



Main Rotor



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Professional Helicopter Pilots Association

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Photo by Mike Meadows/EPN

A Los Angeles County "Firehawk", Copter-15, makes a waterdrop on the "Oak Grove Incident" behind the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in La Canada Flintridge, May 17, 2011. The brush fire was held to about five acres and knocked down in about an hour with no threat to structures.

From Our President



*Robert Butler,
President, PHPA*

For the last six years serving as an Executive Officer of the PHPA, I have been working with others on a special Executive Committee to negotiate and find a resolution to a trademark infringement between our organization and another "PHPA" on the East Coast. This effort began as a simple task to protect our "name", one that has been in use for over 44 years. Of course nothing is ever as "clear" and "simple" as it seems to be and our conflict ended up in a Federal Trademark Court with our association in litigation with the Office and Professional Employees International Union (OPEIU), a charter member of the AFL-CIO. Although our efforts were based on the time tested strategy of "Right vs. Might", we also needed to be cognizant of the time and costs associated with our efforts. In the end, our litigation team recommended a resolution that would provide protection for both organizations to continue to serve their members under a negotiated settlement agreement. In January of this year, the final terms to this settlement agreement were executed and this six year effort was finally resolved. As a result of this agreement, the OPEIU was assigned the licensed trademarks that our organization had registered

with the United States Patent and Trademark Office and in turn, the OPEIU provided our Association with a royalty-free non-transferable license to continue using these trademarks in the ongoing operations serving our members. On the financial side, this agreement also resulted in a majority of our legal expenditures being recovered and now available for more worthwhile efforts like safety meetings and membership functions.

So a new day is now dawning for our association. With the distractions of this litigation behind us and the election of a new Board of Directors, the PHPA is now ready to grow and position ourselves to serve the needs and goals of our membership. I know that I am anxious to see this process begin! The first step is now in

the hands of your newly elected Board of Directors. Last month's elections resulted in the selection of eight Directors, who will join the Board of 11. Two Directors were re-elected to their current seats, four Directors will be retuning to the Board, after having served on the Board in the past, and two new Directors were elected. Two of the eight will sit on the Board for only one year as they were elected to fill seats that were open. At the first meeting of our new Board on June 13th, a new President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer will be elected. This will be the first time in over ten years that our membership will have a totally new slate of Executive Officers to guide the association with a fresh set of eyes and new ideas.

Please see, "President", page 8.

Into the Future, with the Robinsons

By Ricarda Bennett

Frank Robinson, who needs no introduction to the PHPA and its members, stepped down as chairman and president of Robinson helicopters last August. His son, Kurt, assumed those roles at the company.

Frank started Robinson Helicopters in 1973, when he developed his first piston two seated helicopter, the R 22. Soon, improved versions of the helicopter were developed, including the HP, Beta and Beta II.

In 1988 rumors were flying of a new 4 seat helicopter, and in December of 1992, the R44 was certified by the FAA. It has since become the most popular civilian piston helicopter ever manufactured.

Fast forward to October of 2010 and the new R66 Turbine helicopter won FAA approval.

The company has delivered nearly 10,000 helicopters since shipment first began in 1979.

We wish both Frank and Kurt much success in the future and look forward to their continued involvement with the PHPA.

*Steve Goldsworthy
contributed to this story.*



Kurt Robinson

Main Rotor

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For information about the PHPA, please refer to our web site:

www.phpa.org

When contacting the PHPA, please send E-Mails to:

info@phpa.org

or in writing:

PHPA,
P.O. Box 7059
Burbank, CA 91510-7059

We welcome Member Submissions to *Main Rotor*. Text and mid-sized jpeg files can be sent to Morris Cohen, Editor, at:

newsletter@phpa.org

"Lunch and Learn"

By Steve Goldsworthy



Photos by Morris Cohen

PHPA Board Director Pat Caery, (above), who also sits on the board of the Southern California Airspace Users Working Group, talks about the Greater Los Angeles Air Space and the proposed changes to the air space. PHPA Board Directors Desiree Horton, (below left), and Tom Short talk about their personal experiences in the helicopter industry.

PHPA had three featured speakers. Tom Short of LA County Fire discussed what it took to be an LA County Fire pilot and Desiree Horton from Channel 2/9 news talked about her career as an ENG pilot and all the ups and downs and hard work it took to get her there. Unfortunately Desiree was recovering from a laser strike to her aircraft the night before. Glad to see that ended well, and is now in the hands of the FBI.

