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NEWS

FROM THE PRESIDENT

With the holidays, the new year, and our association's elections behind us it is time to focus our efforts on 1993. On behalf of all of the newly elected officers, I would like to thank the membership for expressing your confidence by selecting us to represent the association this next year.

The Association calendar includes a combination of educational and social events throughout the year. We are planning to hold both a dinner dance and a picnic this year in addition to our general membership meetings and the annual safety seminar. A complete calendar is printed in this issue of the newsletter. Please hang on to it so that you can participate in all of this year's activities.

Committee Chairmen have been selected. If you are interested in participating on a committee please contact the chairman of the committee of your choice to express your interest.

The New England Helicopter Pilots Association has changed its focus over the last several years. Originally we were a group of professional helicopter pilots who had joined together to solve common operational problems such as access to airports and heliports, noise problems, and safety concerns raised by local communities. In doing so, many enduring friendships and professional acquaintances were created. We are fortunate in that we still have a significant number of very professional helicopter pilots in our ranks.

Today, we seem to be faced with fewer of the operational type of problems which we faced in the past. This is probably due in part to the reduced helicopter flying activities of our membership. More importantly though, the Association's past Directors and members effectively solved many of the local issues which used to confront the helicopter community. How were the problems solved? If any single word can be used to describe the process by which NEHPA has been able to solve the issues which have confronted our industry that word would be EDUCATION. Education is a two way street. We have learned, for example, that the noise created by our aircraft can be annoying enough to become a rallying point for local community groups. As a result, we have learned to FLY NEIGHBORLY. On the other hand, as a result of awareness education by EMS operators, such as Boston MedFlight, communities throughout New England fully accept the helicopter's life saving ability whenever disaster strikes.

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MARCH MEETING

BE SURE

TO MARK YOUR CALENDAR:

Thursday March 4, 1993

Westford Regency Inn Westford, MA

6:30-7:30pm Social Hour

7:30pm Meeting

Agenda

Dr. Clark, the FAA's New England Regional Flight Surgeon will be talking to us about medical certification requirements, how to stay healthy to pass that next flight physical, and the potential effect of over the counter medication.

DUES NOTICE

We are still collecting dues for 1993. If you haven't had a chance to send in your dues, please do so at your earliest convenience. We would much rather spend the Association's money on the Dinner Dance, Picnic, and Safety Seminar as opposed to postage fees for mailing delinquent dues notices.

DID YOU KNOW?

The word HELICOPTER was derived from two Greek words by Leonardo da Vinci. Helix meaning spiral or screw and pteron meaning wing.

That a German by the name of Hanna Reich was the first woman helicopter pilot. In fact, she flew a Focke Fa-61, a twin rotored combination of a fixed wing aircraft and autogiro, in an indoor sports arena in Berlin.

DINNER DANCE

The NEHPA Dinner Dance will be held on Saturday, March 20, 1993.

Where: Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza
1360 Worcester Road (Route 9)
Natick, Massachusetts

Time: 7:00PM-8:00PM Cocktails
8:00PM-12:00PM Dinner and Dancing

Cost: \$20.00 per person

Overnight accommodations: Contact the Crowne Plaza directly for room reservations at 508-653-8800. Advise the receptionist that you are a NEHPA member and you will receive a discounted room rate. Ther last day to make your room reservation is March 5, 1993.

You should have received a reservation form in the mail. If you need more information please contact Holly Sawyers 508.877.7927.

PICNIC '93

The Association will be holding a picnic this summer. In cooperation with Joe Brigham, Inc. and FSDO-05 in Portland, Maine, we will be combining a summer get together with a training program designed to fulfill the requirements of the Wings program. This picnic will be held at the Hawthorn Feather Airport in Antrim, New Hampshire, on Saturday, July 17, 1993.

NEW TOWER

Look Out! There has been a new tower constructed close to Braintree. The tower is reported to be about 1,000 feet MSL and located very close to the entrance to the Quarry Route.

