

HIGH FLIGHT

LAKEWAY AIRPARK

JANUARY 2004



MESSAGE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

What a great way to end the year. Dec. 13 was a Great DAY for our country. WE Got Him ! The board is ending the year hoping we will be able to start our new building this spring. We need ALL our members to help with donations to the building fund. Ask anyone you know to help us with this project. HAPPY NEW YEAR
Joe



Joe Byrd

ESTERS FOLLIES SCHEDULED JANUARY 8TH

We have 20 people that have made their reservations to go to Esters Follies with us on January 8th. Bonnie has already made the reservations, but if you would still like to join us, please give her a call at 266-3227 and perhaps you can still squeeze in. Those that are interested will be going out to dinner before we carpool into Esters and Bonnie will be giving each of you a call with all of the details.

MARY COALE GIVES \$500 DONATION TO AIRPARK

Many of you don't know Mary Coale, but you will soon because I plan to do an article on her. She is a delightful 94 year old lady that lives here in Lakeway and is a member of the 99's. She has lots of interesting stories with her flying career.

Mary has given a check in the amount of \$500 towards the Lakeway Airpark building fund.

NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES TITLED "LIVING ON THE RUNWAY"

Many interesting things and happenings go on for those that live on the Lakeway Airpark Runway. Some are funny and some are not so funny.

Julianne DeBower has offered to write a series of articles on some of these happenings for your amusement and sometimes concern.

Look for her article on page #3 and you'll probably be looking forward to the next article each month.



**AIRPARK WORKDAY
SATURDAY - JANUARY 10TH
8:30 - PLEASE PLAN TO COME**

MEET BOB ALBRESCH

Bob Abresch in a nutshell.

I was born in New York City on March 12, 1925 and raised on Staten Island. At that time Staten Island was very rural and we had horses to ride. My family belonged to the Staten Island Sheriffs Posse which was a lot like Austin Sheriffs Posse in that it put on rodeos and members attended rodeos. I learned to trick ride and trick rode in rodeos.

Life was good and I didn't give much thought to the war. I graduated from High School in Jan of 1943 and, with my eighteenth birthday fast approaching, a friend and I signed up for the aviation cadets. We took the test on a Thursday and those of us who passed were given the opportunity to take the physical that same afternoon and leave on Sunday. My friend was eager and he left on Sunday. I decided to be a civilian a while longer but to my surprise I had orders to leave the following Sunday.

The Air Corps was changing training systems and my friend went into a new program in which they spent time in basic training then to a collage training detachment and then to pre-flight. I, however went into a fill in class between systems and ended up graduating as a 2nd Lt. and a rated pilot about two and a half months before my nineteenth birthday.

After further training in B-17s I landed in England in the Eight Air Force flying combat missions against Germany. I flew twenty eight and a half missions and was beginning to think I was going to make it through but the one half got me. I was shot down over Mersburg, Germany and spent about ten months as a prisoner of war. After returning to the states I flew B-25s, A-26, then went to jets flying F-80s and F86s.

In 1962 I was sent to Aircraft Controllers school and then had a great tour in remote Japan. I was at a remote radar site on the northern most mountain on the island of Honshu. We were a team of six and our only requirement was that one of us had to be at the radar site at all times so we had a very loose schedule.

Shortly after my arrival I met a Japanese English teacher in a local bar and he asked me to help by teaching conversational English in the local High School. I agreed and for a couple of hours every Friday I would teach at the school. My picture is in the class yearbook and I gave a speech at the class Graduation.

Upon finishing that assignment, the Air Force sent me to computer programming school and I ended up in charge of the Air Forces computer programming school at Keesler Air Force base.

Life was good and I expected to stay there until I retired but lo and behold, out of clear blue sky I had orders to go to C-130 school and then to Abilene, Texas in TAC Airlift. I did a tour of duty in Viet Nam and retired in 1970 to Austin.

Upon my retirement I taught flying as both an instructor and instrument instructor. As it interfered with my water skiing and time on the lake I gave that up after about eight years.