Pat Carey spoke on the most recent changes coming up on our local FAA charts, and some in depth background as to the reasons why those changes are in place.

We had several new members join, and many renewals. It turned out to be a beautiful day, cold, but beautiful!

If you missed the event, well, you missed a good one! Stay tuned for the next one and take the time to come out and learn!



Mark Your Calendars

PHPA Board of Directors Meeting
Monday, June 13, 7pm
Whitman Airport

PHPA Board of Directors Meeting
Monday, July 11, 7pm
Whitman Airport

American Heroes Air Show
Saturday, July 16
Hansen Dam, Lake View Terrace

PHPA Board of Directors Meeting
Monday, August 8, 7pm
Location TBA

PHPA Annual Meeting and Safety Seminar
Saturday, August 20
Robinson Helicopter's, Torrance

All members of the PHPA are welcome to attend the meetings of your Board of Directors. If you have something on your mind that you would like to bring to our attention, or you would like to just sit-in on a meeting, please come and join us.

The PHPA Needs YOU!!!

Are you good in marketing or public relations? Are you someone who likes to plan fun and educational events and meetings? Maybe you have a knack for Fund Raising? Whatever your talent may be, the PHPA can use your assistance.

The PHPA needs members to help us and fill some of the open seats on our committees.

Currently, there are open seats on our Events, Membership, Fund Raising, and our Marketing/Public Relations Committees. This would only involve a few hours a month and it would allow for a great

deal of interaction with your colleagues. If you would like to learn more about sitting on any of our committees, please contact any member of your Board of Directors by e-mail and we will be more than happy to answer any questions you may have.

We also need a few volunteers to help staff our booth at the American Heroes Air Show, Saturday, July 16, at the Hansen Dam. (See page 9 for event details.) If you would like to volunteer your time, please contact our Volunteer Coordinator, Akiko Jones, at akiko.jones@phpa.org

USAR Blackhawks coming to Los Alamitos AAF

By Dan Carlson and
Kevin Doty, USAR

An Army Reserve Air Assault Blackhawk Company is moving to Los Alamitos Army Airfield. "A Company 2-238 AVN RGT" is moving its 8 UH-60L helicopters from Victorville to the greater Los Angeles basins' only military airfield. The move will capitalize on existing underutilized military hangar space by consolidating two aviation units into one 40,000 square foot hangar.

The move was approved in an extensive procedure that began with updating the environmental assessment for the Los Alamitos Army Airfield. The environmental assessment analyzed 11 resource areas including air quality and noise. The impacts of this move were determined to be less than significant to the area. The EA was made available for public review for an extended period of time. The California Army National Guard and the USAR worked together tirelessly to

answer public concerns about the move.

The UH-60L is a tactical helicopter that has an all weather capability combines speed, lift, and durability to the fight. These aircraft will be training for their wartime mission while stationed at Los Alamitos. However, just like in Hurricane Katrina, they will be available for tasking

to NORTHCOM for such things as natural disasters and declared states of emergency. They have the ability to move combat troops or rescue personnel and equipment at a rapid pace. The UH-60L aircraft can carry external loads of 8000 lbs of supplies or carry water buckets toppling over 660 gallons each. In recent history, UH-60 aircraft and their crews have contributed to

the public safety in California significantly when called upon.

The crews in this unit are expected to join the ranks of 10 California National Guard UH-60's already stationed at the base. They are expected to follow all established noise abatement procedures, FAA regulations, and US Army policies.



Photo by Ted Carlson/USAR

OCFA's New Air Operations Facility

Text and Photos by
Jim Davidson, OCFA

Orange County Fire Authority's Air Operations has just completed the initial move into a new facility at Fullerton Airport. Our new hangar complex is located on the northeast side of the airport fronting onto Artesia Avenue. This new state of the art facility is comprised of three large hangar bays, (21,000 square feet of hangar floor space), with ample room for maintenance offices, allied shop areas, (i.e. parts room, special tools room, overhaul clean room and component build-up room). The primary maintenance bay features a 7.5 ton overhead crane and polished concrete floors.

Connected to the hangar is a two story office facility which has staff work space, conference room, rest rooms, and a crew ready area on the ground floor. The large upstairs floor consist of

a locker room, crew rest rooms, a full kitchen with a connected day room, rest rooms, showers and a large training room.