NEHPA CORPORATE MEMBERS

Aerospatiale Helicopter Corporation • Alden Electronics, Inc.-ZFX/Information by FAX

Alpha Aviation Insurance Agency, Inc. • ArrowComp • Atlantic Helicopters

Bell Helicopter Textron, Inc. • Bose Corporation • Boston City Heliport • Boston Helicopter, Company
Cheney North Corporation • Coastal Helicopters, Inc. • Cobey Corporation • Dedham Nissan

Digital Equipment Corporation • Drewville Airway • Edwards & Associates, Inc.

Grinnell Corporation • HeliSource, Inc. • Hyde Tools • Jet Aviation • Keystone Helicopter Corporation

Manning Helicopters, Inc. • Mohawk Helicopters • New Hampshire Helicopters, Inc.

Robinson Helicopter Company • Ryder Aviall • Schweizer Aircraft Corp. • Sherman Crane Service, Inc.

Standard Aero Corporation • Technetics, Inc. • Textron, Inc. • The Radio Shop, Inc.

The Wickson Companies • Wiggins Airways • Yankee Helicopter, Inc.

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Or education efforts have yielded other results as well. Student and private helicopter pilots and helicopter enthusiasts who yearn to experience the pleasures of rotary wing flight are joining our Association in ever increasing numbers. We are fortunate to have a number of recreational helicopter pilots in our Association who are eager to help promote helicopter flying in New England.

As we continue our efforts to educate people about the capabilities and limitations of our helicopters we benefit by increased public acceptance of our aircraft over their neighborhoods. The popularity of the helicopter is slowly increasing. Proof of this can be seen by looking at the number of helicopter toys available in any department store.

Education as our goal. Last year we resolved to begin an education program to introduce the helicopter and aviation to Junior High School students. Our goal with this program is to open the minds of children implanting therein seeds of creativity and wonder. The future of vertical flight is dependent on attracting the next generation of pilots, technicians and engineers. This project is alive and well and has been assigned to the Public Relations Committee for this year.

In closing, I hope that we have included enough variety in this year's agenda to stimulate your interest and to promote your continuing participation in the Association. Don't forget the next membership meeting on March 4th. I hope to see you there.

Greg Harville

NEHPA Newsletter

Deadline Dates

There will be six issues of the NEHPA Newsletter published during 1993. The deadlines for each issue are identified below. You are encouraged to submit material for publication. Please mail any newsletter material to NEHPA, Att: Newsletter, P.O. Box 88, Bedford, MA 01730.
Volume 3

Issue	Month	To the Editor
4	April	04/8/93
6	June	6/3/93
8	August	8/5/93
10	October	10/7/93
12	December	12/9/93

1993 OFFICERS

President
Greg Harville
First Vice President
Thomas Grassia
Second Vice President
Carl Swenson
Treasurer
Holly Sawyers
Secretary
Penny Bowman

1993 CALENDAR

Scheduled Meetings

All scheduled membership meetings to be held at the Westford Regency Inn, Westford, MA.

Date	Topic
March 4, '93	Medical Certification— Dr. Clark
May 6, '93	New Airspace—Rol Morrow
Nov. 4, '93	Cockpit Resources Management—TBA

Safety Seminar

The Safety Seminar will be held at the New Hampshire Technical College in Nashua, New Hampshire. September 18, 1993

Dinner Dance '93

The Dinner Dance will be held at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza, Natick, Massachusetts. March 20, 1993

Picnic '93

This year's Summer picnic will be held at Hawthorn Feather Airport in Antrim, New Hampshire. July 17, 1993

Director's Meetings

All Director's Meetings to be held at the Office of Grassia and Associates in Natick, MA at 5:00 PM.

March 4, 93	April 1, 93	May 6, 93
June 3, 93	July 1, 93	August 5, 1993
September 2, 93	October 7, 93	
November 4, 93	December 2, 93	

NEHPA COMMITTEES 1993

The committee Chairmen have been selected for the upcoming year. If you would like to participate on any of the committees please contact the Chairman to express your interest.