In 1976 I bought plans for the Varieze and completed it in 1980. I kept it at San Marcos and moved it to Lakeway in 1982.

I am presently building a plane, Caplla, for my wife. It is about the size of a piper cub but with side by side seating.

My first wife died in 1990 and I met my present wife Nellie in 1991. She was a fairly recent widow and we started dancing together and were married in 1992. Since being married to me, Nellie has learned to water ski, fly, scuba dive and ballroom dance. She is willing to do anything and we are lucky to be so compatible



Bob & Nellie Albresch

JEFF & DONNA KLAAS NEWEST AIRPARK RESIDENTS

Jeff & Donna Klaas have just completed their home at 117 Blue Jay Drive and are now the newest residents on Lakeway Airpark.

They moved here from Wells Branch and Jeff flies a 59 Bonanza and has it hangared at his home.

Jeff has 2 children that spend every other weekend with them - an 11 year old daughter and 16 year old son, which live in Round Rock. They are looking for somebody with an 11 year old girl for the daughter to play with when she is here. They also have an 5 1/2 pound dachshund named Jesse that lives with them.

Jeff's profession is a computer chip designer and he works for D2 Audio. Donna is a dental hygienist and works for a consulting firm.

We welcome Jeff & Donna to Lakeway Airpark and we will feature them in next months newsletter.



LIVING ON THE RUNWAY

by Julianne DeBower



Lakeway Airparkers! Just a little note to tell you what's happening here on the runway.

It was Monday morning, Dec. 15th, bright and early (okay, so it was around 8:30 a.m., and I was on my second cup of coffee), our telephone started ringing. Thinking it was my mom or one of the kids, I answered with a chirpy "Good morning!" and was nearly blasted off my chair by a desperate female voice frantically asking,

"Is this the airpark? Where is the oil? We can't find the oil! We have to have oil; we're on our way to South Dakota, and we have to leave now!"

Guiltily my eyes turned to my kitchen in a desperate search for oil that wasn't vegetable, canola, olive (some virgin, some not-so-virgin), and wondered why Ken wasn't home when I needed him!

I explained as tactfully and defensively as I could that we are a small airpark with no FBO, and all we have to offer our transient aircraft is gas at a good price.

As I feared, this was not going to cut it with this particular visitor. Once more she demanded that I do something to find oil, deliver oil, four quarts of oil, mind you, and soon!. I reined in my frustration, realized she was under a lot of pressure... it was the holiday season... etc..... and gave her Joe Bain's telephone number.

And, as usual, Joe went to the rescue., he had the oil, the funnel needed to pour the oil, and they left happy. In fact, the lady called me back, happy, bright, cheerful and was very appreciative of all my "husband's" help. Oh, well.

People who live on the runway "go to the rescue" more often than Ken and I ever contemplated when we first moved here. Living on the runway is a joy and a trial and an exhilarating experience, and we would not have it any other way.

Why, just the other day, we were sitting out by the runway, when a strange lady walked across the runway, down our taxiway, and said"

Oops! Sorry! My phone is ringing. I'll have to tell you that story next month.....

Julianne DeBower

Great Places To Fly Be A Pilot Adds Destinations...

Tried every \$100 hamburger within flying distance? Tired of Unicom operators recognizing your voice? Maybe it's time to spread your wings a little (or a lot) and do what your airplane and your certificate were meant for.

Be A Pilot has devoted part of its Web site to Places Pilots Know, a directory of places that are easier, faster or just more fun to get to by flying.

Places Pilot Know went online Dec. 4 with 150 destinations clickable on a map of North America.

Their website is
<http://www.beapilot.com/places/places.html>.
Give them a try - you'll find Lakeway Airpark as one of the places listed.



Judge Allows Aerial Wolf Hunt

Hunters could soon be back in the air, gunning down wolves from airplanes near the remote Alaska village of McGrath.