The new Orange County Fire Authority's Station 41 hangar facility will house both of the two new Bell 412EP's and the two older UH-1 Super Hueys along with all the associated equipment necessary to complete our assigned missions.

An Orange County Fire Authority Reserve Company, consisting of 40 trained individuals, is also stationed at the new hangar. They support the Air Operation section by manning the sections two Heli-Tenders, (Fuel trucks), the Heli-Support Crew vehicle, a 3000 gallon Water Tender, and the Air Utility unit. These individuals provide the much needed ground crew support to keep the Air Operations helicopters working on fire related incidents.



2011 PHPA Elections

By Alan Frawert

I am pleased to announce the results of this year's election for Board Directors of the PHPA. This year we have several who have been re-elected, as well as two who have been elected for the first time. Those who have been elected to the Board and will be taking their seats at the June 13 meeting of the Board of Directors are Jim Davidson, Ed Story, Jim Woodaman, Larry Welk, Morris Cohen, and BJ Miles. Linda Koerner and Bill Graham where also elected to fill two open board seats for a term of 1 year. We have odd and even seat numbers on the

board and each year we elect for one or the other.

For this year's elections we tried something new, and it was a huge success. Using Kwiksveys.com we were able to reduce the cost of elections by more than 50 percent! To make matters better, we had a 44 percent turnout of members who participated with the online election.

I wish the new board much success and hope they will enjoy the next two years as much as I enjoyed mine.

Fly Safe!

Your PHPA Officials

Executive Officers

Robert Butler, President - robert.butler@phpa.org
Alan Frawert, Vice President - alan.frawert@phpa.org
Guillaume Maillet, Secretary - guillaume.maillet@phpa.org
Edward Story, Treasurer - ed.story@phpa.org

Board Directors

Pat Carey - pat.carey@phpa.org
Morris Cohen - morris.cohen@phpa.org
Gary Holbrook - gary.holbrook@phpa.org
Desiree Horton - desiree.horton@phpa.org
Steve Roussell - steve.roussell@phpa.org
Tom Short - tom.short@phpa.org

Past President

Jim Davidson - jim.davidson@phpa.org

Committee Chairs

Bill Graham, Air Operations - bill.graham@phpa.org
Morris Cohen, Events - morris.cohen@phpa.org
Alan Frawert, Membership - alan.frawert@phpa.org
Akiko Jones, Volunteers - akiko.jones@phpa.org

Board Advisors and Assistants

Ricarda Bennett, Legal Advisor - ricarda.bennett@phpa.org
Alex Calder Web Master - alex.calder@phpa.org

Have Lama, Will Trailer

And the More Pickup You've Got, the Better.

By Dorcey Wingo

The microwave antennae lift in downtown San Francisco [In 1984, or there about.] was rained out before we got the last two dishes up. You'd think we could have hung two more of the cornucopia-shaped gizmos in the rain - just to be done with all the incredible red tape it took to get there, but no. It was raining in earnest. Sparks were shooting from the steel climbers' boots and bonding wires, and my saturated leather jacket was heavy with rain, threatening to pull me out the Lama's open right-hand door with its ungainly mass.

Postponement of the job was a major pain, but we were flying for a very big customer in the telecommunications game, so we rolled with the punch. The SA-315B Lama on loan to me had to be trailered back to Utah, but I'd get another one coming this way as soon as the weatherman gave us a decent window. Whatever it took to do the job, we did it.

A second "low pressure" system was far out to sea but imminent. All our special permits were hanging on a clear window after the storm. Banking on an accurate weather report, I rescheduled for the early morning hours, right after storm passage.

At dawn on the morning of the big lift, I suddenly felt like singer, Tony Bennett. Facing west from the 44th floor's outdoor observation deck, the bejeweled Pacific Ocean lay spread-eagled for all of San Francisco to gloat upon. Seabirds celebrated the arrival of the sun while steaming ghosts rose lazily from manholes in Market

Street, far below. There was not the slightest breeze; all the storm's energy had headed for Reno. Perfect!

Hanging the last two dishes on top of the sky scraper was almost an anti-climax, having lifted off from the trailer and hovered straight up, 900 feet. Seeing the expressions on the faces of the random secretary/office-worker going by was priceless, as I flew straight up and straight down to Number One Market Street's safety barricade.