Public Relations/Activities & Auditing

Tom Grassia, 5 Commonwealth Avenue
Natick, MA 01760 Office 508.650.9252
Fax 508.650.9846

ATC

Jack Keenan, 32 Hillside Drive
Shrewsbury, MA 01545 Office 508.493.7200
Home 508.842.3329 Fax 617.275.7916

Safety Seminar

Carl Svenson, RR #1, Box 319
Gilmanton, NH 03237 Office 603.225.3134
Fax 603.224.9050

IFR

Wendell Moore, c/o Boston Medflight
31 Fargo Street, Boston MA 02210
Office 617.695.9561

Membership

Penny Bowman, P.O. Box 420
Topsfield, MA 01983 Office 603.885.9636
Fax 603.885.3153

Recreation

Holly Sawyers, 60 Sloane Drive
Framingham, MA 01701 Home 508.877.7927

TSC

Tom Grassia

So you want to be a helicopter pilot. This seems as likely a safety subject as any other. What better place to start to think of such things than at the beginning. Where does one go to learn to fly these whirling machines of ours? It was my initial thought that one should seek a school or instructor which had a place of business which was geographically as far as possibly removed from where one was ultimately planning to fly. This would give the facts (as well as the rumors) concerning one's proficiency and safety record a chance to die out before reaching one's present location. Being of a modest background, I was unable to take my training in California, so local arrangements were made.

My instructor, chosen after consultation with those "in the know", was reputed to be a serious pilot, taking a no nonsense approach to the business of flying. He appeared at my door, tall, lean, bearded and certainly serious looking, but there was this glint of light in his eyes that I was later to learn . . . simply meant that he was a helicopter pilot and probably liked women. In his arms were books, manuals and an assortment of other pilot type paraphernalia. I was discouraged to think that I might be forced to read something.

After introductions, we discussed "concepts". Weird far out things like "how do helicopters fly?" "Who cares, let's go do it", I thought. This was not soon to be. After determining fundamental truths like I could read, my instructor placed before me my very first test. It was a large data filled sheet of paper with an infinite number of lines, circles, numbers and the occasionally identifiable municipality. "What is this?" he asked matter of factly. "A map", I volunteered promptly. I could tell almost immediately that my response should have involved a further degree of reflection prior to broadcast. "A chart", he stated softly, sympathy for his new student somewhat less than subtly combined with the notion that he considered me essentially not to be believed.

Reading was of course a burdensome necessity for the first few weeks. I began to identify what was important. Of the many possibilities, life and property seemed high on the list. Eventually I was permitted near the machine, was told what I could touch and not touch and began to feel that there was really a likelihood that I would someday be the master of it. Such naivete would soon be dashed.

Attempting to fly a helicopter is a marvelously humbling experience. It is also quite humiliating. Take flying straight and level for example. Your instructor suggests that you do this as if the aircraft will virtually accomplish this task by itself with only the most modest of input from you, the student pilot. He or she will demonstrate this fact for you so that you can visualize and feel the ease with which it can be accomplished. It was at this point in my own instruction that I began to understand that these instructors have malignant senses of humor. The struggle to keep

the aircraft on its imaginary plane appeared to me to be a virtual impossibility, made all the more difficult by an incessant stream of questions and suggestions from my mentor.

A day did arrive, in which the straight and level was achieved and I began once again to feel that just maybe I could get this accomplished. My instructor seemed to sense this as well and moved quickly to squelch the concept. This was rather easily achieved. He simply added a modest task or two to the picture. Something easy like, "while we are out here flying straight and level, let's check our instruments and scan the horizon and maybe talk to one another." My failure to manage these multitasks was complete. Death appeared to have been avoided only by the skilled and speedy actions of my teacher. I remember thinking for the first time that I hated my parents. How could they have permitted a child with an intellect barely challenging that of an artichoke to have survived birth. Despite my failings, progress was achieved. A monument to the patience and good humor of my instructor.