Animal rights forces promise they won't be far behind in urging a tourism boycott of the state. An Alaska judge last month rejected an attempt by Friends of Animals to stop a state-sponsored aerial hunt aimed at culling 35 to 45 wolves to keep them from eating moose.

The state, you see, wants the moose available for the people of McGrath to kill and eat. McGrath, population 470, is about 300 air miles from the nearest grocery store and the people have been complaining for a decade that wolves and bears have literally been taking the food out of their mouths by eating the local moose population.

By wiping out wolves in a 1,700-square-mile area around McGrath, the state hopes to create a cornucopia of moose meat for the local residents.

Earlier this year, the state moved 75 black bears and eight grizzlies that had also been feasting on the people's moose. They estimate the program increased moose calf survival by 20 percent. So far, the state has spent about \$1,300 on each moose calf that is now available for local residents' freezers.

Background Checks

All pilots and students in Australia will undergo background checks under a new security program launched by the government. The Australian Security Intelligence Organization and other Aussie agencies will probe the history of everyone who flies before issuing new "tamper-proof photographic licenses."

The measures are part of a \$93 million (AUD) aviation security package announced by the federal government last month.

BLOND HELICOPTER TRAINING

Blond Judi went to a helicopter flight school insisting she wanted to learn to fly that day. As all the planes were currently in use, the owner agreed to instruct her on how to pilot the helicopter solo by radio.

He took her out, showed her how to start it and gave her the basics, and set her on her way. After she climbed 1000 feet, she radioed in.

"I'm doing great! I love it! The view is so beautiful, and I'm starting to get the hang of this." After 2000 feet, she radioed again, saying how easy it was becoming to fly.

The instructor watched her climb over 3000 feet, and was beginning to worry that she hadn't radioed in. A few minutes later, he watched in horror as she crashed about half a mile away. He ran over and pulled her from the wreckage. When he asked what happened, she said:

"I don't know! Everything was going fine, but as I got higher, I was starting to get cold. I can't remember anything after I turned off the big fan."

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY
NEVER LET YOUR AIRPLANE
TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE YOUR
BRAIN DIDN'T GET TO 5**

Lindbergh's Secret Life Confirmed

Three German siblings said last week that DNA tests have proved what they long suspected: Charles Lindbergh was their father. The three, Dyrk Hesshaimer, Astrid Bouteuil and David Hesshaimer, were born in 1958, 1960 and 1967.

They are not seeking money from the Lindbergh family -- their father visited them once or twice a year during their childhood and took care of them financially. But their mother hid his true identity from the children, a ruse that was made easier by the language barrier.

Last summer, a grandson of Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Morgan Lindbergh, traveled to Europe to meet the Hesshaimers and agreed to take a DNA test, which proved their lineage.

The rest of the U.S. family has had no public comment but reportedly has met amiably with their newly discovered relatives and exchanged friendly letters and phone calls.

The German siblings have over 100 letters Lindbergh wrote to their mother, and plan to publish a book about their parents' secret affair. Lindbergh married Anne Morrow in 1929, and remained married until his death in 1974. They had six children together, but during the last decades of his life he traveled widely and only rarely visited the Connecticut home they shared.



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NATION OBSERVES CENTENNIAL OF POWERED FLIGHT

December 17 marked a day of celebration and irony as people around the country recognized the Wright brothers' first powered flight 100 years ago. Some pilots took checkrides or soloed on the historic date, while the focal point was Ken Hyde's brainchild, a recreation of the Wright *Flyer's* famous moment on the sands of Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina.

While the *Flyer* didn't make it into the air—thanks to a lack of wind and engine power—in front of a rain-soaked crowd of more than 35,000 and a perfectly dry TV audience, Hyde's Wright Experience team came away with new-found respect for what the Wright brothers had done.

President George Bush spoke at the Centennial of Flight ceremonies to honor aviation's pioneers, but with his visit came temporary flight restrictions (TFRs) barring general aviation aircraft from flying in the vicinity.