Invariably on the way up, random observers would freeze in their tracks, gasping. As they stared from the sterility of their offices' steel-and-glass environment, my colorful 36-foot wide, three-bladed French rotor-system appeared, lifting my wasp-shaped helicopter straight up. Not to mention the grinning pilot and that strange-looking, high-tech fiberglass antennae dangling far below him. All too quickly, the job was done.

The SFO job depended upon rolling the Lama in and out of the prestigious location on a custom-built helicopter trailer. Landing back on the trailer after such an adrenaline rush was a bit trickier than the take-off, but before you could say Ghirardelli Square, the Lama's skids were locked down tight and its red and yellow main rotor blades stored in their padded container for Phase Two: a long road trip to Arizona, where scores of tall wooden "telephone poles" were being framed with cross-arms. A new 69KV power line through the rolling Arizona foothills was ready to go vertical, as soon as the Lama and I got there.

There were a couple of things I liked about "621," the white 1980 Chevrolet pickup truck assigned to me for this trip. One was the "fifth wheel" towing set-up, which made pulling the long, 2300-lb helicopter (facing backwards) child's play. Much better than the old bumper-hitch set-up.

The other thing I liked about Chevy's three-quarter ton pickup was that big block, 454 CID [7.4 liter Gas Guzzler.] V8 engine under the hood. It came with a huge four-barrel carburetor and I didn't have to pay for the gas, which meant if one truly mashed on the gas pedal, one instantly felt powerful acceleration - while the heavily muffled, single-pipe-exhaust system made all those horses sound more like one bloated old cow: "MOOOOOOOOO!"

It's a long haul from SFO to Bakersfield, my next proposed fuel stop. If you've driven Interstate 5 as many times as I have, you know it can be terribly straight and boring. The bare-market AM radio mounted in the truck's dash did little to keep me entertained. That's probably why I gave the hitchhiker a second glance, as I pulled out of the busy truck stop with a full tank of gas.

He looked down on his luck but harmless enough. Guess I thought maybe he'd be musically inclined, play a harmonica expertly and keep me singin' until we got to Bakersfield. Ignoring the unwritten company policy of not picking up hitchhikers, I pulled over onto the shoulder. The young man's face lit up as I did so, you could almost read his thoughts "...a chopper on a trailer is giving

me a ride!"

He came running up to the door with a daypack and was soon inside, thanking me for stopping 'cause he'd been standing there a long time 'cause the s.o.b. who gave him a ride this far took off suddenly and left him standing there and now he's all excited about the helicopter, saying he was gonna jump on the trailer whether I stopped or not cause he was good at stuff like that and asked "Can you fly it?" and he's really looking forward to getting to LA but he doesn't have any friends there, so he might have to hit somebody up for some money and try to hang out in Hollywood for a couple of days, and then he's headin' east to Texas, back to some rinky-dink one-horse town where he got thrown in jail a few months back, got caught doing "something," but then he got out and had to leave Texas long enough for them to forget about him so he could come right back a few months later and show them dumb cops he can't be told what to do nor where to do it!

Long before my big ears verified my mistake, my Okie nose realized I had erred in giving this little degenerate a ride before he started talking. The kid packed around with him his own special odor. Not that basketball-player-in-the-fourth-quarter aroma. More like an old logging crummy [Usually and old dilapidated Chevrolet Suburban with seating for eight passengers.] smells after a few wet winters of hard use, where scores of old lunch sacks, half-full of rotten remnants lie forever in dank, dark recesses between the cushions and underneath

Please see "Lama", page 7.

"Lama", from page 6.
the seats. "Stinky" gave off similar obnoxious fumes, something between bad buttermilk and fresh baby diaper. I opened the driver's side vent window wide open and drove faster.

It was suddenly a longer leg under these new conditions. I got busy mentally, trying to come up a rescue plan for yours truly. My eyes were beginning to water like the time I flew that seismic survey in northern California. It was raining back then. I had to fly the surveyor and his helpers all over the place in an MD500D with all the doors on tight. "The Creosote Kid" always sat next to me in the center seat, because he was slender.

Every time we landed, the Creosote Kid took off with his Mini-Mac chain saw, running through the head-high sage and creosote bushes, cutting a straight line for the surveyor. The Kid apparently never washed his work clothes, so after a month or so, the saw-

gas and creosote stench on this guy was killer. It finally got so bad I told him to go wash his &\$#@! clothes or I wouldn't let him fly with me anymore.

