Winter flying is coming – start waxing your skis and chasing the moths out of you snowmobile suits!



GPS, don't fail me now!

Dunbar Arizona true story (sort of)

While in Arizona, Dunbar took a trip on a tour bus to see the sights. The tour guide was explaining "Coming up on the right side of the bus, you can see Meteor Crater. This is a major tourist attraction in Arizona. It was formed when a lump of nickel and iron weighing 300,000 tons, 150 feet across, struck the earth at 40,000 miles an hour, scattering white-hot debris for miles in every direction. The hole measures nearly a mile across and is 570 feet deep."

At which point Dunbar exclaimed: "Wow! It just missed the highway!"

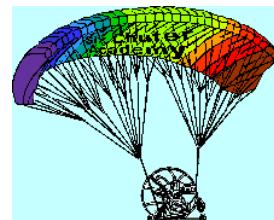
Yearly Hunting Season Warning!

Be careful out there. There may be people trying to get a closer look at you through the scope on their rifles. Don't annoy people - during November, they're armed! And while there's a certain element of excitement to it, it is not legal to hunt from a moving powered parachute. Even if it's only doing 26 miles an hour.



Amazing how much faster you can go when you cut that pesky parachute from your rig!

(Jerry, take note! The guy had rigged a camera on a boom attached to his frame to get this picture)



Remember, let's be careful out there!

See you next month!
John G.