Eventually, when the hum-drum lessons of the day were dispatched with increasing levels of skill, a new curriculum was imposed. "Emergency Maneuvers!" The humor of this phrase was not lost on me, since it was my distinct impression that every maneuver in a helicopter was either in the nature of an emergency or soon to become one. When instructors consider what to throw at you, they obviously rank their choices with the terror factor foremost in mind. Do we start with "trouble with the radios" or "you have a slight headache" or maybe "the compass seems a bit off"? No, we start with the "autorotation". The introduction is masterful. "I will shut the engine off and you will land the helicopter." Now the mind is actually a fabulous piece of equipment. It studies things and looks for ways out, or if not ways out, then for at least some level of comfort with the circumstances. Falling to earth from 2000 feet will, we are told, be resolved without a problem because of the application of something called a "flair" which is attached to the end of the fall to earth by the deft movement of our blade system. So we begin our fall to earth. I note that my instructor is sitting with a look of calm and unconcern, as though he is about to have a sandwich. What does he know that I do not know? Maybe the earth that we are falling to is particularly soft in this part of the country. I have by this point lost track of the instruments, the rotor speed, the earth, the sky, the sun, the stars, Madonna. As I drop cleanly down the elevator shaft of life, my instructor sits with apparent disregard. I begin to think that maybe he has finally had a heart attack and is already dead like I'm going to be, when in a flash, he grabs the controls and we lift, LIFT, the heavy load in the pit of my stomach has never felt so precious. He touches us down and sits, once again, without apparent emotion. I truly believe he has just saved our lives. He truly believes that I will never be a pilot.

One truly memorable evening, we land at a local airport. Actually, I land at a local airport. A

piece of work that I have been attending to with a certain regularity in the past month or so. My instructor gets out. "Take her around" he says. "Take her around?" There has obviously been a mistake made. It is one thing to pretend you are a pilot when your instructor is sitting next to you. Your failures are his opportunity to test his reflexes. Whose reflexes, pray tell, will we look to when he is not there? Surely this entire suggestion is in jest. I offer that we discuss some of the fine points one more time. We don't have to go too far back, but review seems in order. Let's start with "what is a helicopter" and work forward. My instructor is not fooled. He exits the machine and waves me off. I consider avoiding the matter by simply dipping the blades and decapitating him, but the ramifications almost seem worse than the suicide that I am facing. At least I would leave him to live with himself after I was gone. I announce, lift up, hover, taxi, take flight, do right traffic, a right base, pick my spot, descend, miss my spot, hover, and land. Never have my body and brain been so highly focused (with the possible exception of a teenage date with Candy Wellington). I am in fact exhausted. I am also alive and my machine is intact.

The next great leap in this ongoing opportunity to humiliate yourself and spend endless sums of money, is THE TEST. It is important to preview the arena in which the test will be conducted. In my case it was the Worcester Airport. My reconnaissance was rewarded with the appearance of the person who would actually evaluate my skills. As my instructor and I walked towards the North Ramp, stomachs full of lunch and dessert, a Jetranger descended from the sky. As it reached a point in the air, some thirty feet or so above the ground, it stopped. Then, as though attached to a hydraulic pulley, it backed down to a dolly, which from my vantage point, appeared to be the approximate size of a postage stamp. The touchdown seemed to have been accomplished without actual contact, so soft was the marriage of craft to deck. I was in awe. All this and no rear view mirrors.

From the cockpit emerged a tall handsome chap, the beginnings of a bald spot reflecting the afternoon's sun and a bushy mustache guarding his upper lip. "What a handsome couple of guys", he says, "you fellows must be helicopter pilots." I mistake this marvelous bit of humor as an indication that he views me as an equal, a pilot just like him. I forget that he has just landed a helicopter on a postage stamp while going backwards.