The Kid took it kinda hard. I felt like I may have shot a "team player" for a moment. Then half of the other seismic hands came around to thank me, because the Kid was killing them too, but they didn't want to be the first admit it. Such is the curse of my finely tuned Oklahoma nose.

Now here I am, stuck with Bad Buttermilk and no harmonica. It was a long way down Interstate 5 before I would have a decent place to pull over and let my passenger go stink up someone else's truck. And he never shuts the heck up, it would appear.

Two arduous hours later, I pulled off the Interstate in Bakersfield. I parted ways with Stinky, but not before he mooched a hot meal off me at the busy truck-stop café. I didn't worry about

the money; it was well spent, just to be rid of him. I could have driven on through Los Angeles, but no.

My timely detour would take me east on Highway 58 through Tehachapi, while Stinky hoped to continue on his smelly way to L.A. He grabbed his pack and sauntered off, glancing back over his shoulder as he did so. There was no way he was getting back in my truck. And I made sure he wasn't sitting in the Lama's cockpit or standing anywhere near the trailer when I pulled out of the dusty truck terminal!

I explained to Stinky that I had to head to Mojave and points east, so our paths had naturally come to a fork. Later in the evening, I pulled over to check in with Operations. Word was that the customer in Arizona had called to delay my arrival by two days, giving me time to drive the hundred-miles or so home and enjoy the time off.

Exactly two days later, I am

heading east from Rialto on Interstate 10. The power line job was a "go" once again and I was fueled up for the first long leg: Rialto to Quartzsite, Arizona. Although my refueling point was way out in the middle of nowhere, I knew of a good truck stop with an easy way of getting back on the freeway. Been there before.

Crossing over the Interstate bridge, the I-10 east on-ramp invited me to turn left. As I did so, a familiar-looking transient stood there with his thumb out, and that silly look was back on his face. Buttermilk! He grabbed his pack, gave me a shout and ran toward the Lama. I gave 621 both spurs and lots of rein, and she said, MOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Editors Note: This story is just one of many from the vast career of Dorcey Wingo, and he has kindly allowed the PHPA to publish it in our newsletter.

LA County Sheriff "Air Rescue 5" Program, Gets New Helicopters

By Steve Goldsworthy

On May 17, 2011 the LA County Board of Supervisors approved the \$43 Million dollar acquisition of (3) previously owned Eurocopter AS332L1 Super Puma Helicopters. Included in the deal, was over \$1 Million dollars worth of spare parts, tooling and an on going maintenance package for the turbine engines.

LASD Aero Bureau has been searching for a replacement helicopter for several years now. While many ships were considered, the Sikorsky S92 was a front runner but the cost of nearly \$70 Million dollars for just two ships was untenable.

The current Air Rescue 5 program utilizes 3 Sikorsky H3H helicopters, a military funded helicopter program that started back in 1957. One of the ships in the Air 5 program was built in 1962, the others in the late 60's. The Super Pumas range in age from 6-9 years old.

The H3H has a payload of around 10,000 pounds and a service ceiling of 14,700 feet while the Super Puma has a similar payload and a service ceiling of 17,000 feet. The L1 is a stretched version of the original and can have seating for up to 18 passengers, plus 2 pilots.

The rotor diameter of the Super Puma is almost 9 feet shorter than the H3 allowing for some added safety margin in tight spots.

The Air 5 program started with several Sikorsky radial engine H32 "Choctaw" helicopters. With a combined fuel and passenger load of around 5,000 pounds at sea level, the Choctaw ran out of power fast when operating in our local mountains. I can recall in the mid 1980's, it was standard practice for Air 5 to drop off non critical personnel or equipment in a turn out, prior to attempting a hoist rescue. I loved the sound

of that huge 1525 HP radial, and at dusk you could see the flames shooting from the exhaust. The fleet was then upgraded to the twin turbine version of that helicopter and power and payload increased substantially. There was still limited room inside for patients and rescuers, so in 1997 the acquisition of the H3H's from the US Navy was completed.

One of the primary factors in replacing the aging H3H fleet was simply maintenance costs. With several ships due for a \$7 Million dollar SDLM inspection, "it just

Please see "Air-5", page 8.

Memories Beaucoup...

By Jack Johnstone

The memory fades with time, but to me, when I ran across these photos, it was only yesterday. To my ear from far away, I can still hear the whoop whoop of those chopper blades and see some of the faces, of those gallant young men who flew them.