The first part of the test is oral and begins with challenging questions concerning my name, age and sex. I'm relatively sure that I get the first two right but he seems puzzled by my "yes" answer to question three. He then pulls out the chart. I can hardly wait. I know that it is called a "chart" and I am anxious to say so. Unfortunately, that is not the question. "Plot a course to Westerly, Rhode Island." I am pleased that he is possessed with enough charity to have given me the name of the state in which Westerly is located. It does not appear to me that Rhode Island is on my

chart, wait, yes it is, it is underneath. How do I do this? I consider asking him to hold the chart up to the light while I trace a line to Westerly. I immediately discard this idea as being too clumsy. The Certified Helicopter Flight Tester Person is quick to recognize that this applicant for a pilot's license is suspect. He confers quietly with my instructor. This vote of confidence suspends what little brain activity I had been able to bring to bear on the situation in the first place. Why is this happening to me? Ultimately, by an exercise in mathematical gymnastics, I am able to plot a course to Westerly. The Certified Tester has already had enough. I can sense his thoughts. "Let's get this guy outside, in the air and flunked." I don't like his attitude and the unfairness of my dislike is unimportant. We strike out across the tarmac. As we pass an Enstrom the Tester says "I've got 5000 hours in those machines." The Jetranger rates a "10,000 hours in those babies." Even the Citation has hours. Just when my mesmerization is about to be complete, a large semi-trailer with "Wrangler" scrawled across the side swings into view. The Tester sizes up the intruder. I know just what he's going to say, but he doesn't, instead he commands "Get in and start her up." It is of course, a trick command. Surely we must do a preflight. My protest is met with approval and I am at last back on track. I am meticulous in the examination of my aircraft. So much so that I draw the following inquiry. "Did you fly here in this machine?" "How long ago?" "Did you break something when you landed?" "Do you always take this much time doing this?" After a time, we are in. I'm smug. Sure, he may have given me a hard time, but, are we better safe than sorry? Dam right! We start with the compass rose. The Tester calls the degrees, I find them. We hover, we take off, we land, we go forward, backward and sideways. We climb, he shuts the power down. Autorotation Alert! Autorotation Alert! We begin our fall from the sky, "Where's the wind?" "What's our descent speed?" "Rotor Speed?" "The flair, remember the *#▽\$@&+ flair!"

Occasionally, during one's flight on the wings of time, an event of singular importance graces you. This particular fall to the earth ended without so much as a whisper. No noise, no apparent contact, no nothing... we were just there. The Tester was in conflict. Every neuron that twitched in his brain told him that he had just participated in the single most awesome example of good fortune that has ever seen the light of day. On the other hand, he had to hand it to me, I was in fact sitting at the controls of the machine when the gods decided to intervene. We air-taxied back to the ramp.

He searched my instructor for help. He weighed his thoughts. Should he give me a permit to fly or decide that society has an inalienable right to survivorship? I hope he has become comfortable with his decision.

NEHPA Income 1992

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC	
NOW Acct. Interest Earned	8.07	10.69	12.90	17.68	14.81	16.07	14.09	9.62	9.67	8.12	7.19	6.57	135.48
Membership dues	2980.00	1470.00	1415.00	50.00	150.00		60.00		350.00	25.00		20.00	6520.00
Safety Seminar			125.00										125.00
Sales: Decal									18.00			14.00	32.00
TCA Chart			27.50										27.50
Total	2988.07	1480.69	1580.40	67.68	164.81	16.07	74.09	9.62	377.67	33.12	7.19	40.57	6839.98

NEHPA Expenditures 1992

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC	
Taxes	1.61	2.14	2.58	3.54	2.96	3.21	2.82	1.92	1.93	1.62	1.44	1.31	27.08
Meetings	303.85		150.05		150.85						224.35		829.90
Communication (Ballots, Forms etc.)	190.60			25.56	11.87	19.28	9.33		48.25	47.13	34.76		386.78
Postage	25.23	62.64	22.04	31.03							53.01		193.95
Newsletter	207.38		189.00				411.50						807.88
Mailing	145.93		102.26				75.69					83.23	407.11
Printing (cards, letterheads, envelopes)		160.65											160.65
Awards			49.88				46.20		93.48	10.00			199.56
Supplies			21.15	76.80	150.00	149.25				5.00			402.20
Services: P.O. Box						17.50						17.50	35.00
RTN CK Charge			15.00										15.00
Safety Seminar				125.00			234.00	72.50	1284.71	125.37			1841.58
Picnic							262.50	50.54					313.04
Total	874.60	225.43	552.76	261.93	315.68	189.24	1042.04	124.96	1428.37	189.12	313.56	102.04	5619.73

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