It was 1966 and my first assignment on a DOD contract in Vietnam was at Cam Ranh Bay. Our projects there were the largest military construction endeavour in history, with 47 projects throughout the length and breadth of Vietnam,



from Quang Tri in the north, to Bac Lieu in the south. It was the largest assembly of heavy equipment ever known. I lived in a construction camp of 600 men where we had 12 Vietnamese waitresses working in the American dinning hall. One was named Dang and we became fast friends. I was always super polite to her when she waited on me. One day she came to my living quarters and told me that she would have to

go to Ba Loa, a small village in the Central Highlands. She had received a message that her Mother was sick and she must return home. She was worried that she may not be given the time off, but must go at the risk of losing her job. This trip would take more time than expected, because there was a curfew imposed by the military and you couldn't travel at night. Also the roads were dangerous and unsecured.

My DOD identity card gave me an officer's equivalent rating and gave me access to both the Army and Air Force officer clubs in Cam Ranh Bay. I took great pleasure in drinking with the Aviators and often they would regale me with stories of their missions that day. When I told a chopper pilot of Dang's plight, he advised me that he flew out of an Army chopper base in Su Chin across the bay. He went on to say that they made frequent flights to Da Lat, an old French resort town in the Central Highlands. Da Lat was close to Ba Loa and the pilot told me that if I filled out a set of travel orders, he could give us both a ride there and back. This would greatly shorten Dang's trip and require less

time off. I expedited our travel orders and also received approval from the Camp Manager for her time off and



signed her travel orders. I also was granted the time off and we boarded the Huey Chopper the next morning.

I wish you could have seen her eye's as she looked over the chopper. She had never flown in an airplane, or any kind of aircraft. It was a beautiful flight into the mountains and we landed near a lake, on a chopper pad near the Continental Palace Hotel in Da Lat. I checked into this old colonial hotel and she took off for her village. I was more than a little worried as I watched her board the dilapidated bus, (the type you see in Mexico), and head out over the unsecured roads of the Central Highlands, but thanks to the chopper ride, she was only a few hours away.

After a couple of days she reunited with me at the Hotel and we had dinner, sitting among the wealthy, French & Vietnamese in the dinning room. She had never used silverware before and only ate with chop sticks. I showed her excessive affection, as I doted over her and gave her instructions on there use. I was her hero and we were lovers, much to the chagrin of those staring at us. I don't think I meant more to anyone in my life, as I did to her at that moment.

As I said, Memories Beaucoup.....

Editors Note: This story, "Memories Beaucoup" is only a part of a book by Jack Johnstone about his memories of Vietnam. He has kindly granted permission for the PHPA to publish it in our newsletter.

"Air-5", from page 7.

makes sense to not spend that taxpayer money on repairs" said Aero Bureau Captain Louie Duran in an earlier interview.

One other difference is the new Pumas are a certified aircraft, while the SH3H's were not. This allows some

additional flexibility in what personnel are on board and alleviates any concerns with pending EMS legislation and the requirement to operate as a Part 135 operator when doing patient transports.

Expect to see the new ships flying around in the Spring of 2012.

"President", from page 2.

Although my time serving as your President has now come to an end, I can say that my experience working with the great individuals that you have elected over the years was extremely gratifying and educational. I am happy that I was able to fulfill my goal in finding a resolution to the

trademark controversy that had provide so much hardship to our Board of Directors and limited the time to provide more focus on the needs of our membership. But like a surfer that shoots out of a large curl of a massive wave, the exhilaration that I feel looking forward made the whole run worth it.

THE NATION'S PREMIER HELICOPTER EVENT

AMERICAN HEROES AIR SHOW

2011



COURAGE

AT THE SPEED OF FLIGHT
Saturday July 16

Buckle up for action on the ground and in the air when your family meets the local Heroes they can really look up to!

Free Admission 9 am to 4 pm Free Parking

High-tech helicopter displays, Parachute team & tactical demos

Sight-seeing helicopter rides * Emergency Preparedness Resources *

CODE3 Career Fair * Family Attractions * Concessions



Hansen Dam Recreation & Sports Complex

11480 Foothill Blvd., Lake View Terrace, CA. 91342
(Osborne exit off the 210- Freeway)



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www.Heroes-Airshow.com



Photo by Jeff Zimmerman/EPN

Cal Fire Helicopter 106, a UH-1, "Huey", drops a load of water while working the south flank of the Cattleman Incident in Monterey County, May 29, 2011.